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CHATA AND CHINITA.

A NOVEL OF MEXICAN LIFE.

III.

It is not to be supposed that this bloody deed occurred entirely unsuspected. Pedro, the gatekeeper, lay half-stunned upon the stones, where he had been cast by the man who called himself Planillos, and listened with strained ears to every sound. No indication of a struggle reached him, but his horrified imagination formed innumerable pictures of treacherous violence, in which one or the other of the men who had left him figured as the victim. He dared give no alarm; indeed, at first he was so unnerved by terror that he could neither stir nor speak. At length, after what appeared to him hours, but was in reality only a few minutes, he heard the shrill neigh of the horse, and the sound of rearing and plunging, followed by the dull thud of retreating footsteps, and shrill whistles in challenge and answer from the watchmen upon the hacienda roof, who, however, took no further steps towards investigating the drunken brawl, which had taken place, almost out of hearing, and quite out of sight, and which therefore, as they conceived, could in no wise

endanger the safety or peace of the hacienda.

Their signals, however, served to arouse Pedro, who, shaking in every limb, his brain reeling, his heart bursting with apprehension, crawled to the postern, and after many abortive efforts managed to secure the bolts. He then staggered to the alcove in which he slept, and searching beneath the sheepskin mat which served for his bed, found a small flask of aguardiente, and taking a deep draught of the fiery liquor, little by little recovered his outward composure.

No more for that night, however, did sleep visit his eyes; and he spent the hour before dawn in making to himself wild excuses for his treason, in wilder projects for flight, and in mentally recapitulating his sins, and preparing himself for death; so it can readily be imagined that it was a haggard and distraught countenance that he thrust forth from the postern at dawn, when with the first streak of light came a crowd of excited villagers to the gate, to beat upon it wildly, and with hoarse groans and cries to announce that Don Juan had been found murdered under a mesquite tree!

"Impossible! Ye are mad! Anselmo, thou art drunk—raving!" stammered forth the gatekeeper. "Don Juan is at the *hacienda de beneficio*."

"Thou liest!" cried an excited villager; "he is in purgatory! God help him! Holy angels and all saints pray for him!"

"Ave Maria! Mother of Sorrows, by the five wounds of thy Son, intercede for him!" cried a chorus of women, wringing their hands, and gesticulating distractedly.

"Open the gate, Pedro!" demanded the throng without; by this time almost equaled by that within, through which the administrator, Don Rafael Gomez, was seen forcing his way, holding high the great keys of the main door. He was a small man, with a pale but determined face, before whom the crowd fell back, ceasing for a moment their incoherent lamentations, while he helped Pedro to unlock and throw open the doors.

"Good Heavens, man, are you mad?" he exclaimed, as Pedro darted from his side, and rushed towards the group of rancheros, who, bearing between them a recumbent form, were slowly approaching the hacienda. "Ah! Ah, that is right!" as he saw that Pedro, with imperative gestures and a few expressive words, had induced the bearers to turn, and proceed with the body towards the *hacienda de beneficio*. "Better there than here. What could have induced him to roam about at night? I have told him a score of times his foolhardiness would be the death of him!" and with these and similar ejaculations Don Rafael hastened to join the throng by this time pouring into the gates of the *hacienda de beneficio*.

Meanwhile came from within the great house the cries of women, above which rose one piercing shriek; but few were there to hear it, for in wild excitement, men, women, and children followed the corpse to the hacienda, thronging the gates, which were closed in their faces, or surrounding with gaping looks, wild gesticulations, and meaningless inquiries the tree beneath which the murdered man had been found, thus completely obliterating the signs of the struggle,

and flight of the murderer, even while most eagerly seeking them.

John Ashley had been an alien, and a heretic. No longer ago than yesterday, there had been many a lip to murmur at his foreign ways. In all the history of the *hacienda de beneficio* never had there been known a master so exacting with the laborer, so rigorous with the dishonest, so harsh with the careless; yet he had been withal as generous and just as he was severe. The people had been ready to murmur, yet in their secret hearts they respected and even loved the young *Ingles*, who knew how to govern them, and to gain from them a fair amount of work, for a fair and promptly paid wage; and who, from a half ruinous, ill managed source of vexation and loss, was surely but slowly evolving order and the promise of prosperity.

The bearers and the crowd of laborers belonging to the reduction works were admitted with their burden, and as they passed into the large and scantily furnished room which John Ashley had called his own, they reverently pulled off their wide, ragged straw hats, and many a lip moved in prayer as the people, for a moment awed into silence, crowded around to view the corpse, which had been laid upon a low, narrow bed, with a striped *jorongo* thrown over it. As the coarse covering was thrown back, a woeful sight was seen. The tall, lithe figure, the straight features, the downy beard shading cheeks and lips of adolescent softness, the long lashes of the eyelids now closed forever, and the fair curls resting upon the marble brow, all showed how comely he had been. The women burst into fresh lamentations, the men muttered threats of vengeance. But who was the murderer? Ay, there was the mystery.

"He has a mother far off across the sea," said a woman, brokenly.

"Ay, and sisters," added another; "he bade us remember them when we drank to his health, on his saint's day. 'In my country we keep birthdays,' he said—I suppose, poor gentleman, he meant the saints had never learned his barbarous tongue—and

then he laughed, 'but saint's day or birthday, it is all the same, I'm twenty-three today.'

"Yes, 'twas twenty-three he said," confirmed another, "and do you remember how he reddened and laughed when I told him he was old enough to think of wedding?"

"But vexed enough," added another, "when I repeated our old proverb, 'Who goes far to marry, goes to deceive or be deceived.' I meant no ill, but he turned on me like a hornet. But poor young fellow, all his quick tempers are over now; he'll be quiet enough till the judgment day—cursed be the hand that struck him!"

"Come! come!" suddenly broke in Don Rafael, "no more of this chatter; clear the room for the Señor Alcalde," and with much important bustle, and portentous gravity, the official in question entered. He had, in fact, been one of the first to hasten to the scene of the murder, for the time forgetting the dignity of his position, of which in his ragged *frazada*, his battered straw hat, and unkempt locks, there was little to remind either himself or his fellow villagers. However, on the alcalde being called for, he immediately dropped his rôle of *curioso libre*, and proceeded with the most stately formality to the *hacienda de beneficio*. After viewing the dead body, he made most copious notes of the supposed manner of assassination, which were chiefly remarkable in differing entirely from the reality; and gave profuse orders for the following of the murderer or murderers, delivering at the same time to Don Rafael Gomez the effects of the deceased, for safe keeping and ultimate transmission to the relatives; meanwhile delivering himself of many sapient remarks, to the great satisfaction of his hearers.

It appeared upon examination of various persons connected with the reduction works that the young American had been in the habit of riding forth at night, sometimes attended by a servant, but often alone, spending hours of the beautiful moonlight in exploring the deep cañons of the mountains; having, seemingly, a peculiar love for their wild solitudes and an utter disregard of dan-

ger. More than once when he had ventured forth alone, the gatekeeper or clerk had remonstrated, but he had laughed at their fears; and in fact, it was the mere habit of caution that had suggested them; the whole country being at that time remarkably free from marauders, and the idea that John Ashley—almost a stranger, so courteous, so well liked by inferiors, as well as those who called themselves his equals or superiors—should have a personal enemy, never entered the mind of even the most suspicious. But for once, the cowards were justified; the brave man had fallen; the days of his young and daring life were ended.

The alcalde and Don Rafael were eloquent in grave encomiums of his worth, and regret for his folly, as they at last left the *hacienda de beneficio* together. They had agreed that a letter must be written to the American consul, in Mexico, with full particulars, and that he should be asked to communicate with the family of the deceased; but as several days, or even weeks, must necessarily elapse before he could be heard from, that the murdered man should be buried upon the following day. To wait longer was both useless and unusual. And so, these matters being satisfactorily arranged, the alcalde and administrador, both, perhaps, ready for breakfast, parted.

The latter at the gate of the hacienda met the major domo, who whispered to him mysteriously, and finally led him to the courtyard, where the forsaken mule was munching his fodder. A pair of sandals lay there. Pedro, had he wished, could have shown a striped blanket and hat, that he had picked up near the gateway and concealed; but the mule and sandals were patent to all.

"Well, what then?" cried Don Rafael impatiently, when he had minutely inspected them, turning the sandals with his foot as he stared at the animal.

"Oh, nothing," answered the major domo; "I am, perhaps, a fool, but the rancho is gone."

Don Rafael started—fell into a deep study, —turned away,—came back, and laid his hand upon the major domo's arm. "Sil-



*cio!*" he said, "what matters it to us how the man died? there is more in this than behoves you or me to meddle with."

The two men looked at each other. "Why disturb the Señora Doña Isabel with such matters? The American is dead. The ranchero can be nothing to her," said Don Rafael sententiously. "He who gives testimony unasked brings suspicion upon himself. No! no! leave the matter to his countrymen; they have a consul here who has nothing to do but inquire into such matters."

"True! true! and one might as well hope to find again the wildbird escaped from its cage, as to see that Juan Planillos! *Valgame Dios*, if he was indeed the true Juan Planillos!" and the mystified major domo actually turned pale at the thought. "They say he is more devil than man; that would explain how he got out of the hacienda, for Pedro Gomez swears he let no man pass, either out or in."

Don Rafael had his own private opinion about that, but again impressing upon his subordinate that endless trouble might be avoided by a discreet silence, he walked thoughtfully away, vague suspicions and conjectures flitting through his mind. He went to the gate with some design of warily questioning Pedro, but the man was not there; for once, friend or foe might go in or out unnoticed. But it was a day of disorder, and Don Rafael could readily divine the excuse for the gatekeeper's neglect of duty. Remembering that he had not broken his fast that day, he went to his own rooms for the morning chocolate, and from thence he presently saw Pedro emerge from the opposite court, and with bowed head and reluctant steps repair to his wonted post. Don Rafael Gomez knew his countrymen, especially those of the lower class, too well to hasten to him, and ply him with inquiries as he longed to do. He knew too well the value of patience, and more than once had found it golden. Rita, his young wife, had come to him, and through her tears and ejaculations was relating the account of the murder the servants had brought to her, which was as wild and improbable as the reality had been, though

not more ghastly, when a servant entered with a hasty message from Doña Isabel.

#### IV.

WHILE the discovery of the murder had caused this wild excitement outside the walls of the hacienda, a far different scene was being enacted within. Mademoiselle La Croix, the governess of the two sisters Herlinda and Carmen Garcia, had arisen early, leaving her youngest charge asleep, and, hurriedly donning her dressing gown, hastened to the adjoining apartment, where Herlinda was enjoying that deep sleep that comes to young and healthy natures with the dawn, rounding and completing the hours of perfect rest, which youthful activity both of body and mind so imperatively demands.

A beautiful girl, between fifteen and sixteen, in her perfect development of figure, as well as in the pure olive tints of her complexion, revealing her Castilian descent—Herlinda Garcia lay upon the white pillows shaded by a canopy of lace, one arm thrown above her head, the other, bare to the elbow, thrown across a bosom that rose and fell with each breath she drew, with the regularity of perfect content. Yet she opened her eyes with a start, and uttered an exclamation of alarm, as Mademoiselle La Croix lightly touched her, saying half petulantly, as she turned away, "Oh Mademoiselle, why have you wakened me? I was so happy just then! I was dreaming of John!"

She spoke the English name with an indescribable accent of tenderness, but Mademoiselle La Croix repeated it after her almost sharply.

"John! yes," she said, "it is no wonder he is always in your thoughts: as for me, Heaven knows what will happen to me! I am sure, had I known—" and the French woman paused, to wipe a tear from her eye.

"Ah yes, it was thoughtless! cruel in us!" interrupted Herlinda, penitently, yet scarcely able to repress a smile as her glance fell upon the gayly flowered dressing gown which formed an incongruous wrapping for

the thin, bony figure of the governess; "but, dear Mademoiselle, nothing worse than a dismissal can happen to you, and you know John has promised—"

The governess drew herself up with portentous dignity. "Mademoiselle wanders from the point," she interrupted; "it is of herself only I was thinking. This state of affairs must be brought to a close," she added solemnly, after a pause. "At all risks, Herlinda, John must claim you."

"So he knows, so I tell him," answered Herlinda, suddenly wide awake, and ceasing the pretty yawns and stretchings with which she had endeavored to banish her drowsiness. "Oh Mademoiselle," a shade of apprehension passing over her face, "I have done wrong, very wrong. My mother will never forgive me!"

"Absurd!" ejaculated the governess. "Doña Isabel, like every one else in the world, must submit to the inevitable."

"So John said: but, Mademoiselle, neither you nor John know my mother, nor my people. She will never forgive; in her place, I would never forgive!"

"And yet you dared!" cried Mademoiselle La Croix, looking at the young girl with new admiration at her courage, which stimulated her own. "Truly, you Mexicans are a strange people, so generous in many things, so blind and obstinate in others. Well! well! you shall find, Herlinda, I too can be brave! If I were a coward, I should say, wait until I am safely away; but I am no coward," added the little woman—drawing her figure to its full height, and expanding her nostrils—"I am ready to face the storm with you."

"Yes! yes!" said the young girl hurriedly and abstractedly. "What," she added, rising in her bed, and grasping the bronze pillar at the head, "what is that I hear? What a confusion of voices!" She turned deadly pale, and her white-robed figure shook beneath the long, loose tresses of her coal black hair. "*Dios mio*, Mademoiselle, I hear his name!"

The governess, too, grew pale, though she began incoherently to reassure the young la-

dy, who remained kneeling in the bed as if petrified, her hands clasped to her breast, her eyes strained, listening intently, as through the thick walls came the dull murmur of many voices. Like waves they seemed to surge and beat against the solid stones, and the vague roar formed itself into the words, "Don Juan! Ashley!"

Although a moment's reflection would have reminded her that a hundred other events, rather than that of his death, might have brought the people there to call upon the name of their master, one of those flashes of intuition which appear magnetic, revealed to Herlinda the awful truth, even before it was borne to her outward ear by the shrill voice of a woman, crying through the corridor—"Dios de mi vida! Don Juan is killed! murdered! murdered!"

She even stopped to knock upon the door, and reiterate the words, in the half horrified, half pleasurable, excitement the vulgar often feel in communicating dreadful and unexpected news; but a wild shriek from within suddenly checked her outcry, and chilled her blood.

"*Valgame Dios!* I should have remembered," she muttered. "Poca told me there was certainly love between those two; she had seen the glance he threw on the young Señorita in church one day. But that was months ago, and she certainly is to marry Don Vicente."

At that moment a middle aged, plainly dressed woman, with the blue and white reboso so commonly worn, thrown over her head, entered the corridor. Her figure was so commanding, the glance of her eyes so impressive, that even in her haste she lost none of her habitual dignity. The woman turned away, glad to escape with the reproof, "Cease your clamor, Refugio. What! is your news so pressing that you must needs frighten your young mistress with it? Go! Go! Doña Isabel will be little likely to be pleased with your zeal."

The woman hastened away, and Doña Feliz, waiting until she had disappeared, laid her hand upon the door of Herlinda's chamber, which, like those of many sleep-



ing apartments in the house, opened directly upon the upper corridor, its massive thickness and strength being looked upon as more than sufficient to repel any danger which could in the wildest probability reach it from the well guarded interior of the fort-like building.

As Doña Feliz touched the latch, the door was opened by the affrighted governess, who had anticipated the entrance of Doña Isabel. The respite unnerved her, and she threw herself half fainting in a chair, as Herlinda seized the new comer by the shoulders, gasping forth, "Feliz, Feliz, tell me! tell me it is not true! He is not dead! dead! dead!" her voice rising to a shriek.

"Hush! Hush, Herlinda! Oh God, my child, what can this be to thee?" Doña Feliz shuddered as she spoke—she glanced at the closed window, the walls she knew to be a yard in thickness, yet she wished them double, lest a sound of these wild ravings should escape.

"Feliz, you dare not tell me! then it is true; he is murdered, lost, lost to me forever." The young girl slipped like water through the arms that would have clasped her, crouching upon the floor, wringing her hands, tearless, voiceless, after her last despairing words. Feliz attempted to raise her, but in vain. Carmen, aroused by the sounds of distress, appeared in the doorway which connected the two rooms. "Back! go back!" cried Doña Feliz, and the child, frightened and whimpering, withdrew. Feliz turned to the governess—the deep dejection of her attitude struck her; and at that moment Doña Isabel appeared.

"Herlinda," she began, "this is sad news, but remember—" she paused, looked with stern disapprobation, then her superb self-possession giving way, she rushed to her daughter, and clasped her arm. "Rise! Rise!" she cried; "this excess of emotion shames you and me. This is folly. Rise, I say. He could never have been anything, child, to thee!"

Herlinda did not move, did not even look up. She had always feared her mother—had always trembled at her slightest word of

blame—had been like wax under her hand. Yet now she was as marble; her hands had dropped on her lap; she was rigid to the touch; only the deep moans that burst from her white lips proved that she lived.

The attitude was expressive of such utter despair, that it was of itself a revelation; and presently the moans formed themselves into words: "My God! my God! I am undone! he is dead! he is dead!"

The words bore a terrible significance to the listeners. Doña Isabel turned her eyes upon Feliz, and read upon her face the thought that had forced its way to her own mind. Her face paled; she dropped her daughter's arm and drew back. The act itself was an accusation. Perhaps the girl felt it so. She suddenly wrung her hands distractedly, and sprang to her feet, exclaiming, "My husband! my husband! Let me go to him! he cannot be dead! he is not dead!"

The words "My husband" fell like a thunderbolt among them. Herlinda had rushed to the door, but Doña Feliz caught her in her strong arms, and forced her back. "Tell us what you mean!" she ejaculated; while the frightened governess plucked her by the sleeve, reiterating again and again, "Pardon! pardon! entreat your mother's pardon!"

But the terrible turn affairs had taken had driven the thought of pardon, or the need of it, from her mind. "I tell you I was his wife! Ah, you think that cannot be, but it is true; the Irish priest married us four months ago in Las Parras. Let me go, Feliz, let me go; I am his wife!"

"This is madness!" interrupted Doña Isabel, in a voice of such preternatural calmness that her daughter turned as if awe-stricken to look at her. "Unhappy girl, you cannot have been that man's wife. You have been betrayed! the house of Garcia is disgraced!"

A chill fell upon the governess, yet she spoke sharply, almost perty: "Not disgraced by Herlinda, Madame. She was indeed married to John Ashley, in the parish church of Las Parras, by the missionary priest, Father Magauley."

The long, slow glance of incredulity changing into deepest scorn, which Doña Isabel turned upon the governess, seemed to scorch, to wither her. She actually cowered beneath it, faltering forth entreaties for pardon; rather, be it said to her honor, for the unhappy Herlinda than for herself. Meanwhile, with lightning rapidity, the events of the last few months passed through the mind of Doña Isabel. Yes, yes, it had been possible; there had been opportunity for this base work. Her eyes clouded; her breast heaved; had she held a weapon in her hand, the intense passion that possessed her might have sought a method more powerful than words in finding for itself expression. As it was, she turned away, sick at heart, her brain afire. Doña Feliz had placed a strong, firm hand over Herlinda's lips. "It is useless," she said in a voice like Fate. "You will never see him again."

Herlinda comprehended that those words but expressed the unspoken fiat of her mother. She shuddered and groaned. "Mother! mother!" she said faintly, "he loved me. I loved him so, mother! Mother I have spoken the truth; Mademoiselle will tell you all; I was indeed his wife."

Doña Isabel would not trust herself to look at her daughter. She dared not, so strong at that moment was her resentment of her daring, so deep the shame of its consequences. "Vile woman," she said to the governess, in low, penetrating tones of concentrated passion. "You who have avowed yourself the accomplice of yon dead villain, tell me all. Let me know whether you were simply treacherously ignorant, or treacherously base. Silence, Herlinda; nor dare, in my presence shed one tear for the wretch who betrayed you."

But her commands were unheeded. The present anguish overcame the habits and fears of a whole life, as alas! a passionate love had once before done. But then she had been under the domination of her lover, and had been separated from the mother, whose very shadow would have deterred and prevented her. Now, even the deep severity of her voice fell on unheeding ears. Though

tears came not, piteous groans, mingled with the name of her love, burst from the heart of the wretched girl, who leaned like a broken lily upon the breast of Doña Feliz—who from the moment that Herlinda had declared herself a wife, gazed upon her with looks of deep compassion, alternating with those of anxious curiosity towards Doña Isabel, whose every glance she had learned to interpret. She was a woman of great intelligence, yet it appeared to her as if Doña Isabel, who was queen and absolute mistress on her own domain, had but to speak the word, and set her daughter in any position she might claim. The supremacy of the Garcias was her creed, that by which she had lived; was it to be contradicted now?

"Tell me all," reiterated Doña Isabel, in the concentrated voice of deep and terrible passion, as the cowering governess vainly strove to frame words that might least offend. "How did this treachery occur? Where and how did you give that fellow opportunity to compass his base designs?"

Herlinda started; she would have spoken, but Doña Feliz restrained her by the strong pressure of her arm; and the faltering voice of the governess attempted some explanation and justification of an event, which, almost unparalleled in Mexico, could not have been foreseen perhaps even by the jealous care of the most anxious mother.

"This is all I have to tell," she stammered. "You remember you sent us to Las Parras six months ago, just after you had refused your daughter's hand to John Ashley, and promised it to Vicente Gonzales. We remained there in exile nearly two months. Herlinda was wretched. What was there to console or enliven her in that miserable village? Separated from her sister, from you, Madame, whom she loved, even while she feared, what had she to do but nurse her grief and despair; which grew daily stronger on the food of tears and solitude? At first she was too proud to speak to me of that which caused her sleepless nights and unhappy days. But my looks must have expressed the pity I felt. She threw herself into my arms one day, and sobbed out her



sad tale upon my bosom. She had spoken to this Ashley but a few times, and then in your presence, Madame ; but in your country the eye seems the messenger of love. She declared that she could not live, she would not, were she separated from John Ashley ; that the day of her marriage with Vicente Gonzales should be the day of her death."

"To the point," interrupted Doña Isabel, in an icy tone. "I had heard all this. Even in John Ashley's very presence Herlinda had forgotten her dignity and mine. This is not what I would know!"

"But it leads to it, Madame," cried the governess deprecatingly, "for while I was in the state of mingled pity and perplexity caused by Herlinda's words, a message was brought to me that John Ashley was at the door. I went to speak to him. I even allowed him to see Herlinda ! How could I guess it was to urge a course which only the most remarkable combination of events could have made possible?"

"*Intrigante!*" muttered Doña Isabel, bitterly.

"You, angered by the sight of him, as you passed the *hacienda de beneficio*, had yourself invented a pretext for sending him to San Marcos. You could not well dismiss him altogether from a position he filled so well. He might, you thought, reveal the reason."

"Deal not with my motives," interrupted the lady haughtily. "It is true I sent him to San Marcos. And what then?"

"Then, by chance, he learned what here no servant had dared tell him—the name of the village to which Herlinda had been sent, so near your own hacienda, too, that he had never once suspected it. And there he met a countryman. These English, Irish, Americans—they are all bound together by a common language ; and he, this poor priest, entirely ignorant of Spanish, coldly received even by his clerical brethren, was glad to spend a few days in a trip with Ashley ; and as they rode together over the thirty leagues of mountain and valley between San Marcos and Las Parras, he formed a great liking for the pleasant youth, and beyond gently rallying him, made no oppo-

sition to staying over a night in the village, and joining him in holy matrimony to the woman of his choice, whom he imagined to be a poor but pretty peasant, so modest were our surroundings."

Doña Isabel's face darkened. "Hasten ! hasten," she muttered. "I see it all ; excluded, unhappy girl!"

"Unhappy, yes!" cried the governess. "Prophetic were the tears that coursed over her cheeks, as she went with me to the chapel in the early morning, and there in the presence of a few peasants who had never seen her before, or failed to recognize her under the dingy reboso she wore, was married to the young American."

"*Imbeciles ignorantes!*" ejaculated Doña Isabel so low that no one distinctly caught her words. "And this marriage, as you may call it, in what language was it performed?"

"Oh, in English," answered Mademoiselle La Croix readily. "The priest knew no other. Immediately after the ceremony, the bell sounded, the groom and bride separated, the people streamed in, and Holy Mass was celebrated, thus consecrating the marriage. Reassure yourself, Doña Isabel, all was right ; the good priest gave a certificate in due form, which doubtless will be found among John Ashley's papers."

In spite of the stony, yet furious gaze with which Doña Isabel had listened to these particulars, the governess had gathered confidence as she proceeded, and ended with a feeling that the most jealous doubter must be convinced, the most inveterate opponent silenced.

But far otherwise was the effect of her narrative upon Doña Isabel ; she had been deceived by her own daughter, befooled by her hirelings. Had it been possible at that moment for her by one word to prove her daughter the honorable widow of John Ashley, it would have caused her a thousand pangs to have uttered it ; and could one single word have brought him to life, she would have condemned herself to perpetual dumbness. A frenzy of hate and baffled intents, possessed her. But her thoughts were not these ; she knew that this marriage, as it



stood, was void ; it met the requirements of neither church nor state. Yet—yet—yet—there were possibilities ; her family were powerful, her wealth was great.

Doña Feliz watched her with deep, enquiring eyes. Her child stood there, a voiceless pleader, her utter abandonment of grief appealing to the heart of the mother ; but between them was the impregnable wall of pride. She came to no determination, made no resolve, but clasping her hands over her eyes, stood as if a gulf had opened in her path, from which she could not turn, and over which she dared not pass. Slowly, at last, she dropped her arms, resumed her usual composure, and passed from the room. For some moments the little group she had left remained motionless. A profound stillness reigned throughout the house. Time itself seemed arrested, and the one word breathed through the silence seemed to describe the whole world to those within the walls. "Dead ! dead ! dead !"

## V.

As Doña Isabel Garcia turned from her daughter's apartment, she stepped into a corridor flooded with the dazzling sunshine of a perfect morning, and as she passed on in her long black dress, the heavily beamed roof interposed between her uncovered head and the clear and shining blue of the sky, there was something almost terrible in the stony gaze with which she met the glance of the woman servant who hurried after her, to know if she would as usual have the *desayuno* served in the little arbor near the fountain. It terrified the woman, who drew back with a muttered "*Dispensame, Señora !*" as the lady swept by her, and entered her own chamber.

The volcano of feeling which surged within her burst forth, not in sobs and cries, not in passionate interjections, but in the tones of absolute horror in which she uttered the two names which had severally been to her the dearest upon earth—"Leon !" and "Herlinda !"—and which at that moment were equally synonymous of all most hated, most dread-

ed, and yet were the most powerful factors amid the love, the honor, the pride, the passions, and prejudices which controlled her being.

For a time she stood in the center of her apartment, striking unconsciously with her clenched hand upon her breast, blows that at another time would have been keenly felt, but the swelling emotions within rendered her insensible to mere bodily pain. Indeed, as the moments passed it brought a certain relief ; and as her walking to and fro brought her at last in front of the window, which opened upon the broad prospect to the west, she paused, and looked long and fixedly towards the reduction works, as if her vision could penetrate the stone walls, and read the mind which had perished with the man who lay murdered within them.

As she stood thus, she presently became aware that a sound—which she had heard without heeding, as one ignores passing vibrations upon the air, that bring no special echo of the life of which we are active, conscious parts—was persistently striving to make itself heard ; and with an effort she turned to the door, upon which fell another timid knock, and bade the suppliant enter—for the very echo of his knocking proclaimed a suppliant. She started as her eyes fell upon the haggard face of Pedro the gatekeeper.

He entered almost stealthily, closing the door softly behind him. "Señora," he whispered, coming up to her quite closely, extending his hands in a deprecating way. "Señora, by the golden keys of my patron, I swear to you I was powerless. He told me he had your Grace's own authority ; he told me they were married !"

Doña Isabel started. In the same sentence the man had so skillfully mingled truth and falsehood that even she was deceived. By representing to his mistress that Ashley had used her name to gain entrance to the hacienda, he had hoped to divert her anger from himself—and what matter though it fell unjustly upon the dead man ? But in fact, the second phrase of his sentence, "He told me they were

married," was what struck most keenly upon the ear of Doña Isabel, and chilled her very blood. How much, then, did this servant know? How far was she in his power? Until that moment, she had not known—no one had suspected—that the murdered man and the murderer had been within the walls of the hacienda buildings. Partly to learn facts which might guide her, partly to gain time, she looked with her coldest, most petrifying gaze upon the man, and asked him what he meant, and bade him tell her all, even as he would confess to the priest, for so only he might hope to escape her most severe displeasure.

As she spoke, she had glided behind him and slipped the bolt of the door, standing before the solid slab of unpolished but time-darkened cedar, a very monument of wrath. Pedro trembled more than ever, but was not for that the less consistent in his tale of mingled truth and falsehood. He had begun it with the name, "The Señorita Herlinda," but Doña Isabel stopped him with a portentous frown.

"Her name," she said, "my daughter's name need not be mentioned. I know the woman John Ashley came here to see; the Señorita Herlinda had nothing to do with her, nor with your tale. Proceed."

Pedro, not so deeply versed in the dissimulation of the higher class as was Doña Isabel in that of the lower, looked at her a moment in utter incredulity. He learned nothing from her impassive face, but with the quickwittedness of his race divined that one of the many dark-eyed damsels who served in the house was to be considered the cause of Ashley's midnight visits. In that light, his own breach of trust seemed more venial. Unconsciously, he shaped his story to that end, and even took to himself a sort of comfort in feigning to believe, what in his heart he knew to be an assumption—whether merely verbal or actual he knew not—of Doña Isabel.

The arguments by which he had been induced by Ashley to open the doors of the hacienda for his midnight admittance, he would have dwelt on at some length, but

Doña Isabel stopped him. "Tell me only of what happened last night," she said; and in a low whisper he obeyed, shuddering, as he spoke of the man whom he had admitted under the guise of a peasant, and who had rushed out to encounter the devoted American, as a madman, or very wild beast might rush upon its prey.

At his description, eloquent in its brevity, Doña Isabel for a moment lost her calmness; her face dropped upon her hands; her figure shrank together.

"Pedro!" she murmured, "Pedro! you knew him? You are certain?" she continued in a low eager voice.

"Certain, Señora! Should I be likely to be mistaken? I, who have held him upon my knees a thousand times, who first taught him to ride, who saw him when—"

Doña Isabel stopped the enumeration with a gesture. She paused a moment in deep thought; then she extended her hand, and the man bent over it, not daring to touch it, but reverently, as if it were that of a queen or a saint.

"Silence, Pedro!" she said. "One word, and the law would be upon him—though God knows there should be no law to avenge these false Americans, who respect neither authority nor hospitality, and would take our very country from us. Pedro, this deed must not be done in vain—'t was a mistake! but as you live, as I pardon you the share you bore in it, keep silence!"

The words were not an entreaty; they were a command. Doña Isabel understood too well the ascendancy which, as lords of the soil, the Garcias held over all who had been born and bred on their estates, to take the false step of lessening it by any act of weakness. She comprehended that that very ascendancy had led him to open the gates to the husband of Herlinda—ay! as to her lover he would have opened them. It was the *house* of Garcia he served, not one or many individuals; though, as occasion offered, he might be dominated by either. Doña Isabel was at this hour the controlling power, and with absolute genius, in a few words—admitting nothing—explaining nothing—of



fering no reward—she made that conscience-stricken and terrified man the keeper of the honor of the powerful house of which he was but the veriest minion.

He went out of her presence perplexed, baffled, dazed, with but one word and one thought clear in his mind—"Silence!"

Ten minutes later Doña Isabel sent for the administrador, and an hour thereafter Doña Feliz left the hacienda.

Three days passed, days of apparent calm at the great house, overshadowed, perhaps, by the tragedy that had occurred so near it. During these, Doña Isabel, her daughters and the governess sat together, Herlinda at times fixing her eyes with a look of horror upon the wall, or clasping her hands convulsively; so that the servant who passed in and out declared to her fellows below that she was certain that French woman was reading, in her heathenish language, some tale of dread, which must be badly chosen at such a time, when every drop of blood in the hearts of her pupils must be cold with horror. At the end of those three days Doña Feliz returned.

Wherever her journey had led her, it had outwardly been unimportant enough to draw but little comment from the men who had attended her, and was speedily forgotten; and she herself gave no description of it, nor volunteered any information as to its object or result. Even to Doña Isabel, who raised inquiring eyes to her face as she entered her private room, she said, briefly, "No, there is no record; absolutely none."

Doña Isabel sank back in her chair with a deep drawn breath, as if some mighty tension, both of mind and body, had suddenly relaxed. She had herself sought in vain through the papers of Ashley for proofs of the alleged marriage with Herlinda, and Feliz had scanned the public records with vigilant eyes. Part of these records had in some *pronunciamiento* been destroyed by fire, but the book containing those of the date she sought was intact. The names of John Ashley and Herlinda Garcia did not appear there-

in; the marriage, if marriage there had been, was secret, unrecorded, illegal. Conscience was satisfied, and Doña Isabel was content to be passive. Why rouse a scandal which could so easily be avoided? Why strive to prove a marriage which could but bring ridicule upon herself, and shame and contempt upon Herlinda?

That day, for the first time in many days, Doña Isabel could force a smile to her lip; for even for policy it had not been possible for her to smile before. She was by nature neither cold nor cruel, but she had been brought up in the midst of petty intrigues, of violent passions and narrow prejudices; and while she had scorned them, they had moulded her mind, as the constant wearing of rock upon rock forms the hollow in the one, and rounds the jagged surface of the other. What would have been monstrous to her youth became natural to her middle age. She had suffered and striven. Was it not the common lot of woman? What more natural than that her daughter should do the same? and what more natural than that the mother should raise her who had fallen?—for fallen indeed, in spite of the marriage, would the world think her. But why should the world know? She pitied her daughter, even as a woman pities another in travail; yet she looked to the future, not to the present, and so silently, relentlessly, shaped her course, ignoring circumstance, and like a goddess making a law unto herself, and thus unflinchingly ordered the destiny of her child. Could she herself have divined the various motives that influenced her? Nay: no more, perhaps, than the circumstances which may be developed in this tale may make clear the mother's love, the woman's purity, the high-born lady's pride, that all combined to bid her ignore the marriage, which, however irregular, had evidently been made in good faith; and for which, in spite of open malice or secret innuendo, the power and influence of her family could have won the Pope's sanction, and so silenced the cavilings of the world.

*Louise Palmer Heaven.*

## A CRUISE ON A CAYUSE.

IF the camel is the "ship of the desert," the cayuse is the yacht of the prairies. He is not for a pack, but a passenger. He is at the door, and I am ready for the ride.

It is a May morning. The air is crystal. The forests are fresh. The birds are mirthful. The journey is inviting. It is to be a gallop through Eastern Washington—the newest Northwest.

I make my mount at the door of a friend, a dozen miles south of Spokane Falls. I vault upon the back of a saddled something. What is it? A cayuse. What is a cayuse? An angel if humored—a devil if resisted—a blockhead—a Machiavelli.

I saw hundreds of him. I talked with many men about him. I fed him, and rode him, and studied him, but never could I find him out. His origin is lost in antiquity—his reputation in the same. His name is not in our largest dictionary, nor his pedigree in any standard work I have seen. In descent he may be a degenerate of the English horse, as the mustang is of the Spanish.

He is the Indian among horses. Every Indian on the Spokane plateau has his cayuse, as every Bedouin in the Orient has his Arab. They are personal friends, and equals in all things. They have a common bed and board, and common aims in life. To eat, to drink, and to have their own way—these are the be-all and end-all of their existence.

But to be specific: my mount is an iron-gray—weight, seven hundred pounds—black eyes and banged foretop—ears notched into four points—strong, stocky.

"How far will he carry me in a day?" I ask.

"As far as you can ride him," answers the owner.

Then comes a volley of facts about neighbors who have ridden cayuses seventy miles a day, for ten days at a stretch.

"What shall I feed him?"

"When you stop, picket him out on the bunch-grass."

"Does he buck?"

"Every cayuse *bucks!*"

"Does he bite?"

"Of course he *bites!*"

"Kick?"

"*Kicks!*"

I have learned enough to start on—although I found my Strongbow (for so I named the cayuse after the first mile) was somewhat better than his reputation.

"*Equo ne credite Teucris!*"—I remembered the advice of Laöcoon as I lifted the riding switch and said "Go."

Strongbow moved not a muscle.

"Git!"—I punctuated it with a cut of the whip.

Nothing moved but the ears of the beast.

"G'lang!" I meant it. With a lunge I am off—not on the ground as I had feared—but on my cruise.

We whiz along through a handsome forest of pine, and past the cabins of settlers, who have a year or two before begun their homes on "Gov'ment land." At the end of three miles we strike the Hangman Creek, and follow its current by a winding road.

With all these forest settlers the problem is to get rid of the timber. Here is a great pile of logs drawn together by oxen. "What will you do with it?" I ask the woodman.

"Burn it."

And so they burn thousands of cords of wood and immense amounts of lumber material, while not three miles away is the edge of a great prairie, two hundred miles across, which in ten years will demand for its settlers all that these forests can supply of wood and lumber, and more. But, 'twas ever thus. Possibly Providence permits the waste in order to stimulate the inventive powers of the next generation, and so develop the other resources of Nature in fuel and building material.

Here is a saw mill. It has a circular saw which is turned by the euphonious Hangman.



"How are you selling common lumber?" The question was flattering, because there was no possibility at that mill of anything but common lumber.

"Eight dollars a thousand, and haul it yourself."

We canter under a trestle of the Northern Pacific Railway, and in a few minutes rise out of the cañon of the creek, and enter the suburbs of Spokane Falls. "It is one of the handsomest town-sites in America." So I had read—so now I see. Its advantages flash upon you at the first glance.

The Spokane River rises in Lake Cœur d'Alêne, in the Pan Handle of Idaho. It flows one hundred miles northwest, and falls into the Big Bend of the Columbia River. One-third the distance down from its source it suddenly divides into seven streams, and rushes down a series of cascades and short falls. Then it reunites all its forces, and makes a last leap of sixty-five feet into the chasm below. This division of the stream just at the beginning of its descent furnishes a most wonderful water-power. The power of the stream is one-quarter greater than at Minneapolis, where the Father of Waters exhibits his greatest strength in the Falls of St. Anthony. This is said, by residents, to be the best practical water-power on the continent.

As you look north across a pleasant vega some miles in width, a border of blue mountains forms the horizon. The river valley above the Falls is a level, gravelly plain, two or three miles wide, and stretches straight away, thirty miles to Lake Cœur d'Alêne. Right and left, as we look up the river, the hills and mountains frame the valley. The water of the river is clear as light, and full of the finest salmon trout. Cœur d'Alêne Lake is the clear source of the Clear River, and is a magnificent sheet of water, more than twenty-five miles long, whose depths are alive with fish. It is already a resort for summer campers and tourists from near and far.

On a gravel plat a mile long, and half a mile wide, south of the Falls, stands the main part of the town—some fine residences

and two or three educational institutions being already built on the north side. The town is flanked on the south by a steep bluff fringed with pines. Up the side of this bluff the houses are creeping on their way toward the level summit, which will ultimately be the grand habitat of the moguls of Spokane. The streets of the town will never need grading, and will never make mud nor dust.

The Northern Pacific Railway passes directly through the place, at the foot of the bluff—the depot is only five minutes' walk from the post office. Immense stores and many handsome brick blocks make one think he is in a second-sized city, and not in a six-year-old town of the newest Northwest. I see the hose companies throwing streams from the hydrants two hundred feet into the air, the water being drawn from the river above.

I am reminded where I am, by the groups of Indians on every business corner. As I approach one corner a sleek cayuse is galloped along the street by his Indian owner. As he returns to the corner, a miner at my elbow sings out: "How much, Injun?"

"Twenty dollar."

"Give ye eighteen!" And after a moment, the bargain is clinched at eighteen dollars.

Very superior riding animals are to be had for twenty-five, and often lower. The saddle is the heavier expense in a riding outfit, a good one costing at the Falls about thirty dollars.

I notice in the house yards, large growths of strawberry and potato and pea vines, though it is early May, and the latitude is forty-eight degrees north. The day is just one hour longer than at San Francisco.

I walk down to the river and take position in the middle of the bridge which spans the stream. It is almost directly over the great fall, and as I stand in the flying mist and amid the hollow thunder of the waters, I have a view almost as grand, and fully as picturesque, as that of Niagara. Above, the waters are rushing and tumbling for a quarter of a mile in seven different channels, and down ten times seven cascades. The rocky islands turning and changing these currents

everywhere, a thousand different modulations of sound arise, while the deep sub-bass of the great fall just beneath me blends them all into one grand sweep of music, that fairly lifts the soul from the body.

If one has stood inside the case, among the pipes of a forty-eight stop organ, while the Old Hundredth was played with full hydraulic power, he can get a small idea of this stupendous musical mechanism, whose pipes are fifty-foot channels of rock, and whose hydraulic power is that of two hundred and fourteen thousand horses. I turn away, thinking how weak are the greatest works of men, when compared with the least works of the Almighty. I leave the spot with a feeling of worship.

I find Strongbow still tied to the post, but uneasy. Five minutes later, and the yacht would probably have sailed away without its commander.

It is 4 P. M., and we are off for Deep Creek Falls, thirteen miles due west. As we go, I am thinking that I leave behind me a most promising place. A glance shows it. The position as a railroad center—the magnificent water power—the start already made of between three and four thousand inhabitants—the churches, and public and private schools—the nerve, and enthusiasm, and expectations of the people, all indicate a prosperous future.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Since my visit, just a twelvemonth ago, measures have been taken to utilize the vast water power: mills have been projected and built, electric lights have been introduced, and the adjacent country has rapidly filled with immigrants. The place is now enjoying a "healthy boom"—a strong and in no wise fictitious growth. When I was in Eastern Washington, everything was flat. I was offered property, especially railroad lands, at a fraction above one-half the prices asked eighteen months before. The Villard failure, and the possibility that the railroad grant might be forfeited, and the false excitement over the Cœur d'Alène mines, as well as the natural reaction after the first boom—all tended to a great depression. There were some long faces through debt, and some despairing hearts over poor crops on the new soil, and some weary hands from labor to which they were unaccustomed. But, all in all, the people were holding on well, and bearing the depression with brave hearts.

I found that the professional men—doctors, lawyers, ministers, teachers—were of the first class, and bound to make themselves and the country a success. It was my belief, after a month industriously spent in Eastern

Strongbow thinks the Falls a good place to stay, for suddenly he whirls and attempts to rush back. I turn him. He whirls again. For fifteen minutes there is lively work with the beast. He bucks thirty-one times a minute.

An old Indian comes along from town and kindly lends a hand, leading the cayuse, who is docile as soon as his red skinned brother touches him. On a long down-hill I at last get a start, and once on the run I resolve the beast shall not stop till he has had at least ten miles. Away we go! Over the Hangman Creek again—under the scattered pines—past the shanties of the woodmen and the teepees of the Indians—through rocky ledges of volcanic rock—by

Washington, that the character of its soil, water, and forests, the favorable nature of the climate, the good motives of settlement, and the enterprise of the settlers, will make that region the most safe and stable, and perhaps the most prosperous in wealth, of all portions of the Pacific slope.

The soil of this whole region is thought by geologists to be a deposit from the ancient volcanoes to the north and west—it has just the right chemical elements for producing the finest grain and vegetables. The water is abundant, and pure and soft. The timber lacks in hard woods, but is abundant, and can be easily transported. The climate has a winter season less severe than in the Eastern States, but long enough to compel families to live each year for some time together under the same roof, and so make a strong domestic bond, the foundation of industry and moral character.

Not the least hopeful of the elements that promise prosperity, is the fact that the very first permanent settlement of this country was from motives of religion and patriotism. The names of Whitman, Spaulding, Eels, and others suggest this. The influence of these first settlers—the influence, rather, of their religious and patriotic ideas—can be traced today in the character of the people, as in New England the influence of the Puritans and Pilgrims is everywhere.

Moreover, men go to this country to make homes, and not to speculate and move away; to make a living by their work and not by their wits; to train their children to moral, as well as commercial, ideas. The early settlement of this plateau is more favorable to a stable, unfluctuating growth than that of any part of the west world. There is at this moment as good a moral a social atmosphere as in any other district of the West, and this district is only five or six years old. Give it fifty years like Northern Oregon, or thirty, like central California, and it will outrival all.

"Righteousness exalteth a people"—there is no question as to that—and there are more fibres of it in the early growth of Eastern Washington than were found in any other western community. The signs are all excellent there for the good time a-coming.



bunch-grass openings, with the sound of the herder's halloo, the woodman's ax, the lowing of cattle, in my ears, I gallop on.

Now we strike the edge of the prairie, and to the south and west the eye meets no limit of grassy plain till the horizon cuts off the view miles away. Five miles ahead is a sharp tongue of timber, and as I ride for it the rain begins to fall. Soon the rain turns to hail. Strongbow tries to face it—with his tail; but after another struggle I right him, and he bowls sullenly on into the teeth of the storm. The road is "*slick*" (remark of a Missourian met later), and as he runs, the hoofs of Strongbow fly out at every tangent, but he regains them with lightning swiftness. Without stumble or fall he brings me into the timber. The hail is roaring and seething among the pines like angry waters. A moment more and we surge across the Deep Creek, and hail the tavern in the center of the village. The ground is white with hail. It is the month of May.

This is not an inn nor a hotel, but just a tavern. I am received into a room with an old-fashioned school-house stove in the center. In the stove is a good fire, and I am concerned for little else till I have felt the heat. As I thaw I look about. Two or three chairs flank the stove; a table fronts the window; upon it lie copies of Spokane and Cheney papers. The floor is carpeted with tobacco stains, and chunks of wood for the fire. This is the commercial room of the tavern.

I am soon invited to supper in the next room. Here things grow rapidly better. A huge fireplace glows with crackling logs. The windows are filled with pots of flowers, and have a bit of neat lace on their white curtains. The table is spread with a white cloth; a large rocker or two stand beside the rug that fronts the fire. Ah, this is woman's realm—I have left man's domain. The width of a threshold is the same in a frontier tavern as in a city mansion. It is a short step, but a long way, from the rough, careless surroundings of the average man to the neat and refined habitation of the average woman.

I sit at table with a Californian. He speaks of the wool-grass of this region. He declares that its roots are tougher than new wool, and that where it is well rooted, it costs seven or eight dollars an acre to break the sod; that it requires six horses, and that the plow-share must be taken to the smith to be sharpened every five hours. This is one of the drawbacks of the country, but this grass does not prevail to any great extent.

Often in the old towns of our older States I have been compelled to accept worse accommodations than I have here in this little wilderness village of the newest Northwest. I woke in the morning to find that the rain had preëmpted the day. The cayuse, when saddled, crushed one of the stirrups, and I was expecting to have a sort of "one-legged" ride the rest of the way, when I found that there was a saddlery just around the corner, with half a wagon load of stirrups. While the saddle was repairing, I did the town.

The falls turn a fine, large flouring mill, with latest and best machinery. There are two stores, livery, drug shop, sawmill, smithy, saddlery, school. The original line of the Northern Pacific Railroad strikes through this place, and when built will make the place important.

Ten rods from the tavern we are on the great bunch-grass plain. Strongbow is headed for Crescent, thirteen miles northwest. We are now fairly launched upon the prairie, and my yacht takes the wind, and flies gayly on. The whole land is a series of short undulations, and now going up, and now down each moment, I recall the Virgilian line—"*undique et undique pontus*," as the true description of this wavy sea of grass.

Ahead begin to loom the mountains beyond the Columbia, and two scarred buttes mark the position of Fort Spokane, at the junction of the Spokane and Columbia Rivers. That fort guards an Indian reservation. We leave Greenwood on the right. The survey stakes are the only wood I see. A little further on we bounce over a ridge, and come down upon a school house, with thirty pupils playing ball and marbles around it. Two houses only are in sight. Where do the thir-

ty urchins come from? Do they grow out of the ground, like Porte Crayon's "*Le Roi Carote*"?

I inquire for Crescent, for I have now found that it is possible to ride through a town in so new a country without discovering it.

"That's Crescent," and a lad points to a loghouse perched on the prairie a mile away. I am at it, and am asked in. In a corner is a pine box with a dozen pigeon holes—the post office. Mail comes when it comes. Such a post office is a mere capillary in the extremity of Uncle Sam's great circulatory system.

I accept an invitation to dinner. Here is genuine hospitality. The young man who "runs the ranch" (it is a claim by homestead or preëmption) spreads the little pine table, not with fine linen and silver, but with delicious bread and coffee of his own making, and fresh eggs of his own frying, and with his younger brother and sister we sit down to a feast. I learn that this is a great wheat country—great for *producing*, but not for *marketing*. "For when wheat is grown and threshed, and then hauled twenty-five miles, and sold at forty-four cents a bushel, it leaves a margin on the wrong side," remarked my entertainer.

"A man who selects a farm here for grain raising should pick a north slope."

"Why?"

"Because the snow lies longer on the north slopes, and the soil does not dry out before the crop is matured."

I am shown currant cuttings, and gooseberries rooted, and strawberries putting out heavy leaves, and am told that all these will do well if well tended. "And can you guess what that is?" asks my host, pointing to a mound on the top of a knoll.

I guess a pile of hay. It is a parsnip top, five feet high, and as much in diameter. "And out of that slope I pulled a stool of wheat last year, with eighty-seven stalks, and all the heads well filled," says the bold boy.

I bow (but not with the burden of belief), and mounting my steed, am off for Mondovi, some miles southwest. I remember, as

we ride, that I am fifty miles further north than the northern point of the State of Maine, and yet the eighty-seven stalks of wheat from one kernel!

Now we are headed out to sea again. The fringe of woods in my view during the morning fades away behind, and the Sargasso (grassy sea) is directly before. The billows of bunch-grass sweep the knees of Strongbow, as we sweep across the clean expanse.

The bunch-grass is a most nutritious fodder. Men along the route tell me that if they had to make choice between equal weights of shelled oats and of this grass, they would choose the latter, ton for ton, for stock. Certainly, horses and cattle live on it the year through, and are hardy and fat. What a rich range is this, and how little stock we see to graze it!

We mount a high butte, and at five o'clock spy Mondovi, and Courtright's ranch a mile or two to the right of it. "Everybody knows Courtright's," I have been told. "It is a good place to stop." I survey the town, and survey the ranch, and the latter looks the larger and more inviting of the two. Strongbow has flagged a little, but comes in well after he has fairly sighted the stopping place. At six o'clock I am in very cozy quarters for the night, under the roof of old Californians.

I talk with my host of the present condition and the future of this region. He declares it is hopeful, its prosperity a mere matter of time. He sums up by saying: "I can honestly say it is a good country for a poor man."

While at supper I relate the eighty-seven-stalk talk. Up speaks a brave young Horatius opposite: "We had from one kernel last year one hundred and thirteen stalks of wheat."

He was a young man, but he insisted, and after supper showed me in the wood-shed some of the stalks, five feet high, and well eared.

I asked about vegetables—if they grew well here.

"We had for a month on our front-gate post last fall a *seven-pound* potato, which we



raised on this ranch. All heavy vegetables grow wonderfully well here."

I enquired as to stock-raising.

"A man turned out in summer a band of fifty cows, and drove them in the next spring with *fifty-one* fine calves."

The morning dawns clear as crystal. At seven I am off for Capps and Medical Lake, due south. With kind remembrance of the hospitality at the Courtright ranch, I set Strongbow in motion. The sun has dried the roads already; they are like felt—firm, silent, elastic.

The air of this plateau, two thousand feet above sea level, is pure, cool, and dry. I have found several persons already who have come hither from California for their health, and have found it.

Horse and rider drink the air with pleasure. It gives buoyancy to the spirits, and vigor to the body. We measure mile after mile with exultation, and I shout with delight at the freedom of the prairies. It is more fitting here than in a prayer meeting. Up slope—down slope—up and down, like the rocking of a ship in ocean swells, ever onward we sail. Now we skim a level expanse of a mile—now clear a rill at a jump—here pass a cabin, there a band of cattle, here overtake a farmer on his way to the distant market.

A peculiarity of these rolls and slopes is that you cannot see a house until you are almost at the door, and meeting a horseman you are out of sight of each other in thirty seconds. It is far different upon the plains of Nebraska and Kansas. There you see small objects long distances. There the face of the plain seems concave, here it seems convex.

At ten o'clock we dash into the pines that surround Medical Lake. This is a handsome sheet of water, a mile long, and a quarter wide. Bath-houses and hotels are built,

and even now it is a resort for invalids, especially those affected with rheumatism.

Launch a painted boat here, and in a few hours the paint is all eaten away by the chemicals. Soap of fine quality is made directly from the waters, yet they are limpid and clear. The town is very prettily situated on the south bank of the Lake, and will certainly be an attractive resort for health and pleasure.

At 12.30 we are at Cheney. Again we find the Northern Pacific Railway. Cheney is in the edge of the forest, and lies on a hillside facing south. Its streets are dry, though it rained yesterday. I cannot see what the people will do for water when the town takes fire—that big town to which all look forward. Here I find other Californians, who receive me hospitably, and exhibit the attractions of the place. An academy crowns the top of the slope—four churches dot the slope midway—a fine hotel and grain elevator stand at the foot, and between them runs the railway. This is the county seat, but it will some day go to Spokane Falls. The town will grow as the country back of it develops, but need not aspire to rivalry with the Falls, as that is not "in the nature of things."

I find here a man who the season before raised three hundred pounds of the finest potatoes from one pound of seed. In the railroad land office I cautiously relate the one-hundred-and-twelve-stalk story. "Well," says the agent, "Do you see that stool of wheat on the wall there? You will find one hundred and fifty stalks in that, all from one kernel—Count 'em."

It is literally true, and it is the *last straw*. I take to the saddle, and scurry away. Twelve miles more, and I give up Strongbow to his owner at the door where I mounted for the start, sixty hours before. The hundred-mile cruise is ended—I sit down to supper a sorer and wiser man.

*Charles D. Merrill.*

## A LOST ISLAND.

O seas and seas that drift between  
 My soul, my eyes, and that isle serene !  
 How white the sands of its shores I know,  
 And how brightly its tropic flowers glow.  
 I know how grandly and how free  
 Its rocky ramparts front the sea.  
 I know what sudden storms or calms  
 Rock or rest its seaward palms.

Yet should I sail with a southerly breeze  
 Over the highways of the seas,  
 I know we should rest when the flight was done  
 Under an equatorial sun,  
 At an island bearing the very name —  
 Ah, do you think it would be the same?  
 There is no breeze on land or main  
 Could waft me to its shores again.  
 To find that isle in very truth  
 I must sail to the shores of my lost youth,  
 For it flashed from earth in sudden flame  
 When boyhood died and manhood came.

And never I think of that beautiful isle  
 But I see your slow and tender smile.  
 And never a tropic bloom I see  
 But your dark face grows into life for me.  
 And your dusky hair, your starry eyes,  
 With no reason flash from these pallid skies.  
 Ah me! to be in the south again  
 With my youth and my love—its sweetness and pain !  
 Now I know the charm of the musical tide  
 Was this—that you were by my side.  
 All the warmth of the tropic skies  
 Was in the heaven of your eyes.  
 The wild sweet magic of land and sea,  
 Was in you, who were the world to me.

I know it is blest all islands above,  
 It holds your grave, and it knew your love.  
 Only death or dreams can bear me back  
 Down the shining, narrowing track.  
 An isle of enchantment it was to me then,  
 With you it vanished from mortal ken.

*John H. Craig.*

## IRRIGATION AND DRAINAGE.

THE physical features of California are such, that if the law governing the State does not sanction the appropriation of water by diversion to beneficial uses, as opposed to what are called riparian rights, it is a matter of serious regret. It is more. It is a pressing question whether there be not apt and judicious means by which the law may be brought into harmony with public interests.

The waters of this State are irregularly and scantily supplied by precipitation. Aside from the bays and principal rivers, not available for irrigation, these waters, in their natural state, run through steep, crooked, and rocky cañons to the plains, where they become broad, shifting, shallow streams, often dry, and spread out into swamps, or shallow lakes, the surfaces of which are ordinarily so far below the surrounding country as to be unavailable for reservoirs. The water in these lakes and swamps becomes fetid, fever-breeding, generating swarms of noxious insects, and their neighborhood uninhabitable. These depositories of slimy water can only be drained by intercepting the water which flows toward them in the shallow, scanty streams, which the California vocabulary, for want of a better term, names rivers. These lakes and swamps, to be found in our great plains, are the mere overflow of the streams in the high water of Spring, when the snows on the mountains melt with the increasing heat of the sun. At other seasons, they shrink in their beds under excessive evaporation and from absorption, uncovering their dish-like approaches for miles, on which rank tules grow and rot. The air is poisoned by the exhalations, during the hot season, for miles around; the water turns a light coffee color, and the neighborhood becomes frightfully unwholesome for man and beast.

If the supply of water from precipitation were greater, and regular, lasting through the year, as in England, the inlets to these lakes would be strong, navigable rivers; the

lakes would be deep, clear, and unvarying in size; the swamp would cut out into deep outlets, carrying sparkling waters to the ocean, and freighted with inland commerce. The present nuisances would disappear, for the region about the lakes and swamps would be changed from its natural pestilential condition to salubriousness.

But we cannot have this greater and regular supply of water from rain and snow. Our climatic conditions forbid it, and will do so for all time. We depend for the little precipitation we get upon the trade winds, which, when conditions, uncertain as the winds, are favorable, send to us in grudging quantities the moisture which tends to make the State habitable. Whatever the direction of the wind in England, it traverses high seas ordinarily in commotion from storms. The isle is drenched at all seasons, except occasionally in some of the Spring months, and is liable during those months to rain enough to make a feature in a California "wet season."

In consequence of this feature of our climate (so strongly in contrast with that of England, whence comes the doctrine of riparian rights), when our people began to settle the valleys of this State, they found these swamps and swampy lakes, which Nature had already fashioned. In the progress of settlement, the question has arisen, Is it necessary or right to keep forever these polluting areas, or can engineering science and public necessity obviate them? The soil under the thin layer of water in the lakes is rich; may it be made cultivable? Homes may be made in the region now too unhealthy for any population; shall the State be allowed to improve? Enterprise stands ready to create taxable property there; is there a law which forbids it?

The method of redemption is plain, if there is not something in the law to prevent its use. We repeat, that the problem is to get the water out of depressions in the val-



leys too low for ordinary drainage. Thus, Tulare Lake is the overflow from King's River. It has no outlet, unless the overflow from King's River becomes so great that the surface of the lake rises high enough to send the water back through the same river to an outlet in the San Joaquin. Kern and Buena Vista Lakes are the overflow from Kern River, a sumpage ground in Spring. The water, when there is enough of it, flows into Buena Vista Slough, and thence south into the lakes. If the lakes get full enough, the water flows back through Buena Vista Slough to Buena Vista Swamp, where it is spread out and lost. Under such conditions, it is obvious that there can be no drainage of Tulare Lake through King's River, or of Kern or Buena Vista Lakes through the Buena Vista slough or swamp. The great body of the water is condemned to fester and dry up in the hot sun of that region, with the effects described. But the waters of King's River, on their way to Tulare Lake, and those of Kern River, on their way to Kern and Buena Vista Lakes, may be intercepted, and the water be used for irrigation on the parched plains; and then the lakes and swamps will permanently dry up, their beds be given to fertility and man, their noxious insects disappear, their fevers vanish, and prosperity take the place of desolation.

This is one side of the problem; but there is another and more important one. The great valley of California lies between latitude 34° 50' near Fort Tejon, and 40° 40' near Shasta, giving an extreme length of four hundred and fifty miles, and an average width of forty miles, including the foothills. It lies between the Coast Range and the Sierra Nevadas, and within the cup of the mountains lies an area of fifty-two thousand two hundred square miles, equal to half of all the Middle States. In this great valley are millions of acres of land, possessing all elements of fertility except moisture, a climate agreeable in winter, hot and desiccating in summer, and yet not enervating nor unfavorable to industry. Under the stimulus of water, from fifty to eighty bushels of wheat per acre have been produced, and forty-five

bushels of barley as a volunteer crop. Five crops of alfalfa have been grown in one year, yielding an average of fifteen tons per acre. From the farthest bound of the Colorado desert to the headwaters of the Sacramento, is a region to be benefited by irrigation; and one-half of it, approximating in fertility to that above described, is absolutely sterile without it. This part lies, year after year, as it has done since the mountains took their present form, dreary, dead, and forbidding, except in comparatively limited areas, where a system of irrigation has been adopted, changing sightless deserts into scenes of perennial loveliness. The traveler through Tulare, Fresno, Kern, Stanislaus, Merced, Los Angeles, and other southern counties, may see, lying side by side, desert tracts, parched and burnt like the Sahara, and oases of wondrous beauty, whereon tropical fruits flourish in the vicinity of grain crops; where rich meadows feed innumerable herds of cattle, horses, and sheep. A few years ago the oasis was desert. What magician has changed so much for the better? Redemption was effected by bringing the fugitive and scanty water of the streams to these lands, and thus quickening them into life. As the area of irrigated land has extended, all branches of business have become enlarged. A great wool clip, raisins, wine, and brandy, oranges and other tropic fruits, countless herds of cattle fattened for home and foreign markets, growing villages and cities, pleasant and numerous homes, all attest the benefits accruing from irrigation. A great trade has sprung up, to the advantage of Los Angeles, San Francisco, and the whole State. This is the result from the irrigation of a few hundred thousand acres of land, to water which ditches and canals thousands of miles in length have been constructed and maintained at a cost of some \$100,000,000. It is calculated by engineers that the water of our rivers, available for the purpose, will be sufficient to extend irrigation to many millions of acres which now are absolutely useless, but which will then be as fertile as the Nile Valley after a swelling of the sacred river.

These facts show the relation of irrigation,

or the appropriation of water to useful purposes, to the problem of draining the pestilential lakes and marshes of the State. By constructing reservoirs in the mountains to catch the surplus water, and by intercepting the water on its way to the stagnant pools which naturally receive it, and where it is wasted by evaporation, and by spreading it out over desert lands, the swampy lakes and morasses are dried up, and become the scenes of agricultural prosperity, while thriving farms are created on the deserts to embellish and enrich the State. Works of irrigation and for reclaiming marsh lands go together in all old countries where either are needful.

If it be true that the Legislature has been so improvident in its laws that the people of the State are powerless to dry up their swamps and fertilize their deserts, then the population of the State is too large, and its prosperity is built on so insecure a basis that a collapse is impending. If this be true, the colonies of Fresno, Anaheim, Riverside, etc., have chosen the wrong State for their settlements. The farmers who have created cultivable land in Tulare Lake must soon see their possessions engulfed in the returning waters. The prosperous farms in the deserts must return to their original sand heaps. The verdant crops that beautify a broad region must die, and the herds that feed there must die with them, or be driven away. Towns must dwindle to villages, and villages and homesteads disappear. All industries built upon irrigation must perish when irrigation ceases, and future improvements conditioned upon irrigation be denied. These propositions are so simple that they are axiomatic. They are founded in the experience of all arid countries. All our libraries contain shelves full of books illustrating them.

It may well be supposed that this people will not submit to such consequences without an earnest attempt to avert them. It can hardly be anticipated that they will accept the destruction of such solid interests, upon the fiat of four Supreme Judges, when three other members of the same respectable tribunal dissent, and say the majority is mis-

taken in its law. By our form of government, there is an appeal to the people from all executive or judicial action. By making the judiciary elective, the Constitution devolves the duty upon the people of determining as to the fitness of judges, and makes these directly responsible to the people. Many old school thinkers have objected to this feature of modern constitutions, but it has survived all attacks, and is now firmly rooted in public policy. By that policy, the people have opportunity to confirm or reverse the decisions of their judges, and may reasonably be expected to exercise this power in a case where public interests are put at hazard, and the decision of the court meets with general popular non-concurrence.

The effects of the decision in question are not localized to the great valleys of the State. The mountains are seamed with water ditches, constructed at immense cost for mining purposes, in defiance of riparian rights. Some of these canals are already utilized for irrigation, and more will be in the future, if it is permissible. For this purpose they need to be greatly extended, and new ditches to be taken out below the present points of diversion. Is the miner, driven from his occupation by the action of courts, to be prevented by the courts from maintaining his means of diversion, or creating new ones, to fertilize the vineyards and orchards he is planting in the foothills? The few dwellers along the rocky cañons are the riparian proprietors, and they are the ones who can compel the appropriators to turn the water back into the streams, that it may run unused by their solitary cabins.

The question, therefore, whether what has been heretofore held as the common law of California—viz: the right of the first appropriator of water for beneficial use, to enjoy it to the extent of his appropriation—or whether recognition as conclusive of the inapplicable common law of England (which gives to the proprietor on the banks of a water course the right to have all water naturally flowing by or through his land, continue so to flow, unused, undisturbed and undiminished) shall prevail, becomes a vital



one to all the people of this State to consider, both in economic and legal aspects.

By the act of April 13, 1850, the California Legislature enacted that "The common law of England, so far as it is not repugnant to, or inconsistent with, the constitution or laws of the State of California, shall be the rule of decision in the courts of this State." Upon this enactment, the structure of "riparian rights" rests, and the right of appropriation is denied, however destructive the consequences. The State then signed the bond, giving the pound of flesh; it enacted away all control, ownership, and beneficial use of its waters, and improvidently wrote ruin upon most of its territory. So runs the argument. It is necessary to its conclusiveness to insist that the common law is inflexible in its provisions, unbending to circumstances, uninfluenced by the necessities of the people, which its provisions govern. The laws of legislatures may be changed, constitutions be modified by amendment, or explained away by courts; but the common law of England is fastened on the State, and may throttle it, and there is no relief, unless judges in England vary its tendencies. New conditions may arise here—but they must yield to it; new discoveries may be made in art, science, and political economy, of all of which the originators of the common law had no conception—yet they must wait upon its teachings, and abide by its slightest indications. No people ever assumed meekly a more intolerable yoke, or submitted to a more absurd bondage, if this be true. But it is not true. One of the leading principles of the English common law is, that it is flexible, and may be modified to suit the varying wants of the community. Were this otherwise, it would never have been taken by English colonists to their new homes. The declaration of rights made by the first Continental Congress in 1774, declared that "the respective colonies are entitled to the common law of England, and to the benefit of such English statutes as existed at the time of their colonization, and which they have by experience found to be applicable to their social, local, and other circumstan-

ces." Unless so applicable, the common law was repudiated by the Continental Congress, as England would have repudiated it if it had ceased to be applicable to her necessities.

The United States Supreme Court has declared that the common law of America is not to be taken in all respects to be that of England, but that the settlers adopted only that portion which was applicable to their situation. The constitutions of many States contain language similar to the Statute of 1850, and contain no words of exemption of such portions of the common law as are inapplicable to the condition or necessities of the particular community; notably in New York, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts; and yet the courts in those States have held that the common law is not a rule of decision where opposed to the wants of the people.

As an illustration of the modification of the English common law in the United States may be instanced the case of ancient lights. Blackstone says: "If one obstructs another's ancient windows, the law will animadvert hereon as an injury, and protect the injured party in his possession." This doctrine is as well seated in the English common law as is that of riparian rights. Any one passing Cheapside and other busy traffic streets in East London, will see where, in the march of modern improvement, old buildings have been pulled down to erect finer structures. On the squatty neighboring buildings, at little windows looking out on old courts or alleys, are put numerous signs bearing the inscription, "Ancient Lights," as a warning to the neighbor not to build his new building so high or in such shape as to obstruct the light through these old peep-holes. The same author defines the common law to be general customs which are the universal rule of the whole kingdom, and are ascertained and their validity determined by the judges of the several courts of justice. This common law, he says, protects these ancient lights. The lead in repudiating the common law doctrine of ancient lights in the United States, was taken by the courts of New York, the constitution of which State makes the common law the rule of decision to the

extent to which it is so made by our statute. Upon a case calling for a decision as to the right to obstruct an ancient light, the learned judge repudiated the English common law doctrine, upon the ground that "it cannot be applied in the growing cities and villages of this country, without working the most mischievous consequences. It has never, we think, been deemed a part of our law." The same ruling has been made by every court in the United States save one, which has passed on the question. Yet this doctrine is incrustated in the common law, as every lawyer knows. Even so the doctrine of riparian rights cannot be applied to our arid State without the most mischievous consequences. Why, then, apply it?

The same great jurist said: "I think no doctrine better settled, than that such portions of the law of England as are not adapted to our own condition, form no part of the law of this State. The exception includes not only such laws as are inconsistent with the spirit of our institutions, but such as were framed with special reference to the physical condition of a country differing widely from our own. It is contrary to the spirit of the common law, to apply a rule founded on a particular reason, to a case where that reason utterly fails."

The doctrine of riparian rights grew up in a small country, continually drenched with water, where the necessity for irrigation was unknown, and the only use of water was for navigation by shallow boats, or to propel water mills. In England the annual rainfall reaches eighty inches; in some parts of California it does not exceed six inches. The problem in England has always been to get rid of water, not to divert it, for there was no beneficial use for the diverted waters. But the doctrine of riparianism grew up anciently, when the owners of grain mills along the streams desired the water to flow steadily to the rude mill wheels, and the movers of country products, before railroad transportation, desired to prevent obstructions being put in their way in the streams. The judges molded their decisions upon these narrow necessities, and on kindred ones in the course of

time. Their doctrines fitted the times and the necessities of the communities to which they applied. They are out of place in an arid region, where navigation of streams available for irrigation is impossible, and the fluctuating supply of water precludes its use for power. As the common law was devised to minister to the wants of the community governed by it, and enable them to make the most of their surroundings, it is obvious that the judges would have sanctioned appropriation for irrigation, had irrigation been a great necessity for England. To doubt this is to misunderstand the mode of growth of the common law. The rule of riparianism was founded upon particular reasons. If the reasons had been different, the rule would have been different also. It is therefore a violence to good judgment to import into our law a rule founded on reasons which have no existence with us; indeed, where the reasons are exactly opposite. To do so is to violate the common law, not to enforce it. The writer entertains the highest respect for Hon. Allen Thurman, as a statesman and jurist, and such is generally conceded to him. Judge Thurman, when upon the Supreme bench of Ohio, laid down this principle in plain language. He said: "The English common law, so far as it is reasonable in itself, suitable to the condition and business of our people, and consistent with the letter and spirit of our Federal and State constitutions and statutes, has been and is followed by our courts, and may be said to constitute a part of the common law of Ohio. But whenever it has been found wanting in any of these requisites, our courts have not hesitated to modify it to suit our circumstances; or, if necessary, to wholly depart from it." Would space permit, it might be shown by a wide range of quotations from eminent judges and law writers, that the common law of England is not enforced in American courts, where such application is not consonant with our condition and necessities. Our Supreme Court had abundant precedents and the highest authority to decide, if it so willed to decide, that the doctrine of riparian rights, originating under cir-



cumstances and for reasons so different from those existing here, is not the law of this State, and never has been.

An illustration is furnished by the courts of setting aside the English common law, because the physical conditions of this country are different from those of England, as regards admiralty jurisdiction. The early decisions of the United States Supreme Court assumed that the expression "cases of admiralty and maritime jurisdiction" was used in the constitution in the same sense as in England at the time the constitution was framed; and therefore, following the restriction which the common law had imposed on admiralty in England, held that the jurisdiction was limited to matters on the high seas or tide waters, and not within the body of a country. The earlier cases adopted the language of the law of England, where the navigable waters are tidal; but the same court afterwards held, and still holds, the rule inapplicable in this country, which has great inland seas and long public rivers, navigable to long distances beyond the set of the tide. It recognized "the necessities of commerce," as requiring the application of the jurisdiction to all public navigable waters on which commerce is carried between different States or nations. Yet the same great tribunal has always held that the English common law, where our conditions permit its useful application, is the heritage of the people of this country; that is, that it is a minister to our prosperity, and not a drag upon it. The Act of 1850 did not, therefore, upon the principles of construction applied by other jurists, import the doctrine of riparian rights into this State. Had it been intended so to do, surely no legislature ever so little understood, or was so careless of, the heritage of its constituents and that of their children's children.

That legislature met six months before the State itself had a legal existence. It was made up partly of natives who knew nothing of irrigation, who only valued land for pasturage, and watered their herds at any convenient spring. If they understood Mexican laws with regard to water, which is doubtful, they knew that this was subject to common

use, and could be kept in the natural channel, or diverted by individuals or corporations, as the government permitted. Riparianism was unknown to them. The remainder of those legislators were gold-seekers, or office-hunters, who necessarily had little knowledge of the physical geography of the State, and hence were poorly qualified to pass an intelligent judgment on this question, even if they gave it a thought, which there is no evidence that they did, and which they undoubtedly did not. They resorted to the mines from the halls of legislation, and aided to establish a custom of appropriation for mining purposes, which was illegal under the modern construction of their innocently adopted statute. But it is important that under the decisions of the Supreme Court in its early years, this system of appropriation of water for mining purposes grew up and was recognized as legal. The judges who made those decisions were near the period of enactment, and their views have the value of contemporary construction. The policy which they sanctioned was afterwards reviewed by the United States Supreme Court, and that court said: "As respects the use of water for mining purposes, the doctrines of the common law declaratory of the rights of riparian owners were, at an early day after the discovery of gold, found to be inapplicable, or applicable only in a very limited extent, to the necessity of miners, and inadequate to their protection"; and in another case the same court said that the views expressed and the rulings made in regard to the appropriation of water for mining purposes "are equally applicable to the use of water on the public lands for purposes of irrigation. No distinction is made in those States and Territories by the customs of miners and settlers, or by the courts, in the rights of the first appropriator from the use made of water, if the use be a beneficial one."

That tribunal recognized that the customs and necessities of the people of this coast had moulded a common law for them in this particular, and that the common law of England was inapplicable and mischievous, in that it was, as they said, "incompatible with



any extended diversion of water, and its conveyance to points from which it could not be restored to the stream."

Colorado has put into its constitution a provision recognizing the priority of right to water by priority of appropriation. Like California it is arid, and needs irrigation to fertilize its fields. It has already solved this question, as it was proposed by the recent State Irrigators' Convention to solve it, by organic law. But the Supreme Court of that State had decided that the doctrine of riparian rights had no applicability to Colorado even before the adoption of the constitutional provision; because imperative necessity, unknown to the countries in which the common law originated, compelled Colorado to recognize appropriation. The reasoning of that court is so just, its recognition of the great necessities of the State so clear, and the parallel of circumstances with those of California so exact, that it is well to cite the decision at some length:

"It is contended that the common law principles of riparian proprietorship prevailed in Colorado until 1876, and that the doctrine of priority of right to water by priority of appropriation thereof was first recognized and adopted in the Constitution. But we think the latter doctrine has existed since the date of the earliest appropriations of water within the boundaries of the State. The climate is dry, and the soil, when moistened only by the usual rainfall, is arid and unproductive; except in a few favored sections, artificial irrigation for agriculture is an absolute necessity. Water in the various streams thus acquires a value unknown in moister climates. Instead of being a mere incident to the soil, it rises, when appropriated, to the dignity of a distinct usufructuary estate or right of property. It has always been the policy of the National, as well as the Territorial and State Governments, to encourage the diversion and use of water for agriculture; and vast expenditures of time and money have been made in reclaiming and fertilizing by irrigation portions of our unproductive territory. Houses have been built, permanent improvements made, the soil has been cultivated, and thousands of acres have been rendered immensely valuable, with the understanding that appropriations of water would be protected. Deny the doctrine of priority or superiority of right by priority of appropriation, and a great part of the value of all this property is at once destroyed. . . . We conclude, then, that the common law doctrine, giving the riparian owner a right to the flow of water in its natural channel upon and over his lands, even though he makes no beneficial

use thereof, is inapplicable to Colorado. Imperative necessity, unknown to the countries which gave it birth, compels the recognition of another doctrine, in conflict therewith."

It is a matter of extreme regret that a few more of the members of our own Supreme Court could not see judicially, or give due weight to, what the Supreme Court in Colorado so clearly sees and applies, viz: that it has been the policy of the National and State governments to encourage the diversion and use of water for agriculture; that vast expenditures of time and money have been made in reclaiming and fertilizing, by irrigation, portions of our unproductive territory; that houses and villages have been built, costly, permanent improvements made, and hundreds of thousands of acres rendered immensely valuable, which else would have remained desert, with the understanding that appropriations of water would be protected, and that the denial of the right of appropriation destroys this vast property.

The Supreme Court of Nevada, in an early case, sanctioned the doctrine of riparian rights. But it has since retreated from that ground, and approved the doctrine of appropriation, holding that priority of appropriation is a test of superiority of right. Its views as to the great system of anti-riparianism, built up in the early days in this State, and the sanction it received from the courts, are expressed as follows: "In all the Pacific Coast States and Territories . . . the doctrines of the common law, declaratory of the rights of riparian proprietors respecting the use of running waters, were held to be inapplicable, or applicable to only a very limited extent, to the wants and necessities of the people, whether engaged in mining, agricultural, or other pursuits; and it was decided that prior appropriation gave the better right to the use of the running waters to the extent, in quantity and quality, necessary for the use to which the waters were applied. This was the universal custom of the Coast, sanctioned by the laws and decisions of the courts in the respective States and Territories, and approved and followed by the Supreme Court of the United States."

It may, therefore, be said, on the testimony of this Supreme Court of Nevada, and the Supreme Court of the United States, that there is a universal custom or common law established in this State by the concurrence of miners, farmers, and courts, by which appropriation was established and riparianism rejected as the law of this State.

In the view of our high court, there is no public policy which can empower it to disregard or modify the common law of England, because of a benefit to many persons; and it holds it doubtful if it is to the common benefit, or benefit of many persons, to promote the appropriation of water for agricultural purposes. Upon the latter proposition, the people need no decision; they are as nearly unanimous as possible that the court is all wrong. As to the first proposition, if the principle of it had been adopted by the Supreme Courts of New York, Massachusetts, Maine, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Texas, Illinois, etc., the common law doctrine of easement in ancient lights would be the law of this country, and such structures as the Nevada Block or Safe Deposit building, and the many palaces of trade in our growing cities, could not have been built without the payment of enormous sums of smart money; or, as the court puts it, "on payment of due compensation." But these courts, and others, recognized the argument *ab inconvenienti*, and enforced it. Did they not "legislate in such manner as to deny citizens their vested rights?" Our Supreme Court would so characterize this action, and it refrains from imitating the example of most of the Supreme Courts of the Union in a parallel case. It is held more strictly by the tether of the common law than the other courts are. It cites authorities from those courts to justify its adherence to the common law upon riparian rights, but underrates the example of the same courts where they depart from the common law, because the reason for the law fails in their communities. But there are wide climatic differences between California and the States in question. West of the one hundredth meridian, the country is arid; east of it, the climate approximates to that of

England, and irrigation ditches are almost unknown. Regular rains, distributed through the season, obviate costly works for diversion and distribution of water, and leave no room for dissent from the English doctrine of riparian rights. Hence the courts follow the common law in that regard. They have no reason to do otherwise. What they will do where they find the common law "not adapted to the necessities of our growing communities," they have shown. Those illustrious judges would have undoubtedly as freely decided that the common law doctrine of riparian rights is on a level with the common law doctrine of ancient lights, if they had lived in a country whose prosperity depended upon diversion and irrigation; and that it could as little stand in the way of progress and civilization. We must have a common law for the region west of the one hundredth meridian, and courts which can see its necessity, and enforce it. An eminent law writer (Wharton) has discussed the proposition whether judges can or should legislate: "Judges are not legislators for the purpose of revolutionizing the law, but they are legislators for the purpose of evolving from it rules which should properly govern present issues, and winnowing from it limitations which are withered and dead. And when this duty—a duty which is a necessary incident of judicial office—is frankly recognized by the judiciary, the process of legal development and of suppression will be carried on more effectively and wisely than it can be done by those who shut their eyes to the duty. For no disclaimer can relieve the judiciary from the function of gradually modifying the law, by adoption and rejection."

It may be respectfully suggested that our Supreme Court fails to carry its premises to their logical conclusion. It holds that the common law of England was adopted in this State, and that in that law riparian rights are entrenched. The common law upon riparian rights is substantially as follows:

"Every proprietor of lands on the bank of a stream has an equal right to use the waters which flow in the stream, and consequently no proprietor



can have the right to use the water to the prejudice of any other proprietor. Without the consent of the other proprietors, no proprietor can either diminish the quantity of water which would otherwise descend to the proprietors below, or throw the water back upon the proprietors above."

The Supreme Court dispense with this rule of the common law, in favor of a supraparian proprietor, by holding that he may use on the land, at the head of his ditch, any reasonable quantity of the water for irrigation, if he return the surplus to the stream. Suppose there is no surplus? But this scanty privilege is a modification of the common law, and not the original doctrine. It was not the common law in 1850. Since that date, certain judges of England have expressed some hesitating assent to "the American doctrine of appropriation," in the case of supraparian proprietors; and hence a California court ventures to give it also a qualified assent. Are we, then, governed by the House of Lords in England, not by our own legislature, and courts? The English courts are daily making laws adapted to their country, and thus our judges wait to apply them to ours. There should be law quotations telegraphed, like stock quotations, or the price of wheat. It would be strange if in all the dictum and rubbish spoken by innumerable courts, there could not be found some warrant for this subservience to foreign tribunals; nevertheless, the better, safer, and more dignified rule would seem to be that laid down by an eminent law writer (Sedgwick), who says:

"It has been uniformly adjudged in this country, that the common law, however adopted, is in force here *only so far as it is adapted to our situation, wants, and institutions.*"

To refuse to apply it where it is opposed to our situation, wants, and institutions is not to legislate; it is only to discriminate.

The common law was not adopted in this State, or any other, as a code, but as a "rule of decision." It is not compulsory, but advisory. It is useful only where it is reasonable. It depends for its applicability upon the soundness of the reasons supporting it, and the similarity of the conditions in given

cases. It certainly stands upon no firmer footing with us than in England, and there judges daily enlarge, contract, or explain it away.

The recent advance in the English courts towards appropriation of water is an illustration of the flexibility of the common law, and their mode of treating it. As long as the only use for water was to float craft or drive machinery, they adhered to the stricter doctrine. But of late years the use of flooding has become partially understood in the west and south of England, to increase the produce of grass by converting the land into water meadows. Poor heaths have been converted into luxuriant pastures by the use of irrigation alone. Quick to detect changes in public wants, the courts have recognized this additional use of water; but, as every water course has an owner, and only the owners seek to divert its water, the decisions have not advanced farther than to favor in some degree the claims of riparian appropriators to beneficial use. Upon the strength of such intimations we also advance a short step, not venturing to go alone, or to do what the same English courts would do in a proper case—set aside all previous adjudications to serve the public interests, as did the United States Supreme Court in the matter of admiralty jurisdiction, and our courts generally in the case of ancient lights.

A disheartening portion of the opinion of the majority of our court, is that wherein they undervalue the benefits that have been gained under the appropriation system, and discredit those of the future. With such impressions upon that vital subject, it was easier to decree practically that irrigation in this State shall be confined to narrow marginal water courses, and that the great plains beyond shall rest in perpetual barrenness. If an outlet of escape from this condition was left open, by condemning upon compensation all the available waters of the State, it is through a course of expense so frightfully great that no sane man can expect to see it realized. The day that decision was rendered, running water, to which there had hardly been a claimant



except the industrious appropriators, became worthless to them, and worth hundreds of millions of blackmail to loiterers. Such counties as Fresno, Merced, Stanislaus, Kern, Tulare, Los Angeles, and San Bernardino, such towns as Fresno, Bakersfield, Riverside, Pasadena, etc., received a staggering blow, from which they can recover only by a return to what was before believed to be the policy of the law. The curse of disputed land titles is not worse than that of disputed water rights; and where water is a condition of existence, as in the region named, the curse is fearfully aggravated. On that day a hundred million dollars invested in irrigation ditches, and thrice that amount of improved farms, orchards, and vineyards, became the sport of litigation, with the disadvantage of prejudgment.

The decision was made in a case not necessarily calling for it. The plaintiffs claimed under a grant of swamp lands from the State, the condition of the grant being that they should free the land from water by draining it, or by turning the water away from it. But the plaintiffs claimed the right to have all the water flow to these lands that would, in the course of nature, flow there; in other words, they held the land on condition of making it dry, and they claimed the water to keep it wet. Again, the decision deals with and virtually denies the right of the defendants to divert the waters of Kern River for irrigation purposes, because, say the court, the plaintiffs are riparian proprietors, not on Kern River, but in a swamp that is made by the chance overflow of certain lakes, which are not part of that river. The question has been asked, why, in a matter of so much moment as that of laying down a rule of property affecting so seriously all the business interests of the State, the court did not wait, as requested, until a case arose where the facts demanded it?

As the water that reaches the plaintiffs' swamp lands is that only which overflows during the brief period of melting snows from Buena Vista and Kern Lakes, it necessarily follows that these lakes must be maintained to keep the swamp lands so supplied. Profes-

sor George Davidson, in his report upon irrigation in California, speaks of these lakes as he found them as early in the year as May, as lying in a temperature of 130°, and being "very green, warm, and unfit for domestic use." This enormous heat, and the cessation, so early in the spring, of water supply from the mountains, "causes a large area of land," says another observer, "to become alternately wet and dry, producing a great mass of vegetation, the decay of which causes a good deal of malaria, and carrying sickness over a wide region, and as far as Bakersfield. Enormous swarms of mosquitos are generated, which infest the swamp and lakes, stinging cattle and horses to madness, not only around the lake, but at long distances from it. Cattle drinking the waters, or feeding at the lake, are sickened by fevers, and the lake becomes a most annoying and deadly nuisance. It is a sheet of ever varying, stagnant water, good for nothing but producing malaria and mosquitos. Even the fish propagated in its waters are not fit to eat."

The direct effect of the decision is to perpetuate this great nuisance, which the police power of the State should be employed to abate. But this is of less consequence, as, if the great system of reclamation by irrigation inaugurated in the southern valleys is to be stopped, it matters not whether the air in the solitudes so enforced is poisonous or not. They will necessarily relapse to their desolate condition of twenty years ago, when the traveler passed over fifty miles at a stretch without finding a human habitation. Under the system of riparianism, as expounded by our judges, the great plains will again become, as they were for the first twenty years of the State's existence, habitable only by wild hogs and gophers. The lakes and morasses may therefore be allowed to remain, to yield their fragrant tribute to the English common law.

The artificial and fragmentary way in which great questions are sometimes tried in courts prevents a large consideration of them. It may be insisted that in this case, under the issues, all these considerations were not, and could not be, urged. Yet, under all disad-

vantages, it could not be overlooked, even if underrated, that one side of the question represented the reclamation of our broad deserts and of these swamps, the health of the community, its prosperity in the largest sense, and the creation of productive property. On the other was a policy that would keep these lakes full of stagnant water, compel the overflow of Kern River to find a perpetual deposit there, destroy the health of the region, infest it with intolerable pests, condemn the uplands to sterility, and break up inestimable industries. Every farmer in the great valleys was interested in the decision of the question, for all live by irrigation. Every dweller in farm houses near these and other such lakes, and in the surrounding villages, had a vital interest to know if miasmatic air should steal, under the protection of the law, into his home at night. The merchants and manufacturers of the State had an interest in its decision; for if the farmer was ruined, he could not buy or pay. All who desired the State to be developed, its vast arid plains to yield the abundance of which, under conditions, they are capable, were interested in it. It is in the view of this wide and absorbing interest of the whole State that this discussion of the facts and principles involved is attempted. The personal aspects of this *cause célèbre*, however important to the litigants, sink into insignificance compared with the great interest of the State in the ultimate determination of the question whether the means which, as we shall see, all countries physically conditioned like ours have employed to promote their growth and happiness can be permitted in this State, or shall be denied because countries differently circumstanced have never felt the need of or employed them. The system of appropriation is not hostile to the real interests of the riparian proprietor, provided he will avail himself of its advantages. It is inconsistent with the practice of wasting the waters of the State by letting them run idly into the unthankful ocean; but it is not inconsistent with the use of water by any one, riparian proprietor or not, who will take the necessary steps to appropriate and put

the water to some beneficial use. Nearly all riparian proprietors are appropriators in the sense here intended. They have put up their notices claiming water, and dug their ditches leading to their irrigated fields, or to tanks for stock. The decision of the Supreme Court is hurtful to such proprietors in most cases, for they need to irrigate over wider spaces more liberally than the limiting words of the Court permit. Such riparian appropriators are injured by the new departure in law, as much as any other. Water is so precious in this State that every means must be used to husband it. Every drop that falls into the sea has failed of its mission. In the Coast Range, where thin threads of water run, and are apt to dry up or sink away in the hot summers, it would be well to imitate the example of the old padres, who concreted the beds of the little streams, or made concrete ditches along their banks. This preserves the water, and it is appropriation as well.

The doctrine of riparian ownership will be very difficult of application in this State, for other physical reasons than those existing in its climate. All the streams of Southern California, after they leave their rocky cañon beds, run through shifting sands. In many cases they have no defined banks or steady course, but shift their direction under the effects of storms. These shifting streams break away during high water from their temporary beds, and take new courses, often widely diverging from previous ones. The river affected by this suit will illustrate. In 1862, it ran below where Bakersfield now stands, southeasterly, and discharged into the east end of Kern Lake, when there was water enough to get through the sands so far. In 1867, it changed during a storm to what is now called Old River, and discharged through one fork at the west end of the lake, and through another still farther west into the slough connecting that lake with Buena Vista Lake. It now runs still farther west in New River, and discharges northwest of Buena Vista Lake into Buena Vista Slough, whence it drops back southerly to the lake, in an opposite direction from Buena Vista



Swamp. The point of discharge in each case is about ten miles from the previous one. The original United States surveys, made in 1855, show a still wider divergence of this shifting channel. Such rivers refuse to be governed by the decrees of courts that "inseparably annex them to the soil, not as an easement or appurtenance, but as part and parcel of it." An appropriator easily adapts his means of diversion to such streams; but a riparian proprietor finds his inseparable annex nearly as fleeting as the clouds that sail over his land. In whatever light the matter is viewed, the conclusion comes irresistibly back, that the laws made for a country so different in all physical aspects as England is from California, cannot and ought not to be enforced here.

In the foreign possessions of England, the practice of appropriation prevails over the doctrine of riparian rights, wherever irrigation is a necessity. It is so in India and in Australia. India has gigantic works for systematic irrigation. Three hundred and seventy millions of British money are being expended in that country to supplement a system older than our era. Professor George Davidson reports that the whole breadth of the base of the peninsula of India, sweeping in a great curve from the delta of the Ganges to the delta of the Indus, is the field of a vast system of irrigation. The supply of water is in the Himalayas, where snows ensure an unceasing supply. The Rocky and Sierra Nevada Mountains are the Himalayas of the arid region of the United States, while the broad areas of irrigable lands which adjoin them are perhaps equal in extent to the great plains of India. For over two thousand years the people of India have cultivated by means of canals and reservoirs, and English capital has projected and commenced great works, with better engineering science and wider reach. The effects are already seen in the world's markets by the competition of the wheat and cotton of India. The rains of India are usually confined to a single month. Though copious for that period, they do not give the continued moisture necessary for crops. In the

densely populated parts of the country, two crops annually are necessary to feed the people, and these can be had only by utilizing by irrigation the water caused by the melting snow stored in the mountains. The alternative of less production is starvation, with the attendant fevers. The director of the Ganges Canal Water Works states, as a striking advantage of irrigation in that country, the substitution of a constant for a fluctuating return of produce. Alternations of production and failure consequent upon non-irrigable agriculture, are significant of enormous misery among the laboring classes. These have disappeared as the great works inaugurated by English capitalists have become operative. In a community dependent for its means of subsistence on the soil, the importance of having thus excluded the disturbing influence of variable seasons need not be insisted on. All the benefits of security for capital invested in cultivation are obtained; the revenue fluctuates only with the price of produce; and the working classes have cheap food and a constant demand for their labor. The horrible famines of India, the sickening details of which have from time to time reached our distant ears, cease where irrigation gives steady returns to the labors of the husbandman. In India the government possesses the right of property in all running waters whatsoever. It may dispose of them forever, if it thinks fit, and the doctrine of riparian rights has no part in the economy of that country.

Irrigation is resorted to in all countries where much of the land must otherwise remain barren from drought. In Egypt it was practiced two thousand years before Christ, by means of great canals and artificial lakes. Extensive works, intended for the irrigation of large districts, existed in times of remote antiquity, in Persia, China, and other parts of the East; and such works still exist, and provide food for the teeming millions who would else perish. Irrigation is a powerful agent in the plains of northern Italy, and the government recognizes its economic importance, encourages it by every means, and is especially careful in the education of civil



engineers, the highest grade among whom is the hydraulic engineer. The length of canals in Lombardy alone is over five thousand miles, and there is scarcely an acre of the Milanese that is without several intersecting canals. In round numbers there are a million acres irrigated in Lombardy. The system has been perfecting for seven hundred years, and has gone on under all changes of dynasty and all civil commotions. It has converted a barren waste into a garden. The right of property in all running waters, whether of rivers, streams, or torrents, appertains to the government. While the government disposes of the waters of all rivers and canals, it recognizes the claims of towns, or associations of proprietors, to the supplies which they have enjoyed by prescriptive title for long periods of time. Private rights to divert water have grown up to such extent, that the right asserted by the State is nearly a barren one, and its enforcement has reference rather to administration and police duties, than to direct financial considerations. In exercising its right of property in waters available for irrigation, the government of Lombardy follows one of three courses. First, it disposes of the water in absolute property, to parties paying certain established sums for the right to divert it. Second, it grants perpetual leases of the water on payment of a certain annual amount. Third, it grants a temporary lease for a variable time at a certain annual rate, the water reverting to the State on the termination of the lease. By far the most common of these courses is the first, and it operates the most beneficially. The origin of the system of irrigation was with the great landed proprietors upon their properties. With the revival of knowledge in Italy, the art of hydraulic engineering was called into existence, and the extensive demand for skill in its details created early a supply of men familiar with all of these. Hence the remarkable number and great talent of executive engineers, by whose exertions a vast network of irrigation channels was spread over the face of the entire country. All this has operated powerfully in producing the social prosperity for which the irrigated

districts are remarkable. In Spain and the south of France, and considerably in Belgium, irrigation is extensively practiced, so that it may be said that the great valleys of the Po, Adige, Tagus, and Douro are subjected to systematic irrigation, enormously adding to their productiveness. Such a system is entirely impossible, where the right of the land owner on a stream to own and control the water is admitted. The water is conducted for miles away from the stream, and from the land of the riparian proprietor. He may have his share on the terms of other users of the vital fluid; but he cannot claim a superior right because his land is nearer or better situated than another's. And he has no power to determine that the water shall run idly by him to the sea, and lose nothing by non-user. Such doctrines may do for humid countries, where water is an obstacle; not for arid countries, where it is the supreme blessing—the essential of the community's preservation.

The climate, productions, and general characteristics of these countries resemble strongly those of California, especially of the southern part of the State. A system that has made possible their dense populations must be favorable, it must be indispensable, to our prosperity. Our population is thin compared with that of our sister States. We have a cultivable area equal to New England, New York, and Pennsylvania, with a population of a million, while theirs is fourteen millions. Compared to the populations of other countries of the world, which resort to irrigation, ours is insignificant. If we are to observe the law of growth, we must have its conditions. We cannot maintain a population beyond our means to feed. We cannot feed a large population without irrigation, or with irrigation only on narrow ribbons along the river beds, which the Supreme Court permits to riparianists only. Imagination cannot depict the horrors of famine, misery, and death that would follow this rule, sternly applied to the plain of the Indus, or of the Ganges. It would produce a revolution, if enforced in the basin of the Po. With similar climatic conditions, our present interests and future

necessities run parallel with those of other arid countries, not with those of humid regions like England and the Atlantic States. In the maxims and practice of countries resembling our own in this particular, we may find useful guidance. Our great plains and valleys must be utilized; our foothills be clothed with cultivated verdure; our streams must be taken from their useless and shifting beds, and given the widest scope. Then we may create an empire here, of health, prosperity, and development; while the alternative is a dwindled population and wasted resources. The better work had made good progress before the halt called by this decision. It may not be doubted that it will be resumed, and any obstacle will be legally swept away by imperious public necessity like chaff from the threshing floor.

*A. A. Sargent.*

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### IN THRALL TO LOVE.

I am so weak, ah me!

Alas, for Love doth hold me thrall;  
Bitter the bondage is, and yet how sweet!  
Sweeter than all  
Perfuméd fruits of Araby.

I am so weak, ah me!

Vexed with these weary, troubling chains  
Of hopeless love, so fettering hands and feet  
In aching pains  
That Peace has left me utterly.

Pale Sorrow sups with me,

Breaking, in tears, a poor thin crust,—  
A poor thin crust that Love doles out to me,  
Who did him trust  
So faithfully, so faithfully.

And yet this pittance small

More grateful is than any feast  
That could be spread, how'er abundantly,  
Did not its least  
And uttermost from Love's hand fall.

Ten deaths each day I die,

Yet death for Love is ten times life.  
I die, breathing his name on my last breath.  
Through bitter strife  
With Death, "I still am Love's," I cry.

I die unwept of Love;

His tears fall not for me today;  
Yet when, at last, I'm e'en forgot of Death,—  
O happy day!  
Fair Love will weep my grave above.

*Berry Benson.*

## THE STROLLING MINSTREL.

DEACON BROWN had just left his house in bad humor. A small sum of money which was necessary to his business schemes could not be obtained. He had expected Mrs. Brown to offer him the needed funds from her own ample resources, and had presented to her most skillfully the advantages of the new enterprise; but he had evoked in return only a hearty wish that he might be able to borrow the desired amount "somewhere." Why did not the Deacon ask her plainly for the favor which he needed, and which she was abundantly able to grant? Why did she wait for him to ask her? Neither of them would have acknowledged the reason to any one, stranger or friend. As I discovered it, however, without their help, I can tell you without violating confidence.

Before his marriage with Grace Atherton, Jotham Brown had been an admirer, and perhaps a lover, of pretty Mary Shaw. The fact that Grace was very wealthy in her own right, while Mary was poor in this world's goods, furnished the occasion for a few unpleasant remarks at the time of his marriage; but when Mary's death from consumption soon put an end to her poverty and sickness together, none spoke of the matter further. God had settled every troublesome question in taking unto Himself the fairest flower of the little village; for such Mary was admitted to be.

But the questions which were forever settled for others still lived to plague Mr. and Mrs. Brown, though not one word upon the subject had been spoken by either during the thirty years of their wedded life. It troubled and stung Grace that she could not feel sure that she had been the first object of her husband's complete and unselfish love. Strange as it may seem, Jotham Brown could not have answered her questions if he had wished to do so. He had never been able to settle the doubt in his own mind. There had been much in Mary Shaw which he had never

been able to understand, much that was too delicate for his coarser nature to appreciate. Grace Atherton's bolder manner, hardier beauty, and less sensitive nature were more easily understood and enjoyed by him. And yet he had thought very much of Mary at one time, and had deemed that he was himself growing more delicate and sensitive under the stimulus of her regard for him. He could not feel certain, either, that Grace's fortune had, or that it had not, been the determining force which had caused him finally to ask her hand in marriage. Why should he trouble himself to settle such a useless question? If Mary's lovely face still haunted him, it was only a mark of the largeness of his heart, and the strength of his friendship. Even when she was alive, her absent face was continually shining in upon his mind with a power and sweetness which almost exceeded that of her actual presence, and in idealizing her, how easy he had found it to idealize everything else! Jotham sometimes smiled as he remembered what a moon-struck lad he had once been. Hence he was always charitable to gushing young lovers, and always insisted that they would get over it, and be all right again.

Outwardly, Deacon and Mrs. Brown were certainly a model pair, industrious, affectionate and benevolent. Both were leaders in the church, and in the life of the village.

Mrs. Brown had always kept the management of her money entirely in her own hands, and the Deacon had felt a certain satisfaction in having her do this. His hearty acquiescence in this arrangement seemed to himself to furnish a complete denial and refutation of that suspicion which troubled them both. Moreover, Grace never seemed to mistrust him, and was a pecuniary partner, without security, in most of his enterprises.

Mrs. Brown's property consisted in part of a number of houses, in one of which the Shaws had been living at the time of Mary's



death. By a strange freak of malicious fortune, just a few days before the morning on which our story opens, she had had occasion to order some alterations to be made in this house. Out from between the leaves of an old book slipped a paper which proved to be a letter from Jotham Brown to Mary Shaw. The missive contained nothing inconsistent with what I have already set forth, and a moment's cool thought would have convinced Grace that it told her nothing which she had not already known; but it seemed to her as she read it a confirmation of all her fears.

From this account, the reader can judge for himself why it was that Mrs. Brown, when her husband presented his business schemes so engagingly, smiled as if entirely ignorant of his wishes, and expressed the hope that he might obtain the money "somewhere."

Deacon Brown kept a smile upon his face until he was out of sight of home, and then let his features manage themselves. They at once assumed a vexed expression, which, after all, was more pleasant than the painful smile which had preceded. He wondered what had caused Grace to be thus wilfully blind to his wishes. What had he said or done during the last few days to displease her? He could not think. Indeed, he had been unusually gracious, anticipating his approaching necessity. Alas, Jotham! it is only that sore which has been thirty years unhealed that pains your good wife now. It is a hand which has been thirty years in the grave that is disarranging the pieces upon the board in this game which you are playing. Stop wrinkling your brows, Jotham, for you will discover nothing by your troubled musings.

At last Deacon Brown lifted his eyes from the pavement, and gave up his fruitless speculations. The scene upon which he looked was very animated and pleasing. Upton was a large and flourishing village; and nearly all of the male population, and some of the ladies, seemed to be out of doors. It was about eleven o'clock on a bright May morning. It struck Deacon Brown that he had never before seen the stores and side-

walks so full, and he explained it by the fact that the weather had been bad for several days preceding.

A strolling musician had just taken his stand before the little park which stood in the center of the town at the crossing of the two principal streets. The dress and general appearance of this wandering minstrel were so strange that a crowd was soon collected, and even Deacon Brown stopped for a moment to observe him. His attire suggested nothing so much as a crazy quilt, such a mixture was it of all possible shapes and colors. Many of the bright patches upon his coat seemed unnecessary, and had probably been put on only to increase the strange medley of his plumage. His face was remarkably genial and interesting, and every looker-on felt drawn to him at once. Even the strangeness of his garments did not cause any merriment as soon as the spectators beheld his face. He was incessantly active, turning his head this way and that, and welcoming with a smile every new-comer who joined the group of which he was the center. The instrument of his trade was an old violin, from which he brought forth the most charming tones. After each tune, or group of tunes, he would stop and exchange a few bantering words with the delighted crowd. He seemed to have forgotten entirely that seducing of loose coins from the pockets of his auditors, which is not usually overlooked by gentlemen of his profession.

"Walk up, gentlemen, walk up. I will do my best to please you, my very best. Come, now, what shall it be? Name your favorite pieces, gentlemen, and I will play them."

It must have been the confidence inspired by the genial minstrel that led his auditors to follow his directions in perfectly good faith, and to ask for those melodies which were actually dearest to their individual hearts. Certainly, the pathetic tunes for which they asked him bore a great contrast to the hearty, happy manner in which his offer had been made. But as their requests were uttered, the face of the fiddler at once assumed a sympathetic sadness. At last Jo-

tham Brown, moved by an irresistible impulse, asked for an old tune of former days. It was a simple, plaintive love-song, which he had not heard played or sung during all the thirty years that had elapsed since death hushed the voice of the sweet singer, Mary Shaw. The minstrel searched Jotham's very heart, with a piercing yet kindly glance. He then took up his violin, and played through all the pieces in the order of the requests, lingering longest over the one which Jotham had named, and adding to it some beautiful variations.

After the strains of the music ceased sounding, a silence of several moments fell upon the company. Chords had been stirred in the breasts of many besides Jotham, which had not vibrated for years. During the stillness, the restless player scanned the faces of his audience, as if waiting for some signal to proceed. At length he seemed satisfied that the right moment had arrived, and, lowering his instrument, he addressed them in grave, kindly tones.

"I am sorry, gentlemen, that you are so sad. One would think that you have all been crossed in love, instead of being for the most part, as I should judge, married men and women. I assure you that such a collection of the pathetic love-songs of the last generation has not been played upon this old fiddle for many a day. My heart has felt the same sadness which you reveal as dwelling deep in your own breasts. Truly, men and women are brothers and sisters in more ways than they themselves know. My good friends, I have obeyed all of your requests; will you please grant me one favor? I wish to ask every one of you who has either loved one that he did not marry, or married one that he did not love, to follow after me. I will play over for you these tunes which we all love, and we will all walk on together in brotherly sympathy."

As soon as he had finished uttering this most remarkable invitation, he started down the main street of the village, followed by almost all of the company which had been listening to him. Those who remained behind were for the most part urchins who

should have been in school; though a few simple couples of mature years, who had been puzzled by the words of the player, now stood stock-still, gazing after the retreating procession in blank amazement.

It is not necessary to suppose that all who hastened after the minstrel belonged to that class of persons whom he had requested to follow him. Indeed, it is strange that curiosity alone did not cause every one of his hearers to go along with him. Moreover, the stranger was an unusually fine musician, and played the old tunes with a delicate sympathy which entranced everybody. We cannot wonder, then, that his auditors walked eagerly after him; many of them, perhaps, without clearly apprehending the meaning of his invitation.

The good people of Upton were astonished as they beheld the strange procession and its more remarkable leader parading through their main street. Incessantly active, marching with his feet, playing with his hands, wriggling his body, and turning his head this way and that, his motions suggested those of a brilliantly colored snake; but the sight of his honest, cheerful face at once banished the thought.

The little company soon began to grow. In almost every group of people which they passed, the fiddler beckoned or nodded to one or more of the members. Those to whom he signaled in this manner quickly joined their friends who were already in the procession. There was no reason why they should hesitate to do so, for many of the best citizens of Upton were now in the throng which followed the musician. Indeed, the parti-colored stranger seemed to be somewhat exclusive and aristocratic in his tastes; for his troop contained far more of the wealth and fashion of Upton than of its poverty; and he did not invite into his train a single member of a large group of working men and women who were assembled at the corner of a small side street gazing upon him. They might have thought that the whole pageant represented some freak of their more fortunate neighbors, and could not concern them, had it not been that some of the worst



vagabonds in the village were scattered throughout the marching company.

Since the more respectable paraders must soon wake up to the absurdity of the whole thing, and abandon this sport for the serious business of life, let us take a hurried glance at this impromptu assembly before they scatter. Next to Jotham Brown walks his pastor, the Rev. Mr. Shinewell, who joined him at the last corner. Mr. Shinewell is a rising young clergyman, who has lately brought home a blooming bride, the daughter of an ex-governor of the State. Few men in a place like Upton can have such prospects as are his, yet a deep melancholy now rests upon his handsome face. Usually he showers smiles upon all whom he meets. Which is the real man and which the counterfeit? Are both equally genuine? Surely no one who listened to Mr. Shinewell's sermon last Sabbath upon saving faith, can doubt that he is a good man.

Deacon White, whose mingled goodness and simplicity often make his associates smile, was talking with Mr. Shinewell about the work of the church when the musician passed them. He was a little startled when his pastor left him to enter the receding crowd. But he is too accustomed to unceremonious treatment from his superiors in station to be very much surprised at the abrupt departure of his spiritual leader, and he hurries home to dinner. He is eager, also, to tell all about the strange spectacle to Mrs. White, from whom he keeps nothing. She, in turn, aids and abets him in all his schemes, and especially in those impracticable notions which provoke the mirth of his comrades. Deacon White is truly a singular man. Had his eyes been good he would have recognized all his fellow-deacons in the troop which followed the stranger.

There is not a man in the marching company whose face bears exactly the expression to which his friends are accustomed. In every case it seems as if a surface layer of expression has been removed from the face; letting the observer behold a more natural countenance, a more genuine and complete soul revelation, than persons of good breed-

ing are accustomed to see in their friends, or expose to them. Notice Jotham Brown, in particular. All the unusual sadness in his face cannot conceal a new dignity and simplicity of expression. The manly carriage of his head, his firm step and his truthful countenance, all seem to say that he means to let no deceit or shadow of untruth taint his future life. I say future life, for there is a humility with all this which indicates that he has some confessions to make before his life can have a new and a true beginning. It must be the old tune that is helping Jotham. He sees the mild eyes of Mary Shaw shining upon his soul and approving his new resolves.

All that I have said of the men was equally true of the women, for, strangely enough, a few ladies accepted the fiddler's invitation. A visitor who came into Upton the following summer, and who tried hard to ascertain all the facts connected with the scenes which I am describing, declared that he could not find a single family in Upton in which either the husband or wife did not have an opportunity to join the impromptu procession.

The company had at last reached a place on the main street where the houses ceased. This point was about a mile from the part at which they had started, and the road here entered a wood composed of large chestnut and oak trees. The fiddler was playing again the air which Jotham loved. As soon as it was completed he stopped marching, raised his bow and turned about, facing his followers. Gesturing with his bow, and smiling like a gracious prince upon his temporary subjects, he addressed them a few words of farewell.

"I am sorry, friends, that I cannot stay longer with you. I have enjoyed greatly playing the old tunes for you and hearing them with you. They are very dear to me. They always seem to me to be whispering, 'Be true! be true! be true! Never deny or disown that which you have once been. Never forget one whom you have once loved.' Truth toward the living and the present, dear friends, can never demand falsehood toward the dead and the past. Now, good-



bye, all. I have money enough for my present needs, and your kindness has been pleasanter to me than coins; so I will not pass around my hat. Remember me whenever you recall the old tunes or hear them played."

Waving his bow with airy grace, and whispering something which could not be heard, but which some of his audience afterward declared to have been a benediction, he turned on his heel and disappeared in the wood. The flickering spots of sunlight and shadow which covered the ground, the variegated soil of the forest, and the corrugated tree-trunks, all harmonized well with the parti colored garments and the writhing form of the stranger. He almost seemed to some to melt away into the ground, or to dissolve among the trees, rather than to walk away; and he disappeared so rapidly that he was not long seen by any one.

No one thought of following him. All accepted his words as a final farewell. After his departure they all stood gazing at each other, as if awaking from a dream. Each man seemed now to ascertain for the first time who had been his comrades. Even Deacon Brown and his minister did not appear to realize until now that they had been walking side by side.

The habit of falsehood was so strong with some, that they soon began to explain away their presence in the company. One man declared that he had never in his life before felt such irresistible curiosity as that which drove him to follow the fiddler, in the hope of learning more about such a remarkable man. The village music-teacher declared that such a concert was worth more than a short walk, and that the tones which the stranger evoked from the old violin were as pure as those of the wood-thrush. Rev. Mr. Shinewell explained to Deacon Brown, in the hearing of the whole company, that such a phenomenal personage as they had seen could not be without interest to one whose profession compelled him to search into the mysteries of the human breast. He would have continued in this strain, but Jotham gave him a look of incredulity which silenced his glib tongue, for once, in the midst of a

sentence, and brought a blush to his smiling face. No others spoke after the poor success of Mr. Shinewell; but in silent groups they all wandered back to the village.

And what was the result to Upton and its citizens of all this strange serio-comic performance? Was it only the theme of a day's talk and then forgotten? Certainly the consequences to Jotham Brown were lasting and beneficent. Mrs. Brown was more than appeased, she wept in sympathy, when Jotham that evening opened his heart to her. This may seem very strange, when we consider that the first thing he revealed was that love for Mary Shaw, the mere suspicion of which had vexed her life for thirty years; but when a man speaks from such a full soul as did Jotham that night, he never gives offense. Moreover, he had much to say in praise of her wifely obedience and faithfulness during their wedded life; and she felt more sure than ever of his hearty respect and faithful tenderness, now that she knew that his heart's deepest love had never been hers and could never be. Perhaps it was the feeling that he was not entirely frank with her, that had been the real trouble in the minds of both. And then she had her confessions to make, too, into which we will not inquire; and "confession is good for the soul." The sun which rose upon Upton the following morning saw a new life begin in the family of Jotham Brown—a life of mutual trust and truthfulness.

I am not well acquainted with what occurred under the other roofs of the village; but it may have been that similar scenes were elsewhere enacted. At any rate, there were many altered faces in Upton after the visit of the fiddler, and many altered lives. An atmosphere of greater simplicity and genuineness seemed to pervade the whole place. Deacon White and a few men like him found themselves looked up to and honored for their transparency of character, instead of being set aside with respectful smiles. Mr. Shinewell's sermons were not such great efforts as they had formerly been; as he grew to speak more from the heart, there was not so much need of effort in speaker or hearers.

But he became dearer to his people every day, and far more helpful.

The visitor already mentioned, who afterwards investigated the matter, became convinced that the strange musician was a supernatural being, as he could not find any other trace of him after the most painstaking search. Almost everybody laughed at such an absurd and unscientific hypothesis; while some made biting remarks about learned in-

vestigators who could not tell the difference between an angel and an escaped lunatic. At any rate, whether we consider his suggestion to be reasonable or absurd, it resulted from the only attempt at a complete investigation of these occurrences that was ever made. For myself, I prefer not to offer an explanation, but to leave each reader to form his own conclusions.

*Albert H. Tolman.*

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### A PRINCELY PIONEER.

IT is not generally known that in the year 1516 a brother of the King of Scotland, having taken the vows of a Franciscan monk, came to America as a missionary to the Indians. No historian tells his name; yet he came only thirty years before the birth of the first who mentions him. If Herrera had not been careless, the tale would have been a threadbare subject generations ago; but he left it half told, and it passed out of the realm of the historic into the misty country of the picturesque, where it has been forgotten. Before reading the story of this lost prince in the new light we hope to have thrown upon its mystery, we must turn for a moment to see what manner of world it was from which this Scotch nobleman turned away three hundred and seventy years ago.

The period to which his life belongs was one of the great epochs of the world; one of the times in which the mighty powers that were seething in human hearts broke through the crust of old customs, and wrenched the forests of centuries from their roots, rushing hot over dust and ashes and decay like the passions of a man in the strength of his youth, headlong, destructive, burning, but alive. The Roman Catholic Church stirred in its luxurious sleep with a dream of reform, and made vague resolutions before the New Year morning which was to dawn, when the thoughts of a monk in Germany should be ready to alter the Christian world.

In Scotland, our hero's native land, the

nobility were haughty, warlike, illiterate; border ruffians, who plundered their neighbors when the country chanced to be at peace. The long struggle for national existence through which Scotland had passed, had aggravated the natural reserve of the people into suspicion and isolation; and in the one year to which this sketch is restricted, 1516, the luxurious appointments and courtly polish of the French whom the Duke of Albany had brought with him some months before, when he came from the land of his education to the place of his duties as regent, were jarring with the homely life and shy pride of the Scots. He was a reasonably upright man, who had made the mistake of bringing continental ideas of despotism to rule over the least tamable community on earth. A legate of Leo x. was establishing monasteries of the Franciscan order in the country rather slowly, for only nine were reported as successfully incorporated after the legates of several preceding popes had given to the task many years of toil. The Queen-mother, angry at not being allowed to rule the kingdom alone, had gone back to England, where she was trying to induce her brother, Henry VIII., to rouse himself to right her, while her baby son was strictly guarded in Scotland, lest she should steal him into England. Albany, weary of the cold, poor country, had taken a vacation for refreshment into his favorite France this summer. Lord Home, the only man of distinction who had survived the



Battle of Flodden three years before, was given the form of a trial, and beheaded on the same day as his sentence was pronounced, the victim of the hatred of an archbishop.

In Spain, Ferdinand the Catholic had just died, leaving his realms to the young Archduke Charles, and the regency to Cardinal Ximenez. The Inquisition had been established in the country for many years, and the Cardinal himself was Grand Inquisitor. He was as conscientious a man as the confessor of mediæval royalty could be, and as broad a statesman as a Franciscan monk might be. The stern Order of Minors was spreading in this soil, more fruitful than Scotland for monastic life; and it was to this branch of the great Franciscan family that the lost hero of the mission of 1516 belonged. Its name implied the place its followers had chosen, at least among the devotees of the faith. The friars were bound by oaths of the most extraordinary strictness. They might never ride on horseback, never possess property, never have any luxuries of living; they must keep a lenten diet all the year round, must labor for their bread, and if labor failed, beg; and sufferance was the badge of all their tribe. Its founder, Francis of Paolo, had been dead only nine years, yet this order numbered four hundred and fifty houses in the beginning of the sixteenth century. The University of Alcalá was busy this year with the favorite scheme of its founder, the Cardinal, which was the translation of the Scriptures into Latin. The New Testament was finished in 1514, but its publication was held back until the whole Bible was ready, which the Cardinal never lived to see. The work was not completed until 1522, after fifteen years of labor, and contained in its six volumes, dedicated to Leo x., the Old Testament in Hebrew, with the Chaldean paraphrase of the Pentateuch, the Septuagint version of the Old Testament, the New Testament in Greek, and the Latin Vulgate translation of the whole, with a Hebrew dictionary and other supplementary matter. It is known as the Complutensian Polyglot Bible, from the Latin name of Alcalá. On account of the delay mentioned, the first edition of

the Christian Scriptures ever offered to the world was published this year by Erasmus, containing the Greek, with a corrected Latin translation.

Leo x. was Pope of Rome, a man of refined taste, generous, talented, and still young; to religion he made no pretensions whatever. He was a member of the family of Medici, which had recently been restored to favor in Florence, amidst the plaudits of the fickle citizens.

Luther, at the Augustine Church in Wittenberg, was this year defending his doctrine of justification by faith. With some of the mystical and scholastic ideas still influencing his mind, his thoughts were turning to a great and general reform within the mother church. The powerful mind, reverent towards authority and modest in its strength, was fixing its eyes upon whatsoever things were true and whatsoever things were pure so earnestly, that the great effort with which he cast aside afterwards all his bonds was a fitting end to the long thoughts of this thirty-third year of his life.

France at this time took a step backward in religious history, for Francis I. obliged the French Parliament and University of Paris to accede to Leo x.'s demand that the Pragmatic Sanction which had relieved the country from papal interference and papal taxes, giving it a national church, should be replaced by a so-called Concordat, which practically abolished this freedom. The king succeeded with difficulty, and the two bodies entered a sorrowful and solemn protest.

Religion all over Europe was at a low state, tending on its better side to a worship of taste, and a substitution of curious or splendid matter for the lost simplicity of the spirit; on its worse side to rapacious greed, or deplorable ignorance and superstition. The first phase showed itself in the decoration of magnificent cathedrals, the patronage of art lavished at the time by the pope and the more devout of the churchmen and kings, and a zeal for the collection of relics. Frederick of Saxony, for example, gathered five thousand and five such "particles" for a church he founded in Wittenberg. The



worship of the Virgin was carried on to an extravagant excess, some prayer-books of the time naming her in the Gloria before the Father and the Son. The worse side was shown in the illiteracy and unchastity of the clergy, which became a byword of reproach. The friars almost never read the Scriptures or preached from them. The intolerable heat of purgatory, the value of indulgences, the efficacy of relics, the giving of money to monasteries, the power of the Church, and the influence of the saints over God, were the favorite subjects with the more serious of the priests. Leprosy was very common among them. Livings were held by deformed men, imbeciles, infants, boys, and those grown old in wickedness. Columbus gravely said that he who possessed money had the power of transporting souls into paradise; and it was not strange that the Indians believed that the Spaniard's God was gold.

But in other hearts than Luther's there was felt more deeply the need of reform, and men were doing in their different ways much isolated work to that end. Cardinal Amboise, in the face of bitter opposition from the monks, was pushing monastic reform in France; Ximenez, stern to himself as to others, was urging the pure ascetic life in Spain; Cordeliers were carrying the Gospel to the Indies; and Ignatius Loyola, changed in heart and life by his wound at Pampeluna three years before, was organizing a greater army than any in which he had served—the mighty Society of Jesus.

Fantastic and unreal time as it was, there is a certain grandeur in the conception of the other world and this being one vast community of the living and the dead, so near to each other that the souls of the sinful might be relieved from torture in the unseen land by the aid of gold poured out by their living friends, and that the souls of the good were prevailing with God to show mercy to the erring who still lived.

The rulers of Europe in this year were many of them young. The Pope was not forty; Henry VIII. was twenty-five; Francis I. of France was twenty-two; Charles, King

of Spain, Naples, Sicily, and the Netherlands, was sixteen; James V. of Scotland was three years old. Impulse, passion, hasty legislation, magnificent war, love, and jealousy were the youthful powers riding over Europe—these boy kings, Protectors of the Christian Faith, Defenders of the Faith, Most Christian and Most Catholic.

The chairs in the universities were held by Franciscans who were divided up into sects, disputing among themselves and extolling Aristotle, whom none of them understood. Even in the University of Paris—the queen of such institutions—there was not found one man, a few years later, who could quote the Scripture enough to dispute with Luther. Science, as we understand it, was almost unknown. Astrology and witchcraft were universally believed in, and people trembled before portents of ill. Paracelsus, prince of quackery, was ruling over medicine and prescribing for Erasmus. But in science, as in all other things, it was the hour before the dawn. The monk Copernicus, up in the north, had been writing for nine years on his "Revolution of the Celestial Bodies," dividing his time conscientiously and exactly between his divine duties, his making of medicine for the poor, and his astronomical studies. England, France, and Scotland were beginning to build navies. Venice, as a great trading republic, was in its glory; the Turks were warlike and successful in the East. In this year Sir Thomas More, on an embassy for the King to the low countries, was publishing his political romance, "Utopia," and pining for his wife and children at home in Chelsea. Machiavelli, out of office, yet consulted by Leo X. on matters of government, was applying his restless intellect to poetry in the country.

The greater artists of the Renaissance were living. Correggio at twenty-two was painting altar-pieces in his native village and dreaming of fame; Titian at thirty-nine had just refused the golden opportunity of his life—Leo's invitation to Rome—and had unambitiously elected to stay on painting scriptural pictures in Venice. Albrecht Dürer, in the prime of life, was busy this year on his

"Christ in the Mount of Olives," perfecting in it his art of etching. Michael Angelo, his career just opening into its splendid flower, was working on the mausoleum of Pope Julius II., and creating in imagination the Moses which was to recall the features of his warlike patron, the dead pontiff; while Raphael, appointed the year before director of the building of the new St. Peter's, was painting in 1516 the Vatican frescoes. Tintoretto was a child, and Da Vinci, an old man, transplanted into France, was dying at Fontainebleau. Not only at the greatest church in the world was architectural progress. Some of the finest towers were rising at the time—Chartres, Antwerp, Milan, and the central tower of Canterbury. The choir of Freiburg was just finished, and St. Ulrich, in Augsburg, was in process of construction.

All the power of the glorious intellects of the age, all the genius of the masters in art whose like the world may never see again, all the poetry and romance and imagination of the vast mental activity of the time, were flung with lavish prodigality upon one object—the splendid but corrupt Roman Catholic Church. Like a shrine built in reverent gratitude over a fountain of healing water, it had been increased and enriched until the covering had become the reality; the spring, choked with the stones of ceremony and overgrown with the weeds of old customs and corruptions, flowed hidden and forgotten, while the temple over its head was hung with jewels, adorned with paintings, and blooming with flowers. The time had come when the living water must break through, rending away in its path much that was æsthetic and lovely with association. For the need of the whole earth was too strong to wait for the life to come up which was beneath the forms.

SUCH is the setting, but the picture has faded with time. It is pleasant to restore the painting in this splendid frame; to clear away the smoke and dust of centuries from the face of this old man in a monk's brown hood: but the richness of suggestion, the vagueness and shadow which show its age,

these we will leave, for the charm of the picture is in them, and we would not make them less a part of it, even if we could.

Our hero was a part of the all-embracing Church. In the year 1516 Cardinal Ximenez, who was a member of the same order, the great Franciscan family, was, as we have said, regent of Spain by the will of the Most Catholic Ferdinand, who died in January; and the strong intellect of the ascetic Cardinal was battling with age, disease, and a turbulent and haughty nobility, jealous of the power given to a priest. The heir of the throne, afterwards the Emperor Charles v., was but sixteen years old, and was living in the Netherlands; while his mother, the Queen Joanna, shut up in a castle in Spain, lay upon the cold floor of her room day and night in the melancholy of madness. Just before the year opened, however, Las Casas, the Indians' friend, indignant beyond endurance at the cruelties of his countrymen in the West Indies, had arrived in Spain to lay the facts before the King. Ferdinand told him he had no time to look into the matter, whereupon Las Casas applied his energies to convincing the King's Dominican confessor of the truth, and through him Ferdinand soon informed the philanthropist that he would talk with him fully on the subject. He died, however, before the conversation took place, elusive to the last. Las Casas then thought of going to Flanders to see Charles, but Ximenez dissuaded him, saying he would attend to the case himself. The Cardinal at this time, and for some years preceding, had had much at heart the conversion of the Indians, and wisely did he apply himself to the matters Las Casas laid before him.

That the Franciscan and Dominican friars did not work well together in the New World had been no secret for several years. The Franciscans believed the Indians were to be governed only by subjection; the Dominicans, with the eloquent and passionate Montesino urging them on, refused to give the sacrament to the owner of a single Indian slave. Montesino himself braved the rage of the lawless and reckless community of



Spaniards, and thundered from the pulpit of San Domingo denunciations of their cruelty.

Ximenez decided to send commissioners to oversee the affairs of Hispaniola, and he showed his wisdom in not selecting them from either of these two great monastic families, but from the Order of St. Jerome, hoping thus to obtain an impartial inquiry. The General of the Order named, at his request, twelve good men and true, and from this number three were chosen, all priors of monasteries. Their power was to be almost unlimited. Las Casas, with the title Protector of the Indians, was to go with them, and laws were made for them to carry out; among others, the liberation of all Indians whose masters were not residents of America, the building of villages for the natives near the mines where they had to work, the appointment of a priest for every village, the erection of hospitals, the lessening of hours of labor in the mines, the recognition of the Indians' right to two-thirds of the gold taken out, and the king one-third; only the cannibal Caribs were to be made slaves henceforth; and any Spaniard oppressing the friendly Indians was to be punished with death, the deposition of the natives being admitted. It was at this time, when Ximenez had arranged the affairs of the New World on paper, that the hero of this brief history appears.

Father Remi, a Franciscan, had worked in the West Indies as a missionary some five years, when, the laborers being few, and the field out of all proportion to their numbers, he went to Europe for recruits. It was in Picardy that he succeeded in finding forty monks from different monasteries there who were willing to go, and this prince of Scotland was one of them. He went from that picturesque part of France where romance died last and lingeringly. Picardy as well as Provence was in the Middle Ages a fitting background for the Courts of Love, and all the serious absurdities which belonged to the development of the one emotion for which the cultivated world seemed to live. The alternative was a monastery. Yet the lovers and monks of Picardy were French-

men, and this hero of ours was Scotch; an incongruous abode the gay province must have been to the reserved Northman, since he left it voluntarily for an unknown world when he was old. He is ushered upon the stage by the historian without flourish, and dismissed in a few lines. We know that it was an old, gray-haired man who went on this strange voyage; a man of noble aspect, and the air of one accustomed to authority; and that his virtues were more conspicuous than his high birth. Perhaps, if they had not been, Herrera would have mentioned his name.

Ximenez received this Scotch nobleman and his French companions with much distinction, and provided amply for their accommodation. One ship was found insufficient for all the friars the Cardinal wished to send with the commissioners, so a second was made ready, upon which Las Casas embarked. The ships sailed from Seville, St. Martin's Day, Nov. 10, 1516.

Having seen him start upon his voyage across the sea, we will now turn to inquire who he could have been. A difficulty meets us at the very threshold of the subject, in the fact that no brother of any of the Stuart Kings of Scotland was at this time missing. The records of the period in that rude North country are very meager, and there is little inducement to any one in modern times to write a history of Scotland. Each of the old chroniclers often contradicts the others in the most important of the few items of information they possess, and the fact that the public records, carried away to London by Cromwell, and returned by Charles II., were lost with the ship off Holy Isle on the homeward passage, does not present an encouraging prospect even to the patient research of our own age. The country was in 1516 one of those woful realms "whose king is a child." James V. was three years and a few months old, having been crowned after the probable death of his father, James IV., at Flodden, in 1513.

In truth, the latter king is the nearest approach to a missing prince that this time can furnish, as the contemporary historians assert that it was the Laird of Bonehard



whose mutilated body was dragged from the field by the English, and carried into England instead of his. But as he was only forty-one at the time, he could not be called an aged man three years after, even if he had elected to go to America in the place of Jerusalem, as was currently believed. Therefore, we must go back a generation more, and look at the brother of James III. He had but two. One, the Duke of Albany, rebelled against him, and went to France; but unfortunately for us, his death seems unquestionably to have taken place, after an evil career, in a tourney, where a thrust from the lance of one of the French princes put him beyond the reach of our inquiry. The younger, the Earl of Mar, was bled to death while ill, either accidentally, or by order of James III., in superstitious terror at a prophecy that a lion should be devoured by its whelps. The father of these three sons, King James II., died before he was thirty, killed by a gun explosion in the storming of a border castle, where his gay young French wife bravely continued the siege until the fortress was taken. James II., from what we can gather through the scanty accounts of him, seems to have been a respectable man, interested in his new artillery, and only given to occasional bursts of ill temper; as when he cut the Gordian knot of his difficulties with the house of Douglas by stabbing its chief. But he was not a dreamer and fanatic like his son, nor a man of pleasure like his grandson.

But although the royal line furnishes, so far as history tells us, no venerable prince for the Franciscan Order and America, there is a man whom it is possible for him to have been. Grant, as we all must who know anything of them, the stately disregard of trifles which marked the methods of the earlier Spanish historians, and we shall not be surprised if it were the King's *brother-in-law* whom the writer meant. To call him the King's brother was quite near enough to the truth for all purposes in Spain, and sounded better. Now, James III.'s brother-in-law is missing; at least, his end is not known. He was Thomas, son of Lord Boyd, a handsome

youth just growing into manhood, the companion of the boy-King of sixteen, when this royal friend gave him his sister, the Princess Mary for a bride, and made the Island of Arran into an earldom for him. This was in 1467.

The Boyds had practically ruled the King from his babyhood. Young Arran was sent by James in the next year to England, France, Spain, Denmark, Burgundy, Savoy, Bretagne, and other countries, as one of the commissioners to select a bride for himself. The decision fell upon Margaret, Princess of Denmark, and the commissioners were to bring home the bride in the spring or summer following. Arran left Denmark to take the papers of settlement for his King to sign, and it is probable that while he was gone King Christian of Denmark and the commissioners talked over the gay, fortunate young noble, and decided that he had more of the world's favors than was well for him. Jealous tongues at home also had poisoned the King's mind, but his fickleness will never be quite understood, unless the intoxication that followed the first taste of unlimited power may account for it. In the summer following, the girlish bride, whose father's impoverished exchequer could not pay her dowry without mortgaging the Shetland Isles, arrived in state, escorted by Arran and the other commissioners. (As this dowry has never yet been paid, it is a curious point in law whether if the sum with interest were offered by Denmark, Scotland would now have to give up those islands.) But before the bridal party landed, as the ships lay at anchor in the Forth at night, the Princess Mary escaped from the palace and went on board the vessel where Arran was, to tell him of the King's new hatred for him, and that they must go somewhere to save his life. Frightened and bewildered by the strangeness of it all, the young couple went on board another ship, and, before morning, sailed away anywhere from Scotland. They went to the worst possible place, Denmark, and immediately afterward to Burgundy. The King, furious at the step Arran had taken, turned his rage upon those of his family who

were within reach. His father and his uncle, Sir Alexander Boyd, were summoned to appear and answer charges to be brought against them. The father, who was chancellor of the realm, made a show of resistance, raised a straggling army, and advanced at sight of the King's standard, and left him almost alone. He fled, with great difficulty, into Northumberland, where, broken down by misfortune, he speedily died. Sir Alexander appeared as he was summoned, and no kindness for the chivalrous old knight, who had been his military tutor, held back the reckless boy from condemning him to be beheaded on an unjust charge of treason.

While Arran and his wife were in Burgundy, their two children were born, a boy and a girl. James III. had never given up the idea of getting his sister back, and managed to decoy her home by a hope she had that through her influence with him Arran might be pardoned and all be well. It is hardly necessary to say that husband and wife never met again. A divorce was contrived by the King, no one knows how, and after three years in Scotland, about which the chronicles are silent, she was married to Lord Hamilton, to whom the King was indebted for services. Arran's possessions (as well as his father's) were added to the crown. His son did not live to be old. In a feud with the Montgomeries he was killed, while still a boy. The daughter married and died childless.

In 1503, James IV. gave the title of Earl of Arran to the son of Hamilton and this Princess Mary; and only once again does she emerge from the dense shadow in which most of the Scotch history of the lawless and uncivilized times lies hidden. This son had been given the charge of guarding Lord Howe and his brother, in a castle in Edinburgh; but out of pity for his prisoners, charged with treason most unjustly as he thought, he had one night gone out of the city with them on foot in an attempt to set them free. It was then that the Princess Mary, in her old age, went to the Regent Albany, and pleaded for his forgiveness for

her son and the restoration of good feeling between them, until she prevailed. Thus, as a peacemaker, this woman who had suffered so much passes out of our sight.

The husband whom she had left with so much hope in her youth, waited in vain for the pardon. The last authentic mention of him occurs in the Paston Letters, where, in 1472, John Paston, writing to his brother in London, asks him to call upon him there at the George Inn, in Lombard Street, and describes him as "the most courteous, gentlest, wisest, kindest, most companionable, freest, largest, and most bountiful knight, my Lord, the Earl of Arran who hath married the king's sister of Scotland"; and again as "the devoutest, most perfect, and truest to his lady of all the knights that ever I was acquainted with." All is uncertain about his life after this private testimony to his character. One historian says he entered the service of Charles the Bold, of Burgundy, and died in Antwerp; another, that he wandered to Germany, Venice, Naples, and Tuscany, where he died; but Buchanan's account of Arran is called by one historian "unsupported," and by another, "malicious"; while Ferrerius was a foreigner whose statements are considered by the Scotch authorities notoriously unreliable.

There are but two alternatives: either we must question Herrera's assertion, which no historian down to Hefele, in our own day, has done in quoting it; or we must provide some other prince of Scotland, which, as we have shown, is impossible. The house of Hamilton, from the reign of James III. to that of James V., stood next to the throne, after the one royal child, and the legitimacy of the family might be made to depend, under the laws of the Roman Catholic church, upon the death of Arran being believed. Hence the contradictory accounts of historians whose interests lay with the families whose power might turn upon that event. Nothing authentic is known of his end, even with all these inducements to its discovery.

This unhappy brother-in-law of a king would have been an old man, between sixty-five and seventy at this time, devout and gen



tle-natured probably, for he was that in John Paston's eyes when he was still young: his wife another's, his children dead, his possessions confiscated, an exile and a wanderer on the earth, it would not be strange if he took the monastic life under which so many broken hopes and lost ambitions were buried out of sight, or that some of the brother monks from Picardy had told the Spaniards who he really was.

The ship on which he sailed arrived in Porto Rico safely. At that place Las Casas wished to go the rest of the way to San Domingo (Hayti) upon the Commissioners' vessel, but the friars objected that the odium which he had brought upon himself in the eyes of the settlers by his course would be felt by them also if they came in his immediate company. They landed at San Domingo, the end of their voyage, December 20th, and went to stay with the Franciscan friars for three days. And the records, which omit so much that we would know, do not forget to say that they were regaled with grapes and figs from the monks' garden. Then the Commissioners went to the palace, where royal decrees were read, stated their authority, and entered upon their duties and powers. Among the earliest matters which occupied them was, of course, the religious welfare of the community; and the friars of the different orders were distributed among the islands, and sent to the neighboring coasts of Cumana and Darien, now Venezuela and Columbia.

In the West Indies, at that time, all was lawless cupidity and inhumanity on one side, suffering and hopeless resentment on the other. Columbus had been dead ten years, and his son and a troop of cormorant adventurers reigned in his stead. In the year 1516 an expedition which had started the year before was still going through Darien, punishing the Indian chiefs who had destroyed the colony of Santa Cruz, and defied a captain sent against them, by so forgetting all prudence as to take from him the gold of which he had possessed himself. For this heinous offence the Governor-General, Davila, a man of notorious wickedness who had succeeded Balboa, sent another of his captains to deal

with the chiefs. At the time Arran landed, the Spanish soldiers were passing from one Indian village to another, pillaging, burning, and making slaves of the inhabitants. The leader the next year wrote an account of his heroic journey, to be sent to the young king, Charles, and his mother, Queen Joanna, in Spain, and in this report ingenuously relates how he killed, by blows from the guns, great numbers of the natives, who were too frightened at the sight of the Spaniards' horses to stir from where they stood; how he tortured the captives to make them give up gold; and how his soldiers dragged a wounded chief along the ground in chains, and finally threw him to the dogs, which destroyed him. They carried a Franciscan monk with them, to whom they confessed before battles, and who baptized some women and children; but the captain adds, with a simple frankness, that "not one adult Indian wished to embrace our religion." On the Day of the Transfiguration, he mentions that they massacred for six hours. "Your majesty will see," he says piously, after reaching home in safety, "your Majesty will see by this relation that God has, so to speak, led us by the hand, and since He has been so favorable to us in this life, we must hope that He will be so in the other also."

In this year, three missionaries were killed and eaten by cannibals in the West Indies, their garments being used for banners. The entire Dominican monastery at Cumana was destroyed, and the monks massacred by the enraged Indians, to whom the Spanish soldiers had broken an oath, and had carried away their chief, his wife and children, as slaves. This colony had been a protest resulting from the preaching and practice of Montesimo against the cruelty of the Spaniards, and the monks, out of pity and indignation had left San Domingo, and gained the affection of their converts here, when the treachery of their countrymen was visited upon them.

Arran saw great quantities of gold taken from the mines by the frail natives, who sank and died under the toil; pearls brought up from the Carribean Sea; fruits and flow-



ers of strange kinds growing over his head and under his feet. He saw great unknown animals roaming on land, and heard tales of monsters that lay in wait for those who went out upon the sea; and in the Spaniards around him superstitious fears checked the bold hands over which conscience held no rule. The awful mystery of the new land whose extent was not even guessed, dwelt with the adventurers only as a more or less probable breeder of demons. Cruel, drunken, rapacious, they little thought what a sad "beginning of a time" they were, the earliest founders of half the world.

The climate was hot and enervating to this Northman; the language of his pupils strange to him. Not one of his countrymen was on the continent of America, nor ever had been. His death is no greater mystery than his life. At some time he sank under the labor, the strangeness and loneliness, and died—per-

haps. For he belongs in a great company of heroes who have never died, but lie asleep somewhere, to wake when we shall need them. They always go westward, as he went; they often sail away, like him; their end, like his, is never certainly known. And some day, they come back again, as he has come, into the page of some brief history. The sorrow or disappointment of his life which made him a wanderer upon earth is only romance to us now, as the suffering of one age is picturesque in the next, the shadow which makes the past artistic. So this Minorite friar, who sailed for America on Luther's birthday, is most interesting in the half light in which he remains, a type of the old faith in its dark robes and its purest face, moving west; sailing away before the dawn, which behind it was growing into a day for Europe, which the sad old Franciscan never saw.

*Mary Gray Morrison.*

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## JUNE.—II.

WELL, dere ain't nothin' like love to make a man hold up his head—to keep him honest an' honorable—to make him feel like a gentleman, even when he's a servant. Dat's my experience.

It seemed to me dat I wouldn't exchange June's love for de chance to become a millionaire, an' a white man in the bargain. An' I wouldn't. It was a glory to wake up, a glory to go to sleep, for in both cases her sweet eyes wor lookin' at me, her sweet voice a soundin' in my ears. I didn't envy de richest man in de hotel, though he had a beauty for a wife. Beauty! She couldn't hold a candle to June. I use ter rig her out in my imagination, wid de jewels an' de silks 'n' satins, instead o' dem cotton goods, 'n' she'd set at dat table, an' nobody couldn't eat for lookin' at her. An' den I'd larf to myself 'cause I felt so sure of her, 'n' tell 'em to stare on, 'twouldn't hurt her, 'n' it jest tickled me, knowin' what she wor to me. I wor jest dat happy I wanted to do my best by

everybody, 'n' de boarders liked me, 'n' preferred bein' waited on by me.

So one day, when I never dreamed of such a thing, de hotel keeper call me in his room 'n' ask me, Would I like de place of head waiter! Ambrose—he had held dat position—had gone off, 'n' I wor partickler gifted—so he wor pleased to say—for sech a place, 'n' he'd give me mo' salary den he'd given him.

De room kind o' swam roun' wid me when I hard dat, for I knowed what it meant for June, 'n' how easy I could lay up money, 'n' by'n' by make a home for my sweet wife; but I come to, 'nough to thank him, 'n' say how much it would please me, 'n' I'd try to do my duty, 'n' all dat. He look at me as if he didn't zactly understan' when I say, not knowin' dat I say it, "It will be so nice fer June!"

Well, I'd got dat place, 'n' I wor half crazy wid de joy of it. Might 'a' knowed better; might 'a' knowed it wor too good ter last—

ebery thin' goin' on so swimmin', jest as I would 'a' fixed things for myself; but 'taint dat far we can see, poor mortal critters!

I'd got so't I never missed an ebenin' wid June, 'n' she'd got so she'd be on de watch fer me, no matter what dey said, or how much dey larfed. De dear child loved me as I loved her, 'n' she'd done wid cryin' over her hard fate, 'n' her eyes was like stars, 'n' her cheeks like roses. 'Twasn't any wonder de boys envied me when dey see her growing more beautiful every day, 'n' singin' 'n' larfin', stead o' goin' roun' sorrerful 'n' sighin'.

It wor a Saturday dat I wor tole of my good luck, 'n' fer reasons I had to stay to home dat night. I jes' wrote a line to June, sayin' I'd got promoted, 'n' all de better fer her, 'n' I'd be sure to be roun' next evenin', 'n' take her fer a long ride. I'd 'gaged a nice buggy, 'n' a horse I hoped to own, 'n' mos' prayed dat it wouldn't rain, as it didn't, de nex' day. De waiters made it sort o' easy fer me. Dey lowed dey liked me better 'n' Ambrose, 'cause he hed sech an important manner, 's if dey was machines under him, but dey 'beyed every look 'n' action of mine, 'n' de guests was all delighted. It took me longer to git off dat night—my duties wor later 'n' heavier, but when I did, I wor just as light as a feather. De buggy, horse, 'n' me didn't seem to weight anythin', 'n' I guess I wor kind o' startled not to see June some-whar 'long de road, on de look out fer me.

I looked all 'long on both sides, but no heavenly face to bid me welcome! Hanner stood leanin' on de ole rickety gate, 'n' de fust word she say wor:

"She gone! you's too late!"

Fust I felt stunned.

"Who's gone?" I say. "Yo' don' mean"—

"Yas I do—June!" 'n' she nod her head hard 'n' vicious like, till her little tight braids stannin' out over her har, look like spikes.

Den I felt like ravin' 'n' tarin' myself fer a minit, but I sot bolt upright lookin' 'tween de hoss's ears. I wor jest deaf 'n' blind like.

"Lord A'mighty!" I jest said when I did speak—"is my little girl dead?"

"Not much, she aint," said Hanner, wid a laugh, "but she mought's well be. She gone wid dem dat own her, an' dey's white folks!"

Dat hurt. Might as well 'a' read my death warrant as say dat.

"Hanner, git in here," I say, "'n' we'll go slow, 'n' you can tell me all. Stop—didn't she leave no word! Gone! White folks! oh!"

Hanner looked scared.

"I's got a letter fo' yo'," she say, 'n' jumped in, side o' me. I put de whip on de horse, I wor so mad wid myself fer havin' Hanner 'stead of *her*; but presently I got stiddied, 'n' I turned to Hanner, 'n' took de little letter, all blistered like wid tars.

"Dear Dan," it said: "I'm heart broke. I'm almost dyin'. Somebody has come and is goin' to take me away, now—today! O! why couldn't I see you last night? Dear Dan, it's no use what they say or do. I'll never, never forgit you! I'll never stop lovin' you. They're white, 'n' they're my folks, but no matter. I *love* you! I love you forever 'n' forever! They will take me to New Orleans. I heard them say so. O Dan, *come after me*."

"I don't like them, I don't feel like I belong to them. O Dan, I want you! Can't I see you, some way? What shall I do? Dan, I—" 'n' thar it stopped. It wasn't even signed.

"Tell him I couldn't finish it," dat's de las' word she say when she gib it in my han's," say Hanner.

"And she has gone—gone?"

"Bress you, yes, gone fer good. I see 'em give de gold pieces to old ma'm Beck, 'n' not one to me, 'n' I ought ter have 'em, fer dey'd never see her ef I hadn't brung her har. But 'No yo' don't,' says she, 'T's kep' her 'n' gin her a home,' so I don' git nothin'," says Hanner, sulkin'.

"Don't you worry," I says, as soon as I could speak, "I'll see ter dat—I'll never forgit you, Hanner. Yo've been good to my little angel, 'n' you shall har from me soon's I git to Orleans."

"You ain't a gwine dar!" says Hanner, lookin sort o' scared.



"I's goin' jest dar," says I. "I's goin' ter throw up my place tonight, 'n' start tomorrer. What kind o' folks wor dey, Hanner?"

"O, uppish, 'n' dressy, 'n' not half de lady—*she* wasn't—dat June's ole nurse wor, ef she wor a nigger. But my eyes! dress! whoop! well you'd say dey wor rich fer shore 'n' sartin, 'n' de ole man, he seem to have no end o' money."

What had dey taken my darlin' for? All sorts o' wicked reasons rush in my achin' head, 'n' I just shot my eyes, fer it seem's if dey look through blood.

"Dey 'peared sort o' s'prised to see her look so well 'n' harnsome, 'n' he said she favor her ma," said Hanner, with a short laugh, "'n' de ole lady say 'Won't she b'come dis color, 'n' dat color? 'n' we'll fix her up when we git to de hotel in Jacksonville. Dar's good stores dar, 'n' ready made clothes of de bes' quality, fer money, 'n' she won't be hard to fit wid dat ar pretty little figger," 'n' all de time de pore child look like death."

"O my darlin'! O my little flower-beauty!" I groaned, 'n' den Hanner, she throw both arms 'bout me, fer I wor onsteady on my seat, 'n' 'peared like I saw eberything by doubles; 'n' she caught de reins, fer I didn' know whar I war goin'; things wor all black before me, 'n' Hanner's voice seem like a faint singin' 'n' a dull roarin' in my ears, 'n' de hull world seem atop o' me, I wor so bowed down 'n' sinkin'. But by 'n' by I got better, 'n' my courage come to me, 'n' that night I jes' lay my plans.

I knew Orleans. I'd been dar for years, 'n' dar wasn't a street, or a corner, or an alley, dat I couldn't find. So I settled all up, 'n' 'peared as if every body wor kinder mad at my leavin', 'specially Charley.

"Yo's not'in' but jes' a rollin' stone," he say, "'n' you may go an'—"

I won't add de res', 'cause swarin' don't look well on paper, 'n' I's principled 'gin swarin' myself.

I took a steamer fer de trip, fancying dat June would go dat way, but no—she warent' dar, 'n' I concluded to keep right on—I couldn't wait. It war a long 'n' a sad voyage fer me, but dar were on board an old

gentleman dat eyed me ebery time he came anigh me, till I got oneasy 'n' angry. Den, after awhile, he got talkin' 'n' ask me how old I wor, my name, business, 'n' all very civil like. After he got everything out o' me 'cept 'n' savin my love for my poor girl, he just inquired ef I had any place in view, 'n' I tole him no. Den he want to see my writin', 'n' it 'peared to please him, 'n' he ask me if I'd like to become his body servant, 'n' help him sometimes in his business. He said he wor a lawyer, an lived in New Orleans, 'n' had been lookin' fer a smart, capable lad, 'n' my face pleased him, 'n' if I wanted a place not p'ticularly easy, he would give me a good salary.

Dat wor all right, though it seemed to me I wasn't half glad enough, 'n' t I never should be glad any more, but it wor a pleasin' thing to be placed above want, 'n' whar I could save my money. I bargained with him fer so many hours for myself, 'n' you can guess what I wanted dem for. I meant to keep on de sarch, to go from end to end of dat city till I'd foun' my precious little love.

So I took my time, 'n' I never lets de grass grow under my feet. I liked my place, 'n' I liked my master, 'n' I had always had a partickler love for New Orleans. Its streets, people 'n' markets seemed like pages out of an old book one never gits tired of readin'. But my sarch proved dat it wor as hard to find a face you wor huntin' for, as it war to find a needle in a stack o' cow-peas. Sometimes I follered a pretty figure to find a strange face 'n' ugly to boot.

I couldn't go inside to concerts 'n' churches, but I stayed outside, 'n' after awhile people began to notice me, 'n' wonder, no doubt, what I wor always lookin' fer. Ef it hed been old times, I'd 'a' been put under arrest. By'n' by my face got to hev that sing'lar, haunted look dat comes of disappointment. Even my master began to notice it.

"Dan," he say one day, "dere's somethin' de matter with you. I should counsel you not to worry, for dere's no doubt dat de fever will be on us dis summer, 'n' anxiety gives it a ready passport. What is it?"

He wor so kind, and I'd got dat wor-



ried den, 't it seemed if I could only tell my trouble, dat awful weight would be gone off my mind; 'n' his voice 'n' eyes wor so full of help, dat some way dey drew it out o' me, de whole story. He looked thoughtful 'n' sorry like.

"Keep up heart, my boy, may be I can help ye," was all he said. "We'll see first who she is, if we can find her—but she might never have come here."

"Yes, sir," says I, "de very air tells me she's here. I couldn't stay here ef it didn't."

At dat he smiled; but it was a kind o' pitying smile—somethin' dat kept my spirits up, 'n' heaven knows I needed dat, for I wor in misery.

It wor goin' on six months, 'n' I hadn't got any clew, when one night I wor copyin' some papers, 'n' dar wor her name, "*Juliet Seraphina*." I started to see it, 'n' read it over 'n' over before I spoke, 'n' den I tole my master dat it wor de fust time I'd seen it since de dear child told me.

"Ah!" he said, "that's rather odd—a singular case, that I don't know what to make of—trying to establish a marriage between—" 'n' then he stopped suddenly 'n' said, "I don't know! I don't know!" twice, with a queer look. "I'm afraid there'll be trouble—very strange case!" 'n' then went out.

Two or three days after dat he said to me: "I shouldn't wonder if we had found her. Keep cool, boy! keep cool!" he went on, as I jumped up. "I don't know. I'm only surmising. I've got to go there in de mornin', 'n' it'll be convenient to take you with me to copy some minor papers." It wor only de small memorandums dat he trusted to me as yet.

Well, my heart thumped, and it thumped all night. I wor out of bed 'at four in de mornin'. Sleep! not a wink! De possibility seemed so tremendous I couldn't shet my eyes. Somethin' told me I'd found her.

I wor ready long before dere were need, but I couldn't wait with any show of patience. It seemed ages while de old man wor gettin' his breakfast—ages while I pretended to eat mine, for I wor hardly conscious what I wor about. At last we went out, loaded with papers, 'n' after a short

walk my master called a carriage, an' a ride of two miles brought us to some beautiful villas, where de gardens looked like paradise.

"Number 4890," said my master.

We whirled into a broad avenue, 'n' stopped opposite a flight of marble steps. Dar wor a carriage standin' dere, an open landau, all in style. I wor gettin' out o' de hack with my master when, Heavenly Father! dar come June! my own darlin': but oh! it make my heart sick to see her splendid dress. Could dat be de little barefoot girl, dressed in dem rich silks, kid gloves on her tiny hands, everything lace, rich ribbons, bracelets, chains! I couldn't move nor speak. By her side stood a big colored servant, with a shawl in one hand 'n' a parasol in de other. It wor like a pictur, 'n' I stood dar with my knees knocking together, wondering what she would say when she saw me.

Presently she look round.

'T wasn't a minute 'fore she was down dem steps 'n' into my arms.

"Young lady!" says my master, touchin' her, "young lady!"

"O, but it's Dan, my Dan!" she cried with a sob. "He was good to me when—oh! I thought I'd lost him forever!"

"Never mind—you'll see him another time. Be cautious—be patient."

"No, sir!" I said firin' up, "she b'longs to me, 'n' I—"

"Silence, young man!" he said with a manner that frighten me. "Let me see you to the carriage, miss," 'n' he take her in his arms 'n' almost carry her to de landau. Den I see dat de coachman wor laughin', 'n' de maid, too, though she look frightened 'n' sort o' mad, 'n' it struck me I might, as my master said afterwards, compromise de child.

"Now we will go in," said my master, 'n' I followed, though I hardly knew what I wor doin, 'n' my knees trembled and my heart beat hard. We were ushered into de splendid parlor, 'n' dey showed me to a side room. Den I heard two people talkin', 'n' my master's voice now 'n' den in little bits of de conversation.

"You never could find the certificate, then?" says my master.

"No, but we're certain of the marriage," says de woman.

"And of his lineage?" den deir voices sunk low. All I could catch after dat was:

"But he was free—the papers were made out years before."

"And your daughter died abroad," say my master.

"Yes, we kept her abroad," 'n' den de voices sunk low again.

By 'n' by I was called to copy a few bits o' paper. I don't know what I wrote. I tried to understand, but my brain seemed burnin', 'n' after a while I found myself outside de house, 'n' in de carriage, side o' my master.

"It's a curious case, a most curious, complicated case!" muttered my master, 'n' den he made me tell him all I knowed 'bout June, 'n' den he fell in a brown study which he kep' up all de way home.

But I'd found where she lived! dat wor enough. I could see her, sometimes, 'n' I did. I saw her at de winder, in her splendid trappin's, 'n' at de church door, 'n' she saw me. I'd found her! dat was enough fer her 'n' fer me! Sometimes I'd git a little note, a sweet little note; dey tole me she wasn't changed a bit; 'n' sometimes my master would give me papers to copy, 'n' once he said:

"I'll tell you all about it, some day, but *if* she's white, you'll have to leave her or leave the place. No use to fool about it—it's death here, 'n' I don't want none o' that sort o' trouble. When I get through the papers, you shall know all about it."

'Twasn't a week after, Yaller Jack broke out, 'n' in less than three weeks dar wa'nt no stoppin' its ravages. Master was took bad at de end of de month. He knew it, 'n' called me in.

"Dan," he says, "I've got the fever, 'n' at my age it'll go hard with me. Har's a hundred dollars; you've been a good servant 'n' a good boy. All I ask of you is to get me a competent nurse. I don't like strangers, but I've got no kith 'n' kin. You are free to go."

I stood squar' 'n' looked at him.

"You're on your back," says I, "'n' you

can't *make* me go! Lord, no! cannon balls couldn't make me! What! leave you 'alone with Yaller Jack? Not if I knows it. I'll be your nurse, please God! You's use to me; I's use to you; so we won't say no mo' about it—I stay!"

Tears come into his eyes, 'n' at dat moment, ef he'd been my own father which I never knew, I couldn't 'a' loved him better. I'd been lovin' him all 'long 'n' didn't know it. Well, dat wor a bitter time dat came after. Never wor de plague more terrible. It was like livin' in a church yard, nothin' but tollin' of bells, funerals, black crape, 'n' desolation. When I went out to de house whar I'd seen June, it was all shut up, 'n' lookin' like a tomb. Dey had taken her away—outside de city, furdur, I couldn't find out where.

My master had it de worst way. Dey give him up twice, but I work over him de way I'd seen in de hospital, till, thanks to de blessed Lord, de fever turned 'n' he wor out of danger.

"All owin' to you, my dear boy," he would say, 'n' lay 'n' look at me with de tars in his eyes. Den he make me tell him whar I'd been, 'n' he'd look thoughtful 'n' mutter "'t were very strange."

By 'n' by he got to set up, 'n' de fever, after killin' its thousands, grew less 'n' less, till de city 'gin to dress up again, 'n' go on with its pleasures, 'n' business, 'n' fun, jest as if Yaller Jack 'd never called to spread ruin 'n' desolation on every side.

Well, I looked for my little one to come back, but not the way she did. One day my master beckons me outen de room.

"Ther's a young lady called to see you," he said, 'n' I almost knew who it wor, 'n' presently there wor June hangin' on my neck, laughin' 'n' cryin' together, her glory-curles laying all over my black coat in the old fashion. Well, I wor laughin' 'n' cryin' too.

"Is it you, darlin'?" Can it be you?" I'd say, 'n' then hold her off, to be sure. She hadn't any of her splendid clothes on, but wor dressed in deep mournin'.

"And where are your folks, darlin'?" I asked, after I'd come to my senses a little.

"All dead, Dan—all dead 'n' gone. I'm

all alone in the world now ; I haven't got anybody but you," she half sobbed.

"Praise de Lord!" I shouted.

"O, no ; don't say that exactly," she say, smilin' through her tears. "They wor very good to me, though I couldn't feel near to them. They seemed to love me, and be proud of me, 'n' they went out of the city, because they were afraid, I should take the fever. I didn't, but they did, poor dears ! They carried it with them, 'n' both died. They didn't know me, though I was there all the time, 'n' they had good nursing, too. They were always talking about me to the last. They were my relations, of course, and wanted to do right by me, but why did they leave me so long alone in the world ? And now, I've come to be taken care of."

Bless her sweet soul 'n' body !—as if I hadn't thought of dat ! I went straight to my employer, as he had told me to call him, about it. He looked grave.

"It wasn't fully decided," he muttered, 'n' den he said, cautious like, "I don't see any objections. Your'e a good lad," he went on ; "she's—an orphan of color!"—he laid emphasis on dat word, *color*. "Will she have any objections, do you think, to be called an orphan of color ? They're gone that would have objected."

"I'll ask her," I said.

"No, call her in."

She came, 'n' never wor mortal man more proud dan I of dat vision so beautiful. He seemed sort o' struck, 'n' surprised, too, but pleased. Den he asked her de question, plump.

"Objection ! No ! If it's the truth, I'm proud of it, since my good, faithful Dan is the same," she said, bless her ! "Why, what do I care, so he loves me and I love him ?"

Den de man turn away, 'n' I could see big tears in his eyes.

"You're not orphans, either of you," he says, after a minute, 'n' his voice was broken like. "This boy Dan has been like a son to me. He saved my life, and deserves my gratitude. You shall be like my daughter. You are not left penniless by several thousands, 'n' I'll look out for Dan." This he said to her.

Dat day week we were married.

And he, God bless him, he did all he promised, and more. He got me in a good business, gave us a house nicely furnished, makin' conditions dat he should have a room dere, 'n' take his Sunday dinners with us as long as he lived.

We didn't forgit Hanner, either. She gladly come on to live with us, 'n' made us one of de best of servants.

"Again, I say, when I think how all our troubles are over, God bless him !

*Mary A. Dennison.*

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#### A MEETING.

Softly She came one twilight from the dead,  
 And in the passionate silence of her look  
 Was more than man has written in any book.  
 Now evermore across my soul is shed  
 A shadowing thought of equal hope and dread,  
 For down the leafy ways her white feet took  
 Lightly the newly-broken roses shook,—  
 Was it the wind disturbed each rosy head ?  
 God ! was it joy or sorrow in her face—  
 That quiet face ? had it grown old or young ?  
 Was it sweet memory or sad that stung  
 Her voiceless soul to wander from its place ?  
 What do the dead find in the Silence—grace ?  
 Or endless grief for which there is no tongue ?

*Charles Edwin Markham.*



## CROSSING THE CALIFORNIA SAHARA.

OCCUPYING the southeastern angle of California is a vast expanse of dry and sterile country, the northern portion of which is known as the Mohave Desert, and the southern as the Colorado Desert. In the absence of natural landmarks, the dividing line between the two is a little indefinite. They are, however, about equal in extent, and cover altogether some 30,000 square miles; their exterior boundaries, except on the east, where they border on the Colorado River, being not very sharply defined.

The summer heat on this California Sahara is more than tropical. The thermometer during the day marks from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and thirty degrees in the shade. Topographically, this region may be described as a low-lying plain, the greater part of it being elevated but little above sea-level, while some portions are depressed below that level. Scattered over this plain are clusters of basaltic mountains, dark and scraggy; isolated buttes, low, irregular hills, and ever shifting ridges of sand. The plain itself is of sedimentary or marine origin; the more elevated lands have resulted from igneous agencies. These buttes are, in fact, nothing but the cones of dead volcanoes, and the depressed surfaces simply the beds of dried-up seas.

There are two of these low-lying basins within the limits of this southeastern wilderness. One, the site of the salses, or mud volcanoes, is situated on the Colorado Desert, in the vicinity of Dos Palmas station on the Southern Pacific Railroad. The other, known as Death Valley, is located on the northern border of the Mohave Desert, two hundred miles further to the north. The former is seventy feet below the level of the sea, and the latter one hundred and fifty. The two cover an area of several thousand square miles. In the basin of the salses, miniature volcanoes forming and dissolving, and the hot gases escaping from innumera-

ble vents, denote there the continuance of a feeble solfataric action.

Owing to the presence of extensive salines, and the rapid evaporation that here occurs, the mirage is frequently seen on these deserts, appearing sometimes in great perfection. These optical illusions take on here not only the semblance of real objects, but also at times many weird and fantastic forms. Lying off in the hazy atmosphere are seen what seem to be pellucid lakes, dotted with islands and indented with headlands. Stretching away in the mist are green meadows and groves, with palatial structures and castellated ruins beyond. While we look, the scene undergoes a strange transformation, and taking on less familiar and pleasing shapes, slowly fades away—cloud-land of youth—emblem of human hopes!

A peculiarity of this wilderness climate is the sand-storm, a meteorological phenomenon not unlike the simoon that prevails in Arabia and other parts of Africa. It consists of a strong wind, amounting sometimes to a gale, which, coming up with a black cloud that obscures the sun, fills the atmosphere so completely with sand and dust, that vision is obscured, thirst greatly increased, and respiration rendered extremely difficult. The stifling air, the darkness, the strangeness of the entire surroundings, fill the traveler with a dread that inclines him to stop and shelter himself as best he can from the effects of the gale. Even animals are so oppressed with fear when exposed to the sirocco, that they stop in their tracks, and obstinately refuse to go on.

Having raged for a day or two, the wind ceases to blow, the dust clouds settle, the air clears up, and the sun, shining out with its accustomed fierceness, restores to the leaden sky its former brazen aspect. Swept by the blast, the sand dunes shift like the billows of the ocean, vanishing from one place and reappearing in another with each recurring

tempest. These simoons, though hardly less terrifying than the thunder storms that visit in the summer the countries further east, are by no means so refreshing.

Very misleading to the stranger are the maps of this region, with their arroyos and rivers, their lakes and springs, laid down thereon at convenient intervals. It is well to supply, as far as may be, the deficiencies of nature, wherever we find them: wherefore, one appreciates the motive of the topographer in his endeavor to represent this arid and forbidding country as it should be, even while one has to lament that these additions are almost wholly mythical. The only stream of any size in this entire Edom is the so-called Mohave River, which, as if abashed at the unmerited honor conferred upon it, hastens to hide itself in the sand, asserting its presence thereafter only in a series of modest pools, which, standing apart along its faintly marked bed, grow smaller and smaller, and finally disappear altogether. Of the few springs that have an actual existence here, the water in some is so impregnated with salt, soda, or other deleterious mineral, that it is wholly unfit to drink.

Traversing these deserts, more particularly in the neighborhood of the mountains; are numerous deep ravines, having steep sides, and broad, evenly sloping bottoms. They are the creations of the cloud-bursts which are not uncommon here, and which, when they occur, fill these channels with water in a very few minutes. The flood, which soon subsides, carries down great quantities of sand and gravel; some of this lodges along the bed of the gorge, but the greater portion is swept down and deposited at its mouth, where it forms moraines stretching far out into the plain below. A ravine so eroded and afterwards partially filled up is called a "wash"—the "*arroyo seco*" of the Spaniards.

So far as running streams or useful forests are concerned, this may be called a waterless and a timberless land. The only trees found growing in it, save some willow and cottonwood along the Colorado River, consist of the several varieties of the palm, a worthless wood, and the mesquite, which, though use-

less for lumber, makes an excellent fuel. Bunch grass of a nutritious kind is found growing over a large portion of these deserts; sparsely in some places, and very abundantly in others. Much of the soil here is, in fact, exceedingly fertile, and with irrigation capable of producing large crops of both fruit and grain; its sterility is due only to its dryness. The cactus of many varieties abounds. It is a vile shrub, detested alike by man and brute. Reptiles take shelter under it, but do not feed upon it. The only animals that abide in these fields of desolation are hares, rabbits, and coyotes. There are no Indians; even the Digger cannot live here. Birds are rarely seen. The reptile family is represented by the lizard, the horned toad, and the rattlesnake.

Such are the inhabitants and the products, the conditions and the aspect of this "*mauvais terre*"—these bad lands of southeastern California. Little do they who at this day travel by rail across them think, because little do they know, of the sufferings that have been endured and the horrors that in times past have been enacted on these deserts. Carried swiftly over these hideous wastes in luxurious cars, protected from the glaring sun and the suffocating sandstorm, these travelers, experiencing nothing of danger and little of discomfort, can have no conception how much of both fell to the lot of those who in the earlier day were forced to make this passage under conditions so widely different.

It is not known, nor can it be at this day ascertained, who among the whites were the first to make their way over a country so little inviting to civilized man. Some have inclined to award this dubious honor to the early Spanish explorers of the Northwest. While there are vague traditions tending to sustain such award, there is really nothing authoritative on this point. Of the various expeditions sent out from Mexico for the above purpose, some proceeded overland, and some by sea. Among the former, the first party to enter the field was the monk Marcos de Niza, followed soon after by Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, both of whom had for their objective point the fabled seven



cities of Cibola, whose supposed site was somewhere in the northeastern part of Arizona. Since the mission of these parties led off to that quarter, there is little reason to suppose that either they or their immediate successors ever turned their footsteps in so opposite a direction. It has been surmised that the inhabitants of the country visited by the Spaniards, in the hope of getting effectual riddance of their unwelcome guests, told them such stories of a rich country far to the northwest as induced the invaders to hasten off thither; after which they were heard of no more, having, presumably, suffered extermination on the deserts.

This conjecture has, however, so little to sustain it that we must look elsewhere for the pioneer adventurers across the outstretched solitudes west of the Colorado. That they are to be found in the early settlers of California maybe inferred from the fact that communication was at an early period established between Los Angeles and Santa Fé, New Mexico, for the trail connecting these places led centrally across the Mojave basin. Over the same trail some of the first immigrants from the United States reached California. The Mormons, who in 1847 settled at San Bernardino, came into the country by the same route. The trappers and voyageurs, whose advent in California antedates that of all these people, never entered this wilderness, there being no fur-bearing animals in it. These hardy men, crossing the mountains, pursued their calling along the lakes and streams further north.

Concerning the people, then, who first adventured across this most unlovely country, their sufferings and their fate, we know but little. About those who have made the journey since the discovery of gold in California, we are better posted. Indeed, the incidents and occurrences connected therewith are amongst the most widely known, as they rank also amongst the most tragical events of modern times.

First on this list of dolorous events is the fate that in 1849 overtook a company of emigrants, who, on their way to California, in attempting to make a cut-off, strayed into Death Valley, where a large number of them

perished from heat and thirst. So little rain falls in that locality that the wagon tracks, and even the footprints of the animals, made on that occasion, were distinctly visible twenty years after. Portions of the wagons themselves, and of the scanty furniture left by these poor people, were also to be seen, even after so long a time, and but slightly weathered. This valley for three-fourths of the year is a perfect furnace, the high mountains that surround it reflecting the sun's rays and intensifying the heat, further aggravated by the extreme depression of the surface. The survivors of this party rescued themselves from their perilous situation by reaching the Panamint Mountains on the west, crossing which, they arrived at the border settlements of California in a famishing condition.

One of these men, who had taken up his residence in the southern part of the State, several years after exhibited an extremely rich piece of silver-bearing ore, which he claimed to have found when crossing the Panamint range, and concerning the discovery of which he gave the following account: Traveling on foot, he noted this specimen, his attention being attracted by its highly metallic appearance. Being just then in need of a sight for his gun, he broke off a piece, and shaping it with his knife, adapted it to that use. Notwithstanding the palpable absurdity of this story, it met with such credence that much search was made after the original vein, under the name of the "Gun-Sight Lode." The fact that this lode has not yet been found, having managed to elude the search of prospectors innumerable, renders the story more than apocryphal.

The rumored discovery in the spring of 1862 of rich placers at La Paz, in Western Arizona, caused quite an emigration to set out from California towards that point. Not content with my Gold Bluff and Frazier River experiences, I was tempted to try my luck in another of these distant and hazardous fields of exploration. Joining a considerable party at San Bernardino, the place of general rendezvous, I found myself in the month of June of the above year heading for the new El Dorado.



For the first hundred miles out we got along without experiencing any special difficulties, except some slight troubles had with the half-civilized Indians, who occupy a number of rancherias along that portion of the route. A more numerous party, having the same destination in view, had preceded us by a few days. Of course, it is not to be supposed that any company so made up and bent on such errand would pass through an Indian village without kicking up a row with the inhabitants. True to their antecedents, the party ahead of us had managed to get into a scrimmage with these harmless people, who, when we came along, were therefore in a very bad humor, little disposed to extend to us the hospitalities which it had ever before been their wont to extend to strangers. As for my own company, we treated these rancherias not only fairly but liberally, being willing to make some amends for the misconduct of our countrymen.

These little settlements, known as Cabazons, Agua Caliente, Indian Wells, and Los Torros, are stretched along over a space of twenty miles or more. At each there is a spring or a small stream of water, which alone makes the spot habitable. At each of these places the Indians cultivate a few acres of land, which they plant mostly to wheat, corn, squashes, and melons, good crops being raised through recourse to irrigation. They live in huts constructed from willow poles filled in with mud; these dwellings are without windows or doors, large spaces being left open for exit and entrance. Fire, except a little for cooking, is never required here, this being a land of almost perpetual sunshine, in which neither frost nor snow is ever known.

After passing the last of these Indian villages, our party began to experience some lack of water. This trouble did not, however, become serious until we had got beyond Dos Palmas, where the La Paz trail, leaving the old overland stage road to Yuma, bears off to the northeast. We were one night without water before getting to Dos Palmas, a condition of things brought about in this wise. The government, when the

mail was carried over this route, had dug out small wells or tanks at places where water could be found. These tanks were boarded up and covered with a lid to keep the sand from drifting in and filling them up. On the night in question we expected, on arriving at one of these tanks, to find there a sufficiency of water. Coming up to it we found to our dismay the receptacle full of sand, the cover having carelessly been left off. This was the first of the many trials in store for us, and much sorer were to come.

The next day, before reaching Dos Palmas, several of the company gave out, and had to be left behind. Pushing on, those who were in better condition reached that place, and obtaining water, returned, and relieved their thirsty companions, all of whom were then gotten safely into camp. One, however, died before morning. We buried him in the grass plat just below the spring. It would not be difficult to find and identify the remains. His shroud was a gray blanket, and the grave was shallow. There is much water at Dos Palmas—enough in one of the pools to afford good bathing. But the water here is not good: it is warm, and so brackish withal that it meets with poor appreciation except by such as suffer the torment of thirst at the moment of drinking.

Badly as we fared at Dos Palmas, this was but the beginning of the tribulations that soon began to come thick upon us. The next place at which water in any considerable quantity could be had was at Tabasaca, twenty miles distant, and the trail much of the way a very heavy one. A few miles from Dos Palmas opens one of the characteristic "washes" of the country. Entering and toiling up this gorge, our animals sunk at every step deep into the loose gravel. The ascent was steep, and the heat fearful. The little spring on the side of this "wash," having been drained by those ahead of us, contained scarcely any water when we reached it. The scanty supply was gathered and given to those who stood most in need of it, the water laid in at our last stopping place being now all gone. We were yet fully twelve miles from Tabasaca, and several of the party had

already given out. In this emergency, a few of the best conditioned, selecting the freshest animals, again hastened on to water, and brought back a supply that enabled the entire party to reach Tabasaca.

A short stay here, exhausted the stock of water, and we next proceeded to Chucawalla, a few miles further on. This was the last place where a drop of water could be had till we reached the Colorado River, twenty-two miles distant. The situation had now become critical. Many of the men and some of the animals were so enfeebled that it was with difficulty they could travel at all. Some of the men had begun to act strangely, showing that their minds as well as their bodies had been affected. Had water been plentiful at Chucawalla, which it was not, we were without means for carrying more than a very limited quantity with us. We had, therefore, reason to apprehend the most serious results before making the dry stretch that separated us from the river.

All possible preparation having been made, our party started on what, to a considerable number of them, proved to be a veritable "*jornada del muerte*." We had gone but a short distance in the direction of the river before we came upon the body of a dead man, one of the company ahead of us; his companions had either failed to miss him, or in their hurry had not thought worth while to stop and give him sepulture. The sight of this corpse filled some of the party with gloomy forebodings; nor was the effect upon any of us at all reassuring. Before noon the old troubles began to manifest themselves in a very alarming manner, some of the men lagging behind, and some growing flighty, while others, fainting, fell from the saddle. From this on the signs of distress kept multiplying on every hand.

The scenes that ensued during the following two days were alike terrible and piteous. Language is inadequate to their description. During this time, ten of our party perished under circumstances of inconceivable horror. Several became violently insane, and so remained till the pangs of thirst had been allayed. Others would have died had not re-

lief come to them as it did. On the day we left Chucawalla, a small well-mounted party, anticipating the dire strait to which we were likely soon to be reduced, rode on to the river, and hurrying back with water, arrived in time to save the survivors from sharing the fate of their companions.

Of all deaths that fall to the lot of mortal, that produced by water famine appears to be not only the most distressing, but also to be attended with the most singular phenomena. There is no accounting for them. On the occasion I speak of, it was curious to observe the mental conditions develop as the final hour approached. Some died meek and prayerful; some, defiant and profane; some, wildly delirious, succumbed with a maniacal laugh; while others, sinking into a state of seeming unconsciousness, quietly passed away—so differently were these unhappy men affected by the same cause, so differently moved by the prospect of impending dissolution.

All through these severe trials in fact, the manner in which different individuals departed themselves was noticeably unlike. There were those who remained cool and unimpassioned even when things were the darkest, while others, paralyzed with fear, became disheartened and readily gave up. Several were so frenzied with their sufferings that they lost all control of themselves. When they were reduced to this condition, there was nothing to be done but to bind them hand and foot and leave them behind; one of these, before such precaution had been taken, having started off like a deer over the desert. He had gotten some distance away before we noticed his departure, or comprehended what it meant. An expert vaquero, lasso in hand, soon overhauled him and brought him to a halt, after which he was returned to the trail and securely tied. Finding himself helpless, he raved incoherently about the water he had seen off in the direction in which he was going when captured and brought back. Two of the men afflicted in this way, and so secured, were afterwards rescued alive. The third died before the party returning with water had reached him.



Without becoming wholly crazed, some of these sufferers would fall into a stupor, from which it was difficult to arouse them. One stout fellow having passed into this inert condition, a member of the party, in the hope of stirring up his dormant energies, gave him several smart whacks with a riata. The remedy proved efficacious, as this good Samaritan found when a ball from the slug-gard's pistol whizzed by his ear. One young man in his desperation begged piteously that some one would shoot him through the head. After this it was thought best to deprive some others of their weapons, for fear they might take their own lives.

It would be thought that men, however habitually profane, would, when so confronted with death, avoid the use of oaths and other strong expletives. That they do not, my experience on this trip across the desert fully establishes. Never in my life did I hear more rank blasphemy than while making this journey. Amongst us was a rough fellow called Texas, and notably profane. Picking up his *mochilas* one day, this ungodly person was bitten by a rattlesnake. The wound, a painful and dangerous one, was treated after the usual manner—a deep incision over the

bite, a tobacco-poultice outside, and a quart of whisky inside, this being one of the few uses to which these vile commodities can sometimes be advantageously put. Passing an hour after by the *caballada*, where saddling-up was in process, whom should I see but Texas, in a tremor of agony, tugging at a sinch and swearing vehemently. Had the fellow been at the very gate of death—and he was not far from it—he would have gone on cursing and blaspheming all the same.

When at last our party reached the Colorado River, we found it so swollen that we experienced much difficulty in getting across it. Once over, a few miles further, and we had arrived at our point of ultimate destination. The new diggings proved so disappointing that the most of our party, after stopping for a few days, concluded to return to California, which we did, coming back by way of the Mohave Desert. Though we suffered less on our return than we had done on our outward trip, we were glad enough when we got back to what, in the parlance of miners, has not unaptly, though, perhaps, a little irreverently, been styled "God's country."

Henry De Groot.

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## A ROMANCE AT SOUTH DOME.

### I.

"I TOLD papa that I would not go back to school again until I had seen Yosemite and the Big Trees, for that was the first thing everybody thought of when they knew that I was from California. They always said: 'Well, tell us about them; are they so wonderful?' In some cases I did not have the moral courage to say that I had never seen them; so I drew on my imagination and remembrance of pictures, and got along splendidly, until one day I was trying to explain how they climb South Dome to a gentleman with an uncomfortable mind for facts, and he said, 'You actually go up a

precipice nine hundred feet hand over hand on this rope?'—'Oh,' I said, stammering, 'the guide helps you, you know'—and just then he was called away by special providence, and I was extricated. Such experiences have made me determined to see the wonders of my own State before I am much older.

"But, Grace, you have no idea how ignorant Eastern people are of the geography of California. One day the question came up in class of monstrous vegetable growths, and Miss Bancroft, the teacher, said to me, 'And you really have those wonderful trees in San Francisco, Miss Harcourt?'—'Yes,' I said; 'we have a grove of them in our back yard.'"



"Oh, Frank, how dared you tell her that?"

"Because I wanted to awaken her mind to original research, and induce her to look up some of the points of interest in her own country, instead of cantering off to Europe every summer, and mooning over ruined castles."

The first speaker was Miss Frank Harcourt, a small blonde of nineteen, with a bewitching smile and fine blue eyes. She was a San Franciscan, and had always lived in her native city until she was sent to college in New York, a year previous to this conversation. She was now at home for her long vacation, having been accompanied on the overland journey by her uncle, Mr. J. C. Hathaway, and her cousin, his daughter, from Philadelphia, who came to see the glories of the Golden State; and the trip to Yosemite was to be accomplished immediately.

Miss Grace Hathaway was a tall, dark, handsome, rather unhappy-looking girl of Frank's own age, who had just "finished" at Madame Begorieux's fashionable school, where she had distinguished herself in the study of French. She had the misfortune to be the heiress of her grandfather, who died when she was a child; and by the judicious management of her father, who was her guardian, her estate was estimated at a million and a half. The misfortune lay in the fact that her whole life was embittered by the efforts of her father to keep off fortune-hunters. She was constantly guarded and watched, and warned that this or that young man, who had been civil to her, was only looking out for her money. She was never allowed to be happy like other girls, until in the bitterness of her young soul she prayed that the Lord would take from her this curse of gold. But the prayer was not answered, and the investments of her father continued to roll in dividends, and daily he grew more strict and watchful.

Her meeting with Frank opened a new world to her. She looked with wonder and admiration upon this sprightly cousin, brought up in the cosmopolitan air of California, who went and came almost as she

chose, who entertained young gentlemen without espionage, and was not the heiress apparent of a million. Her wonder and admiration were farther challenged when she learned, during a confidential chat, while packing their trunks for the journey, that Frank was engaged; for to be engaged seemed to her the most wonderful and most unattainable state in the world.

"Tell me all about it; how did it happen?" she asked.

"Oh, the most natural thing in the world, although for a time a real romance seemed pending, because Ted's father and mine both frowned upon it in the strangest way, and we came very near having the 'stern parent' to appease; but they quieted down in a sensible way, and gave us their blessing, thus saving us and themselves no end of trouble. Insubordinate parents are a great trial, and there can be no peace until they are reduced to submission."

This daring sentiment, so frankly avowed, almost took Grace's breath away; but, anxious to hear more on the subject, she asked: "How about your mother? did she approve?"

"Mamma always thinks as I do; we are 'two souls with but a single thought,' or words to that effect, and you don't know how jolly it is."

"No, I don't; for mamma died when I was a baby, and papa has always been so strict with me; but tell me more about this Ted."

"Well, his name is Quincy Edward Roberts, Jr., and I call him Ted, as I don't like Quincy. He is handsome, stylish, rich enough, but he has one fault. He is a Western man, and I have a prejudice against Western men."

"Why, Frank, you are Western yourself."

"No, I am a Californian, a Pacific Slopian. California is a civilization *sui generis*. We stand between the Old and the New World—a glorious possibility. But even admitting that I am a Westerner, that is all the more reason that I should prefer my husband to be from the East. Now, if he were a Bostonian or a New Yorker, I could die happy; but he comes from—Terre Haute!" and she made a wry face.

"No matter : if he is as good as you say he is, and is so devoted to you, you ought to be happy, even if he came from Pike County, Missouri, where I hear very odd people come from."

"I *am* happy—transcendentally happy—supernaturally happy ; for being engaged to Ted has been an anchor to me, and there is nothing a girl needs so much as an anchor. Whenever I feel the tendrils of my affections reaching out after any one else, the thought of Ted always brings me back. He is going with us to Yosemite, you know."

"Does papa know that he is going with us?" asked Grace quickly.

"I don't think so. Why?"

"Because you have no idea how papa acts when there is a young man around. He always thinks that he is going to propose to me on account of my fortune. I very much doubt if he will go, when he learns that Mr. Roberts is to be of the party."

Frank stopped with an armful of things she was about to put into the trunk, and looked at her cousin in astonishment. Then, seeing that she really meant what she said, she dropped the things and rushed up to her, exclaiming : "Oh, Grace, the jolliest plan has just occurred to me, the first bright idea I ever had in my life! You say that your father is afraid of anything in the shape of a young man, and will not go if he knows that one of the noxious beasts is to be of the party. Very well ; he does not know that I am engaged, and I will see that he does not find it out. He is, you know, a little close, nigh, somewhat, in money matters, and when the tickets are bought he will not want to throw them away. So this is my plan : Ted shall devote himself to you all the way, and pretend that he is perfectly 'gone,' and you can 'recip,' and Uncle John will have ten thousand fits, of course ; but it will do him good and give him new views of life and things present ; in fact, I do it for Uncle John's education. He is the worst-brought-up father of my acquaintance, and yet I shall not shrink from the missionary work of reclaiming him ; but the fun it will be!"

Grace shared in her laughter, but shook

her head, saying, "You don't know papa ; why, it would be just like him to stop the train, take me back, and leave the rest of the party."

"Just let me manage," said Frank. "I'll bring you out all right, for when his nerves are too highly wrought up, I'll open the escape valve. Trust the whole thing to me, and be a mere passenger. I am going to send a note down to the hotel to Ted, asking him to come up right away to talk over important matters concerning Yosemite."

"Well, I'm awfully afraid, but it would be lots of fun," said Grace, carried away by Frank's enthusiasm, and yet quaking inwardly at the possible results.

Meanwhile, the subject of most of this gushing confidence was sitting in front of a cheerful open fire in his room at the hotel. He had evidently been writing, for an unfinished letter lay on a table, while he sat near it in restful attitude, smoking a cigar. He was, as Frank had said, a handsome young fellow, with those dark brown eyes that are always called black. His hair was cut so that it stood stiff and straight on top, a fashion which gives to some young men an extremely simian appearance, but which gave to Quincy E. Roberts, Jr., quite a distinguished air. He had a truly Western belief in himself and his destiny ; with grounds, too ; for barely at the age of twenty-three, his present age, he was made a member of the firm of which his father was senior partner, a large wholesale drug establishment in Terre Haute. When not yet nineteen he had taken a degree in pharmaceutical chemistry from a college of standing, and by some original work in quantitative analysis he had won high praise from the faculty, who thought they saw in him a rising light in science. He thought Frank the sweetest, brightest, most lovable girl in the world, remembered all the things she said, and when she talked he listened with a satisfied smile, as if life had nothing more to offer of joy.

There are two rival routes to Yosemite from San Francisco, and after hearing the agent of each enlarge upon the glories and beauties of his own line, and the dangers and



horrors of the other, the bewildered traveler exclaims with Pilate, "What is truth"? The Madera route agent can truthfully say, "It is not with me," and the "Big Oak Flat" agent can as truthfully say, "It is not with me." Frank went with her uncle to purchase the tickets, and she induced him to choose the Big Oak Flat route, on the ground that the agent was handsomer, and promised them a stage with fringe around the top. Frivolous grounds, she admitted, but not more so than tossing up a penny or drawing lots.

That night at dinner she named over the members of the party; Mrs. Campbell, a friend of her mother, who weighed three hundred pounds, and who, she said, would do for ballast in the stage in times of danger, and for cushions in times of peace; Miss Heloise Tompkins and Miss Briggs, teachers, who intended to remain at the Big Trees for a time; Uncle John, Grace, herself, and Mr. Roberts, who, she explained, was a young man from the East visiting California.

At her mention of the young man, Mr. Hathaway was visibly affected. Grace threw a glance at Frank that meant, "I told you so." That evening he complained of a boil on his neck, which he feared might be an incipient carbuncle. It seemed to grow rapidly worse, and although Mrs. Harcourt put on a flaxseed poultice and other soothing mixtures, he experienced no relief.

"If I can dispose of those tickets, we shall have to give up the Yosemite this time," he said, before retiring for the night. Frank slipped out of the room to hide her merriment, and Grace enjoyed it more quietly with her eyes fixed on the pages of a book.

The tickets could not be disposed of, and Mr. Hathaway was compelled to go, young man, daughter, boil, and all. There could scarcely be a more proper young man than Mr. Roberts appeared that morning. He was reserved toward the ladies, and deferential to Mr. Hathaway, assisted kindly with the luggage, and none but the initiated caught the smile of mutual understanding that passed among the three.

Their way lay through the Valley of the

San Joaquin, still fresh and green from the late rains. Wide spaces of meadow and hillside were gay with eschscholtzias, making a veritable Field of the Cloth of Gold, over which, in the absence of kings and nobles, meditative cows wandered the livelong day in bulky silence. There is no more autocratic animal than the California cow. She has no memories of hard winters to temper her summer joys. She has never known the humiliation of waiting with empty stomach until an allowance of pumpkin has been doled out to her, for to this pampered minion an empty stomach belongs to the realms of fable.

But our young people did not bestow much thought upon the comparative joys and sorrows of cows, nor upon the scenery through which they were passing; for they were occupied with themselves, and in the working out of their small plans. They played cribbage, Frank having brought her cribbage board along; and Mr. Hathaway, thinking that he might relax his vigilance a little, took a newspaper, and settled himself in an attitude that seemed to make a doze probable. Mrs. Campbell and Frank played against Roberts and Grace. The game ran quite evenly, until Grace by some really fine pegging came out ahead.

"Ah, that's what comes of having a partner of the right sort," said Roberts. "Everything in life is easy if you have a good partner," and he smiled and bowed toward Grace. Poor Mr. Hathaway was roused from his paper by these words, and when he saw the smile that accompanied them, he felt certain that something was going on of which he did not approve. Seizing an early opportunity, he called Grace aside, and asked her how she could allow a young man to say such things to her.

"Why, papa, he was only in fun," said Grace, feeling less afraid than she had expected.

"All I have to say is, that if I hear or see anything more of the kind from this young man, I'll put a stop to it, even if we have to leave the party."

This was duly reported to the league, and



Frank concluded that they had better proceed more cautiously until they had left the line of the railroad, for after that it would be less easy to carry such a threat into action.

They voted Stockton "flat, stale, and unprofitable," except for the insane asylum, which two words, Frank said, she had recently heard a young German pronounce by putting the accent on the first syllable in each of them. Then she entertained them with a description of an insane ball that she once attended when she was a guest in the family of the resident physician, giving some capital imitations of several lunatic young men who had asked her to dance, closing with the naïve remark that they did not seem more insane than most gentlemen of her acquaintance. Mr. Hathaway looked at his young niece with a quiet smile as she chattered, laughed at her descriptions, and thought her "much like her mother, only Emily never was so lively." He was genial and pleasant enough everywhere except where his daughter was concerned, and then he felt it his duty never to relax.

At Milton they left the regular line of road, to make the detour to the Calaveras Big Trees. It was here that the first real event of the journey took place, Frank said. When the stage drove up, a young man hurried across from the public house of the place, and called up to the driver, "I say, dwiver, did you see that my luggage was in?"

Being satisfied on that point, he looked around pleasantly upon the group who were to be his fellow travelers. He was a tall, well built young Englishman, with the fresh, wholesome complexion of his countrymen, and just a little of the Dundreary twist on his r's when they came before a vowel. Frank said rapturously aside to Grace, "I knew Providence would not leave us without an English tourist, and here he is; no journey is complete without one."

There were several others besides their party, evidently bent upon the same worthy purpose of seeing the Big Trees. When they came to take their places in the stage, every one had a special written permit from the agent in San Francisco, entitling him or her

to an outside seat, and simultaneously these valuable bits of paper were produced from pockets and traveling bags. This made a puzzling problem, since there was room for only two outside, and the driver. Some grumbled, others laughed, and the Englishman looked resolute. "There is just one bigger liar in Frisco than Will Thomas, and that is Tom Ellery, the Madera route fellow," said the driver, with a vague wish to help them out in some way. There was nothing to do but to agree among themselves to take turns riding outside. The young Englishman, whose name was Frederic Staunton, gallantly deferred to the ladies; but they all claimed to wish to ride inside, except Frank.

"May I ride outside a little while, uncle?" she asked. He looked surprised at this sudden dutifulness, but was pleased, and helped her to mount to the driver's seat, begging that worthy not to allow her to fall off. He did not dare to insist upon riding outside himself, as that would leave Roberts and Grace alone. Mr. Frederic Staunton took the end of the seat at the left of Frank. It was hardly to be expected that they would not talk, although they had not gone through the formality of an introduction. But whether it was expected or not, they were soon chatting about all sorts of things: the country through which they were passing, California in general, the Eastern States, Boston, New York, London, American and English politics, etc. A wide range of subjects, but what will we hesitate to tackle at nineteen and twenty-two? The driver, a grizzled veteran, familiar with every phase of the passenger, smiled now and then in a forbearing way when some of their opinions seemed to him very youthful, and thought her hair uncommonly fine, if it was all her own.

The gay castilleia nodded to them from the rocky roadsides, and the saucy minulus looked conscious and wise, as if knowing more than it dared to tell. Sometime a horned toad, disturbed in its sleep, ran wildly across the road in front of them. The peaks of the Coast Range, overtopped by Mount Diablo, lay far behind in the blue distance, about which poets rave in metre, and

about which less-gifted souls feel things unutterable. East of them stretched the noble Sierra Nevada range, the higher peaks snow-capped. They had left the valley of the San Joaquin now, and had entered the region of the Tuolumne. An elderly lady, enveloped in a succession of veils, made an excavation for her face enough to look out a minute, and exclaimed, "Ptolemy River!" Some one kindly spelled and pronounced it for her, after which she seemed happier.

When they came to the station, Murphy's, still some hours' drive from the Big Trees, they found an accession of two passengers who were waiting for this stage hoping that there might be vacant seats; but there were none. Finally the hotel keeper came to the rescue, saying, "I've got a team o' colts that one of you gentlemen could drive, and a light buggy big enough to jest hold two, and let Sperry send 'em back tomorrow. Who o' you'll do it?"

There was a moment of hesitation, when Mr. Staunton modestly volunteered his services as driver. Then who should go with him?

"It ought to be a little body, and one not nervous like, for the colts is a leetle playful, but kind as kittens." A little body! Every one looked at Frank, for she was the smallest one in the company. Mr. Staunton looked at her inquiringly, and then asked her uncle if he would object to his niece driving with him, assuring him that they would stay in sight of the stage, that he might not be uneasy about her. Frank too, asked with an obedient air, but with full intention of going anyway.

While they were changing horses, she managed to have a word with Roberts. "You don't mind my going, Ted dear, do you? It gives you a better chance, you know, and I have oceans of funny things to tell you about him."

Mr. Roberts did not mind much; in fact, he seemed rather absent-minded and preoccupied as he said, "I'm glad you get so much fun out of it, I'm sure."

His "it" was not very definite, and might refer to the landscape, or the Tuolumne, or

the Englishman. Frank was too much excited to notice his abstraction, as she was handed into the light vehicle intended for two. A more fortunate time of day could not have been chosen to make the trip from Murphy's to the Big Trees. The full moon came up joyously, as if it were a pleasant surprise to find herself again in the region. For some miles the rise was very gradual, and they drove rapidly, the stage showing ahead with its white top, now on the crest of a hill, and now below them in a valley. To Frank it seemed like a chapter in a romance. How little did she suppose the evening before that she would be driving by moonlight over one of the most romantic roads in the world, by the side of a young Englishman, with his blonde beard parted in the middle! This, to her, was the ideal condition of a masculine chin.

Meanwhile, how had the other young couple borne the long stage ride? It showed Frank's ignorance of human nature when she deliberately gave up her lover to be knight, even in a drama, to a susceptible young lady like Grace Hathaway. In the stage Mr. Hathaway had never allowed them to sit next each other, but how could he intercept the telegraphic glances, or even the little notes passed around Mrs. Campbell's friendly bulk? This Cerberus was human, and tired human nature will nod in a stage, and forget for an instant that a million and a half is at stake. Grace fell to wondering how life would seem if he were in earnest, were gazing at her in that tender way for her own sake, and not in this vicarious fashion of a drama. Dangerous ground, young woman! And Quincy E. Roberts? His early engagement to Frank had not left him free for serious flirtations, and the sad, appealing eyes of the young heiress made him feel altogether strange. About noon he had said "Confound it!" to himself several times, but had it been audible, no one could have told whether it had reference to the weather, the dust, or the luncheon at the stage station. When Frank had spoken to him at Murphy's he was in a doubtful state of mind, thinking maybe he would tell her that he was tired of



this pretense, and ask her to stay with Grace; and then he thought he would like to see Grace's eyes fixed upon him again in that absorbed way. It was quite a study for him, he thought. A confused question arose in his mind as to which were more expressive, brown eyes or blue. Mr. Roberts was more perturbed in mind than he had ever remembered being before, and there seemed to him no reason for it. He was a young man of excellent digestion, so it could be nothing he had eaten—not the unripe cherries, nor the overripe bananas, nor the suspicious looking dishes at the hotel in Stockton; none of them. It must be something quite different.

Here some tackling of the stage broke, and the consequent delay made it between ten and eleven o'clock when our party drove between the "Sentinels," and drew up before the hotel at the Big Trees. A bright wood fire was crackling in the wide fireplace, for the mountain air was crisp, and the fingers tingled with cold after the long drive.

Frank whispered to Grace, "We'll go up to our rooms, so that Uncle John will not think anything; then we'll slip out on that upper veranda and come down the outside steps for a walk, just you and Ted and I. I can't sleep, and it would be a waste of time to sleep in this place that I have dreamed about for years. Walking at midnight among these creatures will be a new sensation."

Quincy promised to be on the front steps in ten minutes after they went upstairs. When the lights were out and the house still, three figures, a gentleman with a lady on each arm, stood near the "Fallen Monarch."

"I can now realize that opening chapter of Bret Harte's 'Carquinez Woods,'" said Frank, "where he says, 'The aisles might have been tombs, the fallen trees enormous mummies, the silence the solitude of a forgotten past.' We modern creatures seem out of place here. I feel like apologizing."

A shadowy figure seemed to start from the base of "Henry Ward Beecher" and approach them. Both girls clung closer to Roberts's arms. The shadow took human shape, and Frank exclaimed: "It's Mr.

Staunton," and the other two recognized their traveling companion.

"It seemed sacrilegious to stay in the house," said Frank, feeling as if she must explain their being there at that hour. She wanted him to see that she had a sense of propriety. Her attitude of mind had changed since their first meeting, when she had thought, "What fun it will be to shock him, and give him new views of the American girl!"

They walked for an hour, pausing before the notable trees, and reading the names from the white stone plates with which each was marked. When they emerged from the grove and came noiselessly up the steps, Mr. Roberts helped but one lady, for the other was leaning on Mr. Staunton's arm, and Frank did not remember just when she had been transferred.

She informed Grace while they were undressing that Mr. Staunton was the most agreeable Englishman she had ever seen; that he was not so unbearably egotistical as Englishmen always are, but actually modest and sometimes almost diffident. "None of your worthless lords and dukes," she concluded while she rolled the last curl paper, "nor any of that stuff, but a square, honest fellow, with remarkably good sense, and quite handsome—for that type," she added.

This was Saturday night, after which the calendar inexorably brings Sunday morning.

Who that has been in the mountains in the early morning can ever forget that eternal calm, that feeling of absolute rest, as if at last man had found a place in which to commune with his better self; where petty cares and sordid strife seem as far away as the Middle Ages; where work seems not drudgery, but merely the wholesome pastime and outlet for that wonderful energy and elasticity that comes with the life-giving air? Eating in the mountains is different from eating in the plains. Below, you eat that you may have strength to buy and sell, and wrangle, and jostle in the scramble for life; on the mountains you eat that your body may keep pace with your soaring spirit. Heavy doughnuts and chicory coffee, that on the lowlands your delicate stomach



would spurn as unfit even for beasts, here become glorified, and you revel in them without harm. If such mean things can be so exalted by the transforming air of the mountains, what can be said of the speckled trout from the classic Stanislaus, the delicate rolls, the coffee and cream, with which the climber is regaled at the Big Trees?

When Mr. Staunton met his friends next morning in the breakfast room, he said: "Well, what shall we do today? A fellow can only pway about so long, you know, and then he is pwayed out," with perfect seriousness, for praying, with him, was as much a matter of course as his daily bath.

"We are to have another walk through this grove, to see how it looks by daylight, and this afternoon we'll ride to the South Grove," said Frank.

"Yes, last night, you know—"

Here Frank tried to telegraph to him not to mention last night, for Mr. Staunton did not know about Mr. Hathaway's idiosyncrasies; but not being in time, she managed to push her empty egg-cup off the table, and by a little bustle and scream averted a worse disaster.

Mrs. Campbell and Mr. Hathaway, with the two teachers, joined them in their walk through the grove.

"What a place for a chapel!" said Mrs. Campbell.

"Why should they build a chapel, with this grand cathedral already prepared for them?" answered Grace, with a gesture toward the trees.

"I've heard that you American ladies often speak in public," said Mr. Staunton. "Can't you just give us a little sermon this morning, Miss Harcourt? We'll mount you up there," (pointing to the vast trunk of the "Fallen Monarch,") "and be the audience, and make the responses."

"Yes," said Roberts, "it would seem more like Sunday to have some one tell us our duty from an elevation."

"I shan't promise to tell you your duty, but I'll make a little speech," laughed Frank, "if you'll not be critical about my statements."

"No, no, we'll believe everything unquestioningly."

They helped her up the trunk, and, poised upon that mighty relic of the past, this mid-geet, this bubble on the current of time, this atom of the nineteenth century, began:

"Napoleon thought he was saying a wonderful thing, when he told his soldiers that forty centuries were gazing at them from the pyramids; and so he was; yet those pyramids were not even begun when these trees were sturdy saplings. The mind is lost in trying to trace their beginning. We often hear of people of uncertain age, and here we have a stupendous parallel in the vegetable world. But it is certain that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are modern compared with these. They lived before Palmyra and Baalbec were even thought of. They were growing when Socrates was still in pinafores, before Moses had his first pair of top boots, and even before dear old Methuselah had cut his wisdom teeth. Long before the British Lion had ever roared, or even been classified in natural history," (here she bowed toward Mr. Staunton), "before the American Eagle went roaming through time looking for a suitable place to settle and bring up her family. Ah, yes, my friends, if I seem to bring epochs together that are thousands of years apart, it is that my mind is stunned by the vastness of my subject. We may even trace these trees back to the time of Adam, and why not make the Garden of Eden right here? It has been shifted from the North Pole through every parallel of latitude, and I think it was among these trees that our first parents spent their honeymoon. They were the witnesses of our first mother's sorrow when she found the husband of her choice (Hobson's choice, my friends) to be a man of pusillanimous character. Fancy the poor young thing, unused to the ways of the world, obliged to leave this happy grove, and follow that weakly-vertebrate, her husband, into a Sequoialess existence! Yonder in that field, I'm certain, is her grave; and if it was proper for a contemporary to weep at the grave of Adam, how much more—"

Here there was great applause from a doz-

en or so of strangers who had approached from behind the tree, and had listened unseen. Frank gave a little scream of surprise, and ran along the prostrate trunk like a squirrel, until it was low enough for her to jump down.

The South Grove is reached on horseback by a ride of six miles over a good trail, which leads across the Stanislaus River, the region where "Truthful James" lived and suffered, through forests of sugar pine that would seem mammoth to those who had never seen the Sequoias. Grace had taken a few riding lessons, but did not feel sure of her seat, while Frank rode as naturally as an Arab. The easiest animal they had was a little roan mare, and it was thought best to mount Grace on her. Mr. Hathaway was to have a rawboned creature, of excellent moral character, and Frank a little black mustang. The others had mounted and galloped beyond the "Sentinels" to wait for the guide, while Mr. Roberts assisted Grace into the saddle, much to the annoyance of Mr. Hathaway, although he was too imperfect a horseman to reject the timely aid of even an eligible young man.

The spirited little roan, hearing the clatter of the other hoofs, started off on a run, and Grace, frightened, lost her balance. The saddle turned, there was an instantaneous photograph of flying skirts, hoofs, white face, and hands clutching wildly, as the now affrighted animal began to rear and plunge in truly melodramatic fashion. The father, with one foot in the stirrup, ready to mount, stood paralyzed with terror, the rawboned steed of blameless morals looked grieved, while the rescuing knight flung himself into the saddle, and in a moment had headed off the runaway, disentangled the young lady, and borne her fainting to the roadside. There was an exchange of horses, a smoothing of drapery and feelings, and the cavalcade moved again.

How could Grace be anything but grateful, and how could she regard Mr. Roberts as anything less than the savior of her life? Mr. Hathaway expressed his gratitude in proper terms, but stayed by his daughter's side the

rest of the day. They admired and wondered enough to satisfy the most exacting guide, named two or three of the smaller trees that seemed to have been neglected in that particular, chewed the spruce gum *ad nauseam*, and arrived at the hotel in the moonlight, hungry, but still enthusiastic.

The Big Trees had now been pretty thoroughly "done," and although they would have enjoyed a month of communion with those kindly monuments of nature's strength and sweetness, they must hasten on to that Californian Mecca, Yosemite.

The last day at the Big Trees had done much to show three of our young people how near to danger they had approached. Grace felt that Quincy E. Roberts was the noblest man she had ever seen, and she thought that if she ever loved, the hero would be like him. She almost thought she loved him now, without waiting for somebody like him. She wondered what he thought of her.

Quincy E. Roberts paced the floor of his room and muttered, "I'm a ruined man. I never loved a woman before; and yet, like a fool, I prated of love, and thought I knew all about it. Poor Frank! she believes in me, and she shall never know. I'll try to make her happy;" and later, he sat on the veranda with a cigar, and felt that the universe was a failure.

Frank looked vacantly over the pages of the Tourists' Guide, thinking, "I never supposed it could come to this, or I never should have spoken to that Englishman. Of course, he knows nothing about Ted and me. Poor Ted! If I could only die, or something! that boy believes that I still adore him," and she forgot to put up her front hair that night, which showed to what a mental depth she had fallen.

Frederic Staunton's mother had said to him at parting, "Now, Fred, don't you go to falling in love with any of those pretty, forward American girls; I want you to marry an English girl"; and he had answered gaily, "Don't be afraid, mother. I wish I were as sure of some other things as I am that I will come home heart-free."

Now he sat silent as the stage rumbled on



toward Chinese Camp, and his thoughts were something like this: "By Jove, suppose I *should* choose to take home an American wife! Oh, mother and the girls would like it well enough. How could they help it?" and he glanced shyly at Frank, half fearful lest she should read his thoughts.

That young lady was fast coming to a decision which seemed to her a possible safeguard, although it proved to be but the proverbial straw at which the drowning grasp. The next time her uncle showed uncasiness about Ted, she would just go and confess that she was engaged to him, and that they had been playing a little trick, and beg his forgiveness. She trusted to the relief that her uncle would feel at this state of affairs to keep him in good humor with her and Grace, and she thought that having her uncle as a witness to her obligations to Roberts would help her to be strong.

An opportunity soon came. The last night before entering the Valley was another moonlight night. The moon had much to answer for in the trials of our young people. At supper, a little bunch of wild forget-me-nots lay at Grace's plate. She whispered to Frank with a sickly pretense of keeping up their farce, "I'm going to give these to Mr. Roberts and see if papa will notice them on his coat."

She quickly slipped them near his plate, with a smile that included Frank and himself, and he arranged them as a buttonhole bouquet. This did not escape Mr. Hathaway, who said sternly, "Grace, I will see you in my room after supper."

Frank whispered hurriedly, "I'm going with you, and tell him the whole thing. It's gone far enough."

"Why," gasped Grace, thoroughly frightened, thinking that Frank was at last jealous, and had read her heart; "I was only doing what you put me up to."

"Yes, yes, I know, it's all my fault; but I'm going to make amends, even though late." She thought Grace's agitation was on account of her father's severity.

The two girls entered his room, and Frank began before he had a chance to speak.

"Dear Uncle John, this is all a joke of mine, and you must not blame Grace. The fact is, I thought you needed a little lesson in the management of girls," (stroking his face with her small hand) "and I undertook to teach it. I am engaged to Mr. Roberts, and have been for two years. We are to be married in the fall, so you see there is no need of being afraid of him."

She said this with the prettiest little blush, and he, at first inclined to be angry, was so relieved at the state of affairs, just as Frank had conjectured, that he gave them both some advice about trifling with sober things, and let them go.

Frank did not feel so happy as she thought she would after this confession, but she affected her usual gaiety, and the party, next day, seemed not to have a sorrow in the world.

They passed deserted mining towns, where the wind blew through the windowless houses, and the doors hung distractedly from one hinge. For miles around, the kindly earth had been gashed and gutted by greedy hands in the search for gold. There is no more practical comment upon the futility of human hopes than a deserted mining town. Elsewhere, the search for gold is indirect. You preach, and lecture, and write, and buy and sell, in exchange for gold; but the miner digs directly, and clutches the nugget before it yet bears the stamp of subservience to the passions of men.

Now they began to meet snow, for the season was late, and they were obliged to leave the stage and take a large sled. This was great fun. The horses were supplied with snow shoes, which those sagacious beasts seemed to understand perfectly, and took as a matter of course. The tourists went into raptures over the brilliant sarcodes—the snow-plant of the Sierras—and determined to take some home. It was growing dusk when they entered the Valley.

"Do you know," said Staunton, "I have asked several different American ladies to sing your national hymn, and one sang 'The Star Spangled Banner,' another 'Hail Columbia,' and another still, some words set to



our own air 'God Save the Queen'; now, which is right?"

"Why, the last, of course," Frank quickly put in; "and you had to come to the Pacific Coast to find what our National Anthem is! Three cheers for California."

"Will you sing it, please?" he asked.

Frank began in a full, sweet soprano, in which Grace immediately joined, then Roberts with a rich bass, and before the end of the first line, Staunton's clear, ringing tenor came in; the old lady under the veils moved her lips in sympathy, although no sound came from them; and Mr. Hathaway contributed a word here and there, until every one in the stage was singing, led by those glad young voices. The sound swept down the mighty gorge, until it mingled with the spray of the Bridal Veil, rebounded from the gray rampart of El Capitan, and was taken up by campers far down the Valley, to whom it sounded like the triumphant song of a conquering host, whose signal fires of victory might blaze up the next moment on the mighty walls.

## II.

"I HEARD that some of your countrymen came into the Valley not long ago, sat all day on the veranda playing whist, and left next morning without seeing any more," Frank said, addressing Staunton.

"I fancy from your determined look that you do not intend following their example," he replied.

"No indeed, I intend to climb everything climbable, and stand wherever others have stood."

"Then we shall elect you commander-in-chief of the party."

"I am willing to be the 'power behind the throne,' but I must seem to consult my uncle, for he will not care to go everywhere."

They went in a body to interview a guide, having decided to make the Glacier Point trip the next morning.

The guides in Yosemite have the peculiarities of guides the world over, and think that tourists must make the round of the

Valley according to their dictation. They exaggerate the dangers and risks, in order to make their own attendance seem indispensable.

When they left him, Frank said impatiently: "I don't propose to see Yosemite towed along by these old cranks, who want you to shudder at such and such a place, and point out shapes on the rocks that you can find much better yourself. We'll take them a trip all round for charity's sake, because they have to support their families, I suppose; but part of the time I want to be free from them. Wasn't it funny to hear him talk about 'Glasher Point'? It reminds one of Gwendolen at the Whispering Stones." Then she was afraid Mr. Staunton would think her lacking in delicacy by such a reference, and she blushed deeply.

The situation, since Frank had made her confession to her uncle, was more dangerous than before; because now Mr. Hathaway laid aside his jealous vigilance, and really seemed to enjoy the Valley and be willing that others should. He no longer felt uneasy when his daughter walked with Mr. Roberts, for was he not to be married in September to Frank? And as to the Englishman, he had shown no interest whatever in his daughter.

The girls were strangely silent when together, and always pleaded headache to account for it.

"It seems to me that the danger of this trip has been greatly exaggerated," Frank said, as they were nearing Macauley's, at Glacier Point. "I supposed there were many places where it would require all your moral courage and presence of mind to keep from falling off—in fact, where the guide would have to blindfold you and lead you across; but I have not seen any place where you could not hold a Sunday School picnic with perfect safety."

"Oh, Frank, how you do talk," groaned Grace, who had been in such a state of tremor all the time that her teeth almost chattered, but who was trying to imitate outwardly Frank's fearlessness. Riding up close to her, she whispered: "I could stand it all pretty well, except that when my horse goes

around those curves, his tail *will* go out over the precipice."

Frank burst out into a merry laugh as she asked: "Where do you expect him to keep his tail? Do you think he can fold it up like an opera hat and tuck it under his arm?"

This ridicule had so good an effect upon Grace, that by the time they reached the top she could go around the curves with scarcely any feeling of terror.

They stood by the railing, as everybody does, and gazed into the awful depths. Grace would not go within a rod of the railing, but Frank hung over it until her uncle led her away.

"I wonder where the spot is on this trail where that tragedy occurred two or three years ago," mused Frank aloud. "Somebody—I forgot who—told me about it. Two lovers were walking down, and in some way she lost her footing and fell over one of those awful precipices, and he could do nothing to save her. She hung by her clothing for a few moments on a crag out of his reach, and from there bade him good-bye and sent loving messages to her friends, until the stone, loosened by her weight, gave way, and she was gone. What would you have done under those circumstances?"

The question seemed general.

"I think he should have gone over with her," said Grace.

"Why should two lives be sacrificed when only one must be?" asked Roberts.

Staunton was silent, while he gazed at the higher peaks of the Sierra.

"I think she ought to have been looking to see where she was going," muttered Mr. Hathaway.

There was a moment of silence, which Frank broke by saying: "That is what I am going to climb," pointing to the South Dome, which uplifted its stupendous mass far above the height upon which they stood. "Professor Whitney says that South Dome is entirely unique in the Sierra Nevada, and probably in the world, and that its only possible rival is the Matterhorn."

"That is just what you can't climb," returned Roberts, "for no one has been up

yet this year, and they don't think it will be climbed any more since George Anderson is dead—the man who put up the rope."

"Come to Yosemite and not climb the Dome?" echoed Frank.

"Well, you don't want to do anything foolhardy, do you?"

Frank said no more, but resolved to inquire from others besides the guides, who, she thought, were a set of pokes, afraid themselves.

South Dome or Half Dome is certainly the most wonderful of the many wonderful formations in Yosemite Valley. Where the other half is still puzzles geologists, while the half that remains is the wonder and terror of tourists. Its height is nine thousand feet above the sea and five thousand above the Valley floor. It is the western half that has disappeared, leaving on that side a sheer precipice of nearly five thousand feet, on the edge of which very cool-headed people have been known to sit and dangle their feet.

For a long time the eastern side was considered inaccessible, but at last a bold young sailor, after constructing a trail to what is known as the "Saddle," conceived the idea of scaling the Dome itself by driving in iron staples four or five feet apart, clinging to one while driving another, and these staples with their rings were to serve as places of attachment for a rope. He suffered, as Noah did, from the jeers of his fellow men, who said that it could not be done. It *was* done, however, and the gallant sailor stood where never human foot had stood before, and alone gazed down the dizzy western side. After the rope was fastened securely, it was comparatively easy for any level-headed person to go up, if he were careful to hold on and not look behind. Six weeks before our party entered the Valley, this hero of South Dome died of pneumonia, after which a terror seemed to seize the other guides, and the trail was abandoned.

Our friends climbed Cloud's Rest, spending the night at Snow's, where Mr. Hathaway waited until their return, as he feared the rarefied air of the elevation would be bad for him.



The trail to South Dome branches off from that to Cloud's Rest, and the place is marked by a guide post. This Frank noticed eagerly, and asked Mr. Snow many questions about the ascent, to all of which she received only discouraging replies; that it was dangerous, and did not pay, even if you did get up.

The next day they went to the head of Yosemite Falls, and from there to Eagle Peak. They had now been to all the general points of interest except South Dome, and all had given that up but Frank. It was arranged that they should rest one whole day and go out of the Valley the following, having already stayed longer than Mr. Hathaway had planned.

Frank felt as if everything were coming to an end. Only one more day, and all would be over. Mr. Staunton was going by the Madera route, and the others by the way they came. One more day, and life would go on in the same old groove. It seemed impossible to her that she should marry Roberts, or that he could ever be the same to her again. She felt like doing something desperate. She wanted to be alone awhile and think.

"Mr. Hutchings," she said to the Guardian of the Valley, "do you think it would be safe to be the first to go up the rope this season?"

"Well, my child," he answered, smiling down upon her, "just go up to the Saddle and then let the gentlemen of your party give the rope two or three good pulls, and if it stands it, it is safe to go right along. If poor George were here, he would take you up fast enough."

Then she went to a guide. "Mr. Kenny, will you let me have a horse at five o'clock in the morning? I want to commune a little with Nature," she said with a roguish smile, as he looked at her rather doubtfully.

"Yes, I can manage it," he said, as she slipped a gold piece into his hand.

"The little bay, please, and the Morgan saddle."

"All right, miss."

Blue and gold are irresistible, particularly

when the blue is in a pair of eyes and the gold bears the stamp of the circulating medium. At half past five next morning a solitary figure on a bay horse might have been seen entering the trail leading to Nevada and Vernal Falls.

She did not feel afraid, and yet wondered at herself that she did not. She was alone with the rocks and rapids, the beetling cliffs and sunless chasms. Mother Snow was surprised by a rap on the door with a riding whip at a little after seven.

"Can I have some breakfast? I came ahead of my party," she explained, feeling sure they would follow her. She hastened through her breakfast and rode on; up the steep trail to the head of Nevada Falls, and on through the Little Yosemite by the trail to Cloud's Rest. What if she should meet a bear! a grizzly! It was not impossible. How ignominious it would be to be eaten by a bear! She should much prefer to fall off the Dome. She struck off the path at the point indicated by the guide-board, and now there was no foot-mark nor trail of any kind to be seen, but she could just distinguish the bald Dome far across the snow-covered crags.

For a moment she wavered. Suppose something should happen, that she should never return? She would not like that, for however great her trials were, and however complex life seemed, she would prefer to see how it would come out, and not be hustled out of sight down some chasm in Yosemite.

Soon she left her horse fastened to a tree and climbed on foot. There was no sound, not even a faint murmur of the thundering falls. She was above the sound belt, on the heights of endless calm. She gathered inspiration as she climbed, until reaching the top was a dominant purpose. She felt a wild exultation in the ruthless power that had flung together these heights and depths. Here and there she could see stones pushing through the snow from the trail built by the sailor, and she knew that she was on the right path.

At last she reached the Saddle, which is a shelf of rock almost level, as if Nature paused



to take breath before beginning her masterpiece, the Dome, which arose, gray and bare and awful, nine hundred feet above. And the rope? She looked eagerly around. There it was, fastened to a staple. She seized it, her hands trembling with excitement and expectancy. She pulled and strained to her utmost. It seemed perfectly firm. She rested a moment. On one side lay the Little Yosemite, smiling peacefully far below. On the left she could just see the edge of that sheer face at the foot of which lies Mirror Lake. She began the ascent, not daring to look behind; up, up, up the slippery, rounding granite. In some places a staple was missing, but this did not seem to make any difference in the firmness of the rope. At the top at last! She gave a shout of triumph and waved her cap. She threw herself down and crept slowly to the edge and peered over. Even her cool little head grew dizzy, and creeping back she sat down several feet away from the dangerous place. After all, it was not much of a thing to do, she thought, and she wondered if everything in life would seem so worthless after it was accomplished.

There was a quick step on the rock behind her, and turning she met the anxious face of Frederic Staunton.

"Thank God, I've found you at last," he said, coming forward with a beaming face.

She stood up to meet him with a frank smile. She had somehow felt that he would come first to find her.

"Where are the others?" she asked.

"I left them all along the way in my hurry to get here first. The thought of your being in all those horrible places alone was unbearable."

He had come nearer, and she felt his eyes reading her face, but she dared not look at him. A strange helplessness was coming over her. He was going to say something, and she ought not to allow him; but yet she wanted to hear it.

At last she raised her eyes timidly. The long lashes that shaded them did not hide the half-frightened look in them, and Frederic Staunton thought he had never seen anything so beautiful in his life.

"I am going tomorrow by the other route," he said, "and I want to ask you something."

It was coming now, and she looked down again.

"I want to tell you that I love you, Frank," and he took her hand confidently, for her face told all that an anxious lover would know. Her hand lay unresistingly in his. There was not another living thing in sight; not even a cricket to look wonderingly at the human way of managing such situations. Just those two alone, and for the moment they forgot that anyone else was in the world.

"Let me hear my doom," he said, with a joyous ring in his tone, as he drew her toward him.

"Oh, Mr. Staunton," she said, taking her hand from his. "I—I do love you, but I oughtn't to, and I know it is dreadful, but I am engaged to Mr Roberts, and I'm so unhappy, and everything is all wrong," and she burst into tears, burying her face in her hands and turning from him.

What lover could see her whom he loved in tears, and not try to comfort her, though she be engaged thrice over to some other man? He came, and lifting her tenderly in his strong arms, placed her on a shelf of rock, where their eyes were on a level, when he took down her hands.

The eyes were lovelier still with the tears on the lashes, and even at that moment she took satisfaction in the thought that her nose never grew red with crying.

"What is this you tell me? Engaged to Roberts? I thought he was fond of your cousin."

"That is all a stupid joke we were playing for the benefit of my uncle, but it is over now. We are to be married in the fall."

"But how can you marry *him*, when you love *me*?" he asked, with the facile logic of love.

"Oh, I don't know," she said, trying to take her hands from his, "only I know that we must go now. Please lift me down."

Frederic Staunton did not feel discouraged, although the conditions were a little awkward, and he set her down on a level

spot, saying gayly, "Don't cry any more. There has been a mistake, and we'll correct it." It seemed absurd that she should be engaged to anybody but him.

When Grace had arrived at Snow's she insisted on going farther, and Roberts, caring only to please her, made himself her guide, while the others waited at Nevada Falls.

Mr. Quincy Roberts was growing reckless. Why didn't he rush ahead of everybody else, and find Frank? Because he thought Frank would take care of herself, and because every moment with Grace was a delicious pleasure, which tomorrow, or at most a few days, would end forever. When they left the horses she still insisted upon climbing, but when they reached the Saddle she sank down completely overcome with fatigue.

What could he do but support her, for the bare rock offered no resting place? She had drawn off one of her gloves, and her hand looked very white against her dark dress. A delicate perfume came from some soft netting she had fastened around her neck. The arm around her felt like iron as he drew her closer. She struggled to free herself: "Oh, Quincy," she cried in real agony, "let me go. What would Frank say?"

"Frank is not here, darling; no one but you and me," and he leaned over until he could feel the throbbing of her heart.

"But I know it is not right, or I should not feel so wicked," she pleaded.

"I've almost come to think there is no such thing as right and wrong," said the young man. "I did not plan this. It is fate."

They both had risen, and were gazing at the measureless depths on either side.

While this little play of life was being enacted at the base of the Dome, Staunton and Frank had begun to descend.

Neither of them had thought to notice the fastening of the rope at the top. They went, at first, side by side, then after a few feet he said "You had better go first, so that if anything should happen above I can hold the rope for you."

He did not think anything would happen, but he preferred to take precautions.

Seventy or eighty feet were accomplished in this way when, suddenly, the rope gave a convulsive shudder, and lay loose and limp in their hands. For an instant their eyes met. There was only an instant to spare.

"Never mind," he said cheerily. "I'll brace myself against this staple, and hold the rope till *you* get down, then you can call to me, and *I'll* come"—but there was a leap of terror at his heart. He knew that if she recognized the real danger, and lost her presence of mind, it would be fatal.

She had always relied upon the muscle of man as being practically omnipotent, and it never occurred to her to doubt it now. She went on fearlessly, looking at him with a smile as she descended backwards. He watched her until she disappeared under the curve of the Dome.

Eternal the moments seemed to this modern Prometheus. His muscles grew stiff from their constrained position. He felt the staple, on which his right foot rested, bending from his weight. He tried to relieve it by pressing hard against the rock with his free hand. At last came a faint girlish scream, the signal for him to save himself. Almost at the same instant with the call, the staple, weakened by the winter frosts and the long pressure, gave way, and slid down to join two or three of its faithless fellows, against which it rattled and tinkled as gleefully as if a human life were not at stake because of its defection.

He had relied upon this, and it had failed him. It was fully twenty feet to the next ring. Could he manage to reach it without acquiring momentum sufficient to wrench it from its hold? It was the only thing to try. How sweet life looked to him! He could almost think of it now as something outside of himself, for in those few seconds hope had changed to despair. Perhaps that gave him strength.

By dextrous management he got one shoe off, that he might cling better. Even in that terrible moment he remembered to start it rolling where it would not fall at the feet of those waiting below. He could not bear to seem ridiculous, and his footless shoe appear-



ing among them in hot haste would look so.

Faster and faster he went, although he had pressed his hands down on the granite until they bled. The blood helped a little by making more friction. He has reached it! Will it hold? Yes—no! it bends and flies out, chipping little flecks of stone that roll on down; but it has arrested his progress a little.

“My God, must I go?” he groans. There is another chance. Another staple only six feet away. The rope that he had abandoned as useless had been stopped by the iron ring, while the loose end streamed down over the bulging Dome.

“If it bears the weight of all those coils of rope it will bear me,” he thought, and his heart leaped with hope again.

Yes, it was as solid as the day it was drilled in, and he was saved, for he could now secure the rope to this. He rested a moment, and the rich young blood bounded through his veins with the joy of being alive and safe. His gloves had been in the pocket of his coat all the time, and he now put them on to hide his bruised hands.

As he neared the bottom, Roberts called to him:

“We began to think you had decided to go down the other side by the short cut to Mirror Lake, Staunton.”

“I had some notion of it for a little while myself, but changed my mind,” he answered, laughing.

Frank noticed that his shoe was gone and his clothes rubbed, but he made light of it, and said he could cling better without the shoe and it got away from him. Enveloped in his ulster, he showed few marks of his struggle for life.

Great were the rejoicings at the hotel when they rode up, and Frank was pressed to give an account of her adventures. She did it in a light and laughing way, speaking of the loosening of the rope and staples as if it was a mere trifle, when a sturdy mountaineer interrupted her with:

“I s’pose you know the danger that young chap was in? that he risked his life to save

you, and his getting down alive was not a bit short of a miracle?” and he muttered under his breath: “These young things hold a man’s life as if it were no better than a buttonhole bouquet.”

“I did not know it was so bad as that,” said Frank, turning pale.

She went to her room to be alone. She thought she would send for Quincy and tell him all, and beg him to release her. No, she would write a note, and see at least how the words would look. She tore a small leaf from her memorandum and wrote:

“DEAR QUINCY:

“Forgive me if I hurt you, but things can never be the same again. I can never marry you. It is only just to tell you that I love another in a way that I never can and never did love you. I made a great mistake, but it is not too late.”

This sounded stiff and awkward, and she crumpled it up, resolving to see him. The wind blew the paper to the floor, and the chambermaid, coming in a little while after, picked it up with other waste papers and carried it away.

Mr. Roberts was heard to call to this same handmaiden in the afternoon: “Mary, did you see a paper on my desk this morning? It’s a receipted bill, and I wish you would look it up.”

“Sure, I took some bits of paper from the floor, but none from the desk, sir, but I’ll see,” and she went off a little frightened, for although her notions of a receipted bill were vague, it must be something important, or the young man would not worry over it. In a few minutes she returned breathless, with a handful of papers. “Is this it, sir?” and she handed him one of the collection.

He took it and read. It was Frank’s note to him.

“Is it right, sir?” faltered the girl.

“Yes, yes, Mary it couldn’t be better,” he cried rapturously. “Take this, and ask Miss Harcourt to meet me in the parlor,” and he pressed a coin into her hand.

“Young men are the queerest,” mused Mary, as she trudged away to find Frank. “This one has been quite down for a day or two back, but he seems to be perking up.”

When Frank entered the parlor, Quincy

hurried to meet her, holding her own note open in his hand. She gazed at it in amazement.

"I don't know whether you meant to send me this one or another, but it's no matter. It's all right, Frank. We both made a mistake, but as you say, it is not too late. Oh, Frank! I am as happy to be free as you are, for now there is nothing to hinder, and you can help me in real earnest, instead of in play, as we began."

Does a woman ever witness the joy of a man because of his release from vows to her, without a twinge of jealous feeling, however much she prays for that release herself? There was something akin to that in Frank's heart, as she thought: "How happy he is over it, and I was so wretched on his account!" but aloud she said: "And who is the happy one?"

"Why, Grace, of course," he replied.

"Well, well, if that isn't too good," and the complexity of the situation was so funny that she burst into a ringing laugh. "Now, as usual, I appear as the heavy villain, for it has not been a week since I told Uncle John that I was engaged to you, and he has slept as peacefully as a child ever since; now he will have to get a new focus, and that is hard for old people. Let's call Grace and make her happy, and then we'll call uncle and make him ditto."

Grace came, and the situation was explained, after which Frank, with the air of a grandfather, placed Grace's hand in Quincy's and blessed them, calling them "my children."

She then ran off to call her uncle, while Grace, overcome by the long strain, sobbed hysterically in Quincy's arms.

Frank did not find Mr. Hathaway at once, but after some minutes came upon him reading in the office.

"Uncle John, will you please come here a minute; we want to ask you something."

He came, muttering, "I suppose they want me to consent to stay around here for another week."

Quincy, with Grace upon his arm, advanced to meet him as he entered the parlor.

"Mr. Hathaway, I have the great happiness to have won the love of your daughter, and we only need your blessing to make it complete."

Mr. Hathaway looked puzzled, and thinking it a part of the same play, said, not heeding Quincy: "Come, girls, we've had enough of private theatricals. What scene from Shakspeare are you doing now?"

"But, Uncle, it is not play, it is earnest," said Frank.

"Then I have been grossly deceived, for it has not been a week since you told me that you were to marry Mr. Roberts."

"That is true, Uncle, but everything has changed. I've found that I love somebody else, and somebody else loves me, and Quincy has found that he loves somebody else, and there has been a new deal all round. Everything changes so in California," she said, looking at him with a wicked little smile.

"Well, all I can say is, young man, that I shall consent to no such arrangement. My daughter is too young and inexperienced to know what she wants, and you have taken a base advantage. I dare say the knowledge of my daughter's expectations helped you to transfer your affections so readily," he added, with withering sarcasm.

Quincy straightened himself haughtily, and replied: "I was not aware that your daughter had expectations, if you refer to money, and I do not need to marry a fortune. I am amply able to support a wife, sir."

"Grace, you will spend the rest of the evening in your own room. Tomorrow we start for home by the Madera route," and he stalked out of the room.

At midnight, three people on horseback passed Inspiration Point, a young lady and gentleman and a guide. The young lady looked pale but happy, and the young man, triumphant; and the guide looked satisfied, as his fingers closed around the gold pieces in his pocket.

Next morning at half past four o'clock, a middle aged man was pacing the veranda of the hotel. As he passed No. 11, he noticed a pair of newly blackened shoes standing outside.



This seemed to satisfy him that the occupant of the room was still within and asleep.

Five o'clock ; half past ; and still the shoes were not reclaimed. Six o'clock ! the stage would leave in an hour.

Frank came breathless, and gave him a note, saying that she found it under her door when she rose. It read :

"DEAR FATHER :

"When you read this I shall be far on my way to Southern California, as Mrs. Quincy Roberts. Think of me kindly, father. I could not do otherwise.

"Your loving daughter,

"GRACE."

Three days later, Miss Frank Harcourt entered the parlors of her father's house on Nob Hill, and after greeting the family effusively, sank into a chair and began taking off her gloves.

"Where are your uncle, and Grace, and Quincy, and the rest?" asked Mrs. Harcourt, impatient to have things explained, for there was something mysterious in her daughter's

manner that piqued her curiosity to the utmost.

"Well, dreadful things have happened, and I don't know where to begin, so I'll just dash into the middle. Quincy has eloped with Grace, with my consent and blessing, and Uncle John is pursuing them, but not to give them his consent and blessing, and I am engaged to Mr. Staunton, who will call after dinner to get your consent and blessing, and, mother, you will visit your daughter as Mrs. Frederic Staunton, in London, instead of Mrs. Quincy Roberts in Terre Haute."

There was silence (an unparalleled condition of things in the Harcourt family) for the space of four seconds, when the small brother of thirteen, the age that disdains to show any interest in human emotion, said ; "Well, because you have given one fellow the grand bounce, and are spoons on another, is no reason why dinner should hang fire like this," and he marched to the dining room whistling Yankee Doodle.

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## TENTING SKETCHES.

### I.

#### ON RUSSIAN RIVER.

THERE is a place on our Central California coast where a strong rushing river pushes itself through high mountains and shadowy redwood forests to the ocean. But the river seems to shrink from the fatal contact, and lingering at its mouth, it spreads itself into a deep blue sheet ; while the uneasy sands, striving to hold the river back, build during the cloudless summer time a high, dry bar from cliff to cliff, between the clear river and the sounding ocean.

Here there gathers a tranquil lake, shut in by the cliffs on either side and the high hills inland, one of which leaves room for a miniature plain at its foot, where a grove of willows fling their shadows over the banks by the lake. Across this little plain a wander-

ing rivulet finds its way, making with its outlet among the willows a little harbor for boats. Broken bits of fog sweep in and out from the ocean to cool the sunny hills, and restless breezes glide up and down the river, but seemingly without power to harm the peace of the cliff-bound stream.

And so the shining river rests through the gentle autumn days, till the winter torrents dash down from the great mountains to mingle there the broad volume of the river with the tumultuous deep. And waiting so, glassy and still, the river-lake keeps calmly the mountain and valley memories of all its winding length. The many tenters from the willow glades there, who glide in boats from cliff to cliff, delighting in its placid depth, call to mind the oozy springs and waving bunch-grass of its far-off mountain sources where the slender-footed deer make the

first impresses in its damp pathway. The drifters watch the white sea birds sailing in lone flight over the bar, and speak of the mountain forest birds, dipping their gray wings in the dark pools in the cañons, and of the quail whirring through the yellow valleys, where the young river broadens in its pebbly bed. They see the graceful hop vine glancing into the stream as it passes, and the fragrant alfalfa spreading its evergreen meadows over the rich lowlands.

Down by the sand barrier that holds the river back, floating in the deep, still waters under the cliff, lie groups and tangles of logs, refuse from the dusty mills above, which never cease to grasp and tear away the stately pillars of the forest. But the river sweeps down to higher solitudes yet unscathed, where it foams between precipitous and shadowed banks, spraying the ferns that grow under the rocks, and cooling the vines that sway from tree-top to bank.

But they who pitch their tents on the bit of mead by the willow grove need no memories of the rarer handiworks of nature. There is all to satisfy. An island under a steep hill-slope lies like an emerald gem on the bright, sheeny surface of the lake—a green and fertile farm guarded all about with its high levee, and fringed by the tall reeds and rushes that grow out of the water to rustle against its banks. The tenters, rowing across the water, making the hills' echo their songs and laughter, pull through a saragossa of river moss to land on its fair shores. And there they find a quaint, low-roofed cottage, hung with vines, damp, beaten paths, grass-bordered, banks and rows of many colored flowers, a kitchen garden, and green pastures. There are milk and vegetables; the boats can be loaded with the luxuries of camp life. But it seems the best of all to have the privilege of lingering about the paths of this green island home; there is the placid blue lake, the inland view up the river, the white tents across the stream, and looking west, the boundless ocean swelling in and thundering against the bar.

Day after day, fascinated by the repetition, the tenters row down the lake and land upon

the bar between the sea-washed and rugged cliffs, and wander in meditation about the shore, while the "wild white horses" leap upon the beach, and the thin waves chase each other up the shining sands. Outside the bar, lone rocks towering cliffward are bathed with foaming spray, and far away, slowly and calmly, the white-sailed ships patrol the deep.

## II.

### THE MERMAID'S BATH.

It is a wonderful ride up the coast from the forests and sunny slopes of Sonoma to "Cool Navarro." You drive all the way along the bold cliff-road, where the towns and settlements, lying down close to the coast, are shut in by the high mountain range from any other view. Many small creeks with high, wooded banks run down from the steep range into the ocean. In order to cross these, you must often turn from a bold headland, looking out over the blue expanse, and drive down the shaded aisle of a dense redwood forest, which has covered and kept the white, foaming river all the way from the misty mountain tops. Back somewhere in this dark recess, there will be a bridge over a deep, clear pool of water, and the songsters and game birds of the coast are fluttering up and down the sheltered defile. The wind is hushed into silence down among the great red trunks and deep shadows, but far above, the feathery tree-tops are swaying across their canopy of blue. After hiding away thus, as if in the heart of the forest, you turn on to a grade on the opposite side of the defile, and winding up, suddenly confront the bold wind and the glare of the shimmering ocean.

You drive on through leagues and leagues of pasture land bordering on the ocean cliffs, or through miles of rocky land, bleak and barren, always skirted by the low-growing forest. The beautiful Gualala widens at its mouth, and you cross on an ancient looking ferry boat—which you go through shallow waters to reach—and drive directly through the buildings of a great mill. You are startled by the roar and glare of a perpetual fire,



which consumes only the refuse of the crashing machinery. The mouth of the river is blocked by floating logs, which are borne, one by one, but swiftly, into the maw of the remorseless devourer.

Above the picturesque Gualala and all along the coast are abandoned mills with their deserted settlements, and, on further, where the forest and the mountains stand more distant from the coast, there are the cultivated fields, the blackberry hedges, the houses, lanes, and pastures of a well settled district.

There are many treasures for the memory of an artist along this upper Sonoma and lower Mendocino coast. For instance, a bold, high headland pushes out to the ocean, having only a narrow neck of land as a path to its grassy slope. It is but little more than an acre of smooth, fertile ground, held up by precipitous cliffs, with trees and groups of rocks for its picturesque furnishing. It seems a natural fortress and place of hiding and defense, but garrisoned now only by the sea-birds, and grazing goats and cattle that wander out across the narrow neck of land.

Riding along this wild and lonely coast, and yet in Sonoma county, one turns a curve, and meets with the keenest appreciation the view of a handsome, white, gable-roofed house, standing at the foot of the dark, heavy forest, with a picturesque mass of rock thrown up in front. In the upper story a square projecting window looks out over the ocean, and wild vines and cultivated flowers compete in luxuriance for the occupation of the grounds and rocks. Up in that high window the sea-lover finds great companionship in the wide ocean ever rolling in with heaving waves, in the white fog wandering in masses to creep into the blue forest, in the coming of hunters, herders, and woodmen down through the sounding forest to the white house so close to the waves.

We tented once in the edge of the forest, so close to the sea that you might run down as through a door yard and look over the brink of the cliff into the seething waves. We turned into the thick forest as into a house set by the wayside, and from the white,

glittering light of the ocean and sandy coast road, into the shelter of a shaded retreat, where only streaks and splashes of sunlight fell across the long green aisles. The floor of this forest refuge was the russet of the fallen leaves and the green of the plentiful brakes. Young pines and underbrush made a protection from the vigorous wind that cut along the coast rocks, so that the brakes bowed lightly, and the rushing sound of wind was high and far away.

The red fire gave a bright jewel to the russet and green retreat. Near by a little brook rippled along, heedless that its bright stream would soon be plunged into the breaking waves. The ferns crept down under the rocks close to its edge, and the brakes hung over it to catch its last soft breath ere it reached the open sunlight and its glaring fate.

Emerging from the forest, it ran in a narrow, deep channel across the open space, and disappeared over the cliff. Having a view from one side, we saw that the rugged cliff had broadened out into a shelf some distance below its edge, and offered there a hollowed receptacle for the bright descending waters, and they fell into it with a pleasant rippling and splashing, softly heard above the roar of the breaking waves; there they spread into a clear pool against the dark, rough wall, as if they were grateful to find so safe a place to tarry awhile before they passed over into the seething depth below. From the rock-edges of this calm little lake, gentle, silent streams crept over, and ran down the seams and ridges of the great cliff. A few venturesome ladies' slippers had strayed down from the upper channel, and grew on the edge of the water, as if the fairies had been there to bathe, and had left some of their tiny, yellow, velvety shoes.

### III.

#### "POOR WILL."

THEY had said, "Go up on the north side of the lake, and you will travel along the top of a ridge where you will find 'deer licks,' wonderful springs, varied forests; and look-

ing down over inaccessible mountain sides, you will see the great Clear Lake shining far below." So we climbed up a steep, rugged, half-blind road, and traveled through a wild, almost inaccessible, country. Here we watched for the track of the deer by the many oozy springs, and listened for every bird note that echoes through the woods. On the top of the mountain, where tall pines and groups of young trees made protection from the sun and wind, a deserted deer camp told a pitiful story of many slaughtered innocents.

We hailed the sweetness of the air, so far above the smoke and dust of the valleys, lifted our arms joyfully to the dry, fragrant wind floating under the pines, watching as we were carried through it for those fine incomparable views of the white, misty lake, spread far below in its majestic setting of rugged mountains. It was up here that we found the resort of our imaginations, as if Nature herself had planned it after the most romantic fancy of the nature worshiper.

Many narrow cañons led off from the mountain's crest, wandering down toward the valleys below. Over the ridge, and down one of these, ran the main toll road from the west in to Bartlett Springs, which lies four miles down a steep grade at the foot of the mountain. All about the top of the ridge are many little bench formations, and almost invariably by each bench, large or small, appears a damp place green with waving grass, which shows the presence of flowing or undeveloped springs. One of these bench formations near the summit was large enough to form a ridge by itself, with deeply wooded sides, and narrow but level top. Where the small ridge left the main mountain, a great mass of rock, about a half an acre in extent, was built into the foundations of the earth, and reared up in the air like a castle. We could ascend its ramparts from the rear, but it was impregnable in front. A few stunted trees grew on its turrets, and the pines of the forest shot up by its side.

Down in the gloomy shade on one side of the rock a fissure appeared, and a narrow, tortuous opening led to a long cavern with

jagged sides and irregular floor, perhaps the dungeon of some heathen inquisition. Away back in the dark, it stopped over a black opening, and a rock thrown in, after a long silence, was followed by the dull, hollow sound of its splashing into some sullen, mysterious tide below.

On the opposite side of Castle Rock was the icy cold spring which sent down the mountain a long train of grasses and flowers. The tall trees, standing a little apart, guarded it from the sunlight, and the birds of the forest kept whirling continually into the open space, to bathe and flutter about the dear jewel of their delight—this unsullied, clear, and faultless pearl of the woods.

Directly in the front of Castle Rock lay the level tenting ground, shaded, but not obscured, by trees, and fit for the royal tent of an encamping army, where a handful of men might defend it, being surrounded by its steep slopes merging into the general contour of the mountain.

Here we placed the white dwelling of our pilgrimage, and with the forest above and the forest below, breathed in from the piny pungent wind an overflowing measure of the blessedness and beauty of outdoor life. It is not in looking at such a place as this that one sees the fountain of health and satisfaction; it is in staying there day after day, until the measure of the forest hymns begins to beat about the inner thought; it is in climbing every day new paths, seeing new views, tasting of new springs, discovering a tree rare in its locality, or a rare bird retreating in cautious flight before you. It is in becoming domiciled in the woods till they are restful and familiar, and until you realize that in such solitudes, so far from the haunts of men, absolute safety waits upon your footsteps by day or night.

For there is nothing harmful in the forest shadows; only the chirp of the tree squirrel startles the air as he is starting to his home; the woodpecker raps away with his telegraphy of peace, and the perpetual hymning of the tree-tops dispenses unworded calm and restfulness. And the night blends itself into the forest shadows, and comes up through



the umber tree trunks with the slow peace that scatters care. The stars and the burnished moon are not so much a part of the forest night, but glitter far away behind the screening tree-tops, taking no solemnity from the inner chamber of the woods. The camp-fire, with the white smoke passing away with the wind, is the star of the pine and cedar glades

There is one thing up there in the woods that lies like a jewel on the memory. One night the camp-fire had gone out, and slumber, which comes so easily and so early there, had claimed its most willing votaries. The night was motionless, the horses tethered in the brush crunched their hay quietly, the frogs and crickets called faintly and dreamily. A voice said: "Hush—did you hear it?"

I listened, and in a moment there came

up from the dark, silent woods below the clear, plaintive, mysterious notes, "Poor will, poo' will, poo' whip, poo' whip, poo' will."

My ears heard it for the first time, but instantly my years had vanished, and I was a child in a rude Californian schoolhouse, reading from my thumbled reader the never-to-be-forgotten tale of poor Will, the truant. And then it came again—so sweet, so pure, so welcome to the ears that had always longed to hear it—not an unvarying command, but a commiseration, rating in equal sympathy both objects of mention—"Poo' whip, poo' whip, poo' will."

If ever you go there, stay by night in the woods, till the shy midnight wanderer repeats to you the pathetic song-burden of his existence.

*Lillian H. Shuey.*

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#### WITH CRAWFORD IN MEXICO.

I READ with much interest the account of the pursuit of Geronimo in the April number of the *OVERLAND*, as it was my fortune to accompany the command of Captain Emmet Crawford, who continued the pursuit of this band into the Sierra Madre Mountains of Mexico.

After a hard chase after a portion of the hostiles as far as Lake Palomas, in Mexico, the command to which I belonged was ordered to go to Deming and report to Captain Crawford. We found Crawford awaiting us with a train of stock cars, all ready to pull out as soon as some Indian scouts should arrive on the train from the East.

The main body of the hostiles were reported as making their way south, to the west of us, and telegrams reporting their position were coming all day long; but the train from the East was late, and we did not get away till afternoon. It soon discharged its motley load of Indian scouts, whose appearance bore evidence of the long, hard chase they had just concluded; for they had

been following the hostiles from the north, and were put on the cars, in the Rio Grande valley, to endeavor to head them off to the west of Deming, before they got to the railroad. We were soon loaded and off, and after dark disembarked at Separ, having heard nothing from the hostiles since leaving Deming.

The darkness was intense, and unloading the animals on an open freight platform difficult in the extreme. The cries of the scouts, the trampling of loose animals, and the efforts of the men to find their belongings in the darkness, created an indescribable confusion; while the resemblance to pandemonium was, if anything, increased by the little fires the scouts had lighted, which illuminated the somber darkness in places, and showed the savage faces and almost naked forms of the Indian scouts gathered around them.

It was midnight before the tired men got to rest, and at daybreak the camp was astir, and we were soon marching away over the

gray looking plain stretching off to the southwest. Crawford had received telegrams that the hostiles had crossed the railroad to the south of us, and we were going southwest to find the trail. We learned afterwards that the hostiles had gone off to the west, and thus we missed seeing their trail till long afterward.

We continued to the southwest, to Skeleton Cañon, where we were joined by the Chiricahua scouts under Chatto, and our transportation increased by another pack-train. Chatto was a chief of the same tribe as the hostiles, the Chiricahuas, and it was said that he was desirous of killing Geronimo and the other chiefs of the hostile band, in order to become head chief, and that we were indebted to this ambition for the company of himself and braves on our expedition against his brethren.

In the course of interviews with Crawford, Chatto said that he knew just where the hostiles intended to rendezvous in Mexico; and it was finally determined to proceed directly to the spot, instead of wasting time in following trails, which is necessarily a slow process. We went to Lang's Ranch, on the Mexican line, the next day, and on the following day went through the San Luis pass, and turned south along the eastern base of the Sierra Madre, and around the Mexican line. To the west of us were the mountains, and off to the east stretched the great Jaños plain, and to the south could be seen the blue outlines of high mountains in Mexico. The scouts could be seen outlined against the sky as they crossed the ridges of the foothills ahead of us, while behind us followed the long line of cavalry, followed in turn by the white, pack-covered mules; each train led by its bell horse with his tinkling bell.

Our command consisted of nearly a hundred Indian scouts and a troop of cavalry, and for transportation we had two pack-trains of fifty pack mules each, and a full complement of packers with each train. The scouts went ahead of the rest of the command, and with the exception of a few who had captured horses or mules in a previous encounter with the hostiles, were all afoot.

Where the country would admit of it, they would cover nearly a mile of country between their flanks. There was no attempt at any regular order of march; each scout would follow his own inclination, all keeping the same general direction. As a rule, they would get quite a long distance ahead of the cavalry and pack-trains by ten or eleven o'clock in the morning; they would then sit down under trees, and rest and smoke a while, and as we would come in sight, would move on; always keeping ahead of the cavalry with apparent ease, although on foot. Mountains or hills seemed to have no terrors for them, and they would generally go over a mountain, no matter how steep, if it would shorten the distance.

Finding no water in the foothills, we turned off to the east toward a rugged looking mountain that stood out in the plain, called the Sierra en Media or Middle Mountain. Here, a few years ago, the troops had a fight with the hostiles. A rough, rocky hill, somewhat detached from the main mountain, with an occasional skeleton of a horse or a man about it, and the rocks spattered with lead, told the tale.

The horses and mules were turned out to graze, and we went into camp. Our animals got no feed except what they would pick up, and they were always grazed all night under charge of a guard. We used no tents, so were spared the necessity of putting them up. The usual rule was, when there happened to be any trees, to spread our blankets in the shade, and after a wash in the one tin wash basin that sufficed for all the headquarters, lie around until the cook should announce dinner.

The officers messed with the packers, and were about equally divided between the two trains. The tin plates and cups would be laid out on a *manta*, or pack-cover, on the ground, and we would squat around, Indian fashion. Our cook, who rejoiced in the name of "Nibs," and who looked more like a cow boy than a cook, would yell "Chuck!" and every one would then be expected to come to dinner. Every one helped himself, but it was not considered good form to put



one's foot on the table in order to reach things, unless absolutely necessary. Our fare was but little better than the ordinary soldier's ration, and it was always safe to say that for dinner, breakfast, and supper it would consist of bacon, bread, beans, and coffee. Our dinner over, it grew cooler as the sun went down, and after a smoke nearly every one turned in to sleep, so as to be up by daybreak the next morning for another long day's march. After leaving the Sierra en Media, we went back to the main range to the west, and after two days' travel in the mountains, through a beautiful wooded country covered with live oaks, we camped at an old abandoned ranche on the trail crossing the Sierra Madre, leading from Jaños, in Chihuahua, to Babispe, in the State of Sonora.

Chatto had been having frequent interviews with Captain Crawford, which were carried on through the medium of two interpreters, one Spanish, the other Apache. The Apache rejoiced in the name of "Mickey Free," and it was said that he was not an Indian, but the son of an Irishman and a Mexican woman, and had been a captive among the Apaches all his life. Mickey certainly had a Milesian cast of countenance, although in every other respect he seemed a thorough Indian. His knowledge of Spanish did not include any use of tenses, so that it was extremely difficult to tell whether he meant the present, future, or past, in his translations from Apache into Spanish. We, however, learned enough to know that Chatto was exceedingly averse to going through any of the Mexican towns, on account, as we thought, of his depredations when formerly in Mexico; so the next day we traveled on the Babispe trail until we were about half way down the western slope of the mountain, then turned to the south to avoid going into Babispe.

In the evening we brought up in a deep cañon in front of a mescal distillery, where we were obliged to halt and camp. The distillery was well supplied with Mexican fire-water, and before morning we were in the company of nearly a hundred drunken savages. It was not a pleasant feeling to know

that we were in a foreign country, and that a not over-friendly one, with a small force, in the company of such utterly irresponsible beings; moreover, some of our savage allies had been raiding in this very country only a short time before, and might be tempted to try it again.

Our march the next day led down a valley by the side of a stream grown up with immense cane-brakes, and about ten o'clock in the morning we came out of the valley in front of the town of Babispe, which our Apache friends were so anxious to avoid the day before. Babispe is a little Mexican town, built in the usual Mexican style, with a plaza in the centre, in which is a church of apparently considerable antiquity. The town is situated on the river of the same name, which here runs nearly due north along the western base of the Sierra Madre. It is a clear running mountain stream, and there is considerable land under cultivation in the vicinity of the towns in the valley.

We observed that all over this country there seems to be no attempt to occupy ranches at any distance from the towns; although the abandoned ranches all over the country indicate that at one time it was not so, and that insecurity of life and property at any distance from the towns has caused this state of affairs. The Apaches have made their homes in the Sierra Madre, and literally devastated the surrounding country.

The Mexicans in the towns we passed recognized Captain Chatto, and asked after Captain Geronimo, not as yet knowing that that noble chieftain was among them with blood in his eye. Our information on that subject created a visible coolness toward Captain Chatto and his followers. That brave, and in fact the majority of our braves, were very tired indeed, between Mexican whiskey inside and the Mexican sun outside, so we camped on the river opposite the town of Baseraca, a village much resembling Babispe. The male inhabitants of these towns seemed to be largely in the minority, and we were unable to account for it until told that the majority of them had gone off to the Yaqui war, then going on.

We kept traveling south until we reached the Tesero Babi Creek, where General Crook camped in 1883 before going into the Sierra Madre; and then the Indians pointed out to us the dim outlines of a mountain far to the southwest, where they said the hostiles were to rendezvous. The Indians called it the "Klee," or "Horse" mountain, but we afterwards learned the Mexicans called it the Sierra de Teres.

Our march from here led over the roughest country I have ever seen; although the Mexicans called the trail the *Camino real*, and it was used as a highway between towns, it was all but impracticable for animals. We walked, and led our half starved horses, for since leaving the eastern slope of the Sierra Madre, grass was but scarce and poor, and they had nothing else to live on.

Down into interminable cañons, thousands of feet, under a broiling sun, we toiled, only to find, when we got to the bottom, we had to climb up another place on the other side, just as bad. The cañons seemed to be the bottoms of immense craters in some places, and had it been cool enough to have appreciated the beauties of nature, I do not doubt we should have admired the grand views that often burst upon us; but it was too hot for anything except a rest, and we could not take a rest then.

The Indians had been making "medicine," and singing their "medicine" songs every night since we started. After they had had supper, and had all smoked their cigarettes, they would start in to sing a monotonous chant, in which all joined; and they would keep it up till the small hours, no matter how hard the day's march had been. We were all lying around in our blankets one night, when camped in the bottom of one of the crater-like cañons, when we were honored by a visit from Uklenny, the principal medicine man, accompanied by the most of the scouts. The gloomy cañon was in darkness except an occasional camp-fire, and the guttural tones of Uklenny, as he told his story, made an evident impression on all his hearers. He said he had come to tell us he had made medicine, and the medicine was good; that

we should have a fight in three days, and some one would be killed; but if Captain Crawford would kill a white cow and let them eat it, we should catch the Chiricahuas. The singular part of it was, that the next day a part of his story came true.

After a long, hot march of nearly forty miles, a great deal of which was on foot, having crossed the Batipito River and gone into camp at the foot of the Sierra de Teres, word was brought in that one of the scouts had been killed, and another wounded, by Mexicans, while lagging behind the column. This created the greatest excitement among the scouts, and many of us feared that if they attempted reprisals on the Mexicans, as they threatened, we should have a poor chance with our little command ever to get out of Mexico. We shortly after received a letter from the Presidente of Huasavas, a small town on the river south of us. He inclosed a letter from an American, explaining the circumstances. The Americans had come over a hill suddenly, and seeing the scouts, thought they were hostiles, and fired upon them. This was explained to the Indians, and apparently they were satisfied, but they neither lagged nor straggled after that.

The letter from the Presidente of Huasavas also contained the information that the hostiles had left the Sierra de Teres, where we were then camped, and had been seen near the village of Oputa, north of us. They had evidently gone to these mountains, as Chatto said they would. We sent out and buried the dead scout, and brought in the wounded one, and the next morning started for Oputa.

We camped about three miles above Oputa, and had it not been for the kindness of the people of that town, our animals would have fared badly, as there was no grass in the country. They allowed us to turn the animals into their stubble fields, and showed in every way a very kindly feeling. The singing of the scouts had grown so tiresome that we got them out of hearing by placing them on the opposite side of the river from us. The river was broad and shallow at our camp, and on each side there was a large



growth of cottonwoods, under which we were camped.

After some scouting in the vicinity, the scouts announced that they had located the camp of the hostiles; so that evening a part of the command was detailed to go on foot at night, with a view to surrounding the camp and surprising them. Each man carried a hundred rounds of ammunition, and three days' food. Just as the moon rose over the distant peaks of the Sierra Madre, they silently stole out of camp. The moon shone brightly on the broad rim, and the cottonwood trees threw both camps into a dark shadow, beneath which it would be difficult to imagine a command like ours was concealed. The silence was only broken by the croaking of the frogs, and the scene had certainly little in keeping with the object of the little command then going out. The party that went out traveled about twenty miles, and the next morning surprised a band of hostiles under Chi-hua-hua, and captured eleven women and children. They made but little fight, but fled as fast as they could, leaving one dead upon the ground, all their camp equipage, and horses. We had one scout seriously wounded. So, although Crawford did not kill the white cow, as Uklenny desired, we did catch the hostiles.

The women and children were a miserable looking lot, and showed in their appearance that their flight from the reservation had been no pleasure excursion to them. Among the captives were the squaw and children of Chi-hua-hua. The next day I was ordered to take the prisoners and wounded, and an empty pack train, with an escort of ten cavalrymen, to the nearest camp in the United States.

We had to travel through a country totally unknown to me, and had for guide a scout named "Dutchy," a brother of Chi-hua-hua, who was sent in because he had declined to go out and fight his brother. Among our prisoners was a woman shot through the hips, and we had no way to carry her but on a horse. She suffered horribly, and had to be taken off frequently to rest. The groans of the wounded, and the cries of the children,

some of whom were wounded, made our little column rather a melancholy procession.

We had received a caution from Captain Crawford to keep a good lookout, as he was somewhat afraid the hostiles would attempt to recapture their families, which, with our small party, and taking into consideration that we had Chi-hua-hua's family with us, seemed not unlikely. Uklenny, the medicine man, and another scout, accompanied us. I suspect Uklenny's success in his prophecies had made him such a reputation he was going into the reservation to retire on his laurels.

We traveled silently over the rugged and barren foothills of the Sierra de Teres, and only made a short march the first day on account of the difficulty in getting the wounded along. We camped the first night at the bottom of a deep cañon, in which were some immense trees that looked like mahogany. The Mexicans had been getting out logs of this wood, hewing them, and hauling them to the river.

The next day we crossed a large trail of Indians. Uklenny and the scouts declared that this had been made the day before, and expressed great fear that we should be attacked the next morning. After arrival in camp, the scouts built themselves a little fort of rocks, put in their canteens and a bucket filled with water, and placed the prisoners around the outside, and prepared to stand a siege. We thought they ought to know what they were about, so made the best disposition we could of the little party for an attack. Every one was ordered to be up at 3 o'clock in the morning, so as to be ready at daybreak, the usual hour for an Indian attack.

We were not molested, however, and the next morning continued our march along the summit of the Sierra de Teres, through a beautiful country. The hills were covered with live oaks, and in the cañons there were great numbers of immense cabbage palms, fifty and sixty feet high. Ledges cropped out across the hills, and there was every evidence of valuable mineral. The trail was an old smuggler's trail, and but little traveled,

but the small wooden crosses and piles of stones beside them, marking the graves, indicated that it had not always been as peaceful as it looked then.

We finally crossed the Sierra de Teres, and came out into a broad valley, and two days after camped near the town of Fronteras, where we were objects of great curiosity and visited by almost the entire population. After several days of marching over an interesting country, we arrived at Fort Bowie, Arizona, to learn that we had been reported massacred by the Indians, our prisoners recaptured, and that a party had been sent after us.

After assisting in putting "Dutchy" into irons in the guard-house for mutiny, and turning over our prisoners to the commanding officer of that post, I rested a few days, and went back to the Mexican line with other scouts going to Mexico, and began anew my wanderings over the dusty plains and rugged mountains of Arizona and New Mexico.

I did not return to Crawford's command, and never again saw him. A few months later his tragic death at the hands of the Mexicans put an end to an honorable and useful life, and deprived us of the services of a conscientious officer and a just commander.

*Robert Hanna.*

## SHAKSPERE'S LAW—THE CASE OF SHYLOCK.

### A LETTER TO LAWRENCE BARRETT.

SHAKSPERE'S legal knowledge, or rather the accuracy of his expressions, whenever he alludes to legal subjects, has often been remarked, and is one of the arguments urged in support of the conjecture that the plays published under his name were really the work of Lord Bacon. The suggestion is that no man who had not received a legal education could have been so uniformly accurate in the use of technical language, and in his casual references to legal principles, maxims of jurisprudence, and modes of procedure in court. Others account for this familiarity with the subject by supposing he spent a part of his youth as clerk in an attorney's office; while others again are of opinion that the amount of technical knowledge he displays was common in his day to most men who had received as much general education as he.

The trial scene in the Merchant of Venice has, however, always seemed inconsistent with his supposed legal learning, for the proceedings in it are such as never could have occurred in any court administering English law. Lord Campbell, in his letter to Payne Collyer, has attempted to gloss over the difficulty, but to all common lawyers the attempt is a failure. Save in the fact that the

scene presents a plaintiff, a defendant, and a judge—characters essential to litigation under any system of procedure—there is no resemblance in the proceedings on the stage to anything that could possibly occur in an English court, or any court administering English law. No jury is impanelled to determine the facts, no witnesses called by either side; on the contrary, when the court opens, the Duke who presides is already fully informed of the facts, and has even communicated them, in writing, to Bellario, a learned doctor of Padua, and invited him to come and render judgment in the case. After his efforts to move Shylock to pity have proved vain, he says:

"Upon my power I may dismiss this court,  
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,  
Whom I have sent for to determine this,  
Come here today."

The extent of his power was to adjourn the court, unless the doctor, whom he had sent for to *determine the case*, arrived in season. Such an occurrence as this, we all know, could never take place in court proceeding according to English methods. It is, indeed, so repugnant to all our ideas of the administration of justice, that I remember being scandalized by it, even when, as a boy of fif-



teen or sixteen, I first read the play, and I imagine its incongruity strikes every reader at once. Later on in life I set it down as another instance of the failure of the cleverest men (not themselves lawyers) to introduce a law suit into fiction without violating the common rules of procedure. To make the situation dramatic, they invariably make it impossible. I concluded that the failure of others might be excused, when even Shakspeare missed it. Subsequent experience convinced me, however, that he did not miss it, after all. This is how it happened :

In 1851-52, I passed several months in the neighboring republic of Nicaragua. It was at that time, perhaps, the least known and least frequented of the Spanish-American States. Originally explored and colonized by an expedition from Panama, its communications with Europe and all the outer world were maintained, almost wholly, from the Pacific side of the continent ; its commerce was insignificant, travel never reached it, and it had probably kept up the customs and practices in vogue under the Spanish rule with less variation than any of the colonies. The affairs of the company I represented having become considerably entangled by the transactions and omissions of a former agent, I found myself, ere long, involved in half a dozen law suits, the proceedings of which gave me a new light on the Shylock case. To explain this, I will briefly relate what occurred in the first of them. The course of the others was similar.

Business having brought me to the City of Granada, I was one day accosted on the street by a dapper little man, carrying an ivory-headed cane, who, calling me by name, said : "*El alcalde le llama,*"—"The alcalde sends for you." I thought the invitation rather wanting in courtesy, and to pay like with like, intimated that I was busy then, without saying whether I would wait on his Honor or not. The little man simply repeated his message and left. A person present, seeing that I showed no disposition to move, then informed me that the dapper little man with the cane was an *alguazil*, and that, by his verbal notice, I had been legally sum-

moned to the alcalde's court, to which I was recommended to go without unnecessary delay. I accordingly repaired at once to the court room in the *juzgado*, as directed.

Proceedings of some sort were going on at the moment, but the alcalde suspended them, received me very courteously, and directed some one present to go and call Don Dolores Bermudez, the plaintiff, into court. The substance of Mr. Bermudez's complaint against the company was then stated to me, and I was asked for my answer to it. I sent for my counsel, and the company's defense was stated orally. The contract out of which the controversy arose was produced, and perhaps a witness or two examined, and some oral discussion followed ; those details I forget, for there was nothing in them that struck me as strange. There was, in fact, little, if any, dispute about the facts of the case, the real controversy being as to the company's liability and its extent. We were finally informed that on a given day we should be expected to attend again, when the Judge would be prepared with his decision.

At the appointed time we attended accordingly, and the Judge read a paper in which all the facts were stated, at the conclusion of which he announced to us that he proposed to submit the question of law involved to Don Buenaventura Selva, a practicing lawyer of Granada, as a "jurisconsult," unless some competent objections were made to him. I learned, then, that I could challenge the proposed jurisconsult for consanguinity, affinity, or favor, just as we challenge a juror. I knew of no cause of challenge against him ; my counsel said he was an unexceptionable person ; and so he was chosen, and the case was referred to him. Some days after, he returned the papers to the alcalde with his opinion, which was in my favor, and the plaintiff's case was dismissed.

In the course of the same afternoon, or next day, I received an intimation that Don Buenaventura expected from me a gratification—the name in that country for what we call a gratuity—and I think the sum of two hundred dollars was named. This did not harmonize with my crude notions of the ad-

ministration of justice, and I asked for explanations. They were given in the stereotyped form used to explain every other anomaly in that queer country, "*Costumbre del pais.*" I thought it a custom more honored in the breach than the observance, and declined to pay. I found out afterwards, however, that this was a mistake; that under their system of administration the Judge merely ascertains the facts, and as to the law and its application to the case, reference is had to a juriconsult, or doctor of the law; and that he, after pronouncing his decision, is entitled to accept from either party—in practice always from the successful one—a "*quiddam honorarium,*" or gratification, his service to the court being gratuitous, just as that of an *amicus curiæ* is with us.

With this experience, I read the case of Shylock over again, and understood it better. It was plain the sort of procedure Shakspeare had in view, and attributed to the Venetian court, was exactly that of my recent experience. The trial scene in the "Merchant of Venice" opens on the day appointed for hearing judgment; the facts had been ascertained at a previous session, and Bellario had been selected as the jurist to determine the law applicable to them. The case had been submitted to him in writing, and the Court was awaiting his decision. The defendant, when the case is called, answers, as is done daily in our own courts: "Ready, so please your Grace." Shylock is not present. In a common law court, his absence would have resulted in a nonsuit,<sup>1</sup> but not so here; he is sent for, just as my adversary was, and comes. After an ineffectual attempt to move him to mercy, the Duke intimates an adjournment, unless Bellario comes, and it is then announced that a messenger from him is in attendance: his letter is read, and Portia is introduced. Bellario's letter excuses his non-attendance on a plea of illness, and proposes her, under the name of Balthasar, as a substitute. "I acquainted him with the cause in controversy, be-

tween the Jew and Antonio, the merchant; we turned o'er many books together; he is furnished with my opinion, which, bettered with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him at my importunity to fill up your Grace's request in my stead. . . . *I leave him to your gracious acceptance,* whose trial shall better publish his commendation." The Duke, of course, had the right so far as concerned himself to accept the substitution of Balthasar for Bellario; but Shylock, I take it, would have had his right to challenge the substitute, and perhaps it is to avoid this, by disarming his suspicions, that all Portia's utterances in the case, until she has secured his express consent to her acting, are favorable to him. Thus,

"Of a strange nature is the suit you follow,  
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law  
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed";

and again, after her splendid plea for mercy:

"I have spoken thus much,  
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,  
Which, if thou follow, this strict Court of Venice  
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant here."

Shylock would have been mad to object to a judge whose intimations were so clearly in his favor. He first pronounces her "A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!" This does not, however, amount to an express acceptance of her as a substitute; it is but an expression of high respect, consistent, however, with a refusal to consent to the proposed substitution. She carries the deception still further, pronounces the bond forfeit, and that

"Lawfully, by this the Jew may claim  
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off  
Nearest the merchant's heart,"

and again pleads for mercy.

The poor Jew, completely entrapped, then "*charges her by the law to proceed to judgment.*" Antonio does the same, and both parties having thus in open court accepted her as such, she is fairly installed as the *Judex substitutus* for Bellario, and almost immediately afterwards suggests the quibble over the drop of blood and the just one pound of flesh, on which Antonio escapes.

<sup>1</sup> "And the plaintiff being called, comes not, but makes default," is the exact form of the entry on the roll in a common law judgment of nonsuit.



To complete the parallel to my Nicaragua experience above recounted, we find, after the trial is over, and the poor discomfited Jew has retired from the court, the Duke says to the defendant, whose life has been saved by Fortia's subtlety,

“ Antonio, *gratify* this gentleman,  
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.”

That is, give him a gratification, or honorarium ; and Bassanio offers her the three thousand ducats which were the condition of the bond.

One difficulty yet remained in the case, which the above explanation did not touch, and which to me was still a stumbling block, viz: In the play the action is promoted by Shylock to enforce against Antonio the penalty of his bond ; it concludes with a judgment against the plaintiff that his estate be forfeited, one half to the commonwealth, the other to the defendant, and that his life lie at the mercy of the Duke. Justice, perhaps, but excessively raw justice, such as we would think could only be meted out in the court of the Turkish *cadi*, who fines the plaintiff, imprisons the defendant, and bastinadoes the witnesses. Yet a few years since, I met with a case in a Mexican court, involving just as marked a departure from all our notions of the proper course of justice as this. A question arose in this city, as to the disposition of the estate of a gentleman who died at Mazatlan, where he had been slain in an encounter with his partner, while discussing in anger the state of their accounts. There had been a trial over the case in Mexico. The surviving partner put forward claims before our court, which caused me, on behalf of next of kin of the deceased, to send to Mexico for a complete transcript of the judgment record there. I have it now in my office, all duly certified, and a curious document it is. It begins with an official inquiry by the *alcalde*, as to the cause of death ; something like our coroner's inquest. After the preliminary inquiry, the surviving partner is called upon to answer a charge of homicide ; then follow

the depositions of witnesses, relating among other circumstances the finding of a revolver under the body of the deceased when he was raised from the floor, after the fatal encounter. The survivor's version of the occurrence was that the deceased had drawn a pistol on him, which went off in the struggle for its possession, and killed its owner. The *alcalde* conducted the trial with pretty evident partiality to the survivor, whom, at the conclusion of it, he acquitted. A sister of the deceased, by her attorney, then petitioned to be allowed to intervene and appeal from the judgment. Decided that her relationship is not sufficiently proved, and her petition is denied. Then the *fiscal*, on behalf of the State, intervenes, and appeals to the Supreme Court. There the witnesses are reëxamined, and on a suggestion of collusion between two of them, on whose testimony the defendant relied, are examined separately. They contradict each other badly, and break down. Then a suggestion appears to have been made that the pistol found under the deceased's body was not his own, but another's. His had an ivory handle, this a wooden one, etc. The *alcalde* is summoned to produce the pistol, which as a *pièce de conviction* had remained in his possession. He answers that after the conclusion of the trial before him, thinking there was no further use for it, he had sold it for \$2.00 to a man who was going to Chihuahua, and who had not since been seen. The judgment below is then reversed, the defendant sentenced to death, and *the alcalde before whom the trial had been had below, is sentenced to a fine of \$100 for his partiality and misconduct.*

After reading this record, it occurred to me that in a court proceeding according to such methods as these, a judgment against the plaintiff of forfeiture of life and goods might be supposed, even in an action on a bond, without grossly violating probability ; and it seems to me that Shakspeare was acquainted (however he acquired the knowledge) with the modes of procedure in tribunals administering the law of Spain, as well

as with those of his own country ; if like practice did not obtain in Venice, or if he knew nothing of Venetian law, there was no great improbability in assuming it to resemble that of Spain, considering that both were inherited from a common source, and that the Spanish monarchs had so long exercised dominion in Italy.

To LAWRENCE BARRETT, Esq.,

*My Dear Sir :*

I have committed the foregoing to writing, and delivered it to the editor of the OVERLAND MONTHLY, at your suggestion, and by your permission I address it to yourself. The name of so eminent and conscientious an interpreter of Shakspeare will secure for it more attention than it would otherwise receive.

Yours respectfully,

*John T. Doyle.*

### PIANO SOLO.

As up and down the ivory keys  
 Her slender fingers go,  
 I hear the rustle of a breeze,  
 I hear a brooklet faintly flow—  
 As up and down the ivory keys  
 Her slender fingers go.

As up and down her fingers go  
 Across the ivory keys,  
 I hear a whisper, soft and low,  
 Like hum of honey-laden bees—  
 As up and down her fingers go  
 Across the ivory keys.

As up and down the ivory keys  
 Her slender fingers go,  
 I see white sails on summer seas,  
 Touched by the sunset's golden glow—  
 As up and down the ivory keys,  
 Her slender fingers go.

As up and down her fingers go  
 Across the ivory keys,  
 Dim dreams glide gently to and fro  
 Like night-winds 'mid the poplar trees—  
 As up and down her fingers go  
 Across the ivory keys.

As up and down the ivory keys  
 Her slender fingers go,  
 Sweet slumber wooed by sounds like these  
 Presses my weary eyelids low—  
 As up and down the ivory keys  
 Her slender fingers go.

*Clarence Urmey.*



## UNFREQUENTED PATHS OF YOSEMITE.

IN May and June Yosemite is at its best, but many of the most rewarding views, remote from the regular travel, can be enjoyed in the later months. From San Francisco the routes of travel are three: the "Beren-da" (succeeding the "Madera"), *via* Berenda, Raymond, Big Trees, and Inspiration Point; the "Big Oak Flat," *via* Stockton and Milton; and the "Coulterville," used by private conveyances. The first is tedious, but the favorite, on account of its superiority in features of interest; the second is most comfortable, and characteristic of California; the Coulterville road is a good and solitary one.

A week is usually devoted to Yosemite; two days' journey each way, and two days in the valley. Mirror Lake, Union and Glacier Points, and Sentinel Dome occupy the first; Snow's, Nevada and Vernal Falls, Cataract of Diamonds, Emerald Pool, Liberty Cap, and Mt. Broderick, the second. Nor does this require special exertion, as, without mounting a horse or experiencing more than a trifle of discomfort, all the celebrated features of Yosemite can be enjoyed from a carriage. The ride on the northern bank of the Merced River affords excellent views of El Capitan, Three Brothers, Yosemite Falls, the Cemetery, Royal Arches, and North Dome. At the end of the road is Mirror Lake; beyond are Washington Column and Cloud's Rest; while to the right is the shattered height of Half Dome. Crossing Tenaya Creek, continuing by the base of Half Dome and along the Anderson road to its end, the landscape presents Vernal and Nevada Falls, with Glacier Point to the right. Crossing the Merced and returning down the valley are successively seen Glacier Point, Sentinel Rock, Cathedral Spires and Rocks, and Bridal Veil Falls. Farther on, past Inspiration Point, a road branching off to the left leads to Glacier Point, where the greatest glories of Yosemite are revealed. Nor

does even the Higher Sierra refuse itself to the indolent and infirm; for the "Mono" carriage road affords excellent views of Lake Tenaya, Cathedral Peaks, Tuolumne Meadows, Mount Gibbs, the great base of Dana, with its vociferous stream, and the numerous peaks thence to Tioga and Mono Plain.

For equestrians there are three trails, all free, namely: Glacier Point, Cloud's Rest (passing by Snow's), and Eagle Peak. A comparatively small number take the solitary bridle-path on the northern side of the valley, by the triple Yosemite Falls, to Eagle Peak (the highest point of Three Brothers), where, from an elevation of three thousand eight hundred and thirty feet, the entire Merced Cañon is exposed to view, and Nevada Falls, half hid behind Grizzly Peak. Few go to Little Yosemite and the Fissures; and fewer still to Half Dome and the highest peak of Sentinel Rock. Among the latter have been two ladies, one of whom, more daring than discreet, climbed out on the rock which juts from the main precipice of Glacier Point, to its uttermost verge, and there sat, her feet resting on nothing but the immense chasm.

The journeys hereinafter described are along paths still less trodden. Although found or made by the writer, they, it is believed, afford each a good reason for general adoption, and I have tried to describe them with such clearness that the wayfarer can easily traverse them without other guide than this and the marks *in loco*.

If the reader, any time when he is in the valley, will (opposite Leidig's) take the Eagle Peak Trail past Columbia Rock to the broad ledge, he will get, in my opinion, the only just picture of the Middle Yosemite Falls in its rocky trench. The ledge where he stands breaks the first and longest plunge (1,600 feet) of the Yosemite Creek. Thence crossing over the abundant debris, the passage

is easy to the main cliff from which the Upper Yosemite pours its flood.

At the foot of the falls and in their rear there is a cave and sheltering rock, affording facilities for a refreshing shower-bath of Yosemite spray, if one is only mindful not to expose the body to the main stream, but to keep under that portion which, swayed by the winds, is caught on a projection of the cliff. One smite of the direct water is sufficient to drive the bather away.

From here up the cañon, between the cliffs, to the top of the falls, is a steep but good mountain trail. The pine tree which conspicuously inhabits the cleft where the waters pitch over, tempts one to a detour over the eastern ridge; but the journey is tortuous and tiresome, requiring the use of hand as well as foot in the various crevices, and the spot is lonely and gruesome. My companion, a dog, followed to the upper end of the slope, and there refused to go further, but solicited me back with such howls of despair, that I left the crazy waters before I had fully accomplished the object of the descent.

The exploration of the Illilouette Cañon, the wildest and most rugged part of Yosemite, is feasible only late in the summer. Then, if one goes about it right, there should be no trouble, although I could hear of but one tourist who had preceded me. He employed two guides, and then was compelled for some distance to cut his way through the brush.

Failing to find any pathway at the junction of the Illilouette and Merced, I followed up the former stream on its east bank a few rods, and easily crossed by means of the numerous projecting rocks and fallen trees. On either side the precipices are of great height and inaccessible. The cañon is narrow, in some places merely a defile, and crowded with boulders dropped hundreds of feet from the cliffs, on which scant shrubs struggle for existence. One marvels at the power that could have tossed these great fragments into such fantastic attitudes. Sometimes it seemed even then present; for the traveler, in spite of all care, finds him-

self occasionally on his back, with heels projecting above some boulder, gazing in surprise at the bit of visible sky. I noted sunrise in the cañon at 10:45, sunset at 4:15. The water threading the rocks forms cascades in endless variety. At one place it seems to burst from a perforation in the solid cliff, and nowhere is it at rest a moment.

As its head is approached, the cañon grows barren. The tourist need not attempt to pass the high ledge, where a bold, projecting cliff forces the cañon to an abrupt angle. It is impossible to get foot-hold anywhere on the entire side of the cliff. The bed of the stream is equally forbidding, for the waters are too swift and the rocks too sharp and ragged to permit crossing. Even if this were successful, recrossing above would be necessary, owing to another projection, before it would be possible either to get a better view of the falls, or to reach the end of the cañon. It is best, therefore, to study from the ledge itself that mighty rush of waters which are seen by so few. Their volume and height are hardly surpassed by the Nevada. The leap is graceful, being four cascades, parallel from the cliff's face a few yards, then uniting into one white and cloudy mass.

On the return, do not try the chapparal; it is sure to force the traveler back to the cañon, tired and delayed. By keeping close to the cliff, one escapes many obstructions.

In this region, when rain-storms occur, they create most peculiar effects of shadow. In the cañon, the solitary strip of visible sky lowers and confuses itself with the lofty walls, and makes with them, for the time, a tunnel; while in the main valley, clouds form in fantastic shapes, wreathing the peaks, shrouding the falls, and climbing the mountains. Massive rocks anchored in the depths raise their precipitous sides until lost to view in the overhanging sky, making it seem as if the very heavens were approaching to gather in the stupendous grandeur. Some day may I be privileged to stand in the rocky gorge of the Yosemite when a storm shall rage in its fury, scourging its inky blackness with lightning, and hurling its thunders to be reëchoed



from the cañons of Tissaack to the crags of Tutockahnulah.

The Illilouette Falls are impressive, but so nearly inaccessible that they are seldom seen. A trail from Snow's could be easily and inexpensively made. It should climb the Illilouette Ridge, and simply follow the cliff's edge to the point of junction of the main river with the upper end of the cañon. From here, one obtains a most excellent profile view of the falls. It also materially shortens the route to Glacier Point. Its only objection is that in one or two places it traverses the precipices so close to the edge that frequently the smaller pebbles and stones are displaced by the feet, and as they are from nine to twelve seconds in being heard from again, it is rather trying to the nerves. From the top of a lone rock three quarters of a mile south of McCauley's, though seldom sought, the three great water-falls—the Nevada, Vernal, and Illilouette—can be seen.

No one, so far as I know, has ever visited the crater of Mt. Dana. It is on the northeasterly side of the mountain. The trip is perfectly practicable as early as July. The eastern part of the mountain is inaccessible, but leaving Tioga, one may easily reach the lake at the base of the mountain, and ascend the gulch on the northern side, keeping along the river, which is little more than a series of cascades, heard or seen everywhere through the trees which mark its course.

After about an hour's ascent of the stream, one finds the river dammed. Only two tiny streams steal forth from this rocky barrier. Surmounting its top one finds a lake, and beyond, another dam and lake, and still beyond, a third. It is only from the level of the lowest lake that the ascent to the summit is practicable. I am thus particular, because before reaching this point one is apt to be deceived by the ridges which all along have been close at hand. They appear to be connected with the long spur always in view, and to form the natural approach to the summit. But they are not to be trusted.

From here, the climb begins to fatigue. The way is over rocks so loose, sharp, and topheavy that a slight touch is sufficient to

displace and send them flying down. Sometimes an avalanche will crash and crush its way from the side of the wayfarer, even to the abyss. Still, until the southeast peak of Mt. Dana is reached, one can follow this crest, but it breaks into such an irregular edge of crumbling rock that progress farther is hardly to be recommended. It suffices, certainly, to tarry here and explore the great crater. It is like a bowl. The sloping surface is plentifully covered with snow, which on the west and south sides extends to the summit. The bottom of the bowl is taken possession of by a profusion of strange white pillars, which are a conspicuous feature of the scene.

The only approach to them is down the ragged façade of the rock for several hundred feet. In some places, it barely affords finger and foothold; and everywhere it is precarious, sometimes trembling and slipping from beneath his feet, as if instinct with life. Undoubtedly, the loose boulders of Yosemite and Hetch-Hetchy were originally hurled down; these look, from their peculiar condition and appearance, as if they were hurled up.

On reaching the snow-bed, I could examine the pillars close at hand. They were of various heights and most singular formation. Opposite them were a great number of miniature bath tubs, each the perfection of whiteness and purity, and between were numerous smaller receptacles like funnel-shaped wells, varying in depth from a few inches to several feet. At the bottom of each of these openings, and in the center of each of the pillars, was a fragment of rock. It was a strange story of the sunshine. The rocky hearts of the icy pillars had gathered about them at once shroud and monument on the sunless side of the *mesa*, while the heated rocks on its southern edge had sunken deeper under the sun's rays, until they had formed the open graves.

The only thing of life in this frozen basin is a pure, sparkling river, which one comes upon suddenly, bursting from under the white crust. Its banks are vertical, its overhanging cliffs are fringed with icicles, and its shores

indented with caverns glittering with stalagmites in fanciful groups. The stream has a wild will, which constantly wrecks itself in noisy ebullitions and *émeutes* of powerful spray, while it pursues its journey over an unbroken floor of hard green ice to a lake of crystal purity, in the center of which is an island of snow with mountains of the same material, and beyond, clear-cut profiles of deer swimming side by side, with heads and antlers thrown back. Over all this quaint sculpturing is a permanent mass of snow, hard and yellow with age, and, perhaps, as old as the rock itself. Beneath the entire breadth of this flows the torrent.

By extending myself at full length, my eye could follow beneath and see the source of the stream. It came from a mountain of ice—and the thought came with a flash and a thrill: it is a living glacier! It was now plain whence these present crevices derived their crystalline beauty, whence were born these artistic conceptions of the river of the moraine; and there, afar, glowing with color and arched in the rainbow which overhung the birth of its waters—breathed the ice-rock itself. I saw but a remnant of an instrument that has proved the most potent in fashioning these rocks into most wonderful gorges and monuments.

“Grizzly Peak has never been ascended by a white man,” so they told me at Snow’s. Now, Grizzly Peak is not isolated, but, as one may easily observe from the valley, it is connected by a narrow neck with a long ridge of granite. This ridge, it is plain, extends to and joins the southwestern extremity of Half Dome. Not only this, it forms on its abrupt southern side one of the walls of the cañon. The high-tossed rock had always drawn me to itself, and I determined upon trying this ascent; so early next morning I started from Emerald Pool, and followed straight up the narrow gulch to the ledge, across that and the growth of brush beyond, to the larger cañon above mentioned, which I now saw stretches midway between Mt. Broderick and Half Dome.

From here, the journey to the neck was one of alternate scramble and climb. At the

neck, one instinctively pauses and summons all his enthusiasm, for the climb here begins in earnest. The mountain close at hand looms up like a steeple, and presents little more foothold. The first duty is to cross the isthmus of narrow ground between the cañon and mountain side. This being accomplished, I found that the southerly flank of the peak offered a few friendly roots, bushes, and projecting rocks, by the aid of which one can, with care, make considerable progress; but after awhile one reaches the unbroken precipice extending sheer from peak to valley.

Progress farther seemed so impracticable that I was about to turn back, when a cleavage in the granite side of the mountain attracted my attention. Drawing nearer, I observed that a lateral slab of the mountain side had been partially detached, and now leaned out over the abyss into which it was gradually crumbling, the whole upper edge being soft and thin, and easily removable with the hand. The base, however, seemed to be securely fastened to the side of the peak, and as a searching examination showed no other possible chance of further progress, I bestrode the slab, and clasping its sides, slowly crept and crawled its length without further event than the fierce rattling of my road behind me down the cliff, followed by the long delayed and doubled echoes as they came from the chasm and cliffs.

The conformation of the cliff affords steep, but safe, climbing, after completing this passage, but one reaches a point beyond which it seems an impossibility to proceed. There is no foothold, but nature obviously intended that this peak should be a human possession, for she has provided right here an upright chute in the rock, which can easily be scaled, in the absence of any better way, by a trick like that of Jean Valjean in the *cul-de-sac Gerviat*—pressing knees and elbows against the sides until finger and foothold can be obtained. Still above this, a long, steep slant is only to be traversed by assuming a horizontal position and lifting one’s self forward vermicularly. This seems more perilous than it really is, if one keeps



his head ; for friction and the force of gravitation may be relied upon to prevent a slide.

From here I pressed on eagerly, for now only a few steep projections stood between me and the summit. I soon passed them, and there, four hours after leaving Snow's, I stood, scratched, bruised, and bleeding, but happy, because successful, on the top of the peak.

I sometimes think those only really enjoy and fully appreciate a mountain vision who earn it. I cannot describe the wide circuit from that point of uplifted view, so peculiarly projected far into the Merced Cañon, and abiding in the shadow of Half Dome. The cañon of the Illilouette here alone becomes to the spectator a perfect possession. Not elsewhere can the eye take in its serpentine length, its narrow, steep, and abrupt sides, its skeleton-like form, and the somber and sunless river which it holds in its grasp. But again and again my eye turned to Snow's, islanded in its little plateau, like an enchanted spot, for the mastery of which opposing genii of forest trees and artillery of the cliffs strive.

On the verge of the cliff opposite, a lonely Douglas spruce desperately clings to the rock's escarpment ; and its limbs, winnowed for years by the ceaseless blasts from above, and their eddying currents from below, are now but two ; and these, burdened by the weight of winter's snow and ice, are lifted, one arm to the south and the other to the north, from the main shaft mounting upward, forming a large cross.

I had hoped that from this peak I should be able to see the four great water-falls of Yosemite, but I was disappointed. Such a spectacle would be unparalleled, and possibly may yet be obtained from the vicinity of Glacier Point or Sentinel Dome.

Before leaving, I yielded far enough to the lonely but delicious intoxication of the moment, to erect a small cairn on the highest point, and place therein my emptied water-bottle, name, address, and date. I very much wished to plant a flag, but, my alpenstock

being the only staff available, relinquished the notion. I marked the path of descent to the neck, carefully and permanently, with pyramids of stones, so that any one else who wishes can make the ascent. An easier way to reach the neck is to ascend Cloud's Rest trail, and passing by the easterly bases of Liberty Cap and Mt. Broderick, make the descent down the southerly flank of Half Dome.

The climb of the debris at the base of El Capitan is most suggestive, and any one who would get an adequate conception of the size of this extraordinary rock should accomplish it. Even the boulders of the pathway, which seem so insignificant at a distance, are found on attempting them to be several hundred feet in height and width. Some of the detached rocks are even larger. The face of the cliff is much more irregular than appears at a distance, and one is amazed at the sight of indentations which are generally regarded as insignificant. The granite is scarred with veins of quartz and spar, and presents a variety of colors. About one thousand feet above the base, a mysterious stream of water oozes out of the solid rock, but otherwise its broad face of nearly a mile appears incapable of destruction. Here and there crop forth slight signs of cleavage, but so insignificant that a generation will hardly develop them.

It is a curious coincidence that the height of this great rock equals that of the world's seven highest structures, each supreme in its kind, thus :

The highest tower, Babel.....	680 ft.
The highest monument, Washington.....	555 "
The highest cathedral, Strasburg.....	468 "
The highest chimney, Glasgow.....	460 "
The highest pyramid, Cheops.....	450 "
The highest hotel, Hotel de Ville, Brussels.....	364 "
The highest statue, Bartholdi's.....	329 "

It is easily seen from the San Joaquin Valley, sixty miles away, and with a good glass from Mt. Diablo. As it is the first, so it is the last feature of Yosemite to hold the observer ; a colossal greeting and farewell.

*Charles A. Bailey.*

## AROUND THE HORN IN '49.—I.

THE writer trusts that "a plain, unvarnished tale" of his journey around the Horn—jotted down at the time—may not be devoid of interest at the present day, when the pioneers to these shores are, one by one, life's duties all performed with more or less faithfulness, leaving their earthly tenements of clay forever behind them, departing, let us hope, for the shores of a brighter world, to enter upon fields of more exalted usefulness.

The old adage of "a sailor's life is a dog's life" found no support, I will venture to say, from the band of Argonauts, that, on the good La Grange, made that pleasure trip of some 20,000 miles to this coast.

SALEM, MASS., *March 17th, '49.*—Saturday, 3:30 P. M., we cast off from the wharf, and in the good barque "La Grange," Captain Joseph Dewing, made sail and started for San Francisco. Since noon, the crowd on the wharf had been continually increasing, until it numbered thousands, who had assembled to take leave of friends who were about to embark on a long and somewhat novel and perilous enterprise. Many now leave their homes for the first time, and none can say it may not be the last.

"Cast off the bow fast; leave the ship, all who are not going to California," sings out the pilot, and spreading the canvas to the the northwestern breeze, her bow recedes from the wharf, the last grasp of the hand is given, friends hurry ashore, and excepting the pilot, none remain on board but those who are to be in intimate companionship for many long months.

The roll having then been called, and every one—sixty-five in number, sixty-one in the company, two cooks and two passengers—having answered to his name, three hearty cheers were given by the company, and returned by those on the wharf. As they paused in their prolonged cheering, the four Barker brothers and Jesse Hutchinson were

announced, and favored us with the following song, composed for the occasion by the latter:

"We've formed our band, and are all well manned,  
To journey afar to the promised land,  
Where the golden ore is rich in store,  
On the banks of the Sacramento's shore.

*Chorus.*

"Then heigh, boys, ho, to California go,  
Where the mountains bold are covered with gold  
On the banks of the Sacramento.  
Heigh ho, and away we go,  
Digging up gold in the Sacramento.

"Oh, the gold is there, most anywhere,  
And they dig it up with a spade and a bar.  
And where it is thick, with a shovel and pick,  
They take out lumps as big as a brick.—CHORUS.

"We expect our share of the coarsest fare,  
And sometimes sleep in the open air.  
Upon the cold ground we'll all sleep sound,  
Except when the wolves come howling round.—  
CHORUS.

"Now don't you cry, nor heave one sigh,  
For we'll be back again bye and bye.  
Now don't you fear, nor shed one tear,  
But patiently wait for about two year.—CHORUS.

"In the days of old, the prophets foretold  
Of a city to come all paved with gold.  
Peradventure they foresaw the day  
Now dawning upon Californiay."—CHORUS.

Renewed cheering by the company and spectators followed, when, casting off the stern fast, which till then had held our impatient barque, we were off for Eldorado, and soon ceased to distinguish the familiar features of our friends.

At 5:15 P. M. the pilot left us, and with cheers from a few on the pilot boat, who had accompanied us down the harbor, we filled away, and were soon fairly out to sea.

*March 18th.*—At noon, Cape Cod bore south twelve miles distant. At dusk, we took our last look of land for some time. The lights on the cape continued in sight



some hours, sinking them one after another, and then "the last link was broken."

*March 19th.*—A strong breeze dead aft, tumbling the vessel about rather rudely. About one-half the company sea-sick.

*March 20th.*—Weather more moderate, and most of the men in fine spirits. Schools of porpoises about the ship. Have some good musicians, and the instruments are brought up.

*March 21st.*—Rough weather; wind ahead, and blowing a gale; woe-begone looking countenances about decks, quite a contrast to last evening; when, with light, pleasant breezes, all hands mustered on the house, and with music, song, and dance, whiled away the time. We are now close reefed, and decks continually wet with spray, and many of the company sea-sick.

*March 22d.*—Still pitching along in the Gulf Stream. The decks forward leak badly, wetting the berths and bedding. Some of our young married men are rather down in the mouth, and wish that they had taken the shorter, and, as they think, more agreeable route overland.

*Sunday, March 25th.*—A fine, pleasant morning, improved by us to dry clothes and bedding; a week out, and all but three are well. Wrote letters to friends at home, in readiness should we meet a vessel homeward bound. Sacred music in the evening.

*April 2d.*—Today we divided the company into quarter watches, giving us much more leisure than the "watch and watch" system, having now twelve hours below to four on deck.

*April 6th.*—Rainy, squally weather; during the night double reefed topsails. Some of the company busy washing, having caught some rain water. The wind has been ahead for twelve days, but we are again going our course. At 11 A. M. saw a brig under close-reefed topsails; spoke her at 5 P. M.—the "Esther," of Salem, bound to Cayenne, having sailed from Salem in company with us, but parted the next day. The event was one of much interest to us, and much cheering was indulged in.

*April 8th.*—A visitor came on board last

night; a stray flying fish, perhaps taking wing to escape the hungry jaws of some enemy below, had the misfortune to alight on our decks, out of the water and into the frying pan.

Our barque is very lively today, and sundry accidents have occurred. Steward slipped down with two pots of molasses in his hands, and got well sweetened. The dishes in the cabin got on a dance, and some jumped off the table, the mustard pot getting a broken neck.

*April 14th.*—A sail passed us this A. M. heading northeast, probably bound for Europe. In the P. M., in company with two other vessels; first spoke with the Danish brig "Otto," bound to St. Thomas; next, at 5.30, spoke the barque "Rising Sun," Hooper, master, of New York, bound for California. During the interview, a scene was presented that would have made a good subject for a painter. A black cloud had spread over the zenith and a large portion of the sky, from which descended a gentle April shower, while from the clear western horizon the sun shone with splendor on the two vessels now chancing to meet on the wide ocean; a magnificent rainbow completes the view, forming with the *Rising* and *setting* suns, a trio of beautiful objects. Hearty cheering took place, and a note containing the following challenge was thrown on our deck:

"*Brother Californians:*

"We propose for your consideration the bet of two dozen bottles of champagne, to beat your good vessel to San Francisco, the last arrival to treat the crowd. Three cheers for our good vessels, and a pleasant and prosperous passage.

"Yours,

"C. C. GILL, Boston."

On the reverse:

"Rising Sun Company,

"May God speed you on your voyage."

The "Rising Sun" having filled away, began to leave us, her sailing qualities in a light breeze being superior to ours, and her sails being new also gave her an advantage, as we have our old rags bent, saving our best suit for rough weather.

*April 18th.*—The trades, which we took yesterday, continue fresh, running up the

distance in good shape. Company employed blacksmithing, sail-making, and repairing, shoemaking, carpentering, sailorizing, etc. All are in good spirits. We have a variety of kinds of arms, which are daily cleaned. The abundant leisure we enjoy presents a fine opportunity for such as contemplate following the sea to improve in navigation, and several are endeavoring to. Our secretary, C. R. Story, though he has no inclination for a sea life, has become quite a navigator. This evening the musicians are assembled in the house around the table; Bogardus with his bass viol, and James C. Kemp with his fiddle, are playing, and several voices join in singing "A Sailor's Life," and other songs, to an appreciative audience.

*April 22d.*—We have introduced a new feature in our Sunday employment today, having held religious services, both A. M. and P. M. Exercises consisting of singing by our choir, reading Scripture, singing, and sermon. In the morning the sermon selected was one preached to a California-bound company at Taunton.

*April 23d.*—Our decks present a busy scene this morning. Some half dozen carpenters are getting out steamboat stock; Daking at his forge blacksmithing, Cone making buckets, Mr. Howe and his watch overhauling blocks, etc.; Captain breaking out lumber, while scattered about under the awnings, the watches below are variously occupied, reading, writing, mending, etc.; Captain Osgood, our seventy-four-year-old passenger, making a tent for California service.

*April 27th.*—Crossed the equator, 41 days out; saw nothing of old Neptune; perhaps he thought there were too many of his new subjects on board, and concluded not to call. Weather very warm.

*May 1st.*—Strong trades and showery; took in light sail. Finished the foresail, made mostly by Francis and Mr. Bray. A. E. Ritfield met with a broad-axident, cutting a severe gash in his great toe, while getting out steamboat knees.

*May 5th.*—In the evening all hands piped to mischief, and forming a company armed with brooms, rakes, hoes, etc., marched to

the music of fife and drum around the decks; ended with music, vocal and instrumental.

*May 10th.*—Light, baffling head winds, men irritable, and some want to go into Rio Janeiro to water and send home letters. Made coast of South America at 5 P. M. After supper called a special meeting, to take a vote upon the question of putting into Rio. After a considerable discussion, it was decided by a majority of the company not to go in there, but to make the Falkland Islands our place for obtaining supplies. A good breeze during the night took us into blue water again, and at daylight land and vessels had disappeared.

*May 11th.*—Light breezes, and fine, warm weather; caught five dolphins; a steamer in sight. At night the heavens studded with stars, the atmosphere very clear; Magellan clouds to southward, and at nine o'clock the majestic moon, a little past the full, appeared above the horizon.

*May 16th.*—"There she spouts!" A large school of whales playing around, and frequently breaking close to us, and receiving a bombardment from the fire-arms of our men. A sail in sight bound the same way. Porpoises under the bows; I struck one, but we did not get him.

*May 17th.*—Two months from Salem. We are now approaching a winter season. Two days have made a great change in temperature, and thick clothing is being donned.

*May 18th.*—Northerly wind, thick, squally weather, and rain; shortened sail. The pretty Cape pigeons are flying around, and our wicked boys are banging away at them.

*Sunday, May 20th.*—Held two services today on the main deck. Weather grows colder. Captain Osgood, who has doubled Cape Horn in both summer and winter, expresses the opinion that the winter months are the most favorable. As we are to make the passage in the winter, that view is encouraging.

*May 21st.*—At last we have had an opportunity to send off the letters that have been accumulating. The Swedish brig "Magnus," from Buenos Ayres for Marseilles,



spoke with us, and Captain Dewing took them on board—rather a roundabout way, *via* France, but it might be the only chance.

A beautiful swordfish, striped with brilliant blue and yellow, has been following in our wake.

*May 22d.*—Spoke the barque "Orb," of Boston, for California; sailed March 1st, but had probably been into Rio Janeiro. Her twenty-two passengers, rigged in long togs, presented something of a contrast to our crowd, who—as for our amusement we work our own vessel—can hardly be expected to dress as well as those who have nothing to do to soil their clothes.

*May 23d.*—Strong breezes from southwest. Seasickness prevails to some extent. I have to brace myself well to keep my seat, with the lamp and inkstand fastened to the table; the dishes in the pantry playing Isaac and Josh.

*May 25th.*—I had the morning watch, and going on deck at four o'clock, found the barque under single reefed topsails, foresail and jib, yard braced in a point, and she was making a great fuss, heaving water fore and aft; took another reef in topsails, and set out to take in jib, but it blew to pieces, and we got well drenched. The sun rose fiery red, and beautifully gilded the clouds. The gale increasing, close-reefed topsails, and furled foresail.

A special meeting was called to make some alteration in the grub department, some wanting soft tack three times a week, which plan was adopted.

Birds are numerous, flying in the wake of the vessel and alighting on the water. Some were caught with a hook and line, the hook being baited and floated out on a board. The largest measured six or eight feet from tip to tip of wings outstretched.

*May 28th.*—Very heavy squalls during the day, with rain, hail and snow. One of the men (steward *pro tem.*) had an upset in the scuppers, smashing a tureen.

*May 31st.*—Again blowing a gale from westward; furled all sails, and lay to, with a tarpaulin in the main rigging, and tablecloth in mizzen ditto. The days are getting short,

the sun setting at about 8 o'clock, and at noon but 19° altitude. The ocean now presents a sublime spectacle, lashed as it is by the wind into huge mountains, the tops of the seas as they break cut off by the gale, and borne horizontally across the surface of the water, presenting the appearance of a driving snow storm. Lucky are we to be so well off, having under us a good sea-boat, that rides the gale beautifully, leaks but little, plenty of water and provisions, and a cheerful company.

Occasionally the top of a big sea comes aboard, and woe to the unlucky wight that feels its weight, and has not secured a good hold. Several have thus been thrown on deck this afternoon. Having visited Niagara Falls, I can say that for sublimity and grandeur, I think that no scene I have ever witnessed will compare with that presented to our view today; it is worth doubling Cape Horn to see.

*June 1st.*—Thick clouds overspread the sky, with squalls of snow, and weather cold, but more moderate wind. It is not exactly with us "the leafy month of June." Have set some sail. Chocolate, nimble cake and butter, and *wedding cake* for supper!

*June 5th.*—Had a continual succession of squalls of hail and snow about every half hour during the night; in the intervals, pleasant and cold. A full moon sailing through an atmosphere of unrivaled transparency, attended by her retinue of stars, was my company during the middle watch.

Held our monthly meeting; had some difficulty in electing a steward for the ensuing month. Dr. C. R. Story finally accepted the berth, though he said his forte was mixing *medicine* rather than *bread*. A committee of five was chosen to nominate for officers to be voted for at the semi-annual meeting, which takes place next month.

*June 7th.*—Indications of land apparent. water becoming green, and abundance of kelp, and flocks of ducks around us, which some of our sportsmen have been shooting at. At noon I went aloft to look for land, and very soon, the weather clearing a little, it was visible, but was soon again obscured.

At 3 P. M. it was in sight from deck, about twenty miles distant, probably Point de la Barra, latitude  $51^{\circ} 28'$  south, longitude  $57^{\circ} 41'$  west. Expectation is high, and bullocks and ducks are already slain in anticipation.

*June 9th.*—At 8.30 A. M. made a rock on lee beam, six miles distant, called the Haystack, or Eddystone, and soon made Point Dolphin, and bore away south into Falkland Sound, standing well over to the west side to avoid Half Tide Rock, in the middle of the channel. With a strong breeze from north-north-east, beat up into a snug bay called Fanning's Harbor, and at 1.30 P. M. came to nine fathoms, one-quarter of a mile from shore.

Though it was raining, boats were soon hoisted out, and most of us were once more on *terra firma*, on the barren, uninhabited island of East Falkland, 5,500 miles from Salem.

A grand hunt was inaugurated, and several bullocks, and geese and ducks in abundance, were slain. One party of six or eight having had a long chase for a bullock, which they finally killed, got overtaken by darkness, and lost their bearings, but a relief party with a lantern went in search, and succeeded in attracting their attention, and by nine o'clock all were safe on board, *minus* the beef they had obtained, and well wet through, but all in fine spirits, and grateful that they had escaped the experience of spending a cold, wet night without shelter.

*Sunday, June 10th.*—A clear, calm, and pleasant morning, with a gentle west wind. The stars shine with splendor, Venus appearing like a small moon, and daybreak reveals an enchanting scene. As the rising sun gilds the hill-tops, many are the gladdened eyes that gaze with pleasure on the landscape, so different from the view that has met our eyes for the last twelve weeks. For breakfast we had some of the game shot yesterday, and the palatable, tender steaks disappeared with astonishing rapidity. Almost all hands have gone ashore for a *walk*, taking their weapons for *defense*. In company with W. Bogardus, in the afternoon I took a stroll to the summit of a hill, crowned with white rock resembling

marble. On our walk, we came across the grave—as a board informed us—of Captain Congree, of the schooner "Alonzo," of Connecticut, who died here in 1835, aged thirty-five years.

*June 11th.*—Some of our company have been hunting today, and have killed about one hundred geese, and others variously employed, getting off water (a fine stream of which is near at hand), repairing boats, etc. A dinner of geese-pie was enjoyed, and the unanimous verdict rendered that they were tender and well flavored. I am much surprised to find it so mild and warm here, in ten degrees higher latitude than Salem, the thermometer ranging to near fifty degrees in the air. Stoves have been got up in saloon, deck house, and cabin, to dry up things and keep us comfortable. Water and provisions, without money and without price, are abundantly supplied, thanks to Him by whose providence these islands were formed, and located in this convenient spot. Our main stays present the appearance of a butcher's stall, being hung full of shoulders, quarters, and rib pieces.

East Falkland is a narrow strip of land, extending some two degrees north and south. At the northern end, where we are, about four miles wide, a high ridge runs along the island, about three-quarters of a mile from the west shore; on its summit are numerous rough rocks of singular shape, high and precipitous, resembling white marble, appearing at a distance like the ruins of ancient castles. A fine view was obtained from the rocks as we partook of our lunch, and amused ourselves firing at the seals and birds in the water below us.

*June 13th.*—One watch still watering, the rest hunting geese, washing clothes ashore, etc. Some of the company fell in with two Spaniards, mounted on fine horses, and equipped with pistols and lassos, who hailed them in Spanish. One of our party luckily understood the language. They said that they had been living on the islands some two years, having come from Buenos Ayres, and were in hopes that we were bound to a South American port, so that they could



send letters thither. With a civil adieu they then departed. Captain Dewing feels somewhat apprehensive that they will inform the English at Port Stanley of our presence, and that they may not like the liberty we are taking with the game; but thinks that his two years' residence on the islands on a former sealing voyage, gives him as good a right to it as their settlement does them.

*June 14th.*—Today we have finished watering, having accomplished the job with greater ease than we had anticipated. The heaviest shot made today was by big Bogardus, who killed seven geese, and wounded one, himself, the gun kicking against his nose.

All hands are satiated with gunning, and anxious to be on our way towards our destination, though some almost dread to leave the security and pleasure we now enjoy for the dangers of Cape Horn.

A species of crow or rook abounds here, very tame, confiding in their insignificance. Tuttle has been endeavoring to improve upon nature by painting one of them green, thus, no doubt, exposing him to the envy of his mates on account of his superior attire.

*June 16th.*—During the week that we have been here, we have obtained about thirty casks of good water, five bullocks, and five hundred geese of excellent quality; and the \$27 in the treasury remains intact. The lumber that has been on deck is stowed away in the hold, longboat hoisted in, and we are nearly ready to continue our cruise. A few of us made a trip today to Tussock Island, as we call it, a long, narrow, crescent-shaped island, with a rocky shore, rising abruptly some fifty feet, then with a gradual swell to the middle. Its surface is covered with mounds of tussocks, the pith of which has an agreeable taste, resembling chestnuts. Between these mounds are spaces affording fine shelter in bleak winds for the horses, many of which we daily see swimming on to it, where they no doubt obtain good feed, returning to the main island for water.

*June 17th.*—Three months since we started for California. Today have been getting

ready for sea, stowing boats, &c. Several snow squalls occurred, lasting an hour or so. It blew violently in the morning, but the anchor holding, we kept the best bower at the cathead. I improved the last opportunity for a good wash in the stream, stripping to it, though the ground was covered with snow.

As the English cutter puts in here occasionally for water, we took the following method of being reported, if she or any other vessel should chance to find our deposit: A hole was dug in the hillside, out of the way of bullocks, in which a stake was set, and a keg buried, containing a letter in a bottle. Fastened securely to the top of the stake was a board, on which were painted the words: "At the foot of this stake is a bottle containing a letter." The letter read thus:

"FANNING'S HARBOR, June 14, '49.

"*Dear Friend:*

"Please report by the first opportunity that may offer, at any port in the United States of America, that on the 9th of June, 1849, the barque "La Grange," of Salem, Mass., U. S. A., Jos. Dewing, Master, arrived here, having on board the Salem and California Mining and Trading Co., consisting of sixty-five persons, including two passengers, bound to San Francisco, Upper California, on a two years' expedition, all well and enjoying the best of health, by the blessing of God. May his blessing and a long life attend you. By granting the above request you will confer a favor on

"Yours Respectfully,

"JOSEPH DEWING."

This evening it is blowing strong from the southwest; a snow-storm is whitening the decks, and with both anchors down, we are lying securely in a snug harbor, enjoying the excellent music furnished by the singers and players of our party.

*June 18th.*—Blowing a heavy gale, and we are glad enough that we did not make a start yesterday. We manage to keep very comfortable, with good fires, high living, and short days, and although a rocky shore is under our lee, with good holding ground and tackling we feel secure. The weather moderating in the afternoon, some more bullocks were killed and dressed, and brought off this evening.

*June 19th.*—An early breakfast, and soon

the anchor is up, and at day-light we were leaving behind us the bay which had so securely sheltered us, and hospitably provided for our wants, heading our course with west-north-west wind. By noon, we had made fifteen miles, when the wind hauling to southward, and freshening, we were obliged to tack, and finding that we should not reach any harbor before night, at 2.30 the order was given to square away before the

wind, and we were soon booming at the rate of eight knots toward our old anchorage. The land was covered with snow, and at times the snow falling so dense that nothing could be discerned beyond a few yards. Keeping a good lookout, we saw a high bluff forming the southern side of the bay, and at dusk we were again at anchor in the spot that we had left nine hours before.

*M. S. Prime.*

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## RECENT FICTION.—II.

WE have postponed until this month the notice of several recent translations of French and Russian novels, most of them long familiar in their own languages, but new in English. The French writers are, of course, known to many English readers, and are somewhat familiar by name and reputation to all; but the Russian ones are new provinces added to the domain of most reading people in this country. Mr. Howells even makes a reasonably well-read girl, in "Indian Summer," unaware of the existence of Turgenieff's novels. However improbable such an ignorance might be, it would have been until lately a matter of course as to Count Tolstoï or Tchernyehewsky the two Russians whose novels are now before us. The most notable of the French translations is that of Balzac, which has now reached three volumes,<sup>1</sup> published in permanent and handsome series form. There is also a translation of Flaubert's *Salammbô*,<sup>2</sup> well bound, and in good type, but abounding in misprints; and a paper-covered edition of *Aliette*,<sup>3</sup> a little story by Octave Feuillet.

<sup>1</sup> Père Goriot. The Duchesse de Langeais, etc., César Birotteau. From the French of Honoré de Balzac. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1885-6. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.

<sup>2</sup> Salammbô, of Gustave Flaubert. Englished by M. French Sheldon. London and New York: Saxon & Company. 1886.

<sup>3</sup> Aliette (La Morte.) By Octave Feuillet. Translated from the French by J. Henry Hager. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1886.

When a man comes into the world endowed with vigorous perception, a retentive memory, and that species of imagination which is only a *pot pourri* of memories, made grotesque and fantastic by their incongruous intermixture, it is a matter of the merest accident what he will write; or whether he will write on paper, or on canvas with a brush. Dickens might have been Doré, and Doré Dickens. It is even true of the greatest artists to a certain extent. Michael Angelo "relished versing"; Dante was interrupted at the easel by his "persons of importance"; Milton might never have returned to poetry but for the failure of the Good Old Cause; and Shakspeare would have written great novels if any such invention had been known in his day. When a powerfully endowed man, such as Balzac certainly was with all his limitations, does chance to spend a lifetime in writing fiction, and, moreover, without the accident of any immediate popularity of one volume or another to determine the particular form or quality of his work, so that he continues to pour out a flood of all manner of fiction—good, bad, and indifferent, clean and unclean, romantic and realistic, it is like characterizing the surface of the globe to characterize his productions. His mind was a great mirror—not without its cracks and blurs—and it imaged the whole phantasmagoria of superficially seen objects and events. The forty volumes of his *Comédie Humaine*



he well denominates *Scènes*; they are scenes in provincial life, in Parisian life, in military life, in political life,—everywhere, except in the real and true human life universal. Balzac is at the other extreme of evolution from those creatures over whose whole surface some dim, undifferentiated sense of sight is diffused. In him the visual sense has not only become concentrated and distinct, but it has absorbed all the other powers. He is all eye. "*Penser, c'est voir!*" he makes Louis Lambert exclaim. The phrase explains all the excellence of Balzac's method, at the same time that it pronounces its sentence of final inadequacy. "To think" is indeed "to see"; only, there must be not only sight, but insight. Merely to "watch"—

"When observation is not sympathy"—

may give apprehension, but not comprehension. The great retinas of the ox and owl see, and do not see. "Louis Lambert" itself illustrates Balzac's greatness and his weakness. It begins as a vivid photograph, and ends in grandiloquent fog. His longer stories remind one of the advertisement of some modern play—"in five Acts, and nineteen Tableaux." They are all in one Act, and a thousand Tableaux. Sometimes they show a temporary grasp of true constructive genius, but oftener it is a tedious bewilderment of jostling forms. A rapid survey of his works, in memory, gives us the impression of a great theatre seen behind the curtain after the ruin and confusion of a partial conflagration. A multitude of dramatic "effects" are piled together—shreds of costume, tinsel but vividly glittering; broken clumps of highly colored wooden landscape; comic and tragic appurtenances; stage swords and stage blood-clots; a whole imaginative world gone back to chaos—but nothing consecutive or true to reality.

*Le Père Goriot* is a novel of caricature. Its characters are no more possible than those of Dickens, and yet not less probable. No mere puppets, constructed by inexperience and lack of observation, they all move and speak most humanly, for every separate trait is a quick transcript of some detached bit of observed life. Yet they are not real. It is not likely that any one ever finds him-

self, with sudden dismay of conscience, in Balzac's mirror, as he constantly does in that of Thackeray or George Eliot. His characters are full of visible human mechanism, but they lack those main springs of motive, such as we find in ourselves. *Le Père Goriot* is a painful story. It has that test of a fundamentally worthless book: it leaves a man sadder without leaving him wiser. The hero is a vulgar King Lear. Feeble mindedness, in him, replaces madness; and the disagreeable replaces the sublime. Balzac is, however, as different from those few merely brutal Parisians of today who unfortunately represent French literature to the ignorance of so many Americans, as soul is from flesh. He differs from them as being a man of intellect. But, like them, he seems to paint pain not because he pities it, but because he is coolly interested in it. The reader sits as at a bull fight or a Christian martyrdom; and if he is entertained, he may as well confess to himself that it is because civilization has not yet succeeded in completely extirpating the nerve of ferocious enjoyment of pain. The whole-souled admirer of Balzac may find the psychological explanation of his interest in certain passages not far off from that of the audience which likes those war lectures and articles best that describe the most "mowing down" of ranks, and general preparation for surgery. It is, in either case, a poignant and brutal enjoyment, however popular an one, and vulgar enough, if we venture to subject it to cold analysis.

The *Duchesse de Langeais* is a tedious tale, as if told after dinner by a guest who for the most part drowns but occasionally rouses himself to startling power. Few things of Balzac's illustrate better how his narrative facility gets the better of him. It runs on and runs on. It is with him as Henry Taylor said of Macaulay: "his memory swamps his mind." The story is in reality all told in the prelude of the convent scene. A greater artist, with a Shaksperian sense of plot-interest, or a deeper mind, with a more profound sense of the intolerableness of tears and wounds unrelieved by some on-looking hope, would never have gone back from that be-

ginning to gloat over the woes that led up to the final woe. It is as if the novelist played with his characters—doomed and plainly declared to be doomed—as a cat plays with a half-dead mouse.

The stories and sketches so far translated are well enough chosen to give bits of all sorts of Balzac's writing—all, at least, that would bear this climate. They are never vicious, but there is a tolerably frank animalism in the point of view. The motives and qualities portrayed are not such as interest the best of us in each other. It is always man and woman seen closely and depicted strenuously, but seen only skin-deep, and to that depth we are still the primitive animal. The sketch, *A Passion in the Desert*, represents Balzac at his best. Nothing could be more perfect than these pictures. It is only difficult to know where not to quote :

“He was awakened by the sun, whose pitiless beams falling vertically upon the granite rock, produced an intolerable heat. The Provençal had ignorantly flung himself down in a contrary direction to the shadows thrown by the verdant and majestic fronds of the palm trees. He gazed at those solitary monarchs and shuddered. They recalled to his mind the graceful shafts crowned with long, weaving leaves, which distinguish the Saracenic columns of the Cathedral of Arles. The thought overcame him; and when, after counting the trees, he threw his eyes upon the scene around him, an agony of despair convulsed his soul. He saw a limitless ocean. The somber sands of the desert stretched out till lost to sight in all directions; they glittered with dark luster like a steel blade shining in the sun. He could not tell if it were an ocean or a chain of lakes that lay mirrored before him. A hot vapor swept in waves above the surface of this heaving continent. The sky had the Oriental glow of translucent purity, which disappoints because it leaves nothing for the imagination to desire. The heavens and the earth were both on fire. Silence added its awful and desolate majesty. Infinitude, immensity pressed down upon the soul on every side; not a cloud in the sky, not a breath in the air, not a rift on the breast of the sand, which was ruffled only with little ridges scarcely rising above its surface. Far as the eye could reach the horizon fell away into space, marked by a slender line, thin as the edge of a sabre—like as in summer seas a thread of light parts this earth from the heaven it meets.”

The translation is a spirited one, and follows the original with what would be a suf-

ficient fidelity if it were only a question of some insignificant writer whose exact mentality was of less importance than the making of a sprightly and picturesque English page. But it is occasionally sufficiently inaccurate, and especially in the matter of additions and questionable emendations, to be—in the case of such a master as Balzac—positively impertinent. It is needless to give illustrations; the very last sentence quoted above will serve as well as any. It reads, in the original :

“Enfin l'horizon finissait, comme en mer, quand il fait beau, par une ligne de lumière aussi déliée que le tranchant d'un sabre.”

And when Balzac wrote, just above, “*ces arbres solitaires*,” why should the translator “improve” his style by calling them “solitary monarchs”? If Balzac had wished thus to designate them, the French language is not without a symbol which he could have employed. Again, it shows a feeble sense of the swing of a properly arranged sentence, closing in its most emphatic idea, when the French “*Il voyait un océan sans bornes*,” is needlessly clipped and inverted to “He saw a limitless ocean.” If we are translating Balzac we might as well not only say precisely what he said, but say it precisely as he said it, especially when the very words needed are ready to our hand. Nevertheless, we must do the translation the justice of declaring it, for the most part, an admirably intelligent one. Its defects are trifling compared with its merits. We are tempted to quote one paragraph more, as a sample of Balzac's power in minute realistic description, and at the same time of the excellence of the rendering :

“In the middle of the night his sleep was broken by a strange noise. He sat up; the deep silence that reigned everywhere enabled him to hear the alternating rhythm of a respiration whose savage vigor could not belong to a human being . . . A strong odor, like that exhaled by foxes, only far more pungent and penetrating, filled the grotto. When the soldier had tasted it, so to speak, by the nose, his fear became terror; he could no longer doubt the nature of the terrible companion whose royal lair he had taken for a bivouac. Before long, the reflection of the moon, as it sank to the horizon, lighted up the den, and gleamed upon the shining, spotted skin of a pan-



ther . . . It was a female. The fur on the belly and on the thighs was of sparkling whiteness. Several little spots like velvet made pretty bracelets round her paws. The muscular tail was also white, but it terminated with black rings. The fur of the back, yellow or dead gold, and very soft and glossy, bore the characteristic spots, shaded like a full blown rose, which distinguish the panther from all other species of *felis*. This terrible hostess lay tranquilly snoring, in an attitude as easy and graceful as that of a cat on the cushion of an ottoman. Her bloody paws, sinewy and well-armed, were stretched beyond her head, which lay upon them; and from her muzzle projected a few straight hairs, called whiskers, which shimmered in the early light like silver wires . . . At this instant the panther turned her head towards the Frenchman and looked at him fixedly, without moving. The rigidity of her metallic eyes, and their insupportable clearness made the Provençal shudder. The beast moved towards him; he looked at her caressingly, with a soothing glance by which he hoped to magnetize her. He let her come quite close to him before he stirred; then with a touch as gentle and loving as he might have used to a pretty woman, he slid his hand along her spine from the head to the flanks, scratching with his nails the flexible vertebrae which divide the yellow back of a panther. The creature drew up her tail voluptuously, her eyes softened, and when for the third time the Frenchman bestowed this self-interested caress, she gave vent to a purr like that with which a cat expresses pleasure; but it issued from a throat so deep and powerful that the sound echoed through the grotto like the last chords of an organ rolling along the roof of a church."

The sudden birth of an interest in Balzac in this country is symptomatic of several things. In the first place, like the recent interest in Russian literature, it denotes a commendable aspiration to reach out beyond our own provincial horizon, and to learn what it is that other races and temperaments admire. Furthermore, it indicates a partial reaction from the too-easily accepted delusion that all French literature is highly objectionable, and especially all realistic French novels. But the interest in Balzac, particularly, suggests above all the suspicion that our civilization—and shall we say peculiarly that of the region from which this series of translations emanates?—has reached the stage of profound *ennui*. The mind that craves the endless narratives of Balzac must be—if not individually *ennuyé*—at least the product of a society that is so. It is only when one has lost the vigorous freshness of

an interest in real life as it actually lies throbbing all about him, that such fiction can greatly prosper with him. Yet it is something gained if weariness with the near ends in aspiration for the distant; and once out of one's petty province, one may chance to go very far. It will certainly be a distinct gain for Boston, not to speak of other intellectual centers, if beginning with Balzac in English it should happen to end with George Sand in the original French.

Gustave Flaubert has the great recommendation of having been the close personal friend of George Sand and Turgeneff. It is impossible that a man could have been this without sensitiveness of spirit and fineness of mental fibre. Yet he was evidently capable, at the same time, of that insensitiveness and that mental obtuseness which Parisians alone seem able to possess in incongruous union with the opposite qualities. Among our own people, love of the bloody and the ghoulis is the proper trait of the vulgar; and if the brutal taste creeps up higher in the social strata than one might suppose, it is covertly and shamefacedly. The translator of *Salammbô* says that "Zola and the men of his type . . . have gone to an extreme at which Flaubert's wisdom, his dignity, and his devotion to literature would never have permitted him to arrive. His disdain for the conventional restriction of the cold and classical school was not so great as to lead him to indecencies, or to pervert his imagination." But this same translator describes *Salammbô* as "like an exquisite piece of Greek sculpture, mighty, yet too ethereal in its beauty for modern hands to create"—a comparison which puts him out of court as far as any opinion on what constitutes a perverted imagination is concerned. *Salammbô* is about as much like the "thunders of white silence" of Greek sculpture as are the "realistic" pictures of the Paris exposition, which represented with much skill victims under the hands of torturers, decaying corpses, and other such unpleasant and very un-Hellenic objects. The adjective "ethereal" applied to this book is simply grotesque. It is a historic story of the war between Carthage and her rebellious mer-

cenary troops—a war provoked by shameful treachery on the part of the Republic, and continued and avenged with unparalleled ferocity on both sides. The principal contents of the narrative are minute descriptions of the mutilations of the battle-field, the torturing of captives, the appearance of diseased persons, and as many like matters as can be packed into its limits. It is useless to urge, as the admirers of Flaubert do, that this sort of book is not a product of the same taste that sets kitchen maids to devouring the "Police Gazette," but of a love for truth in art, upon the principle that it should shirk no representation of life as it really is. For a conscientious belief in the doctrine that art has no duty to select from life, but must take it as it comes, beautiful or ugly, does not sanction a story that *does* select, and selects the ugly—gathers it together, piles it upon the reader's attention in an ill-smelling heap, ignoring the existence of anything else; and this is what *Salammbô* does. *Salammbô*, the daughter of Hamilcar, is herself a beautiful figure; there is also some description of beautiful gardens, garments, and landscape. The rest of the book, every person and incident in it, is ugly. It is not quite the same thing as Zola, but Zola's books are legitimate successors of such as this. It is probable that war in the time of Hamilcar and Mathô was as Flaubert describes it; but if the details of its mutilations and savageries are to be accepted as proper material for the making of novels, it is not to be wondered at that some one should remember that bodies are mutilated and diseases are loathsome today, too; and conclude that the uglinesses of the modern slums afford even better material than those of the ancient camp or court. Either is a stupid caricature of the occasional bold brutality of the Greek models to whom these Parisians appeal. The Greek selected something noble or beautiful for his theme, and if in the following it he came to any occasion for speaking of things physically or morally unpleasant, he spoke of them with simple directness, neither seeking nor evading. The same lesson Flaubert might have learned from his great friend Turgenieff, who is in the highest degree real-

istic, who does not fear to talk of the dark things in life, yet who does it nobly, simply, and because the theme calls for it. Flaubert neither shrinks from his savageries, nor gloats over them; he simply dwells upon them with cold care and precision, working them out in detail, precisely as the painters of the same school work over the proper effect of muscles in the faces of men on the rack. They do not, therefore, produce any especial terror or horror in reading—not a tithe, for instance, of the feeling that the uncalculated, crude vigor and sincerity of "Fox's Book of Martyrs" never fails to inspire—but simply a sickened disgust and depression in reading, and still more in having read. The reason that the commoner sort of people crowd to executions, or narrate to each other with gusto the details of ugly wounds and diseases, is doubtless that these strong, gross stimulants stir their sluggish emotions, as their drugged gins and whiskeys stir the sluggish brain. When, by virtue of its innate coldness and insincerity, a book that seeks to take advantage of this desire for excitement fails even to excite, it is left without shadow of reason for existence.

Absinthe is a Paris institution; and it points to the same trait in Paris society as the existence of such writers as Flaubert and Zola. There are brains in Paris that must have an intoxication even more potent than that of the vilest gin or whisky, and yet not so coarse; and there are intellects there that demand excitement essentially the same as that given by the "blood and thunder papers," and yet administered through the writings of men of unquestionably great literary skill, and some mental power. We do not see to what this can point except a real dullness of emotion, under all apparent quickness; a dullness akin to that which makes the Anglo-Saxon yahoo crave a hanging or a fight; or else a profoundly jaded condition, a boundless *ennui*. Not that such a comment must be taken too sweepingly; the existence and acceptance of a certain class of books in a nation, proves only that there is a class there whose tastes they represent—not that they reveal the charac-



teristic taste of the nation. Yet one finds, even in popular writings like Octave Feuillet's, indications of the same thing: strong colors, extreme situations, cruelty rather than pathos, must be used to sting to activity the laggard sensibility. *Aliette* has no physical cruelty or coarseness; but a young wife in it dies under an even cruelly pitiful accumulation of circumstances, more appropriate to a grave tragedy than to so light a story. Though light in manner, however, the story seems to have a serious motive; and this seems to be, to demonstrate the necessity of religious training for women. A man, the author seems to believe, may be reasonably kind and honorable without any creed; but a woman, even though brought up in the "religion of humanity," will be little less than a fiend without an orthodox theology. This is, of course, a very common view, but—it need scarcely be said—founded more on theory than observation. The grace and skill with which the story is brought out are not to be disregarded, nor the intelligence of passing observation.

The translation of *Anna Karénina*<sup>1</sup> is from the French, but revised by reference to the original Russian. It is heavily sprinkled with untranslated Russian words—too heavily for comfort in reading, for many of them seem quite unnecessary. So far as the reader can perceive, exact equivalents exist in English; or if there is some shade of meaning in them not to be expressed by the English equivalent, it would seem as if little was gained by holding on to a form in which no one who does not read Russian can perceive any meaning beyond the one given in English in the glossary. This is, however, a minor matter: it is possible to get a very distinct and impressive idea of Tolstoï from the translation, and that is matter for gratitude.

We are naturally disposed to form our ideas of Russian literature from Turgenieff, and to expect it to be terse and dramatic. Tolstoï disappoints these expectations, almost reversing the ideas we get from Tur-

genieff. He is leisurely, diffuse, and very quiet. *Anna Karénina* rounds itself out in time into a complete and tragic story, but not until it has traversed a wide area out of the whole field of human life. It is not a book for people to read who are in a hurry. It seems to imply a people of a great leisure, instead of the feverishly excited, turbulent, impatient people one would expect to find the intelligent, reading Russians, from Turgenieff. It is infinitely sincere, serious, and artless; not critical, like Turgenieff, nor satirical. One would guess that the author had no theories at all about art, but simply put people and life in as he saw them. Turgenieff describes Russians as Russians; he stands off, like an outside observer, and sees national traits and peculiarities, and brings them out forcibly. Tolstoï takes them as a matter of course, and writes of them as if there were no people but Russians in the world; the reader has to infer for himself, from the data given quite incidentally, what is Russian nature, and what human nature, what is local custom, and what is the universal habit of the civilized world. In the one matter of the problem of agricultural labor, the author takes pains to urge that conditions in Russia are different from those that exist in other countries; but even then, he does not bring out specific differences. All this makes his work more like life than Turgenieff's. Less great, we think no one can fail to say: altogether wanting in that vast and gloomy power, that tragic force, that makes each book of the great Russian novelist remain on the memory like the impress of an emotional experience passed through; but still, more real. *Anna Karénina* is a great section cut out of real life, and transferred bodily to the pages of a book, with all the commonplaces, the tragedy, and the comedy, that chanced to be growing thereon. Nothing could be farther from fulfilling the dictum that everything not necessary to the point of the story should be eliminated from a novel.

One very impressive feature of Tolstoï's work, however, it has in common with Turgenieff's—that is, its intense sadness. He

<sup>1</sup> *Anna Karénina*. By Count Lyof N. Tolstoï. Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole. New York: Thomas G. Crowell & Co. 1886.

finds refuge in a religious faith, evolved for himself out of the simple elements of life ; while Turgenieff simply endures in a majestic and terrible gloom. One cannot attribute to the personal temperament or experience of either author this gloom, when it appears in both—differing, as they do, so widely in character, circumstance, and quality of thought. It is a baffled, perplexed sadness ; they and their characters are perpetually striving to find light as to Russia and her future, human life and its purpose, and finding none ; tossed about, not knowing what to do, and yet doing. Nor is this to be set down entirely as a result of the torn and unhappy condition of Russia ; both novelists show plainly enough a stronger reason for it, in a quality that both attribute to their characters ; Turgenieff consciously, and evidently with some recognition of its importance, Tolstõi unconsciously. That is, an almost uniform weakness of will, and lack of stability of character. The Russians we meet in these novels are fickle in love, unable to resist impulse, unsteady in convictions and conduct. It is not the fickleness or the unsteadiness of frivolity : they are intense in feeling, sincere and earnest in thought ; they take life very seriously. But only here and there do we find one capable of choosing his line of conduct and carrying it out with consistency, or accepting its consequences. Levin himself, in *Anna Karénina*, does this in the important affairs of life ; and—significantly enough, since it seems to be certainly autobiography—it is this very thing to which he clings, and in which he finds light and hope. “ You live for God and your soul,” says the old peasant to him ; and the very existence of a God and a purpose in life seems to him demonstrated by the dignity and steadfastness of his own life in its main currents. Yet in all details, Levin is apt to be impotent against his own moods, and impulses, and desires ; and from this impotence comes most of his unhappiness. Kitty, devoted little wife as she becomes, has first been off with one love and on with another very easily. Vronsky engages in the pursuit of Anna without resistance to his own desire,

and Anna struggles very weakly against hers. After they have surrendered everything for each other, neither is able to carry out the life they have chosen altogether with consistency and self-control. Vronsky here shows justice and loyalty in the main matter of his behavior to the helpless woman whom he has enticed into such a position ; but the usual incertitude of character is none the less evident in him, in his painting attempts in Italy, his wavering between town and country, and earlier in his behavior at the time of his daughter’s birth. He even loses the horse-race his soul is set on, because he cannot sufficiently control himself to carry out the method of riding he had resolved on. We might name character after character, and in almost every one, the same instability could be pointed out. It is not only that they are helpless against their impulses ; their impulses and their convictions are themselves shifting and incalculable. So, in reading a Russian novel, one is always in anxiety as to how the best people may behave ; one can trust no one, even as Turgenieff’s young girls learn that they cannot trust their lovers. His women are for the most part very loyal, however ; but Tolstõi’s are as little to be trusted as men. Natascha, in *War and Peace*, for instance, is swayed by impulses very much as Turgenieff’s fickle lovers are.

Of the many other phases of Russian life spread out before us in this encyclopediac novels, we cannot speak fully here. The social life of Moscow and St. Petersburg, the work and sports of country life, the aspects of nature, the labor question, the religious factions and movements, the effect of Western thought on Russian lettered circles, the ways of the peasantry—all find their way into *Anna Karénina*, in more or less adequate glimpses. We have not spoken at all of the main theme of the book—the daring of fate and society entered upon by Vronsky and Anna, and its failure through its own natural working out of consequences ; because the force of it is perfectly apparent at a glance. Anna was unable to bear the uncertainty of her own position, her utter dependence upon Vronsky’s fancy ; and all the good faith



he did actually exercise could not compensate for having brought her into a position, where she could, in the nature of things, have no real guarantee of it. It was this that justified his remorse after her tragic end; he had brought her into a position by its nature unjust and impossible to her, had urged her to acts of which the risks and penalties must fall on her, not him, and he could not make this other than a wrong to her by refraining from adding to it the grosser wrong of bad faith afterward.

From Tolstoï, one would not know there was such a thing as Nihilism. From Tchernychevsky, we get a view of Nihilists as they appear to themselves. They, says the translator, regard *What's to be Done?*,<sup>1</sup> his single novel, "as a faithful portraiture of themselves and their movement," much truer than Turgenieff's. Yet a comparison of *What's to be Done?* and "Virgin Soil" shows that the two agreed as to the main phenomena they described. But Turgenieff described them as an observer, friendly, but independent; Tchernychevsky—who is even now dying in Siberia—as an enthusiast. The political elements in the Nihilistic creed do not enter into this novel, unless it may be in an incomprehensible concluding chapter, which would seem to be a sort of cipher expression of things he dare not say openly, for the book was written in prison. It is with the social revolution, in the matter of the position of women, that it is occupied. It insists upon the absolute equality of the sexes, upon in-arrriage for love only, a refined, intellectual friendship as the controlling element in married life, and dissolubility of marriage at will. In all but the last of these doctrines, the most candid and liberal minds of all nations would doubtless agree with him; and in his advocacy of free unions it is evident that his error is one of practical judgment, rather than of moral perception. To him, the "new men," as he delights to call the Nihilists of his school, are men to whose lofty purity and honor the ordinary safeguards of soci-

ety are not merely unnecessary, but even obstacles to a higher morality; and these "new men" are soon to conquer the earth, and all are to become like them—austere, yet loving, devotees of the higher good and the service of humanity; lovers of truth, masters of themselves. "It is not long since this type was established in Russia," says he. "Each is bold and resolute, knowing what to do under all circumstances, and doing it with a strong arm when necessary. That is one side of their character. On the other side, each is of honesty, such that one cannot even ask 'Can this man be relied on fully and absolutely?' As long as those breasts heave, they will be warm and unshakable; lay your head upon them boldly, it will rest there safely. These general traits are so prominent that they eclipse all individual peculiarities." It is evident that here are just the traits of character the lack of which, to judge from Turgenieff and Tolstoï, is at the root of Russian unhappiness. Is it merely a devotee's enthusiasm that finds them among the men of his own cult? Not entirely, for we may depend upon Turgenieff's evidence, in both "Virgin Soil" and "Fathers and Sons," that steadiness, loyalty, and self-control, in strong contrast to the society around them, are ideals among the intelligent Nihilists. Solomine, in "Virgin Soil," will occur to every one, as also Marianne's safety with him and Neshdanoff, as proof that Tchernychevsky has undoubtedly seen character and conduct that might serve as a starting-point for his conception of the world as regulated by Nihilists.

Besides these translations, a few new English and American novels must be noticed, most of them briefly. *If Love be Love*,<sup>2</sup> *Demos*,<sup>3</sup> and *Marjorie*,<sup>4</sup> are nothing more than additional numbers of the Harpers' long list of English stock novels, in Franklin Square and Handy Series form. *Demos*, it is true, makes some effort to be a social study, being, by

<sup>2</sup> *If Love be Love*. By D. Cecil Gibbs. New York: Harper Crothers. 1886.

<sup>3</sup> *Demos*: A Story of English Socialism. New York: Harper Brothers. 1886.

<sup>4</sup> *Marjorie*: or, Wild as a Hawk. By Katherine S. Macquoid. New York: Harper Brothers. 1886.

<sup>1</sup> *What's to be Done?* By N. G. Tchernychevsky. Translated by Benjamin R. Tucker. Boston: Benjamin R. Tucker. 1886.

sub-title, "A Story of English Socialism." But there is no real study about it—only a well-defined opinion on the writer's part that the lower classes should remain poor, and would be very happy in their own way if they were also wisely left ignorant; that the aristocracy should be charitable toward them, but have all the wealth and power; and that the *bourgeois*, especially grimy manufacturers, are the mischief-makers of society, and altogether intolerable. *The Mark of Cain* has very much more character than the preceding three, and though its incidents are no less sensational than the title, it is gentlemanly, sprightly, and intelligent. It has a villain of conventional heaviness, yet he is not in all respects conventional, and the other characters are not at all so, but quite interesting people.

We have, of new American novels, *The Fall of Gotham*,<sup>2</sup> *Atalanta in the South*,<sup>3</sup> *Burglars in Paradise*,<sup>4</sup> *The Man Who Was Guilty*,<sup>5</sup> and *The Wind of Destiny*.<sup>6</sup> *The Fall of Gotham*, by Joaquin Miller, is little more than an invective against Wall Street, the connection of which with recent losses met there by the author is unconcealed. The sins of stock-gambling can hardly be too severely denounced, but they may easily be inveighed against to no good whatever. *Atalanta in the South* is a much better book than we should have expected from the author of "The San Rosario Ranch." As its weak predecessor was much over-praised, the Nemesis of reaction is likely to visit this better story with more dispraise than it deserves. It would have been considered a very prom-

ising first book. It appears to have been written more for the sake of making a book, than of saying something that its author had to say, but that is too common a crime to be severely judged. It is located in New Orleans, and there is a visible effort to bring in, in a tourist sort of fashion, all the characteristic sights and customs. But there are no absurd breaches of taste, no wildly sentimental flights, no platitudes posing as wisdom. It is maturer and less pretentious. Its jester is only once or twice positively ill-bred, and is usually shrewd; and there is a pleasant episode in the chance acquaintance and friendship of the Federal and Confederate officers, who had twenty years before unconsciously crippled each other's lives on the spot where they now met. *Burglars in Paradise* is a continuation of Miss Phelps's last summer's sketch "An Old Maid's Paradise." It is only less pleasant than that. It is less serious, "An Old Maid's Paradise" having been an idyl, while this is mostly comedy. According to Miss Phelps's fashion—a rather questionable fashion, too—she mixes burlesque serenely in with realism, so that in the midst of reading what Corona, or Puelvir, or Matthew Launcelot, really did, related with delicate truth to character, you are told with an unchanged air of simple veracity of something that of course they did not do, but only approximated. There is no danger of deceiving the unwary, but there is of mixing flavors incongruously.

<sup>1</sup> The Mark of Cain. By Andrew Lang. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1886.

<sup>2</sup> The Fall of Gotham. By Joaquin Miller. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1886. For sale by Phillips & Hunt.

<sup>3</sup> Atalanta in the South. By Maud Howe. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1886.

<sup>4</sup> Burglars in Paradise. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

<sup>5</sup> The Man Who Was Guilty. By Flora Haines Longhead. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

<sup>6</sup> The Wind of Destiny. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

*The Man Who Was Guilty* calls for more extended notice, because, being worth notice in any case, it is also a California novel by a California writer. It has, to begin with, character, and a worthy motive. Its subject—the man who is guilty and repents—is in no wise new to the Sunday School story, but it is new as a serious social study, in a novel with artistic as well as moral purpose. And just here, where the best quality of Mrs. Longhead's story comes in, is also involved its chief difficulty, for the artistic and the moral purpose embarrass each other somewhat. It is, of course, essential to the moral lesson of Philip King's life that he should be a typical man—that the obstacles he encoun-



tered should be the same that other men should encounter, no greater and no less; yet for the completeness of the story, it was undoubtedly a correct judgment to add to his advantages an exceedingly rare force of character, and as handicap for this, the unaccounted-for fifteen thousand dollars. The reader is thus constantly questioning whether this or that would have happened, whether he would have been treated thus or so; and concluding that, considering the exceptional circumstances, he would; in a purely typical case, such as Mr. Howells would have chosen—as Silas Lapham is the typical honest self-made man, and Bartley Hubbard the typical newspaper scamp—and treated as Mr. Howells would treat it, everything would seem to the reader to happen as only it could possibly happen. But if Philip King were a typical man, under purely typical circumstances, he could not excite as much sympathy, nor be as heroic or picturesque a figure. Unjust suffering is an ancient and still unexhausted device for winning sympathy and enthusiasm to one's hero; but just suffering, intensified by unjust, is a fresh one. The other serious criticism we should make upon *The Man Who was Guilty* is, that it is careless of the minor consistencies, which has the effect of jarring the reader out of rapport, in the effort to reconcile contradictions. Ages will not count up right; people are not sure to be four years older after the lapse of four years. A lady is said to be "thoroughly and yet superficially educated"—superficially, because the only motive in it was display and ambition; and the distinction is a wise and important one. But the same lady writes invitations in bad French, and has ill-chosen pictures—marks of an education thorough in no respect. So in several other instances. Passing by minor criticisms, however, the story bids a little too frankly sometimes for sympathy, over-emphasizes sometimes the pathetic or dramatic in a scene, and thereby mars its general sincerity with a note of conscious effort; but, taken as a whole, it is earnest, high-minded, and moving, lighted here and there by a demure drollery, interesting as a story, and provocative of serious thought.

*The Wind of Destiny* is a more impressive and more faulty book than "But Yet a Woman." It gives out a harmonious and uniform effect, which carries out the impression made by the title, and by the device on the cover, which is evidently suggested by the mystic whorls in Vedder's illustrations of Omar Khayyam, and brings to mind at once the corresponding passages from the Rubaiyat. A wind of destiny seems thus to blow through the whole. It is full of wise things, pathetic things, and beautiful things; its tone is noble, and its characters are noble. But all this wisdom and nobility is barely enough to obscure, and not enough to hide, absurdities in the skeleton of the story. If we are to write a fairy tale, a classic myth, a romance located outside of definite time or place, it will do to make men conceive the love that is to be the vital fact of a lifetime in one glimpse of a stranger's face, and women respond after three, without even knowing each other's names; but put into the midst of nineteenth century philosophy, it becomes absurd. When we put the stage so near, and pretend that real life is to be represented thereon, we must make things happen literally as they would happen. So, too, Gladys might have loved her cousin as she did—gone to his cottage, as she did; but in what sane household would it have been considered necessary to first make such a mystery over it, and then tell everybody? Or what man of any resources, in Rowan's place, would have asked the maid, "Can you lie?" and then laid upon her the burden of doing it, compromising her mistress in her eyes, instead of taking the weight of the emergency himself? Nor was Gladys's position terrible enough—especially considering her child—to send her to desperation. In no case, indeed, are the controlling causes in the story adequate to their effects. If one can once put this out of his mind, he may admire *The Wind of Destiny* very much. Its beauty cannot fail to make a deep impression. Its emotion is like life, even though often inadequately accounted for by the causes. Its light conversations, such as those in which Gladys fences with her cousin, are often obscure and an-

noying; but when people talk more gravely and simply—as notably, in Gladys's most serious talk with Schonberg—they touch the deep chords of human life, and the result is noble and sweet.

We have, also, new editions of Mrs. Jackson's two "No Name" novels, *Mercy Philbrick's Choice* and *Hetty's Strange Story*.<sup>2</sup> It is in these two stories, especially in *Mercy Philbrick's Choice*, that one may find proof amounting to practical certainty of the authorship of the Saxe Holm stories. They bear evidence enough of having been written by some one of more than ordinary mind

<sup>1</sup> *Mercy Philbrick's Choice*. By Helen Jackson, "H. H." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>2</sup> *Hetty's Strange Story*. By Helen Jackson, "H. H." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

and feeling, and they are not commonplace books; but they express their author at her weakest. There is a subtle betrayal of autobiography about them—not in incident, but in character. One cannot resist the feeling that Mercy and Stephen and Hetty are all drawn from something in the author's consciousness of herself, as she was, or as she would have liked to be from one or another side of her complex nature and aspirations. The people surrounding them—Stephen's and Mercy's mothers, for instance,—seem to be, not copies from any individuals she had known, but personifications of the effect that had been produced on her by people in some specific cases. *Hetty's Strange Story* has less of this personality about it, and is therefore the better book of the two.

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### ETC.

ENGLAND is just passing from the preliminary to the second phase of what will undoubtedly prove the most important chapter of her political experience in this century. It is hard to feel sure at this distance exactly which are right, among the wise and upright men now holding so diverse opinions as to the Irish question. Sympathy in this country turns naturally to Mr. Gladstone. His personal grandeur, his liberal views, the peculiar sympathy that exists between him and the middle classes, his eloquence, have all created a strong admiration for him here; and there has always been here, too, a general sympathy with the desires of Ireland. Of course much of this has been factitious, for political and newspaper counting-room purposes; and there has not been wanting a great dislike to the Irish as a people, on the part of very many of our native Americans. Yet even the original American blood, which has felt keenly some want of adaptation in the Kelt of its cherished plan of government by voluntary coöperation, has always been ready to remember that we, too, were once held in reluctant subordination by England. Sympathy with Ireland has been stronger than antagonism. When Gladstone and the Irish cause, therefore, are at one, there has been—all political pretence aside—an even eager desire for his success. That in principle he is right—that the Irish demand for some sort of autonomy is just, and that the establishment of freer and more cordial relations between Ireland and the imperial government is absolutely necessary

—is almost self-evident. That a parliament at Dublin is the best way to achieve this, we Americans are disposed to think; because we admire Gladstone, who advocates it, and because it is the form in which the Irish wish to have local self-government, and it is in harmony with our traditions to believe that any people knows best what it wants in its local institutions. But it will not do to toss aside too lightly the opposition of such men as Hartington, Matthew Arnold, and Herbert Spencer. The opposition of Salisbury and the Tories amounts to nothing, as far as American opinion is concerned; because we knew before that their ideals of government were different from ours, and that they are, therefore, reasoning from premises we do not admit. The opposition of Chamberlain and his followers does not carry weight in itself, either. The protest of wealth and privilege against all extensions of equal right is to be expected. But the protest of the educated classes is not to be lightly put into the same category as that of "wealth, rank, privilege." The educated classes have often before been the very strength and main-spring of political reform and political justice. It is true that Professor Tyndall's or Professor Huxley's disapproval counts for little, because there is no reason why scientific specialists should be good judges in complex questions of statecraft. But men like Arnold, Spencer, and Dicey come under a different category. They are, in one form or another, sociologists, and it would be as much their business



to set Mr. Gladstone right on a sociological point as Mr. Huxley's to set him right on the point of the order of organic evolution, were it not that Mr. Gladstone is himself a sociologist of no mean attainments. He stands almost alone against the judgment of many men like these—men Liberal in principle, candid and open-minded to new doctrine, strongly disposed to the just and righteous in government. John Morley and Professor Bryce are with him, almost alone of the literary class. Of the old Liberal leaders, not one agrees with him. Hartington, Goschen, Bright, are all in protest, and Roseberry, Morley, and Bryce—new names in Liberal leadership—are his lieutenants. On the other hand, this secession of old names and appearance of new may well mean that the future leaders, instead of those of a past day, are with the party. And the objections of Hartington, Dicey, Arnold, and Goschen are now before the thoughtful Americans, and do not impress them as conclusive. It is quite possible that a more limited autonomy than Mr. Gladstone proposes would be better for Ireland; but the fact that a home parliament is the form in which Ireland wants that local government which it is conceded she should have in some form, seems to us a sufficient reason why she should have it. Our federal experience has given us faith in the ability of any section to attend to its own affairs. We are disposed to think it is better in the long run that they should be somewhat ill-managed at home, than well-managed from abroad.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S talk of federation has inspired a good deal of delight in this country. It is so very flattering to picture the mother country copying our young institutions that the statesmen of the American press have not failed to call her attention to the advantages of the system, with much kindly condescension. That federation would be a very pretty arrangement of the British Empire seems obvious. But it seems equally obvious that nations do not change their ground-plan overnight, in any such flippant fashion as our newspaper statesmen advise Mr. Gladstone. To use the federation plan now, in the matter of Ireland, would involve changes in the British constitution that might need a hundred years to work themselves out naturally. Our paper instrument is apt to deceive us as to the real nature of a constitution, and to make us forget that the most important parts cannot be made, but must grow. Our federal system was not made by the Continental Congress; it had been growing for more than one hundred and fifty years, out of the necessities of the case. Our written constitution merely recorded and systematized, in this respect, what had already become our constitution by a stronger law. Mr. Gladstone's answer to the talk of federation—"That may come sometime"—is probably all that could or should be said on the subject now.

### Washington Territory.

After the recent trouble at Seattle, the presentation of the bill for the admission of Washington Territory as a State was postponed, as it was feared its chances were seriously impaired.

Standing beside the outer gate,  
She waits, ashamed to enter in;  
Hoping that with the thirty-eight  
She soon may stand, another State,  
Yet conscious of her present sin.  
And fearful lest the sisterhood  
Think her unworthy to intrude.

What shadow falls along the Sound?  
Injustice, with black wings aslant;  
With discord spreading fast around,  
He strides along the wretched ground,  
With old world threats and new world cant.  
Not strange that she apart doth wait,  
Fearing to face the thirty-eight.

And she should be the proudest one  
Of all the eight and thirty fair;  
She bears the name of Washington,  
But these base deeds that she has done  
Make it a very mockery there.  
That hero would have blushed to see  
Her use of right and liberty.

*F. I. De Wolfe.*

### La Siesta.

*After Longfellow.*

Wind, idling in fond play  
Where eoy the wild rose creeps,  
Haste, chase that bee away!  
She sleeps—  
My darling sleeps.

Ferns, waving o'er her brow,  
Where light the gold hair sweeps,  
Shading the sun's kiss, bow,  
She sleeps—  
My darling sleeps.

Violets, in mossy bed,  
Where bright the fountain leaps,  
Sweet perfume round her shed,  
She sleeps—  
My darling sleeps.

Bird in the orange tree,  
Caged in its leafy dens,  
Warble soft lullaby.  
She sleeps—  
My darling sleeps.

Fay, that from rosy nest,  
Shy at her beauty peeps.  
Safe guard her happy rest.  
She sleeps—  
My darling sleeps.

*De Witt Hubbell.*

## BOOK REVIEWS.

**Chosön: The Land of the Morning Calm.**<sup>1</sup>

KOREA is full of interest, especially for Californians, who have heard of its gold-bearing mountains, waiting for the prospector. A little while ago, no one knew anything for certain about the great peninsula between the Yellow Sea and the Sea of Japan, but now so much has been written on the subject that Korea is no longer mysterious. We know much of its history, its art, its language and literature, and of the leading topographical features of the empire, from the rocky height of the Island of Quelpart, to the ancient "Wall of Stakes," and the sacred "Ever-white Mountain." The "Land of the Morning Calm," the "Land of Sunrise," the "Land of the Tiger-flag," is the bridge over which the Japanese passed to their islands.

The notes of every careful traveler in Korea are of importance. Mr. Lowell's book presents a very attractive appearance, with its illustrations from photographs and nature, maps and drawings. The literary quality is so very uneven, and at times so crude, that it is hard to refrain from a sweeping condemnation. Only a sociologist can fully appreciate the absurdity of the chapters upon the oriental mind, such as "The Triad of Principles, the Patriarchal System, and the Quality of Impersonality." They are so jaunty, ignorant, and almost presumptuous, that one is led to doubt the reality of other portions of the book. The level of these sage reflections is about the level of a high school essay. Mr. Lowell spent a winter at Söul, the capital, as the guest of the Korean king. His opportunities were magnificent, but a well-trained journalist could have written half of this volume without a sight of the country. Some of the notes on Korean myths are highly interesting, especially that of the Korean Rip Van Winkle, a woodman, who found four old men in the mountains playing a "game of go," and emptying "flagons of sul." They offered him a cup, and after draining it, he started home, only to find that a hundred years had passed in the magic draught. Descriptions of "Söul by Night," of the architecture, landscape gardening, and palaces, form a more useful part of the book. But the unpleasant intrusion of Mr. Lowell's personality into many paragraphs is the most glaring fault of his book. We have never read a book of travels more thoroughly marred by a persistent egotism. Little asides about the author's likes and dislikes fill whole pages. It is Korea and the Koreans that we wish to hear about, not Mr. Percival Lowell, and we are forced to sum

up the situation by the statement: Another lost opportunity for making a real contribution to books of travel.

**Briefer Notice.**

THE Rev. Dr. John De Witt, of the American Old Testament Revision Company, troubled by the amount of compromise necessary to the committee between exact rendering of the original and preservation of familiar phrasing, offers his own rendering of the Book of Psalms, in which he has been freed from the King James version. The poetical form is used. The rendering is a dignified one, and very interesting.—*Woman in Music*<sup>3</sup> is devoted chiefly to woman's record as an inspirer of music—that is, to the loves and admirations of the great composers, and not to her own works in music. A preliminary chapter explains frankly that this is necessary, because there is really nothing to be said about woman in music as a creator. Some rather intelligent speculation is devoted to this curious deficiency in musical creativeness. We incline to think Mr. Upton touches on the true solution, when he says it is probably for the very reason that she is emotional by temperament, that she cannot use this highly exact and formal means of expression of emotion. "The emotion is a part of herself, and is as natural to her as breathing"; she cannot stand off and look at it as a painter at a landscape, and put it into a form of expression which is, in reality, "not only an art, but an exact science . . . mercilessly logical and unrelentingly mathematical." He goes on to suggest, it is true, that this rigid mathematics is in itself outside of woman's rôle; but the admission of women to equal competition in college and university courses with men, has revealed an even conspicuous power in them for the lines of heavy mathematical or philosophical thought. Indeed, there had been before sufficient indication of a repressed tendency of this sort, forcing itself to sight in exceptional cases. Associated with the expression of emotion, however, mathematics may very reasonably be conjectured alien to the temperamental habits of women. The author suggests, again, that the struggle of composers for success has generally been so terrible as almost to exclude women from it; and also that they usually come from the humbler classes, in which girls are trained to drudgery alone. It may be added that the countries in which alone any inspiration or intellectual power is encouraged in women, chance to be the unmusical ones. A list of women who have

<sup>1</sup> Chosön: The Land of the Morning Calm. A Sketch of Korea. By Percival Lowell, late Foreign Secretary to the Korean Special Mission. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1886.

<sup>2</sup> A New Rendering of the Psalms. By John De Witt, D.D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1886.

<sup>3</sup> Woman in Music. By George P. Upton. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1886.



composed at all in this century emphasizes this, by giving eight names, out of seventeen in all, to England.—*English Hymns*<sup>1</sup> may be described as a brief encyclopedia of our English hymns and hymn-writers. The compiler, S. W. Duffield, is the translator of numerous hymns, and is the son of Rev. George Duffield, who wrote "Stand up, stand up for Jesus." The book contains a great deal of curious and interesting lore, brought together from many sources; as for instance, the sketch of John Berridge, of whom this story is told: Being much tormented with house-keepers, he thought of taking a wife; but opening the Bible for counsel, "probably in the old fashion of the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, he found the text, 'Thou shalt not take thee a wife,'" and therefore remained a bachelor. It can hardly be said that all included in this book are hymns, as for instance—as the compiler himself suggests—the poem, "If you cannot on the Ocean," by Mrs. Gates, sister of C. P. Huntington. Neither can it be said that the story of Lincoln given with it has any connection with the subject. Some other irrelevant things would much better have been left untold, as the controversy between Toplady and Wesley.

#### The Fight for Missouri.<sup>2</sup>

THIS is a book of rare merit. It covers a limited period of history, but deals with matters pregnant with the fate of the nation. In the desperate struggle for the preservation of the Union, the adhesion of Missouri to the national cause more than offset the disaster and disgrace of Bull Run. In the beginning

<sup>1</sup> *English Hymns. Their Authors and History.* By Samuel Willoughby Duffield. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1886. For sale by Phillips & Hunt.

<sup>2</sup> *The Fight for Missouri.* By Thomas L. Snead. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1886.

of 1861, our author was the editor and proprietor of a secession newspaper in St. Louis, and took a permanent part in the effort to disrupt the Union. Now, after the lapse of twenty-five years, he tells the story of the struggle, from the election of Lincoln to the battle of Wilson's Creek, on the part of himself, Governor Jackson, Lieutenant-Governor Reynolds, and other States-rights leaders, backed by a large part of the people of the State, to carry Missouri out of the Union. How and why they failed is made clearly to appear. It is the finest tribute to General Lyon and Frank P. Blair yet written, for it is the tribute of an honorable foe, who admits that every scheme and every plan formed by the Secessionists of Missouri were divined and frustrated by the penetration and resolute courage of these two men. No man can rise from its perusal without feeling profound respect and admiration for General Lyon. Our obligations to him are indeed great, and no men are more conscious of it than the foes whom he foiled. To him and to Blair belong the principal credit of saving Missouri to the Union. General Sterling Price was originally strongly opposed to secession, but the claims of blood and association were too strong for him, when he saw that war was inevitable, and like Lee, he drew his sword but reluctantly, for the defense, as he thought, of kindred and country. His noble, generous character and magnificent courage receive fitting eulogy from our author. The battle of Wilson's Creek, coming so shortly after Bull Run, showed the metal of which our northern soldiers were made, and is here graphically, and no doubt accurately, described. Impartiality, as near as it is possible to attain, careful work, personal knowledge, and a pleasant style, commend the work of our author to his countrymen.

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A MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL FOR SAN FRANCISCO.

EVERY one interested in education in California, and especially every one connected with its practical side, knows that the public in California is not, by any means, satisfied with its system of public schools, from the University downwards. No one denies that the individual schools are generally good of their kind—that is not the question.

The difficulty is that while the wants of some students are well met, the wants of many others are not met at all. The graduate of our high schools, with his diploma in his pocket, has learned, they say, too much to begin practical life at one stage, and too little to begin it on the higher plane to which he aspires.

If he goes to the State University, well and good. He may come out in four years with a training in civil, mechanical, or mining engineering, or chemistry, which is of use to him and to society, and which *does* enable him to begin practical life at a stage proportionately higher, as he has spent a greater number of years in attaining it. But our high school graduates are not much better fitted for life than are our grammar school boys.

Part of this complaint is true—part false. There certainly is a *want*. I desire to point

out what I believe to be a remedy, namely, The Manual Training School System.

In its broadest sense, Manual Training is well defined by Mr. Albert G. Boyden, principal of the State Normal School, Bridgewater, Massachusetts, as follows:

“Manual Training is the training of the mind to use the hand in connection with the other senses, in the acquisition of ideas from objects, in the expression of the idea required, and in shaping matter into useful and beautiful forms.”

For the purpose of this paper, I shall define Manual Training to be the training of the mind and hand together—the one to direct, the other to execute, in the use of tools. I care not, so far as theory and *ultimate* practice goes, *what tools*, because skill in the use of one tool gives a certain *degree* of skill in the use of others; but for present consideration I mean the tools used in the various mechanical arts.

Manual Training being thus defined, what is a Manual Training School? Naturally, one answers: It is a school in which manual training is given to pupils by manually trained teachers. So it is—but it is more than this; and I shall define it by defining its object as given in the ordinance establishing



the Manual Training School in connection with Washington University, in St. Louis:

"Its object shall be instruction in mathematics, drawing, and the English branches of a high school course, and instruction and *practice* in the use of tools. The tool instruction, as at present contemplated, shall include carpentry, wood-turning, pattern-making, iron clipping and filing, forge-work, brazing and soldering, the use of machine-shop tools, and such other instruction of a similar character as it may be deemed advisable to add to the foregoing from time to time.

"The students will divide their working hours, as nearly as possible, equally between mental and manual exercises.

"They shall be admitted upon examination, at not less than fourteen years of age and the course shall continue three years."

The above is the object of the model school of this country. I will endeavor to outline the work of the school a little more fully, in order that the features distinguishing it from ordinary Industrial or Trade Schools may be apparent.

Its name, considered with its object, and the definition given for manual training, best expresses its work: *the symmetrical training of the boy*; the result of this training being, as expressed by the motto of the St. Louis School,

"The cultured mind,  
The skillful hand."

It is a school not intended to teach a particular trade—not to teach the boy to be a carpenter, a blacksmith, a molder, or a machinist, and nothing else but this; but it is designed to teach him the elements of all these trades, to the end that he may be enabled to do with his hands whatever he may find necessary to do; just as his training in our schools and universities is to make him able to do with his brain what he may find necessary for that organ to do.

If we forget, for the moment, all but the word "manual" in the title of this school, we should have simply the shops or laboratories, and the supporters of the system would be willing to give training in these

alone, to all boys who received their mental training in the public schools, *provided* that their public school training was suitable in kind and good in quality. Thus, a manual training school in San Francisco should so arrange its courses and hours, that a boy attending the High School in the morning could do his shopwork in the afternoon. For practical reasons, however, it has been found necessary, in order to secure the best results, to have a manual training school complete in itself; but it may well open its *shop* doors to High School boys during hours not occupied by its own pupils, and thus the *number* who could receive this additional training might be greatly augmented.

In this school, which is for the symmetrical training of the boy—the training of his mind and hand equally—nothing is made for sale. This is a prominent point of difference between the "Training" School and the "Trade" School, the theory of the former, being to advance the boy from one kind of work to another the very moment he has learned to do the first well. This is the key to the success of this system.

When we teach a boy arithmetic we give him examples enough to make him familiar with the operations of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, and we do not keep him at this work any longer than is necessary to familiarize him with the operations.

We teach him to add, to subtract, to multiply, and to divide, and we expect him to be able to apply these principles to actual problems.

When we put a boy into a Manual Training School we teach him to forge, to mold, to cast, to bronze, to solder, to plane, to hammer, to saw, and so on, and we give him so much work of each kind as will enable him to do each kind well and no more. We expect him to apply his knowledge of these operations to actual problems arising in construction.

In the shops of the Industrial and Trade Schools, where articles are manufactured for sale, the boy must be kept at one operation long enough to become an expert maker of

a single article, and this at a sacrifice of versatility. He must be kept not only until he can do one thing well, but, after this, until he has actually performed this work on an article which is to compete in the market with those made by journeymen in the regular shops. It is plainly to be seen that in such a school the boy cannot advance so rapidly as in the Manual Training School, nor can he gain the *general* training of the hand there obtainable. As the able and distinguished director of the St. Louis Manual Training School has well said: "In a Manual Training School, *everything is for the benefit of the boy*. He is the most important thing in the shop. He is the only article to be put upon the market . . . The object of the shop is *education*; and the students are allowed to discontinue any work the moment they can do it well."

A short description of the St. Louis school may not be out of place. The school-house is a commodious brick building, well-lighted and ventilated, having thirteen rooms and a basement; six rooms devoted to the intellectual, and seven to the manual work of the school. The furniture of the school-rooms is about the same as we find in any well furnished High School. In the drawing rooms are the ordinary drawing tables, with lockers and drawers. The carpenter shop, occupying two rooms, is equipped with forty-eight benches, vises, lathes, and sets of tools for use in common, besides one hundred and forty-four sets of tools for individual use, two power grindstones, and the requisite number of clamps, glue pots, etc., and a double circular saw. The molding, brazing, and soldering shops contain twenty-four benches and sets of tools, flasks, etc., for molding, a small gas furnace for melting alloys, and tables for casting. The blacksmith or forging shop has a complete equipment of twenty-two forges, anvils, bibs, and sets of ordinary hand tools; eleven sets of heavy tools, such as sledge-hammers, etc., sufficient for twenty-two pupils, who work in pairs, as smith and helper. The machine shop is equipped with twelve engine lathes and four speed lathes, a post drill, a large planer, two

grindstones, and a double emery grindstone, ten vises and benches, forty drawers, and a large sixty H. P. Corliss engine, the steam for which, as well as for heating the building, is supplied by a battery of three large steam boilers of about five feet diameter. The situation of this building is excellent, being on one of the main thoroughfares of the city, and in the midst of the group of University buildings.

It is a delight to stroll through the various recitation rooms and shops, and watch the eager, earnest faces of the boys at their work; not one of them idle, but each intent upon the work in hand, and showing an interest born only of enthusiasm. The schedule for daily work shows an equal division between intellectual and manual work. The day consists of six hours, three of which are given to the class-room, one to drawing, and two to shop work.

The school presents five parallel courses of instruction, *all* of which must be taken in their proper order. I quote the catalogue:

"Three purely intellectual, and two, both intellectual and manual:

"1st. A course of pure mathematics, including arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and plane trigonometry.

2d. A course in science and applied mathematics, including physical geography, botany, natural philosophy, chemistry, mechanics, mensuration and book-keeping.

"3d. A course in language and literature, including English grammar, spelling, composition, literature, history, and the elements of political science and economy. (Latin and French are introduced as elective with English and science in the St. Louis school.)

"4th. A course in penmanship, free-hand and mechanical drawing.

"5th. A course in tool instruction, including carpentry, wood turning, molding, brazing, soldering, forging, and bench and mechanical work in metals."

The course in drawing embraces several divisions:—

1. FREE HAND DRAWING.—Designed to educate the sense of form and proportion;



to teach the eye to observe accurately; and to train the hand to rapidly delineate the forms, either of existing objects or of ideals in the mind.

2. MECHANICAL DRAWING.—Including the use of instruments, geometric construction, the arrangement of projections, elevations, plans and sections; also, the various methods of representing shades and shadows with pen and brush.

3. TECHNICAL DRAWING AND DRAUGHTING.—Illustrating conventional colors and signs, systems of architectural or shop drawings, and at the same time familiarizing the pupil with the proportions and details of various classes of machines and structures.

There is no option in any of these except in the matter of Latin and French.

The graduates from this school may either spend a year longer in learning a single trade more completely, or they may go directly into business, as many High School graduates do, or they may enter the University, to study some one of the industrial professions. After all, it is what becomes of our boys that is of most importance. Let us compare results a little.

According to the report of the principal of the Boys' High School in San Francisco, for the year 1882-'83, there graduated from that school but twenty-five per cent. of those who entered three years before. According to the report of the same officer, for 1884-'85, the percentage was increased by eight. It would be a very fair average to say that thirty per cent. of those who enter the Boys' High School in San Francisco remain to graduate. The Manual Training School in St. Louis graduates between forty and fifty per cent. of those who enter.

Does this mean anything? Can we resist the conclusion that those boys who have a faculty for learning from things, by observation, find in the Manual Training School an opportunity to gain knowledge not to be acquired in the ordinary way? That boys who reach out for the practical side of life here find something to lay hold upon, and that their practical work lends a new charm

to the heretofore dull, because unbroken, routine of book-work? Does it not mean that boys who must of necessity turn their attention to earning their daily bread, here rejoice to find attainable the knowledge that will enable them most readily to undertake the great battle?

Deputy Superintendent O'Connor, of San Francisco, said in his report for 1883-'84 that "not more than *two in thirty*" of the graduates of the Boys' High School "pass on to the higher institutions of learning, while the remaining twenty-eight are at once brought face to face with the necessity of making a living", hence, "We can scarcely avoid the conclusion, that it is unwise to arrange the High School course of study *mainly* for the purpose of fitting young men for the University or some other college; and to me, at least, it seems almost a crime, that until the establishment of the Commercial School, no adequate steps were taken beyond the grammar schools, to prepare the bread winners for their inevitable struggle, in which only the fittest survive."

In this brief sentence are a whole string of texts from which to preach Manual Training. I will look at but one. We all recognize the advisability of keeping young men in school as long as is possible or profitable. We all recognize that they should go on to the higher education, if possible. Mr. O'Connor says that but two in thirty do thus pass on. Let us look at the record of the graduates of the St. Louis Manual Training School. The St. Louis City High School probably has no higher record than that in San Francisco.

Of the first two classes graduated from the St. Louis Manual Training School I find the following account: Farmers, 2; Journeymen, 6; Real Estate, 1; Draughtsmen and Pattern Makers, 4; Inspector Gas Works, 1; Clerks in R. R. and other offices, 8; Bricklayers, 1; Teaching other Training Schools, 3; Medical Student, 1; Blacksmith, 1; Student in Classical Course, 1; Printer, 1; Student of Architecture in Architect's Office, 1; Students, course not given, 2; Unemployed or Occupation not known, 3; Fore-

man of Lead and Oil Works, 1; Students in University Courses, 23.

This list is very significant. From no High School with which I am acquainted do forty-six per cent. of the graduates go on in the higher education.

These are not all rich men's sons, nor are they all poor men's sons; they are well mixed, and we find both classes earnestly toiling at the forge, while drops of honest sweat roll down their eager young faces. Here the barriers between labor and capital are burned away, and here the desire to know more is strengthened, and the will to go on to the higher education is fortified.

Probably half of those who are in a University course, were induced to go into it through their connection with the Manual Training School.

But beside all this, which is the most important result, we see fifteen per cent. engaged in mechanical pursuits, draughting, printing, or doing journeymen's work in some mechanical shop, while one is an *inspector* of Gas Works and another is *foreman* of a Lead and Oil Works. All this means precision, method, sound judgment, which the Manual Training methods are especially adapted to give.

It does not mean this only—it means as well, *practical education*. Those who have opposed this system have been able to do little but laugh at the idea of "playing with tools." We here go beyond theory and look at results. We have seen that these are substantial, and worthy of serious effort. That they have been secured by "playing with tools" does not impair their value. The enemy can have its fling.

Shall San Francisco see these results? And how?

The first cost of such a school is considerable, and although the advocates of the new methods are most confident, the general public still hesitates to see so costly an experiment tried in the public schools. Moreover, there are weighty reasons why the experiment should be tried by private capital, furnished by men who believe in the system.

In St. Louis the Manual Training School is

a preparatory department of the Washington University. In California it should be located in San Francisco, but it might well be made a department of the State University. The course in text-book work would then be made to conform to the requirements for admission to the University, while remaining at the same time complete in itself. The University would not then be under the necessity of giving preparatory work in drawing and the sciences, and would go on in the higher sphere of work, which it is intended to reach, but which it now reaches but partially, owing to the absolute want of preparation in the above subjects outside of its halls.

Eventually, such a training school may be looked for in every populous district of the State. But now! now is the time to begin this needed work. In a lecture delivered before several County Teachers' Institutes about a year ago, Mr. W. H. V. Raymond said: "When shall this element of the new education make its connection with the present system? Ultimately I hope it will make *some* connection all along the line of our present work, especially in town and city schools, and find, in every county of sufficient population, a special Training School, as a sort of ganglionic center. I would like to see it joined now to the State Normal School and the State University—in the Normal School, adapted in its aims to fit those who go out from its course to carry its elementary forms, so far as practicable in each case, into common school work. In the University it should be combined with a thorough course in English, Mathematics, and Physics, with a view to a higher degree of skilled workmanship and directive intelligence."

The writer, in an address delivered before the State Teachers' Association, in San Jose, last December, said: "Let the school be established by the State in connection with its University. It would not be altogether of the nature of a fitting school, though preparing students for the higher technical courses in that institution."

Washington University, of St. Louis, owes



a large percentage of her students to the Manual Training Schools, while many of our best schools, The Massachusetts Institute of Technology, The Illinois Industrial University, University of Minnesota, and others, have regular shopwork as one of the requirements in the scientific courses.

I advocate this measure, not to produce more skilled workmen, but as a method of education, which, for a large number of the class of boys now attending High Schools, is far superior to the courses usually pursued; and which will, moreover, reach a very large class of boys who now leave school at an early age for the attractions of more active and practical life.

Certainly, no one who believes in the existence of the University can recognize the argument sometimes adduced, that the State does not contemplate special education. The very existence of its technical courses makes it avowedly and intentionally an institution preparing our youth for special pursuits. The mere names of the colleges indicate this—College of Agriculture, College of Civil Engineering, College of the Law, and others. Now, how much better could the scientific colleges do their work, had they students who could come prepared to begin and appreciate the higher work given them!

One of the graduates of the Dental College, now a practicing dentist, said to the writer: "It is perfectly laughable to watch the students in the mechanical part of the work, when they first enter. Men come there who have no idea whatever of how to use their hands, and expect to make successful dentists. Some of them acquire skill after long practice, but some of them never become anything but bunglers." Many of us realize, from experience, the truth of this statement. Had many of our surgeons and dentists had the advantage of a manual education in their younger days, they would have recognized their unfitness for any profession requiring manual dexterity at an early age, and we should have been spared much pain and injury.

Mr. H. S. Jones, Superintendent of Schools at Erie, Pennsylvania, in a letter to the *Nat-*

*tional Journal of Education* of May 27, 1886, says: "The shop with the school would prove a moral and physical benefit to a few; it is a secondary want, far behind the want of a higher degree of education needed by the boys that pass out of schools into the so-called industrial pursuits. So it is better, first, to raise the plane of public sentiment as to the value of a common school education to those who are to enter the ranks of industry before putting into practical form the assumption 'that the children of the common people are becoming over-educated.'"

What can we say to such argument as this? How can we ever raise the plane of public sentiment as to any problem in education until we have first given the public a higher education than it now possesses?

Corral the boys who are going out from school. Retain them in school a little longer by the attractions offered, and we will have the plane of public sentiment raised not only as regards educational problems, but as regards all other problems of a public character. We shall have a public sentiment, which will exist among laboring men and capitalists alike, that will render impossible the riotous proceedings of the past few months. We shall have capitalists who will recognize the dignity of labor. We shall have laborers who will recognize the rights of capital, and, what is far more important, the rights of their fellow men. Organized labor unions, and organized capital to fight them, will be unnecessary, and organized obstruction of industry impossible. Get the boys into school. Get them by "raising the plane of public sentiment," if you know how, but *get the boys into school*, and keep them there long enough to make something out of them.

The first cost and the running expenses of such a school as I have described are considerable. An estimate based upon the experience of Eastern schools and adapted to the necessities of California, indicates that an endowment of four hundred thousand dollars would be ample to carry on such a school for two hundred and fifty regular pupils, with privileges of shopwork open to High School Boys. Only a small additional endowment

would be necessary to open its doors to girls, that they might receive training in drawing, carving, gilding, sewing, painting, domestic economy, and other branches. This school should be free, so far as shopwork is concerned, to all students of our High School, and its complete course should be open to as many boys and girls as could be accommodated, at such a nominal tuition as would suffice to pay for the material actually used—say about twenty-five dollars a year.

The classroom and shop work of the regular pupils could be completed early in the afternoon, and the shops then opened to the High School scholars, say from three o'clock to five o'clock—two hours per day of shop work being ample to accomplish the results sought. The building, to accommodate the High School pupils of San Francisco, should be located as near as possible to the Boys' and Girls' High Schools.

Such a school, placed in the care of the State, as the Hastings College of the Law or the Toland College of Medicine now are, would accomplish grand results. I predict that such a school, to accommodate two hundred and fifty pupils, would be forced within three years to turn away from its doors worthy applicants for admission for want of room. My prediction is based upon the following words of Director Woodward of the St. Louis School:

"In submitting the report of the condition, methods, aims, and results of the school during its four and a half years, the Director is gratified by the thought that in spite of its many shortcomings, the school has served to demonstrate the entire feasibility of incorporating the elements of intellectual and manual training in such a way that each is the gainer thereby. That we have correctly read the public demand for an education

which shall insure the most valuable mental discipline, at the same time—that it gives knowledge and skill of great intrinsic worth, is evidenced in the increasing demand for these reports, and the swelling throngs of applicants."

"We have found it necessary, again and again, to send away boys who lacked either the disposition or the ability to appreciate our aims and to adopt our methods. We must insist upon having only boys who are willing to study and willing to work. All others are but a clog to our machinery."

This bears out his statement made at an earlier date, that "the school is not an asylum for lazy boys."

It should be borne in mind that the St. Louis School charges sixty dollars tuition for the first year, eighty dollars for the second year, and one hundred dollars for the third year. Many boys find opportunity for working their way through.

The necessity once shown, other schools would soon spring up to supply the demand, and hundreds of boys and girls now half educated, and therefore but half equipped for citizenship and the battles of life, would gladly accept the new education, and "the plane of public sentiment" would be raised "as to the value of a common school education to those who are to enter the ranks of industry."

A mere hint may conclude this paper:

There exists an endowment bequeathed by the late James Lick for the founding of a school of this character. Mr. Lick, a practical man himself, saw the value of a practical education. Can not this sum be utilized in this way? The trustees of this fund can well afford to allow the State to adopt as one of the departments of her University "The California School of Mechanical Arts."

*Wm. G. Raymond.*



## GHOSTED.

WHEN I first looked upon the scenery of Nevada, after living half a life-time among the broad leaves, great trees, wide waters, and grand prairies of the Mississippi Valley, I seemed to be for a long time in a ghostly country. In my former home, vegetable life was sappy, full, and varied in its green and flowering stages; while in the autumn, the whirl of the yellow, brown, and red dry leaves, dancing in the wind, gave life and change to all the year round. But in Nevada, the change in the vegetation, if it changes at any time, is not perceptible to a stranger's eye; everything betokens silence, lack of motion, and perpetual hush.

In the Mississippi Valley, animal life is full, robust, and noisy in all its departments, accustoming the eye and ear to its universal presence. But in Nevada, among the rugged silence of the sage-brush and the scraggy trees, the animal life is so light that the starting of a hare, the "swith-swith" of a raven's wing, or the "caw-caw" of a blue-jay is the event of the sunlight hours; while the shivering howl of a coyote after sundown makes the dead silence of the night hours deader still.

Back home (as we fondly call the old States), there is snow or there is not snow; but here, one stands at night on the dry sand in the valley, or lies on his blankets among the dusky gray of the bushes, while a little way from him, on either hand, the snowy peaks, white as the ghostly warders in a fairy tale, keep stern and shrouded guard upon the scene.

These characteristics of Nevada impressed me, when I first came upon these scenes, with a lonesome sense of something pending in the air—a haunted feeling.

If I have made plain by the foregoing paragraphs the peculiar impression made upon me by this strange country, my reader will see how the relation of the following circumstances was calculated to strengthen

such an impression, particularly, when I say that it was made to me out of doors in the desert, by a brother teamster (albeit, he was a "bull-whacker"), as he and I sat smoking by the flickering, uncertain light of a sage fire.

## SLIM SIM'S STORY.

I CAME to Nevada in 1863, in the fall. My name is Selim Simpson, and, being spare in flesh and six feet two inches tall, I suppose it was very easy for some low and not very bright jokist to corrupt my name into Slim Sim, which I am now generally called by the miners and bull-whackers of these mountains. In fact, I am come to be so accustomed to that sort of a name that I am compelled, sometimes, when I sign a freight bill or some such paper, to pause a moment and consult my memory as to what I ought to write—whether Slim Sim or Selim Simpson.

When I first came here, or pretty soon after, a man named Tod Wotters and myself followed "Old Tannehill" out of Austin about to the place where, at this time, is Eureka District, on a prospecting tour. We thought we found good mines, and Tod, who was an old miner, said the rock was "bully." We made two trips to our claims, and spent most of the winter of '63-4, prospecting and riding. We took specimens to the assayers in Austin; but they pronounced our rock mostly lead, with considerable silver, but too refractory to be worked profitably. I was an emigrant from the States, and these things discouraged me; but Tod never lost faith, for he was more on the believe than I ever was.

Tod was a pretty smart fellow, with a good education, and wrote a good hand. He was one of those spiritualists; and at night in camp he used to talk to me for hours about spirits, and noises, and manipulations,

until I got so sometimes that a coyote, howling away out in the dark, from the light of the fire, would give me cold shivers up my back. Some people are *not* superstitious and I do not know that I am, naturally; but I was reared in the old-fashioned school of ghost stories, and I guess a little superstition was ground into me with my small dose of learning. However it is, I am not stuck after spiritualism out of doors at night, in the sage-brush wilderness; particularly in winter, when the coyotes are howling and the wind is blowing that lonesome whisper through the sages and pines. So, when Tod would keep on with his long talks, about spirit influence being a part of the atmosphere which is around us, the same as the air is a part of the water we drink; or as the awful lightning lives in the innocent air until it finds a medium to strike through—as he would keep on bringing things which I supposed to be true, to prove the likelihood of his spiritual doctrine, which I did not want to believe—I had to tell him at last that he was crazy, and just had learning enough to make a fool of himself.

This made him about half angry one night, as we stood out in the wilderness on opposite sides of a camp fire, and he said to me, as the light shone up in our faces—looking straight into my eyes, and shaking his fingers at me—“Sim, if I die before you do, I’ll make it my business to show you that I know what spiritualism means; now you mind if I don’t.”

And several times along toward the spring of 1864, he repeated his threat, or promise (whichever it was). But about that time he went to San Francisco, to be doctored for some sort of heart disease—a kind of cramp he had in his left breast—and as I went to work in Austin, I saw no more of him for some time.

About the time Tod left for San Francisco, there was much conjecture about the geographical location of some rich prospects, away south of Austin. Colonel Dave Buel and party had been down that way looking for prospects, and as his party nearly perished, of course others were talking about “going

after it,” and wanting to bet they could get through and find “the Lost Mine.”

This Lost Mine was, in 1863–64, and is yet, believed by many to be exceedingly rich; so rich that the raw ore was beaten out for gun-sights by the lost, wandering emigrants, who found and picked up the ore, while seeking their unfortunate way to California.

Now, the fall of 1864 was a very hard one for miners in Reese River; no money, no work, flour twenty-five gold dollars per cwt., and other things in proportion. I was soon out of a job and wandering about the camp, when whom should I meet, one cold day, as he got out of the stage, but Tod Wotters, well dressed and looking well.

“Why, halloo, Sim! Old boy, how are you?”

“Never had less or felt heartier!” I replied.

“What’r you doing for yourself?” said he.

“Nothing,” said I.

“Well, I’ve got a ‘lay out’ for you,” said he. “The doctors at the Bay say I’m to stay in the mountains and live out of doors, and I’m now come to ‘go for’ the Lost Mine, and I want you to come along. Just you and I. If we can’t find it with the information I’ve got, then I’m fooled.”

“How did you get your information?” I asked.

“Why, we had a big meeting of spiritualists down at the Bay—two of the best mediums in the State,—and when it came my turn to ask questions of the spirits, I said:

“*Is there any spirit present which, while in the body, was with the lost emigrant train in Eastern Nevada and Death Valley?*”

“The answer was ‘Yes!’”

“Does the spirit remember of the company finding silver on the trip?” The answer was ‘Yes!’

“Will the spirit communicate what he remembers to a prospector now present from that country?” The answer was ‘Yes!’

“Then I asked the spirit if he preferred to write or talk, and the answer was, ‘Write.’ So, as one of the mediums was a writing medium, she got into communication, and the



spirit wrote out where it is, and directions how we are to go there from here, and where we will find grass and water. I've got money enough for the outfit. Will you go?"

"Yes," I said, "Tod, I'm ready to go anywhere with you, partly because I'm not able to stay where I am. But I don't go much on that spiritual story."

"Ah, well!" said Tod, "mind what I told you, old fellow, last winter."

Nothing more was then said about spirits, but I knew mighty well that as soon as we got out into the wilderness, Tod would get on to his old string with new power; yet I did not suppose he would carry the matter as far as he eventually did.

In a few days we were ready. Tod bought two smart mules—one to ride, one to pack—and I rode my faithful, tough old cayuse. When everything was ready, we started; up Main street, to Austin; over the granite summit of the Toi-ya-be, bound out east and south for a six week's trip. It was then December, and already the snow lay on the higher summits.

Our spiritually written instructions were, to ride *"nearly due east from Austin, over three ranges of mountains, until we came to the foot of a very high, steep range"* (that which is now known as White Pine); then we were to *"coast the west foot of that range for about seventy-five miles, until we came to some red bluffs in the valley, where there was a spring; thence, we were to bear more to the east, passing through the great range into another valley, by way of one of two adjacent cañons."*

Up to this point, we would find plenty of water without difficulty; but after passing the great range we were to carry water in two kegs, to use in case we missed the Indian Springs. After passing through the great range, we were to *"look for the trail of the lost wagons, and follow that southerly to a low reddish mountain, where there was a dug spring, and base, antimonial metal. Then follow the wagon trail in its meanderings until we come to a lone, dark, oblong peak or reef, and on the west by south face of that hill was 'The Lost Mine.'"*

The second night out, we camped at our old camp at Eureka, where Tod complained of a "bad cold" and his old cramp, so we laid by one day. The following day we crossed the Diamond Mountains, and on the next day we camped among the float quartz, on the west side of what is now White Pine District, Tod still complaining of his cramp and talking spiritualism every evening. In three days more we passed many fine large springs, and arrived at the red bluffs.

At this point, Tod became feverish and delirious; so I moved next morning up into the mountains, where wood was plenty and grass better. Tod still raved about spirits and mediums, and elements inside of elements, and sphere within sphere, until midnight of that first day in the mountains, when, all of a sudden, he stopped his ravings. From that time until morning, he seemed to live only by spells, and about day-break he died; right there, out of doors, by the camp fire.

I sat and looked at him, then at the brown, dry valley, and the tall, snowy mountains, until the sense of loneliness and weak humanity came so strong upon me, that, for a moment, I looked upon my loaded revolver with a desperate interest. But the sun was rising bright, just as he used to do in my boyhood home, and I became singularly cheered by the presence of the glorious old orb, for he was the only object that looked at all natural or familiar to my sight—except poor Tod, and, alas! he was too natural.

During that day I dug a grave to bury Tod, and yet, even while I was digging the grave, I kept contradicting my own action by keeping up the camp fire where he was lying, as if I did not know that he was dead and did not need any fire. Along in the afternoon I had him all ready to bury as decently as I could. Just then an Indian came to camp, but as soon as he saw a dead man he left without parley, spoiling my hope of his help at the lone funeral.

It was about dark when I got through covering up the grave and marking the stake at the head, which was only a few yards from

the camp fire, so I pitched the pick and shovel over by the fire, and, taking the axe with me, went to a dead tree near by to get more wood. When I stopped to rest, in my chopping, I looked toward the fire, and, Great God! there sat Tod on the ground, with his knees drawn up and his hands clasped around them, looking as natural and life-like as if he had not been buried.

My hair went up with my hat! All the superstition of all the Simpsons, clean back to the Dark Ages, broke out on me, and I sweat ice water.

Then I said, "Pshaw! I've got a touch of fever, and anxiety has made me a little delirious! I'll chop this wood and build a fire, cook supper, eat, look up the animals, and go to sleep. This is no time for old woman's fears and child's play."

Then I chopped away like a chopping machine—never looking toward the fire, nor elsewhere.

When I had finished chopping, I gathered up an armful of the wood, again turning my face toward the fire—and sure enough there he sat; Tod Wotters—no mistake—looking so natural that confusion of mind came over me as I stopped and stood, thrilled and chilled with a nameless horror. Either I had dreamed of burying a dead man, or else I was now dreaming; or spiritualism had something in it, and Tod was proving his doctrine.

I shook off the spell of terror, and making a shade with my hand above my eyes, started around the camp-fire, at some distance off, in a circle, keeping my eyes on the figure as well as I could, at the same time taking care not to stumble and fall over the stones and bushes; and though I tried to get a full face view, by going around as I have just related, I could not get such a view, for the side, or rather the back, was always toward me.

At last I said, "This will not do! I can't freeze, if the devil was at the fire." So, gathering all my courage, I walked straight to the fire. *There was no one there!* No mark, sign, or token, except the sad reminders in the equipment for two when one only remained.

Then I built up the fire in silence and solitude, but I did not look—did not look anywhere, except right at what I was attending to. The solitude was awful! I have heard that some great man wrote a book in praise of solitude. I have my opinion of him. I will not say he was a fool, but I will say that if he or any other man travels alone in Nevada, far out of the way, for a few days, he will vote against solitude all the rest of his life. Solitude! Pshaw! The greatest criminal, the meanest, the lowest scummer, could he speak my language, would on that night have been as welcome to me as an angel;—he could have had the half—yes! all I had. Solitude is a bilk!

But to go on with my story. I cooked and ate a sad, sickening, melancholy supper; unrolled my blankets, and then without looking back, walked straight out into the brush to hunt up the animals; because come what might, anything was better than a loss of the stock and being left on foot. I found the animals a short distance from camp, quietly feeding, and after securing them for the night with hobbles, I returned towards the fire.

When I got near enough to see distinctly, there he sat in the same attitude as before, and just as I caught the first glimpse of him a coyote not far behind me put up his half-laugh, half-howl, startling me until my heart beat against my ribs, and I halted. But it was no use—I could not freeze nor starve; so, pulling my hat down over my eyes I blundered rapidly straight up to the camp fire; and once there—no sign of any one!

Piling more wood on the fire, I soon laid down, and pulling the blankets over my head, tried to sleep; but I could not.

Neither could I think of the day's occurrences; and at last I fell into a train of thought, in which all the acts, fights, scenes, and faces I had ever done or known came to mind with the utmost clearness. Faces long dimmed in my memory came up clear in every line, trick, and lineament. Thus following back my line of life, I came to early boyhood, and there, amid scenes of wading in cool brooks, nut-gatherings in



gaudy autumnal forests, romping with the house-dog, or trudging off to school, I fell asleep, dreaming myself in a cold winter's night, tucked warm in bed by the dear, kind hands that now molder far away by the great river. I slept soundly until the yellow sunlight mellowed all the sky, and my first waking thought was Tod Wotters; but there was his grave in full view; that was a fact.

As I cooked my solitary breakfast, I ran over the scenes of yesterday and the situation generally, and finally concluded I was not afraid of spirits nor anything else. You see, it was the warm, bright, glorious sunlight stimulating me, and giving me life and courage. The sun is one of the things I believe in, and I go a good deal on those ancients who worshiped the sun. Those old fellows were not so far wrong as one might think they were.

After breakfast, I concluded to go on and try to find the Lost Mine according to directions—at least, to try to go on. So I gathered the animals, saddled up, and packed the load upon the mule. Then, drawing the reins of Tod's mule around the horn of the saddle, so that he could not put his head down to grass, I mounted my horse, leading the pack mule, and leaving the other with an empty saddle upon him to follow, and away I went over the great White Pine range toward the southeast. The day was splendid, cold—but not so very cold—and the air clearer than any air in the world, but so still, so silent—so very still that the jingling of a Spanish spur seemed noisy as the ringing of cymbals.

I made a long day's ride, for the stock was rested, and night came down upon me while I was still riding higher up the hills searching for water. I was beginning to feel annoyed about water, and was riding steadily along, thinking over matters, when I heard Tod's mule snorting behind me, as if alarmed, and turning to look, I saw the mule, with Tod riding him, passing me at full gallop up the hill, and still snorting. I had surmised from the signs that water was no great way off, and now the two animals had quickened their paces, following the mule

with the spiritual rider. I tried to hold them back, but it was no use until they came to the other mule, standing quietly under his vacant saddle, endeavoring to get his head down to water in a spring.

I arranged camp as usual, still keeping a shy lookout for the strange shadow of my dead and buried companion; but it troubled me no more that night, and I sat by the fire a long time, thinking over the doctrine of the spiritualists, until I began to conclude perhaps it was just as reasonable for a disengaged spirit to dwell in the atmosphere as for a disorganized body to dwell in the earth—one becoming ethereal, the other earthy, and both retained in the universe for future combination when the proper media shall occur to recall the ethereal to inhabit the earth. Then I regretted that I had not studied the *modus operandi* of spiritual communication, for now, if I knew how, I might talk to Tod Wotters; but I did not know how to begin the tricks.

I traveled two more days without annoyance from any visitor, and early in the evening of the second day, I came to the Dug Spring in the antimonial hill. The antimony is bulky and nearly pure metal, and the spring is almost in the edge of the metallic deposit.

At Dug Spring I camped for the night, and being lonely and not very well, I determined to go no further southward, but made up my mind to return to Austin.

After I had made this conclusion my spiritual visitor never left the camp fire, except when I came to it, for five consecutive nights; but now, instead of sitting at the fire, he stood with his back toward it and one hand always pointing south. Whenever I was ten yards from the fire, I could see him standing, his back toward me, on the opposite side, pointing his outstretched hand south—always south.

I tried many devices to get him to go away. I first built another fire and moved over to it, thinking he would stay by the old one. But no! he would not. Then I built a fire for him and carried such of his things as were not needed to bury his body in, and

laid them down by his fire. But he would not stay there. Would not stay anywhere but by my fire, whenever I left it to go ten yards for any purpose. At last, on the fifth night at camp, near a big springs about fifty miles south of White Pine, I stood off from the fire while he stood by it, pointing south as usual, and I shouted to him these words: "Tod Wotters, for God's sake! don't drive me crazy by haunting me in this way! I've done the best I could for you. I always did. If I can't see into spiritualism, I'm willing to say you could. Don't haunt me this way. It's no use. *I will not go south.* No! not if you bring all the spirits of the air, I will not go! By the Holy God of my mother's faith, I will not!"

When I had finished this speech, which I uttered with the distinctness and energy of agony, the form faded from the fire, and I saw it no more; but a low, clear laugh seemed to suffuse the night air, the wild wind sighed through the long reeds about

the spring, and the stillness of dry, scraggy Nevada fell upon the scene. □

Some portion of that country is now thoroughly prospected and traveled over. "The Lost Mine" is not yet found—but I have no inclination to ride that way again.

As for spirits and modern spiritualism, I still do not know what to make of them; like many wonderful things I have read of, they require either more brains to believe with, or less to reason with, than belong to Slim Sim.

HERE Mr. Simpson knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and putting it in the breast pocket of his coat, arose to his feet, dusted the sand from the seat of his pantaloons, and remarked, "It's a fine, clear night," and guessed he would "turn in"—which guess he soon converted into a fact, and as I followed his example I said:

"Good night."

*J. W. Gally.*

## OUR LITTLE BATTLE IN COREAN WATERS.

### A NAVAL OFFICER'S STORY.

"WELL, you know something of our little war in Corea, in 1871, the first foreign fight we have had since the Rebellion. What do you think of it?"

"My impression is, that in plan and execution it reflected the highest credit upon our navy in general, and the commanders and their men in particular."

"Do you? Perhaps I do not agree with you fully, and may be you will not think so, when I tell you the 'true inwardness of it.'"

"I'm ready to hear all, hungry for details. It was the first purely American battle on Asiatic soil, and our marines and sailors set the American flag waving for the first time over an Asiatic fortress captured by American arms—or over one in any foreign land, except in Mexico, since the Tripolitan war. Go ahead."

My narrator, a stalwart lieutenant in the navy, of superb build and muscle, was proud of his profession of arms, yet modest, and under most circumstances as uncommunicative concerning himself as a clam. He drew up his sleeves over his cuffs as though he were in Corea, getting ready to disembark, or to sight a howitzer. The memories of battle flushed his face, and his eyes snapped, as he proceeded:

"You remember it was in May, 1871, when fighting John Rodgers reached the foggy coasts of Corea and anchored off Boisé Island. This is near the mouth of the Han river, on which the Corean capital is situated. The fleet consisted of the old war ships 'Colorado,' 'Alaska,' 'Benicia,' 'Monocacy,' and 'Palos.' We had on board our Minister to China, F. F. Low, whom



President Grant had sent to make a treaty. Our purpose was to treat with the Koreans, and, if possible, to open ports for trade.

"You remember, the crew of the 'General Sherman,' an American vessel, had been killed in the Ping Yang river, in 1866, and the vessel burned. After sending Shufeldt, in the 'Wachusett,' and Febiger, in the 'Shenandoah,' to inquire about it, and getting no satisfaction, our government wanted no more fooling. It was now explanation, apology, and treaty, or insult and fight. In fact, the boys were just spoiling for a brush, and our officers most of all. Many of us were new to war, and wanted a taste of fire.

"The first thing to be done was to survey the river—as treacherous a stream of water as one filled with rocks and mud-shoals, and scoured by a violent tide rising thirty feet, could be. So the admiral ordered the 'Monocacy' and 'Palos'—the old double-ender gunboats of the war—and four steam-launches to move up the river. 'Old Blake' (Captain, Homer C. Blake, of the 'Alabama' and 'Hatteras' fight), who was on the 'Palos,' commanded.

"Old Rodgers thought our going up the river (which the French, by the way, called 'Salt River'—a most ominous name to an American), was 'all right.' No harm would come of it, and we should peacefully return after an unmolested survey."

"Strange he should imagine it, considering the reputed warlike and intolerant spirit of the Koreans. Do you not think so?"

"Well, you see," replied the lieutenant, "the admiral had informed a party of Korean officers, who had the day before come on board the 'Colorado,' of his purpose, and they made no objections, as he thought."

"Just so! I know that old trick and trap of the Orientals, who say 'Yes,' often when they simply mean, 'I have heard what you say.'"

"But Old Blake took a different view. He remembered his experience in the 'Hatteras' with the 'Alabama,' in 1863, which, at first, under the name of the 'Petrel,' showed signs of friendship, and then sunk his sheet-iron hulk with rifled shot and shell.

"Seeing our four steam launches all manned and with steam up, but the crews nearly unarmed, and no howitzers in the bow, he ordered a halt, and sent word to the admiral that the boats must carry their artillery.

"His protest was so earnest that when we started it was with every boat well armed—a Dahlgren howitzer in the bow, and the men with rifles.

"We started exactly at noon of June 2d, the launches ahead, in line abreast, the 'Palos' and 'Monocacy' following. We moved up on the flood-tide. We had not time to enjoy fully the lovely scenery—and Korea is certainly a lovely country—for we were busy at soundings and taking angles. Not a sign of hostility was made until we reached the lower end of Kang-wa island—and a pretty name it has, meaning 'Flower of the River.' Then a line of forts, facing the water, appeared in view. Further on we neared a sharp promontory of rock, around which the current rushed like a whirlpool. The river near here was so full of rocks that we had to pick our way with the greatest care. Had we lost control of our helm, and been swung broadside round, we must have rolled over and capsized.

"This point was well fortified, and behind the mats and crowds of flags was the garrison in their white coats. In fact, on the opposite side, also, were earth-works, full of men dressed in white. I was in the leading launch, and so nearer the forts than the other launches, which were a few yards distant to the rear. I now got out my glass, and standing in the bow, trained it on the Koreans."

"Well, what did you see?"

"I think my face must have turned white. There, under the flags, were, line upon line, at least a thousand men in cotton-wadded armor coats and helmets. Spears stuck in the ground, and bows and arrows lay ready near by. There were only a few heavy cannon, such as thirty-two pounders, in the embrasures, but the jingalls or small bore guns were certainly scores in number, row above row. Most of them were strapped on logs, and pointed right into mid-channel.

"Remember that on the point opposite was another line of earthwork fortifications, smaller but well manned, and that into these jaws of hell we were steadily moving. No wonder I felt nervous."

"Tell me, how did you feel?"

"Why, sir, I trembled like a leaf. Here was to be a battle, with death and wounds sudden and unexpected, and I never under fire before. The worst of it all was, that few, if any of the officers, seemed really to anticipate a *melée*. I turned to my companion, the only other officer at the bow in the launch, the third being in the stern sheets, and said: 'I—n, we must get ready to fight. These Coreans are certainly going to fire upon us.'

"Ha! Ha! what an idea! They don't think of such a thing."

"They do, and we must get ready."

"Why, you're really afraid, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am actually afraid, and I insist on loading the howitzer."

"Well, it won't do any harm; go ahead."

"Accordingly, our Dahlgren was loaded, and the men ordered to put cartridges in their Remingtons. By the time this was done, we were nearly opposite the elbow-fort, which the French had named *Du Condé*. Through the glass I could now see the dark faces, and the artillerists blowing their fuses. By this time the situation was so plain that the men's hearts were in their mouths. The cold blood began to boil. Only a moment were we in line opposite the forts; then a pistol shot was fired from under the Corean generalissimo's umbrella-like tent at the top. It was a signal for all the guns to let fly. For fifteen minutes the water was dotted and churned like a pond in a hail storm. Our men were wet to the skin, and our launches shipped water as if it were a storm. Old veterans declare it beat Johnny Reb's hottest fire."

"How did the men stand it?"

"At first some of them were demoralized. One man, shot in the neck, seemed to lose his head, and acted like a lunatic. He put his hand to the wound, and cried out: 'I'm killed,' and with a nervous jerk, smeared

his bloody fingers full over my face, so that I had to wipe my eyes to see clearly. I knocked him down with my fist, ordered two men to put him in irons, and got them to man the Dahlgren and give the enemy our shell."

"The engineer, scared out of his wits, lay in the bottom of the boat. He had let the steam get low, and the launch drift. We were in danger of rolling over the rip-raps, and all drowning. Some vigorous spanking with a howitzer sponge was necessary to restore his senses, and soon we were all out of our demoralized condition. Our blood was up, and every man wanted to wipe out the whole Corean nation. We pointed our boats on the fort, and soon turned our little launch into a floating battery. Had we lost control of steam and rudder, we should have been swamped in the furious flood-tide."

"Of course, we soon cleared out the Coreans with their jingalls strapped to logs. They just missed us by our being too near the shore, and their general firing his pistol one moment too late. Against the eight-inch shells of the 'Monocacy,' and the rifled guns of the 'Palos,' which were trained on all the forts within range, the water batteries were soon cleaned out. The white-coated heathen couldn't stand, and skedaddled to the hills and ravines. By the elevation of the guns on their screws, they were further punished at long range."

"Why, that was the first time since the war that our vessels had fired shotted broadsides. How did the old gun-boats fare?"

"Badly. The 'Monocacy' struck a rock, and stove a hole in her bottom, though not a serious one. Still, she leaked badly. The 'Palos' fared worse. The guns kicked and shattered the bulwarks clean away, and the rotten timbers along the port battery had to be removed with axes. The furious tide carried us all beyond the point, but the 'Palos' and 'Monocacy' anchored and hammered away till the fort was empty and silent."

"Did you land and destroy the guns?"

"Well, hardly. With one vessel leaking, another disabled in her bulwarks, the launches half full of water, and their ammunition



nearly spent, Old Blake thought it best not to risk a landing with our small force. The Coreans might have swooped on us by thousands.

"So, we were ordered back, and we came, giving the enemy our compliments right and left ; but the forts were perfectly silent. We got back safely, the launches towed by the larger vessels to the anchorage, with only two wounded men, one of whom had his fingers smashed by the recoil of one of our own howitzers.

"Our admiral's blood was up. A council of war was held, and to our delight we learned that an expedition of vengeance was to be planned to capture all the forts."

"How about the leaky Monocacy?"

"The steam pumps were kept in motion, and after tremendous labor, with timber, oakum, felt, and white lead, the hole was

plugged, the water got out and the 'Monocacy' was all ready for a fight, and actually took on more artillery from the 'Colorado' for another brush with the forts, this time to sweep them clean.

"Now for glory and the most of it for the best man. That was the only thought among our men in the whole fleet. I'll tell you the sequel some other time."

"Well," said I, "after all you have told me, I still think our brave boys did nobly, and that the navy should be proud of her record in Corea. Neither the rotten bulwarks of contractors, nor the accident from sunken rocks in a strange river, nor the momentary flinching of men for the first time under fire materially alters my opinion."

"Well, I am glad you think so. Let's go to lunch."

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#### PRONE ON DEAR EARTH.

When from the dark beyond, the keen word comes  
 "Tarry no longer, haste," and to my soul  
 The dread way opens, and I pass the gates,—  
 Fain would I leave this frame, these shrinking limbs,  
 This death-struck heart, this halting, palsied brain,  
 Far from mankind ; fain in the forest deep,  
 Prone on dear earth, thence render up my life.

The whispering solitudes, the patient depths,  
 Are not at odds with death ; unscathed they know  
 Living and dying ; all is one with them.  
 Nature is there ; the emptied shell I leave  
 Full soon into her crucible shall sink,  
 And pass to other forms. No groping rite's  
 Funereal gloom shall press on hearts in life  
 The mystery and wonder-blight of death,  
 As in full sunlight, deep in teeming grass,  
 One dreaming lies, and feels a shadow fall  
 Sudden from out a wandering cloud in heaven,  
 That darkens the great sun.

Labor and life,  
 Love claims, and each for other, but in death  
 Give me again to Nature and to God.

*D. H. R. Goodale.*

## PHÆBUS OR CUPID?

A RAIN of hot light was beating down on the baked meadow, and the sere, un-waving banners of the cornfield. Huddled beside the corn, as if to get the benefit of a narrow strip of ragged shadow, was a cucumber patch. The glory of that patch was not its much maligned fruit, but the frisky insects which were eating its strength away.

“Out of sorrow cometh joy” for some one, nearly always. The sorrow of the farmer was the joy of the scientist; for the little poacher on the vine was the potato-bug, the far-famed Colorado beetle, *Doryphora decem-lineata*. Beside *Doryphora*, in the pitiless glare of the sun, knelt Professor Timotheus N. Jones, Assistant State Entomologist, spectacles on nose, microscope in hand, glowing with enthusiasm, pimpled with heat.

The professor was and is a great man, a great genius, and he looked the scientist, every inch of him—his pale brow bulged, his cheek was thin and long, so also was his body; the back of his head was flat, as becomes a man given to the severe application which must not be distracted by patriotic or domestic side-issues. For the rest, his near-sighted eyes were gray, and his dust-colored hair had but a sparse and feeble growth, owing, doubtless, to the mighty brain beneath having absorbed its rightful nourishment.

Yes, Professor Timotheus N. Jones was a great genius, but even the immature young potatoes in the adjoining field must have winked their blind eyes at the man who would kneel in that tempest of sunshine without a cabbage leaf in his hat.

Ignorance and immaturity generally laugh at science, but this time the scientist's symptoms endorsed them. A pain, about the size of a man's hand, slapped the top of the Assistant State Entomologist's head. The mate to it gave his digestive organs a shake. Then a thrill went down his spine; then he was very warm; then he was chilly;

then he felt faint; after which he did not feel at all.

Alas! alas! thus does the neglect of such trifles as a cabbage (*brassica oleracea*) leaf fling us on our faces, as we rush to seize glory and a complimentary ticket of admission—good for one season only—to the temple of fame!

Let the tale hurry on, as a certain gifted author was in the habit of saying, when his muse had run him into a tight corner. The man who owned the Colorado beetles before spoken of, and their sustenance, drove along the road in a little wagon with an umbrella top. If he had not, *vale* Timotheus, *vale* five lectures and three folio volumes on the origin, development, and suppression of the potato bug, *vale* the celebrated memorial to Congress, praying that wise and learned body to legislate against this impudent little black-and-yellow squatter!

The man drove along; he looked over the fence, and saw the limp Assistant State Entomologist; he did not pass by on the other side; he stopped and commented audibly:

“Some poor devil has got cooked, while he was trying to steal my cucumbers.”

After an instant of deliberation, he went to the rescue. Finding by the clothes of Timotheus that he was not a tramp, the granger concluded to resuscitate the patron of *Doryphora decem-lineata*, and claim any reward that might be offered for an escaped lunatic.

When Timotheus recovered consciousness, he was in a cool room. He took cognizance of its having windows draped with muslin curtains. The swaying motion of these adornments made him dizzy, so he closed his eyes again.

“Don't speak,” said a voice. “Lie perfectly quiet till the doctor comes.”

He had had no intention of speaking, but this moved him to inquire, “Where am I?”



"At my house," said the voice, which emanated from a comfortable, middle-aged farmeress, who was applying mustard plasters to the soles of his feet. "My son found you over in the corn field, and brought you in. He's gone for the doctor, now. S—s—h! don't talk. You aint dead.

"There! Miss Rose," continued the voice, after an interval, "I would'n't put on any more ice, if I was you. Ain't it a mercy the ice-man came yesterday! He so often forgets us country folks. Why *don't* Andy come with the doctor! S—s—h! don't talk to him. There's nothing so bad for sick people as to talk to 'em."

Again the aching eyelids unclosed, and Professor Timotheus N. Jones saw, bending over him, the most beautiful blonde lady he ever beheld. She looked as cool and well-starched as the white dress she wore, but what a world of sympathy was in her heavenly blue orbs, as she bent their gaze on the limp and prostrate naturalist.

"He is reviving, Mrs. Lee. I think I can be of no further service; besides, there is Mr. Andrew and the doctor. Poor mamma will be *so* frightened when she sees doctor Gray come in, if I am not with her to explain the cause of his visit," said the blue-eyed maid.

She glided away, and, without any apparent reason, Professor Timotheus N. Jones felt ill-used.

Alas for Timotheus N. ! Before that moment of fate, all woman-kind had seemed to him to be divided into two classes—fat women who kept boarders, and thin women who taught school. Dull as his brain was, he made an instantaneous resolve to revise this catalogue.

This new and perfect specimen of a hitherto unknown species of the genus *mulier*, he learned during his convalescence, was named Rosa Allen. She, with her invalid mother, had taken board for the summer at the farmhouse of "Widder Lee," parent of the good Samaritan, Andrew.

Professor Timotheus engaged board at this agricultural Eden, presided over by the "widder." His physican warned him not to

expose himself unduly to the direct rays of the solar luminary; therefore, as behoved an industrious naturalist, he decided to sit him down in Mrs. Lee's parlor, and write up a few hundred pages from notes already taken on *Doryphora decem-lineata*. For the first time, he learned how valuable to science are the intuitions of woman. With his hand on his bosom, he more than once acknowledged his obligations, only to be plunged deeper into debt by a sweet disclaimer and a lovely blush at the praise of so great a man. The uninitiated can form no estimate of how great an assistance it is to the ardent naturalist to have a pair of blue eyes brighten as he traces the course of *Doryphora*, alias Colorado beetle, alias potato-bug, from his native fastnesses in the Red-Earth State, across Kansas, bleeding afresh through her esculents; across Missouri, sitting like a modern Niobe, with a pot of Paris green in one hand, and a requisition for Frank James in the other; around Illinois, because two conventions of political big-bugs are as much as the strength of a State can endure; across Ohio, running riot in her fat places; across Pennsylvania, with no heed of her strikes, no fear of her strikers; passing by in a wide circuit the great cities where Monopoly has swept the ground so bare that there is no fragment left for the small and hungry; across Long Island, with no stop for a momentary nibble; through Tewksbury; on and on to Plymouth Rock, to set up a communism right under the nose of the goddess who guarantees life, liberty, and protection of property to fifty-five millions of American citizens. Oh, it is grand!

Even more interesting is it to begin at horse-tails and trace up to polyps, and from polyps to potato-bugs; or to begin at man, and trace downward from organism to organism, till you reach your bug again. How wonderful is Nature! how perfect her laws! how inexhaustible her treasures! how almost past finding out her secrets! Verily, it is a great thing to be a man and an investigator, and sweet is it to be complimented on the same by a pair of vermeil lips!

Yes, it is—or rather, it was—sweet. Alas!

"A change was lisped about the acacias" that lifted their blossoms to the farmhouse windows.

Farmer Andrew Lee was the man that lisped it. "Professor," said that candid yeoman, one evening, after Miss Rose had gone up to her mother, "you are not a marrying man, are you?"

The embarrassed professor stammered an incoherent reply.

"Just so; I thought so," said the other, taking the answer for granted. "Now I am, and what I want to ask of you is, that, you being as you are, and I being as I are, you take a back seat and give me a better chance."

"To—ah—I fear, my friend that I do not quite comprehend the true significance of your last remark."

"I thought I'd made it plain enough," said the farmer, sturdily, while a fine crimson wave swept from his massive neck to his narrow temples. "What I mean is just this: I think Miss Rosy is a number 1 figure for a wife, and I know 'most that she likes me; but you keep up such a bug-racket that I don't get a fair chance to show her that I mean business. If you meant business, I'd say a fair field and no favors, and let the girl take her pick, but as you say you don't [!], I ask of you to take a back seat. Is it a bargain? All right! give us your hand on it."

The poor gentleman who had not said anything that might be considered speech, felt his hand gripped in a clasp that brought to his mind the Nuremburg virgin, and was then left "a prey to conflicting emotions."

What should he do? What *could* he do? His brows grew cold, his spectacles moist. It seemed such a pity for Miss Rose to abandon the study of natural history, just as her mind was opening to its beauties. It would be an incalculable loss to her. And himself—he acknowledged humbly his obligations. She was such an inspiring pupil; she stimulated effort in a thousand pleasant ways.

The poor professor heaved a sigh that shook all his bones and tissues, and thrilled his cartilages as with rheumatism.

Almost he resolved to ignore Andy Lee's request; then came the hideous reminder—Andy was his benefactor, had saved him, and thereby the precious history of *Doryphora decem-lineata*, to the world. "Trouble on trouble, pain on pain!"

He may have hoped that "gazing on the pilot stars" would teach him something. Be that as it may, he sat at his window looking out on the night, till blazing constellation and glittering binary slipped out of sight, and a haggard dawn came toiling over the hills. Truly, this was much wakefulness for the possible loss of one pupil in entomology, a slimsy girl who was afraid of grass-hoppers, and had been heard to wonder, whether *Pterophora*, with jeweled eyes, would look well on an opera bonnet!

If Miss Allen felt any surprise when her quondam teacher passed her by with an awkward bow and melancholy smile, as he stole forth to the cucumber patch, she gave no sign. She made incursions into shady lanes with the farmer, she accepted his bouquets of sweet peas and boneset. She sang "Auld Robin Gray" and "Kitty Wells" to him, he, meanwhile, wildly hunting for the air on an antiquated fiddle. She listened with exemplary interest to his renditions of "Money Musk," and "Napoleon Crossing the Alps," on the aforesaid instrument. She petted the colts, she praised the calves, she took an interest in chicken-farming. The farmer was radiant, the professor was the opposite.

Nothing is eternal save eternal change. In the hall, one morning, this fair Rose, blushing like her dewy namesake outside the door, said to the sad and silent Timotheus, with beseeching accent and eyelids meekly dropped:

"Professor Jones, I know that I am dreadfully stupid, and think you were quite right in stopping our lessons, but won't you, as it is too warm to continue your observations today, won't you p-l-e-a-s-e read me another chapter of your delightful book?"

Timotheus N. Jones, Assistant State Entomologist, was a great scientist, a great genius; but, be it known to all men by these



presents, the superstructure of genius is generally reared on the same sort of a clay foundation that is employed in the composition of ordinary men. The scientific mind, therefore, was permeated by an agreeable warmth, diffused from the igniferous flattery of this female plotter. The owner of the scientific mind tried to say something gallant, and failed; he made an effort to answer profoundly, and failed again. Finally he contented himself with the assertion that he would be "very pleased" to read any number of chapters from "my poor book."

That afternoon, he made a discovery of more importance than any accredited to Lubbock or Darwin. Miss Rose was in love, not with the farmer, but with himself! He read it in her innocent eyes, he heard it in her softly modulated voice. He was astonished, embarrassed, enraptured; his usually steady scientific brain reeled. When he arose and went to his room, he felt that it required an effort to keep from staggering.

Again, he watched the night out. From ten P. M. till M. he sat and smiled so inanely that it is a wonder that the dog-star forbore to bark at him. From twelve till two A. M. he formulated proposals of marriage. From two till a quarter past three, he pictured himself bringing out his book, with a preface acknowledging the valuable assistance rendered by "my wife." Then he thought of Andy Lee and was remorseful. "When the great, gray, unlit earth lay chill in the still of the dawn," he wondered if it were true, as some said, that the cares of a family were so distracting as to prevent an investigator from attaining the maximum of success. Then, as the sun came up like a cohort of radiant seraphim, his head fell over on the window-sill and he slept.

That day, Mrs. Allen had what was known to a large and sympathetic circle of acquaintances as "one of her bad spells." Miss Rose, as a dutiful daughter should, stayed up stairs and ministered unto her.

The Assistant State Entomologist had not a spirit thrice dyed in cruelty, but, on the whole, he was not sorry for the affliction of

Allen *mère*. It gave him more time for consideration.

To wed or not to wed—a serious question! Whether 'twere better to consider Farmer Lee's pretensions, or by resolving, end them. He fidgeted around the house for a season, and, after noon, taking his microscope and note book, wandered down the lane. The very blackberry vines and nigger-heads (Oscar Wilde sunflowers), which bordered the lines of worm-fence, seemed to wave their long branches and shake their saucy heads in derision of this too-successful lover, who was afraid to take the good the gods provided. On, on, he went, past the corn-field, past the lodge of cucumbers where dwelt his chosen bug, past the wild cherry tree from whose branches fat blackbirds winked impudently, past the wheat-field where Mrs. Bob White had just set up housekeeping, past the hickory trees where the lane forked into a dusty road that led to town, and a narrow path that ambled here and there among lush green grasses, and finally lost itself on the bank of a willow-fringed brook. He followed the brook to where it twisted around a little knoll crowned with cottonwood trees. There he sat down. Some turtles crawled up on a log and, obviously shocked at his appearance, hopped off with a splash, but he heeded not. A blue jay scolded frantically overhead, but he cared not for opprobrious epithets. An oriole, swinging and balancing on a slender twig, threw a glint of sunshine into his face; that did not rouse him. But when a melancholy turtle-dove cooed plaintively from a neighboring belt of woodland, "foo—ool, foo—ool," he started guiltily and buried his heated brow in his hands.

Should he marry this lovely, loving girl, or was he honor bound to leave her to Lee? Over and over, the question asked itself. She was so fair, so delicate; surely, life on a farm would be for her a burden too heavy to be borne; and, evidently, it was not Lee she loved. His temples throbbed, as he remembered the look that revealed her girlish soul. Would it not be a crime to allow her to fling away her hand where her heart was

not? He remembered reading of a case in point, where a gentle, yielding maid, sad from the conviction of love unreciprocated, had married one who loved her, and died of atropia.

The die was cast—he must save her! Dear Rose! dear Mrs. Timotheus N. Jones *in prospectu!* How she loved him! how she loved science! He should have to take a house and furnish it. And that would take time, and, what he had still less to spare, money. The book would be interrupted, trips about the country to study the habits of *Doryphora decem lineata* would be discontinued. A crumpled roseleaf, a—yes—a very decided thorn!

He began at the beginning and thought it all over again.

Same result.

Again.

Ditto.

The shadows grew long, the crickets came out, the night fell.

He started farmhouseward.

At the hickory trees he came to a decision. He would leave all in the lady's hands. He would put a supposititious case, and let her comments guide him. He felt almost positive what she would say. Woman, the most reliable authorities have stated, is a creature governed by the impulses of the affections; she particularizes, she cannot generalize on questions of expediency, and merge the cravings of the individual in the polity of race-aspirations.

He went softly by the window; he heard Rose's voice:

"Dear Walter, you cannot know how lonely I have been without you. Only my duty to poor mamma has made me endure it. I have had no solace but your letters, no companionship but your photograph."

Involuntarily, he looked in. Was that, *could* that be Rose? and who was that handsome stranger with his arm around her waist?

The spheres seem to be breaking up; the stars tumbling from the sky. He groped amid chaos for the front door. Suddenly, a shape confronted him.

"Say, Professor," it said huskily, "I'm going over into another county in the morning, to look at some hogs, and I guess I'd better explain my little joke before I go. I ain't after Miss Rose. She's too finicky for a farmer's wife. I've got my eye on one of Pettigrew's girls. I was only chaffing the other night. I got to thinking, yesterday, I'd as well explain the joke or you mightn't see it. You know you've been sun-struck, and that makes a fellow kind o' dull and queer for a while, but you'll right up in time."

The shape disappeared, leaving the unhappy lover in a whirl that made the laws of gravitation visible to the naked eye. Was—was he "kind o' dull and queer?" Was this rudely shattered dream of connubial bliss the delirium of *coup de soleil*?

He could not answer—in fact, he was afraid to hazard any guesses.

That night he packed his effects with trembling hands, and hied away to the city, with the avowed intention of consulting a physician; but on the pavement in front of the medical gentleman's office, he met a member of the State Legislature. This budding Solon volunteered to speak to the governor to speak to a congressman, to speak to the chairman of the committee on Mexican veterans, to introduce a bill for the appropriation of a half-million dollars to encourage the study of entomology. This cheering information caused Timotheus to forget his phantasies and the doctor, for the time being. After Mr. Solon had assured him that the bill would be sure to go through as soon as the veterans were pensioned, and the tariff question settled, he went back to his book with a heart that was almost joyful.

From time to time his symptoms returned in a mild form, but as Andy Lee had prophesied, he "righted up." After the night he looked in the window, he was never dangerously affected, save when he received Mrs. Walter Stacey's wedding cards. Even that paroxysm passed harmlessly, and he took a pensive satisfaction in sending her a valuable collection of grasshoppers, originally intended for the Smithsonian Institute.

*Julia Scott.*



## CAPTAIN GRANT'S OLD POST, FORT HUMBOLDT.

SCATTERED along the shores of the Pacific, from San Francisco to Sitka, one frequently comes into contact with gray-headed frontiersmen—survivors of a generation hardly yet passed into history—who not only claim acquaintanceship with the dead hero of the civil war, but who have messed with him, marched with him, and by the evening bivouac have beguiled the tedium of a rugged campaign in his company. In company with one of these favored few, a member of the veteran volunteer military organization of the coast, the "Battalion of California Mountaineers," I stood upon the parade ground of old Fort Humboldt, which was the headquarters of Captain Grant during a part of the year 1853. The spirit of the departed leader hovers alike over the fields of his great military exploits, and the home of his earlier years: the very atmosphere of the spot tends to awaken the spirit of research, and makes us emulous to follow, even at so remote a distance, a stray footstep of him who has gone from among us.

Fort Humboldt was organized by the Federal Government in the year 1850; but was first brought into prominence as a base of supplies for the military operations against the belligerent Indians of the Klamath river and its affluents, in the outbreak of 1853. Previous to the gold excitement, this part of the State of California was as completely unknown, except to a few adventurous hunters and trappers in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company, as Alaska. Isolated from the rest of the State by lofty mountain ranges, and having at that period no known harbor where a vessel could lie in safety, her ancient solitudes were likely to be disturbed by nothing in the usual course of events for a long time to come.

Scarcely, however, had the grand army of restless, and in many cases reckless, adventurers swarmed over the mountains into the Sacramento Valley and among the foothills

of the Sierras, than it became known that the rivers of north-western California were, with few exceptions, rich in placer gold. The consequence was an immediate invasion in force of this *terra incognita*; and from the headwaters of the Klamath to the auriferous gravel of the Pacific at Gold Bluff, the smoke of the miner's camp-fire ascended from every gulch and cañon where the shining dust rewarded the arduous and unremitting toil of the stranger. Almost coincident with the Bohemian settlement of these remote regions, came the instinct that they could be reached by sea much more easily and safely than by land; and the attention of seafaring men was attracted to that unknown and dangerous coast, whose limits were as dimly shadowed forth on the old Spanish charts as were the outlines of Atlantis on the maps of that veracious geographer, Marco Polo.

In the three generations immediately preceding '49, numerous voyages of discovery had been made northward, from the sleepy old mission village of San Francisco; and one of these named the savage cliffs, that mark the extreme western point of the Coast Range, Cape Mendocino. To these explorers also belongs the honor of having first dropped anchor in the harbor of Trinidad, which they christened after the day of its discovery—the Sabbath of the Holy Trinity. It was to re-locate this harbor, and to find, if possible, the mouth of the Klamath River—which was to furnish them a water-way to the mines—that the expedition sailed in the year 1850, which discovered and named the bay of Humboldt.

The native population regarded the newcomers with undisguised hostility; and as the mountain "Diggers" (a generic term applied to all the aboriginal tribes of the California coast, and derived from their well known habits of feeding on roots), very unlike their brethren of the valleys, were courageous

and war-like, the first act of real or fancied aggression on the part of the whites blew the smouldering embers of discontent into the flame of war; and the struggle that followed was continued with more than Indian persistency, because of the impression—which had been extensively circulated by the shrewd politicians of the various tribes—that the Gringoes were few in number, and that a concerted effort of all the children of the soil would end in ridding their territories of the hated intruders, who were killing their game, scaring away their salmon, corrupting their women, turning their hunting grounds into farms and stock ranges, and, by encouraging the dissensions of rival tribes, were rapidly rendering united resistance to a common enemy impossible. Hence the “Klamath War” was a war to the knife—a crusade of extermination—where every motive that could inflame the savage heart or nerve his arm, was actively at work. Quarter was seldom asked and never given. The Indians, secure in their inaccessible mountains (which for yawning cañons and perilous cliffs bear a close resemblance to the mountains at the headwaters of the Yaqui river in Sonora, where our lively wards, the Apaches, take their usual summer vacation), swooped down on the miners with torch and tomahawk, and soon inaugurated a reign of terror which speedily brought the scattered gold hunters together for the concerting of measures of protection.

The first military operations of the settlers were conducted under the most adverse circumstances. The route overland, from San Francisco through the valley of the Sacramento, and traversing the most rugged portion of the disaffected district, innocent of road or pathway, was difficult, dangerous, and frightfully expensive. Their dependence, for supplies, general and military, therefore, was entirely upon the coast: then the importance of Fort Humboldt, as an easily accessible and safe base of operations, was fully appreciated. On the eastern shore of Humboldt Bay, and contiguous to the City of Eureka, its situation was admirably chosen, both from a strategic point of view and for

an unrivaled outlook in almost every direction. One may “box the compass” anywhere on the parade ground, and he will be surprised and delighted at the view which unfolds before him. The post was located on the summit of a gentle eminence, which forms the outlying spur of the foothills that buttress the irregular mountain chain known as the “Redwood Belt.” This range sweeps from the apex of the mountain triangle at Cape Mendocino on the south, to the City of Eureka, and then blends into the illimitable forests which extend northward almost to the Oregon line.

On a clear day, the view from the parade ground, looking west, is inspiring. Almost at one's feet lie the navigable waters of the Bay, with their animated panorama of busy saw-mills and moving vessels; while the entrance to the harbor is a veritable gateway, between the bluffs on one side, and the graceful tower of the light-house—with “siren” and life-saving station nestling at its base—on the other. Still westward, the eye sweeps over the sand dunes and stunted pines of the peninsula, to the “gray and melancholy waste” of the Pacific beyond, with here and there a sail obscurely defined against the sky; while the bold headlands of Cape Mendocino project like huge cumuli far down on the horizon. Looking to the southeast, over the campus, an excellent view is obtained of the guard-house, with the bluffs and rolling hills of the Eel River Valley in the distance.

This building is perhaps the best preserved of the dozen or more that still bid defiance to the assaults of time and neglect. The houses, from the barracks to the officers' quarters, are all constructed of the same materials; that is, upright joists covered with weather-boarding, which is shaved into smoothness with the drawing-knife. The sutler's store and commissary department is the only visible exception, being framed of hewn logs with the usual covering. Inside, the more pretentious are “hard-finished,” but the majority are fitted out with bare walls or a coat of whitewash.

The Grant house presents a most forlorn



and dilapidated appearance; had it sustained a bombardment, it could not have suffered more. The walls have been denuded of their plaster, the windows smashed, the doors torn from their hinges; nothing but an occasional stud prevents the crazy roof from coming down. The rear of the little domicile is almost buried in a mass of climbing vines, and they have looped and twined their tendrils around gaping doorway, and shattered window-frame, and crumbling roof, as if desirous of concealing the erosion of a quarter of a century beneath their carressing folds.

The spacious cottage of the commanding officer is situated at the northwestern corner of the campus, on the very edge of the low plateau upon which the post is situated. "And here," said my conductor, "I have often enjoyed a social evening, when, grouped around the cheerful back-log, we listened to the yarn of some old hunter or Indian fighter; while the pleasant-faced, silent Captain reclined on the rude camp-bed, and smiled encouragement on the little group between the puffs of his cigar. One of his leading characteristics of later days, when he was the director of the military energies of the North, was even then conspicuous—his entire freedom from the stiff formalities of the service, when off duty."

The cottage that he occupied adjoined the commandant's, but has been moved; and upon its site flourishes a splendid rose-bush, which, at the time of my visit, was in full and glorious bloom; and some thoughtful hand had woven a festoon of crape through the scarlet petals. This simple and touching tribute of respect and sympathy—the only evidence of life and care in all that field of desolation—was eloquently emblematical; the richest coloring of life and the sombre insignia of death—the decoration of art woven with nature's choicest tribute in a living chaplet to his green and fadeless memory.

Entering headquarters, I invaded the domain of the spider, the field mouse, and the swallow. An oppressive sense of loneliness seemed to hover over everything; we looked

instinctively for some ghostly sentinel to extend to us a fleshless grasp of welcome; for,

"All houses wherein men have lived and died  
Are haunted houses."

The heavy hand of time has leaned with crushing weight upon the artificial beauties of the place; and the office, with its tall desks and well scribbled walls, is the only apartment on the ground floor that still bears indisputable evidence of its former use. Up stairs, commanding a superb view of bay and ocean, is the apartment designated the "photograph gallery." It is a spacious room, well lighted by ample skylights, and overlooks the public highway.

The military cemetery is beautifully located upon a rolling hillside southeast of the post, from which it is separated by a little valley. The spot is now almost forgotten; vines and weeds have clambered over the rude head-boards, and obliterated the pathways. Since the cemetery was abandoned, Nature has dressed the spot in her own exuberant loveliness; a vigorous growth of young fir trees has sprung up among and around the tiny enclosures, until they are fairly surrounded by a wall of foliage, whose tremulous music, under the afternoon breath of the trade winds, strings a perpetual Æolian harp over the graves of the forgotten dead.

A portion only of the huge stables of the post remains. It is in an excellent state of preservation, and had ample accommodations for two hundred mules, which furnished forth the long pack trains running between the coast and the remote camps on the Klamath, the Trinity, and the Salmon Rivers. Indeed, this unhandsome but useful brute was for many years the sole means of communication between the mountain valleys and the coast. He was simply indispensable; he was to the old Californian what the camel is to the Arab; the reindeer to the Lapp; the elephant to the Hindoo; and his occasional eccentricities only enhanced the novelty of a familiar acquaintance with him.

Facing the stable lies a swamp that ranks among the natural curiosities of the neigh-

borhood. It is about two acres in extent, and is fed by springs from the bottom, which in the winter time convert it into a lake gorgeous with the bloom of the yellow water lily. In the dry season, it is a quaking bog, not unlike the peat bogs which form so striking a feature of Scottish and Irish landscapes.

Although not upon a relic-hunting expedition, I thought it singular that I failed to discover some memento of the former occupants. I ransacked the whole range of tumble-down buildings, from the "lock-up" to

the dispensary; I glanced eagerly over the chapters of autographs that covered the walls—where paint or plaster still chanced to adhere—for some trace of the old followers of Mars; but in vain. The names were all recent, and I was fain to content myself with a relic that, clad in the regimentals of Uncle Sam, somewhat the worse for wear, was on scarecrow duty on the parade ground—now a vegetable garden—and I christened him "The Old Guard."

*N. S. Giberson.*

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### CURRITUCK JOE.

THE coast of North Carolina is not an inviting one. From their earliest acquaintance with it, sailors have shunned Cape Hatteras, and many a foreboding shake of the head accompanies the words with which they speak of that stormy point. The loom of its sinister clouds is the signal to put close reefs in the topsails, and the skipper whose vessel has drifted too near its desolate shore paces his deck, with keen eyes scanning the western horizon, all through the long and storm-filled hours of the night.

And the winds have a different tone when they surge along the waves that roll foam-crowned and furious against its shifting sand dunes. There is an exaltation, a victorious shouting, in their rush, that seems to tell of a supreme sovereignty.

North of Hatteras, and running southward from the border of Virginia, is Currituck Sound, a respectable sheet of water, separated from the ocean by a narrow belt of sand, such as defends the entire seaboard of North Carolina. This immense sea bar—for it can be called nothing else—is not an inviting place of residence, and when the heavy northeast gales come roaring down the coast, there is a wildness and gloom pervading it that is anything but cheerful. Wrecks are frequent during the winter and early spring, when the great gales are most prevalent, and then the men at the government

life-saving stations have wet and stormy work to do. The sullen boom of a gun will bring them forth to meet the rush and sting of chilling sleet, when night's darkness lies so heavy on the earth that sight is impossible.

Then suddenly there will shine out the ghastly glow of a signal light, its red glare showing some fated vessel, washed by the incoming rollers, each of which drives her farther up among the breakers that beat her with such fierce persistence. The treacherous sands part from before her, but close across the way she has come, in a heavy and impassable mass. Then spars give way, and plank after plank is riven from the hull, and long before the gray light of morning dawns, the vessel and her crew have passed away from the busy struggle filling the world.

How slowly the light comes on such mornings, when straining eyes and eager hands are waiting to help those so near by, and yet so far away from help! And if the time drags wearily with men who stand ready to succor, how much more slowly must it pass for those who watch, while the night about is full of the triumph songs of wreck and death. The life-saving stations have taken some of the terror from the storm-beaten coast, but this service is a thing of late years. There was a time when it was unknown, and then the vessel that came driving in on the sands, often was broken up



before a knowledge of her peril reached friendly souls and hands.

I have said that Currituck Bar was a desolate place, and so it is, when we look forward to long years spent among its shifting dunes. But when you are there for a week, as I frequently was, making the inlets of the Sound a hunting ground, ducks and geese being abundant, then life passes quickly enough, especially if one or two boon companions are sharing the Bohemian luxuries of a roughly furnished, but in the matter of minor comforts, bountifully supplied hut.

Currituck Bar has long been a favorite resort of mine, more from a sentimental memory, perhaps, than from its actual pleasures. Still, I find in its wildness, and in the peculiar, seemingly wreck-haunted, atmosphere that is its heritage, an antidote for the toil of a life that has seen but few other changes besides the annual visits to its barren wastes, during the season when game was to be found along its shores. My journeys began quite a number of years ago, before the life-saving service had planted its stations along the tempest-swept beach, and were inaugurated by one of those apparently unimportant occurrences that pass and are forgotten, until an epoch in one's existence brings them out with startling vividness.

I was roaming through the market in Norfolk, having been called there by business, which, while giving me many spare hours, still necessitated a stay of several days, when I saw some fine ducks exposed for sale, veritable canvas-backs, and plump as partridges fresh from a buckwheat stubble. As I was to start for home the next morning, a desire to become the owner of some of these took possession of me, which their owner was quick to perceive.

"Better take a pair or two of 'em; they're right good, young, and fat, and tender," he said, looking up at me with eyes so full of kindness, and yet so woful with sorrow, that I was startled, and did not answer immediately.

"They're fresh as a nor'east gale on Currituck," he went on; "I know it, fur I shot 'em myself."

"Where," I questioned, eager to know something of the owner of such strange eyes.

"Down on Currituck."

"Where is that?"

The man appeared to be a little surprised to find that a person existed so ignorant as not to know that famous locality, and then he gave me the desired information.

"It's in North Carolina, just out of Virginia, and is one of the coast sand bars."

"Is the game plentiful?"

"If you mean ducks, yes."

"Do you live there?"

"Yes. I only come to Norfolk once or twice a year, to stock up. I'm not a truckster; I couldn't be."

A few more questions elicited the knowledge of how to get to the favored land, and then I purchased the entire lot of his ducks, giving him, much to his surprise and gratification, his full price.

As I turned away with my prize, he said: "If you ever come down that way, and want some good duck shooting, just ask for Currituck Joe. All the fellows as paddle down that way know me."

I thanked him, and having hired a colored boy to carry my purchase, went back to my hotel.

The next day I was speeding northward, and soon the cares of business had effaced all memory of Currituck Joe's name, but not of his strangely-lighted eyes. Occasionally these would intrude between me and the long columns of some shipping list, and then I would wonder where their owner was.

It was two years after my visit to Norfolk, when one morning the telegraph brought word that a ship belonging to our house had gone to pieces just south of Currituck Light.

"Some one will have to go down there and gather all the news there is to be found out," said the senior partner, and I immediately volunteered; for at the sound of the name, there came before me the gleam of the piteous eyes, and the echo of words that gradually grew distinct as "Currituck Joe."

"Maybe I shall see him," I thought, and this was a strong incentive toward making the journey, not a pleasant one during the

blustering winter months. I arrived at Norfolk two days after this, and took passage on a small steamer plying in the waters I wished to visit. We ran through the Elizabeth River and Canal, and I left her at a landing on the western shore of Currituck Sound. There I engaged a sail boat to carry me across to the sea-bar, and skirting this was soon abreast of the Light, where I landed, and with a son of the boat's owner for a guide, went down the beach toward the scene of the disaster.

It was one of those gray days that dawn and fade along this coast in winter; a day of ominous silence on the water, of dreary impassiveness in the air. The thin clouds were cold and worn looking, and the sun shone white and blurred in their midst. Down toward the eastern horizon, however, a darker line showed in irregular masses above the restless water, presaging a new storm.

We came to the place where the first drift from the wreck lay, and found a mass of planking, torn and broken, and strangely exemplifying the supreme power held by the wrath of wind and wave, when brought into contention with the work of man. Farther on along the beach were piled boxes and bales, carefully covered by fragments of the deck and bulwarks.

As we neared one of these, a figure, roughly clad in a brown tarpaulin suit, rose from a sitting posture beneath a rudely formed tent of rent canvas, and I saw before me the man I had met in the market at Norfolk two years previous.

"There's Currituck Joe," said my guide. "He's been a lookin' out for the goods."

The man approached, walking with a curious shuffling gait, as though deprecating any adverse criticism that his appearance might arouse.

"Good mornin'," he said, bowing awkwardly.

"Good morning, Joe," I answered, extending my hand.

He took it hesitatingly, but my strong grasp seemed to reassure him, and I thought that he straightened up as he felt it.

"Be you one of the insurance men?" he asked.

"No, the ship belonged to our house, and the cargo was consigned to us."

"There's not much of it left for anybody," said Joe.

"I see that there is but little; where are the men that were saved?"

"Gone north. There was only three; the rest got washed away by a sea just as the ship struck."

"How were the three saved?"

"Oh, a boat put out to 'em, as soon as there was light enough to show they were left."

With a natural modesty, Joe refrained from saying that he was the man who spurred the boat's crew into action, and led them into their successful struggle for those three lives.

Other men now came up, and from them and Joe I learned all that could be told concerning the loss of the ship, and the amount of cargo washed ashore. As this would be of little use to our firm—its damaged condition reducing its value, which would hardly pay for transportation—I gave it to the men who had harvested it from the hungry sea.

I had made myself known to Joe, and he had renewed his offer in the matter of services, during the duck shooting season.

Having no special call to hurry back to New York, I wrote a letter to the firm, giving them the information needed to guide them regarding the insurance, and dispatching this to the nearest post-office, by the boat that had brought me to the Bar, accepted Joe's invitation, and spent the next week with him. We had a short gale the next night after our arrival, but Joe called it a baby affair; and as the sun shone out the next day, and the shooting was good, I thought he must be right; though the wind that had shook the hut and roared across the Bar in the early watches of the night, sending great masses of sand sweeping in from the sea and far out on the Sound, was as fierce as any I had ever heard.

When I left the Bar, Joe pressed me to visit him again next year.

"I live alone here," he said, "and if you



can put up with my hut for the sake of good shootin', come; you'll always be welcome."

He had brought me to the nearest steam-boat landing, and we were waiting for the steamer that was to carry me to Norfolk, a goodly string of ducks telling of our successes.

"I will be along early next December," I answered.

"All right; I'll be on the lookout for you."

Then the boat came puffing up to the wharf, and Joe swung my game on board.

"Good bye," I said, giving his hand a clasp; "and look out for a box when this boat comes back from Norfolk."

"All right; but you needn't bother," he answered, and then stepped back as the plank was hauled in, and I saw him stand watching the boat, until she had turned a curve that shut away the landing.

I sent him the box, full of the pipes, tobacco, and fishing and hunting stuff I had found out he would like, adding a large can of whisky, a beverage he used when a storm had wet him to the skin and chilled his blood, and only at that time; and shortly after my arrival home received a simple, but whole-souled letter of thanks.

The first day of the next December found me in Norfolk, on my way to Currituck, and I reached Joe's hut one evening, just as the sun sunk in a glory of amber and pink that made the Sound look like a vast sheet of dormant flame.

Joe was away, but the door was open, and having stowed my traps, and some boxes I had brought for him, I threw a lot of driftwood on the smoldering embers, and soon had a glowing fire lighting the rudely furnished room, in whose corners the gathering twilight had made deep shadows.

Joe came in shortly after the fire had got well underway, and gave me a cordial greeting, and a very favorable report as to the prospects for a good two weeks' sport. We were out early the next morning, and for five days had excellent weather and fine shooting; but the morning of the sixth day brought a change. The sky was covered with a thin gray vapor, and the sun shone in

this like a great red ball. Gradually the grayness grew deeper, and the vapor thickened to vast masses of cloud.

Then the sun changed its hue to a dull yellow, and slowly faded out from sight, and as it disappeared, the low moaning in the air grew wonderfully intense.

"Ther'll be a hard blow," Joe had said in the early morning; and after eating our breakfast, we strolled over toward the seaward beach.

Joe's hut was sheltered by a collection of sand dunes, among which its low roof rose like a sharper point. It stood midway between the ocean and the Sound, and a short walk was all that was needed to reach either. When we came to the beach, the waves were rolling up its changing sands, with a regular monotony that seemed utterly devoid of fierceness; but soon a wild, sobbing murmur sounded across the wide eastern expanse, and they grew more restless, and began to toss little foam-crowned crests against each other. The day during its first part was a changing dreariness. The somber hue of the sky, and the storm-sounds in the air, deepened, and the great waves darkened, as the gloom above them assumed a density that soon was sadly oppressive. Occasional puffs ruffled the waters, and these quickly grew heavier and more frequent.

Then Joe, who had clambered to the top of a sand dune, cried, "There she comes," and hastening to his side, I saw what seemed a huge wall of white foam rushing shoreward.

Then some sharply driven rain-drops struck hard on our faces, and with a roar, the first great gust of the gale surged past us, and the foam-crowned waves rolled thundering up the beach.

We found shelter in a low shed made of wreck drift, and there watched the sea. It was a grand and a wild sight, that tumult of water with the wind surging over it, and there was a fascination in it that must be felt to be known. As we stood watching this tempest-painted picture, a man came swiftly down the beach, the wind driving him before it. He made for our shelter, and

as soon as he could regain the speech that the gale had deprived him of, said :

"There's a schooner trying to draw off shore above us, but I don't think she can weather the point yonder."

Joe sprang toward the beach.

"We must have the boat ready," he said.

There were several men in the shed, and one asked :

"Do you know the vessel?"

"Yes, it is Mark Ward's schooner. I know her by the yellow square on her quarter."

I noticed that the men turned their glances toward Joe, and that his face grew peculiarly hard and white; but it was only for a moment, and then it assumed the old look, only a strength and firmness came to the eyes that made them burn with a strange brilliancy. He seemed more erect, too, as he grasped a line that hung against the wall of the shed, and there was a tone of command in his voice, as he said :

"Come boys, we have no time to lose," and went out, and down the beach, battling with the wind that almost took him off his feet.

We followed, and soon reached a low building, in which the men who were Joe's companions, and he, kept a small but serviceable life-boat. It was where a short point jutted out just inside of a larger headland, and formed a shallow, partially protected bay. The wind was from the northeast, and as this point reached out toward the southward, it had a narrow belt of comparatively smooth water bordering its leeward face. The boat was run close to this, and the men, lying down under the lee of the sand dunes, watched the vessel to the northward, as she made desperate fight for an offing.

"She can't reach out beyond the point," said one, "for she can't carry sail enough."

The schooner was under short canvas, having close reefs in all her sails; and still the wind seemed to bury her in spray, as it drove her down toward the sand. To spread more sail was impossible, as that already set was strained to its utmost capacity, and a

larger surface would bring upon it more power than it could bear.

"No, sir, she can't reach out beyond the point," said the eldest man of the group, "and it shoals fearfully there. I don't think there is much chance for either vessel or crew."

Again the men turned toward Joe, with the strange look I had before noticed, but he made no sign.

All this time the schooner had been drawing nearer, driven on by the cruel gale, and signals for help were now flung out, showing that her crew had given up all hope of reaching the open water beyond the point.

Joe, seeing this, removed his waterproof suit, and stepped into the boat. A coil of small line lay in the stern, its end run through a fair-leader. This end he passed to the men on shore, and then sat down and grasped an oar. As he did so, his companions seized the boat, and gave her a shove clear into the water, three of them springing in with Joe. Then, with strong, steady strokes, they bent to their work, and the boat shot forward, just as a loud, despairing hail came sounding in on the wind.

We looked seaward, and saw that the schooner had grounded, and was lying broadside to the waves, which were rolling on board of her in huge masses. Their force was terrific, and they soon drove her stern around, each blow making her masts tremble like reeds. This new position was an easier one for the vessel, but the men said that she would not last long, as the seas were growing, and the wind still kept rising. We saw her men clinging to the rigging, but our main interest was centered in the boat, which was making slow progress out toward her. It was a hard battle, and a desperate one, for the waves came rolling in, heavy and foam-crowned, and the wind roared along, tossing their curling crests far up the sand.

But Joe and his companions were stout and fearless, and had often been in similar positions, and slowly they neared the grounded craft. Often, however, it looked as though they would be flung back, and at other times we lost sight of the boat, and thought her swamped. Then she would appear once



more, and keep on toward her goal. The schooner made a lee of smooth water, and after a half hour of work that seemed more than human, the boat ran into this, and we sent her a cheer of hope; but it was too soon, for the next instant a huge wave swept around the vessel's bow, and coming over her side, caught the life-boat and flung it in on the deck.

We saw some struggling forms, but could distinguish nothing, for the sprays were driving between the masts, enveloping the men as in a mist; we also saw that they were getting the small line clear, and soon a signal told us to haul it ashore. We did so, bringing a stout tow-line, which we could see the men make fast to the schooner's mainmast as soon as we had the end secured to a heavy spile sunk in the sand. Then we saw them working at the life-boat, and in a little time she was launched, and a limp form passed carefully into her.

The men then pulled slowly toward the shore by the line, a dangerous undertaking, as the wind made the now heavily loaded boat surge fearfully, and the waves bore down on her as though they would sweep her from sight. But she battled on, and in a short time, though it seemed ages to us, reached the smoother water under the lee of the smaller point, and was soon drawn well up on the beach.

We gathered round the boat, and I was shocked to see, lying in the stern sheets, the pale, still face of Currituck Joe. A ghastly cut on his head was oozing blood, and there was the unmistakable sign of death's nearness about him, which sent a chill to my heart. The presence of life even now was only discernible by a slight twitching of the lips, the evidence, as I knew, of intense suffering.

"Flung against her mast," said one of the boat's crew, in answer to an inquiry. "I knew he would give his life away for some one, but didn't think it would be for Mark Ward."

A stout man was standing near by, looking at Joe's white face with tear-wet eyes. His breast was heaving, showing that his heart was throbbing fiercely, and when he heard the words, he said,

"I'm sorry, boys; I wish it was me lying there, instead of Joe."

Though curious to know the meaning of these, to me, strange words, I felt that Joe should be attended to, and had him carried to his home.

"Can you get a doctor?" I questioned.

"There's none on the Bar, and no one on the mainland would cross the Sound today," was the answer.

But Joe was already passing beyond the need of any man's care. As I bent over him, where he lay in his rude bunk, his eyes unclosed, and a look of intelligence came into them.

"Is *he* safe?" he whispered.

"Yes," I answered.

"Then it's all right. Tell him I say it's all right."

His hand tightened its clasp on mine, as I said I would attend to his wish. Then a bright smile lit up the brown face, and gleamed in the eyes, driving from them the sorrow I had seen there, and the next moment this sorrow had faded in the glory of a grander life.

The storm was raging fearfully, the wind shaking the rude hut with a force that seemed equal to its destruction; but it stood firm, and I watched by the dead, sorrowing for the loss of a true friend.

The men had returned to the beach, to gather the wreckage that might drift ashore, and it was late when the man who seemed to take the lead, now that Joe was gone, looked in.

I told him that his comrade was at rest, and asked him to send for a coffin.

"That can't be done till the morning," he said, "and I might as well help you watch. I'll tell the boys, for they're mighty anxious. It's a sad day for us, sir, for Joe was the best man on the beach. I'll be back soon," and he went away.

He returned in a short time, and after getting the fire in order, he prepared some supper, of which we partook, and then sat down by the glowing blaze, for the wind was raw and chill, and sent its currents through every crack and crevice.

"What is it that links Joe's past to the life of the schooner's skipper?" I asked.

"They were neighbors and schoolmates over beyond the Sound," answered the man, "and both likely young fellows when the war came. Joe had begun studying law, and Ward went to sea with his father, the captain of a coaster. Well, they both enlisted, and Joe was taken prisoner. Ward knew of this, and came home wounded. It is said that Joe and he were both after the same girl, but the story is that she favored Joe. Well, when Ward reached home, he gave out that Joe was dead, and then made up to the girl. She mourned for Joe six months or more, but you know a young nature will throw off grief, and Ward was very attentive, and sympathetic, and consoling, and the result was that she promised to have him.

"He hurried up the wedding, saying that he wanted to get back to his regiment, for his wound was about well, and so they were married. The next week Joe got back, having been exchanged; and when he found that he had lost the girl, he give right up, and come over here, and he has lived on the Bar ever since.

"Ward said that he truly thought Joe was dead, but the folks all think that he trumped up the yarn just to get the girl; in fact, they know it, but they keep still for the wo-

man's sake, as she is nice and a good neighbor.

"As for Joe, he had set his heart on her so that the loss just broke him all up, and he never went back to his old home again. He has lived on the Bar ever since, carrying his fish and game across to a landin' to sell, and now and then running up to Norfolk. He never met Ward, who went coasting again as soon as the war was over, until he saw him today.

"We didn't think he would go off to help, but Joe was true grit. He has saved lots of people, and it does seem too bad that he should meet his death while rescuing the man who blasted his life."

But so it was; and two days after that we buried him in a grave made among the sand dunes, in whose company he had passed so many lonely years. It was his wish that no stone nor sign should mark the place, and we held his wish sacred.

"Let the winds sing free above me, and the sun shine across the place," he had said, when talking of this time, in the days when we had thought it a long way off; and there, with the surf-roar sounding over his unmarked grave, Currituck Joe sleeps in peace; the sorrow that wrecked his life and love forgotten.

*Thos. S. Collier.*

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## CONSCIOUSNESS.

Through the soft calm of measureless content  
 Love-wrapped around my days, a sudden sense  
 How dear thou art to me,—swift, keen, intense,  
 Quickens to rapture days in calmness spent.

As if, while still the day, serenely fair,  
 Hovered around the world, a star should shine;  
 With its intenser radiance, keen and fine,  
 Piercing the sunshine of the common air.

*Alice Wellington Rollins.*



## AROUND THE HORN IN '49.—II.

*June 21st.*—Strong wind from westward; at sunrise, with double reefed topsails set, anchor weighed, and we are again off. Immense flocks of birds, shags and others, are around us, and among them was seen one resembling a white pigeon.

The wind favoring us we made good progress, and at 1.30 P. M. had gained thirty miles, and concluded to anchor in a tolerable harbor, and have come to in ten fathoms with both anchors down, the wind blowing in heavy gusts, with snow and hail. The name of the harbor is Port Richard, so christened by Captain Dewing, after the barque of that name in which he anchored here some years ago, when whaling.

The eastern shore of West Falkland presents a singular appearance. The land rises from the water at an angle of 30° to a short distance, where it is crowned by a ridge of rocks resembling breast works thrown up by the hands of man, and extending some miles in length. The highlands back are covered with snow.

*June 24th.*—Got under way at daylight; wind west by north, and rounding the point of an island under which we had anchored, we laid our course, and at 9 A. M. made a sail, which proved to be the schooner "Washington," of Mystic, Connecticut, Captain Cliff, with whom Captain Dewing had acquaintance when here in the "Richard," thirteen years ago, Captain Cliff being then here on a whaling vessel. He soon came aboard, and consented to remain and pilot us into Fox Bay, where he was bound, and where we could make a harbor until a favorable chance offered to get to sea. His ship, the "Hudson," was at Eagle Island, some fifteen miles to the eastward, the schooner being a tender to her. He was eight months out, and no oil yet.

Finding it difficult with wind dead ahead to get into Fox Bay, we concluded to make for Eagle Island, arriving here in Independ-

ent Bay at 3.30 P. M., the "Hudson" being a few miles distant around a point.

*June 25th.*—At 7 A. M. we got under way, having landed Captain Cliff on the beach, from whence a walk of two miles will enable him to hail his ship. About sixty letters were left with him to forward home by the first opportunity. The ship "Chile," Captain Dexter, lies at Arch Bay, some ten miles distant. There being hogs running wild here, we have calculated on getting some pork, if detained by head winds; but a fair wind is preferable to pork.

Evening, a head wind, and no pork. Tonight we have got to buffet it out at sea, the first time for seventeen days. Our fair wind lasted but a little while, hauling to southward, with squalls of hail and snow; and not succeeding in reaching Port Edgar, where we hoped to make a harbor, we are laying off and on, with single reefed topsails, and tacking every two hours.

*June 26th.*—Passed a disagreeable night, many of the men seasick; probably the effect of high living. Towards morning, wind increasing, double reefed topsails, and at daylight, concluding that a snug harbor was preferable to buffeting about and gaining nothing, with the chance of being wrecked if it blew a heavy gale, we bore away for Eagle Island, and soon after noon came in sight of the "Hudson," when Captain Cliff put off for us and was soon on board, and piloted us in. The schooner "Washington" has just arrived and anchored near us. Captain Cliff thinks that we had better try the Cape of Good Hope route, we have such hard luck in attempting the Horn; but tomorrow we will try the grunterns.

*June 27th.*—A party have been on a pig hunt, and a fatiguing, wet time they had, snowing most all the time. They killed seven, but brought but two aboard. A. E. Ritfield was nearly used up, and reached the beach with much difficulty. They took

with them Rover, who—a miserable invalid when we came among the islands—had now his health. Unhappy dog; it was a sad day for him when he left home to encounter the perils of a sea life. Captain Cliff had expressed a liking for him, and fifty-eight of his proprietors had decided to give him away, but another fate was in store for him. As soon as he came in sight of the pigs, he seized one by the ear, and then being taken with a fit of some kind, let go, and started off on a tangent, and was seen no more.

*June 28th.*—Strong breezes from southwest and snow squalls. A party went ashore for the rest of the pork, and some of us passed the afternoon on the schooner. The shore party had a hard time of it, and got lost, and nearly exhausted, when we found them a considerable distance from the beach. Nothing seen of Rover, and the worst feared regarding his fate.

*June 29th.*—Still wind-bound. We had a concert in the saloon in the evening, attended by a highly gratified audience of whalers and Californians. Nearly the entire list of songs which have been sung on the passage was exhausted, even to Joshua's "Fine old Irish Gentleman," which brought down the house. Some of our company have been on a cruise ashore, having a picnic, taking a kettle, and cooking their game. They also brought off some geese and rabbits. We are getting to be quite contented with our situation, and the remark so often made, "I hope that tomorrow will bring a fair wind," is now seldom heard. This has indeed been to us a hospitable country. Our wants have been supplied without money and without price, even to lamp oil, some dozen gallons of which Captain Cliff has furnished us, and will accept no payment. He and his officers have shown such estimable qualities that it is with regret that we contemplate separation from such kind friends.

*July 1st.*—Today we have a fair wind, and at daylight under all sail we are rounding the west side of Eagle Island, though hardly daring to hope that we shall succeed this time in getting clear of the islands. The letter bag, which we had taken on board

again, was returned to the "Hudson," containing over one hundred letters, and with the kind wishes of our friends for our success, we are off for Cape Horn.

At five P. M. our prospect continues favorable, the wind freshens, and tide ebbing is in our favor. Cape Meredith, the southern end of West Falkland, is but ten miles south of us, and we now hope that we are off in earnest for California this time.

*July 2d.*—We have had a glorious run, and a pleasant moonlight night. I had the middle watch, and the breeze being steady, I indulged in pleasant reflections, everything appearing so auspicious, with a bountiful supply of water and fresh provisions, a favorable breeze, a cheerful company, and a good ship for our home.

At noon we were in  $53^{\circ} 18'$  south, and about half way from Cape Meredith to Staten Island. It is now evening and our good barque "walks the water like a thing of life," going about eight knots. The vessel has improved in her sailing and steering qualities by the alteration in her trim.

*July 3d.*—The glorious breeze continues, and at meridian we are in  $55^{\circ} 45'$  south, and are rattling off the knots with topmast studding sail set. A vessel that was astern this morning, heading the same way, before noon was out of sight. The meridian altitude but  $11^{\circ} 15'$ . Our last day's work was one hundred and eighty miles, and at 4 P. M. we are within seventy miles of Cape Horn, and to the southward of it.

This morning a meeting was held to make arrangements for the celebration of Independence Day. It was decided to have reading of the Declaration, music, etc. Stewards busy making mince pies for Fourth of July dinner.

*July 4th.*—Off Cape Horn. Here we are in midwinter off the "stormy Cape," but a finer day to celebrate the Fourth, than we are having, could not be desired. After a long and splendid night, during which the full orb moon traversed the whole extent of the heavens, when the curtain of night was at length lifted, two snowy peaks appeared, just visible above the horizon on the



starboard beam, some thirty miles distant, being the extremities of Cape Horn and Cape Deceit. At 8.30, the sun emerged from the water, without a cloud to obscure his face; the stars and stripes were unfurled from the mizzen peak, and bergee from main truck. A brief salute of music and firearms had been given at midnight, after which watches below were allowed to resume their slumbers undisturbed until morning.

A barque was seen at daylight, appearing desirous of speaking to us, and we accordingly hove to. At 10 A. M. she was alongside, the British flag flying. She was the Kate Kearney, of Sunderland, one hundred and fifteen days out for Valparaiso, and short of water, some of which, with our abundance, we could well spare them, and got a couple of casks all ready for her; but after they had hoisted a boat over and into the water—our vessels narrowly escaping a collision—they concluded not to send for it, and we both filled away again.

After dinner of roast geese, mince pie, etc., at 2 P. M. we assembled in the forward saloon for exercises, consisting of the following

*Programme.*

HAIL COLUMBIA.....by the Band  
 READING OF DECLARATION.....by M. S. Peuné  
 SONG, STAR SPANGLED BANNER.....by T. Flowers  
 SONG, PILGRIM FATHERS.....by the Club  
 SONG, OUR FLAG IS THERE.....by the Club

*Toasts.*

RUSSIAN MARCH.....by the Band  
 SONG, LIBERTY TREE.....by T. Flowers  
 YANKEE DOODLE.....by the Band  
 SONG, HOME, SWEET HOME.....by the Club

Though an oration had not been included in the programme, the audience did not escape so easily, and the following was attempted by the writer :

“Gentlemen: I am invited by the company to read before you the ‘Declaration of Independence,’ that doctrine which will never grow old nor tire by repetition; and before proceeding to read this glorious charter of our rights, allow me to avail myself of the privilege of making a few remarks appropriate to the occasion.

“We are assembled here under novel and peculiar circumstances. It is to us a day of great interest. Not only have we to celebrate the seventy-third anniversary of our country’s independence, but to us it is a day of rejoicing that we are off the formidable

Cape, which has so long, like a barrier, interposed between us and the Pacific Ocean, over the gentle bosom of which we hope to be speedily wafted to our destination. Let us then, gentlemen, endeavor to have a good time today; let us spend the day, not in revelry, but in rational enjoyment, in useful reflection. Let us remember that if we mean to carry with us to the shores of that new country whither we are bound the principles contained in this Declaration, and there practice them, we must not allow our energies to slumber, but must be ever watchful that no usurper deprives us of our rights. But let us indulge the hope that a better day is dawning, that the good time is soon coming when the spirit of war shall be banished from the earth; and let us use our influence to usher in and perpetuate the spirit of peace so long as we can, and preserve our honor untarnished. But let us remember, under all circumstances, whose sons we are, and whose blood flows in our veins, and let us never forget or lightly appreciate the sacrifices which the support of this Declaration cost them.”

*July 6th.*—We now consider ourselves *homedward bound*,—few of us will be likely to take the Horn route on our return.

*July 7th*—P. M. The monthly meeting is held in the forward saloon. The nominating committee made report, presenting an entirely new ticket excepting clerk, C. R. Story, who also officiates as head steward. The election takes place a week from next Tuesday. The days are perceptibly becoming longer.

*July 9th.*—Last night was one that made us think of home, commencing with rainy, disagreeable weather, and wind increasing to a gale. I had the first watch, and we were busy reducing sail until 1 A. M., when we were under close reefed topsails and courses furled. The sea became very rough. At 2 A. M., we shipped a heavy sea forward, which stove in the galley door, drowning out the cooks who were sleeping in there. It also poured down the companion way into the saloon, filling some of the berths, setting chests afloat, and creating confusion among the sleepers, who, thinking that the old barque was foundering, rushed on deck without ceremony, in scant attire, to the amusement of those who comprehended the situation more correctly. Some of the watch on deck also were somewhat demoralized, getting thrown down and floated about decks.

*July 10th.*—It continues quite cold, and when aloft considerable thrashing of hands is required to keep them from freezing. This, however, is but the poetry of sea life, compared with the usual custom that prevails on shipboard, of turning out every other four hours. Here, after rousting about four hours in the wet and cold, there is the compensation of getting plenty of rest afterward.

Our geese kept first rate, though growing less in number pretty fast, having had them cooked in different ways, about every day since leaving the islands.

*July 15th.*—Black fish, porpoises, and Cape pigeons have been our companions to-day.

*July 17th.*—In the afternoon the semi-annual meeting was held. A committee having been appointed at the last meeting to define the duties of the president, their report was read, but owing to the difficulty of being heard in the noise of rolling, pitching, creaking, and grinding of timbers, the subject was postponed until better weather. The business of the day was then proceeded with, and a new set of officers elected, with hardly a dissenting vote.

The California girls have got hold of the rope now, and no mistake. We are having a glorious run with the wind southeast. Over two hundred miles for our distance during previous twenty-four hours, the best day's work yet.

We are all alone in our glory as far as human society is concerned, but are attended by Cape pigeons and porpoises, one of the latter of which was harpooned today, but managed to get off.

Eighteen weeks ago to-day since the vast concourse assembled on Philips wharf to see us start on a wild-goose chase—a successful chase, too, as it happened, by the way we slaughtered them at the Falklands. A report had been started that our vessel was unseaworthy, but the way that she is, at this moment, gallantly cleaving through the mountain billows, thoroughly refutes that slander. Several times today the sea has tumbled in, filling the decks, but with all this straining, she continues comparatively tight. So ends the day: a stormy night has

commenced, long and dark, but within doors we are all merry enough, a party in the house singing, and I am writing under difficulties in the cabin, the way we are rolling and tumbling about.

*Sunday, July 22d.*—The weather moderating, Sunday services were resumed, Dr. Story reading a sermon delivered before the Edward Everett Company in Boston.

*July 24th.*—Continues pleasant but nearly calm, and wet dunnage is brought up to dry, and the blacksmith is working at his forge. The gold fever is breaking out afresh, and the southeast trade winds are anxiously looked for.

Sails have been rigged, and all hands have been having a weigh. Most of the men have increased in weight, our passengers, Messrs. Osgood and Austin, leading, having gained sixteen and thirty-one pounds respectively. The lively tunes which I hear from the deck, this lovely evening, remind me of good old times on the Atlantic. A party are tripping the *heavy* fantastic toe in merry shape, and so quiet do we rest on the lap of old ocean, that the vessel fairly shakes beneath their tread. It is quite a treat to be once more on deck, enjoying such splendid scenes as Nature now presents, after being cooped within doors so much for the last two months. "Old Dan Tucker," "Lucy Neal," etc., are being played, the big fiddle, violin, and triangle being the instruments used for the occasion.

*July 25th.*—Darkness now shadows the waters. The heavenly orbs are hidden by clouds, and the brethren, partaking of the sombre hue of the scene, so different from last evening, are scattered about in groups chatting together, or silently viewing the vast expanse of water.

A light air continues to fan us along about two knots. This seems like July weather. What a rapid change of climate we have made: two short weeks ago and we were exposed to storms of hail and wintry weather; now, some of the men have taken up night quarters on the house under the whale boat, and others in the long boat, where Bovey has also established his cobbler's stall.

*July 26th.*—A pleasant morning with light



airs, the Pacific gently slumbering like a cradled child. The clouds at sunset present the most beautiful colors. Dakin making nails, Cooper making buckets, others repairing sails, working on rigging, etc. This evening brings out the music as usual, and all goes merry as a marriage bell.

*July 28th.*—A fine breeze is wafting us along about 7 knots, weather studding sails are all set, some of the men skylarking about the decks; few are insensible to the magnificent display of colors which the entire canopy of heaven presents; the clouds variegated with all the hues of the rainbow, and a beautiful specimen of the latter also in view, with a western sky of golden tint. "Sail, O! on the weather bow" was now the word, and all are hoping that we may speak with her. About dark we were near enough, and hove the main yard aback, asking if she could spare us any coal, but could not obtain any. She was from Callao, bound to Liverpool. In response to our enquiry for news from California, the answer was variously understood to be either "*Very good,*" or "*Not very good,*" so that we were not much enlightened in regard to it.

*July 30th.*—Held services yesterday twice; in the morning I read one of Beecher's sermons on Industry and Idleness.

Last night was a beautiful one; I had the middle watch, and coming on deck found it was calm, with hardly a cloud in the sky, the moon sailing above a transparent atmosphere, and innumerable "lamps of celestial ether burning bright" keeping her company. After the moon set, Venus arose in splendor, and as she ascended behind a slight haze which skirted the horizon, different colors were reflected by the planet, changing each minute from red to green, then orange, etc. Entranced by the scene, the old barque lay breathless upon the water, even forgetting to obey her helm. Suddenly we were startled by hearing a whale blowing near us, but saw nothing of him, and heard him only twice. At length a breeze from west-south-west fills the sails, and rousing from her reverie, the ship begins to move, and was soon walking off about seven knots; for a short time, however, as it again died away.

A pleasant morning succeeded, with a light breeze from west-south-west, and fitting ship is the order of the day, some of the brand new sailors being initiated into the mysteries of the tar-bucket, and enjoyed a ride down the head stays, giving them a shining coat, and themselves looking as salt as any old tar with their tarry frocks on. Even an embryo lawyer, Mr. Bogardus, the only *professional* man besides Dr. S——, in the company, had a hand in it.

*July 31st.*—Pacific weather, smooth sea, gentle breezes, warm and pleasant. Watch setting up rigging, tarring down, scrubbing outside, carpenters working on the boats, repairing decks, etc., blacksmithing, coopering, etc., going on. The leisure time is occupied by many in making powder horns, and other articles from the horns brought off at the islands, trophies of their valor.

*August 1st.*—Rejoice, prospective Californians, for we have got the south-east trades without doubt. At ten last night they commenced, and are taking us along finely towards our destination. Crossed the Tropic of Capricorn this morning, and entered the torrid zone, over one and a half months since leaving it in the Atlantic.

*August 2nd.*—Have now got the trades in all their beauty, propelling us about eight knots an hour. A sail in sight all day, heading more to the westward, probably bound to the Sandwich Islands.

*August 3rd.*—Strong trades and fine weather and *homeward bound*, the poetry of sea-life, rapidly nearing the golden clime. Work going on as usual, and have commenced making tents for California service. Saw a whale close to us but he soon left, as we did.

*August 4th.*—The brisk trades continue, having during the last three days averaged about 190 miles per day. Saw a flock of flying fish, the first seen in the Pacific. The Cape pigeons still follow us. One of our men, something of a genius, has invented and constructed an indicator to measure the rate of sailing, and is now making compasses for use in California.

*August 5th, Sunday.*—Had services today in forenoon, Ritfield reading a lecture by Henry Ward Beecher, on gambling. We

are counting the weeks that will intervene before we will reach San Francisco, and reckon upon five more Sundays at sea. The Cape pigeons have abandoned us, after for nearly three months being constant attendants. They have followed us unusually far to the northward, as they probably got better pickings than are generally afforded them by passing vessels. We shall miss their company very much, as it was very interesting to watch their graceful flight as they played around the stern, or view them at rest on the bosom of their mother-sea. The two colors, black and white, are so beautifully diversified in their plumage, as to produce a very pleasing effect. They are rather larger than domestic pigeons, but resemble them in shape. Reminiscences of home are indulged in, and daguerreotypes of wives, sweethearts, children, and other relatives are brought forth and commented upon, and ardent wishes expressed for their happiness, and the spirits of all are cheered.

*August 6th*—A poor innocent flying fish, taking an aerial excursion, had the misfortune to alight on our decks, where he was discovered this morning by N. D., who has appropriated the wings, which I suppose he intends carrying home, to convince his skeptical friends that fish really can fly. In illustration of the adage, that "it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good," I will record that Tom, the cat, made a hearty meal of the remains.

*August 7th*.—All kinds of trades are now being carried on; carpenters, painters, tinkers, blacksmiths, coopers, and shoemakers at their respective vocations; but of all the trades, the south-east are the most effective, as with their aid we are shortening the distance to the Golden Gate very perceptibly, making about 175 miles per day. Flying fish are numerous.

*August 9th*.—At about noon a smart shower fell, making the carpenter quit work on the long boat; the blacksmith run from his forge; the printers come down from aloft; and the tent-makers seek for shelter, etc. A brig with stars and stripes flying is ahead, with courses clewed up, awaiting our approach, and at 3.30 P. M. we came up and

spoke with the United States Revenue brig "Lawrence." She was bound to the Sandwich Islands from Valparaiso, and in answer to our query, "Can you supply us with coal?" came the welcome "Aye, Aye."

A boat was soon got over the side, and I went on board and met with a very courteous reception. Six large sacks were furnished us and payment declined, though he would not object to a couple of lumps of gold, which we might save for him, and hand over when we reached California, after leaving the Islands. The news from California, but a few weeks old, was very favorable. Gold, in large quantities, had been discovered in California, and the people in Valparaiso were crazy to get to the diggings. He reported a good many American vessels bound for California. Among them were barque Hebe of Baltimore, and schooner John Allyn of New Bedford, both of which lost anchors in a gale, while making the passage through the straits of Magellan, and had some of their men killed by the natives, while ashore gunning. One of our company, Mr. Nowell, had a brother on the Hebe, and of course, will feel anxious until more definite information is obtained. We were requested to report the "Lawrence" on our arrival, and took leave and were soon on board, and off on our course, after exchanging the customary cheers.

As this is the first definite news we have heard from California of a favorable character, it has raised quite an excitement among the gold-hunters.

*August 11th*—Thousands of flying fish, and an occasional boatswain that hovered about us, are the only company we have had today.

*Sunday, August 12th*.—Held services this A. M. on the quarter deck, under the awning. I read a discourse upon the blessedness of doing, from the text, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

A large school of sperm whales have been playing around, spouting in every direction; sometimes breaching out of the water, and throwing their huge bodies clear above the



surface. Service was held again at 2 P. M., C. R. Story reading a selection from the writings of Fenelon.

A fine, pleasant day, and nearly calm. Two sharks with pilot fish accompanying them have been playing about the ship, and many attempts have been made to capture them; some with large hooks baited with salt pork, and others watching to harpoon them, and twice they were struck by the irons, and at length one was caught with the hook, hauled in over the waist, and dispatched in short order. In his maw was found another hook, and several baits that he had stolen. We seem to have a current setting in our favor, having made 85 miles with very light winds. The days growing longer, and improved in making tents, boat awnings, carpenter work, etc.

*August 16th.*—We were favored with a splendid scene this morning, the old moon with a thin illuminating crescent rising in the east, and Venus appearing in all her majesty; while the brilliant colors of the zodiacal light, as the day began to break, made a fitting climax to a view, probably never equaled outside of the tropics. Several catastrophes have occurred to-day. Capt. Dewing's cat was seized with convulsions shortly after midnight, and soon expired, owing probably to having partaken too freely of shark last evening. His body was consigned to the deep, and perhaps will serve for a meal to the companions of that same sea rover that caused his death. While washing decks an old rooster escaped from his coop, and in his flight, flew overboard, furnishing the sharks with a more savory breakfast.

A light breeze propels us along about five knots, steadying the vessel, and giving the painters a fine chance to work outside, five of them now being employed, and will finish in a day or two. Propitious gales from the south-east waft us on towards Eldorado, and we are enjoying the finest weather. We are, no doubt, experiencing the pleasantest part of our expedition; but the passage is drawing towards a close, and in course of a month we hope to enter the Golden Gate, when new scenes and experiences will open before us.

All are eager to be there and find out if we have come on a tom-fool errand.

Shall we find an organized government, or shall we be obliged to depend upon our own resources to maintain order? It may be that disorder and confusion will be the result of such a multitude of men of every nation and character as will be there assembled; but we hope that the majority there are men who, accustomed to the restraints of wholesome laws and refinements of society, will exert a salutary influence upon all, and that human nature will not be disgraced by violence, robbery, and murder.

Today there is a considerable swell; we are fortunate in having most of the painting outside finished. Some fancy painting is now being executed on the carved work on the stern, giving the countenance of La Fayette in the center a touch of rouge, and freshening the colors of the United States and France, on either side.

*August 18th.*—After going five months without any serious accident, today, one of our number, H. Brown, narrowly escaped a watery grave. At 11 A. M., as I was sitting in the cabin near the windows, sewing on a hammock, a sudden outcry from one of the men on the stage caused me to look out, and I saw Brown on top of a sea, rapidly going astern. Springing on deck, some of us cleared away the quarter boat, which hung to the davits—while Capt. Dewing hove the ship to—and lowered it into the water. With four able men to pull the boat, and a man aloft in the mizzen top of the vessel to direct our course, as he could not be seen from the boat, I soon had the satisfaction of coming up with him, and nearly exhausted, he was hauled into the boat.

The barque, as we pulled towards her, was a beautiful object, rearing and plunging in the swell like an impatient steed restrained by his rider; now showing the copper on the counter, and then lifting her bow well out of the water.

*August 21st.*—Mechanics are now making gold-washing machines, for California use.

*August 28th.*—Fair wind continuing, and California stock above par. About six days

of this run will take us there, "a consummation devoutly to be wished," by all, for with high hopes all of us will, no doubt, land in the golden country; and visions of our future life passed in affluence, the result of this expedition, were often conjured up ere our minds were made up to make the requisite sacrifices of absenting ourselves from friends and families for two years, giving up business, etc. But we are in for it, "for better or for worse."

*August 29th.*—Chapman has been experimenting with his new gold-washer, and it works to a charm; some shot and lead filings with a large quantity of sand were put into the receiver, and in quick order were taken out of the bottom entirely separated from the sand.

*September 1st.*—We are now in the North Temperate zone, having crossed Cancer two days ago.

*Sunday.*—The forenoon services, besides reading of Scriptures and singing, consisted of the reading by W. Bogardus of Rev. E. H. Chapman's lecture to young men on their moral duties, from the text "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." It was marked by the beauty and earnestness of language characteristic of the author, and was a powerful appeal to young men to soar above the too prevalent customs of the day, and at once enter upon a religious course of life, and act upon the true ends of existence. And what are they? One is almost tempted to think, from the eagerness with which multitudes are now hurrying to the golden clime, that they are the acquisition of riches, and with many, I fear, it is so; but God grant that with many also, riches may be sought as a secondary object, and their highest energies may be employed in laying up true riches, "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal." In the afternoon, C. R. Story read one of Beecher's lectures to young men, about what Solomon calls strange women. It presented in the vivid language of the reverend doctor the danger of falling into her snares, and came down in the strongest terms of denunciation

upon the guilty wretch who was the cause of her ruin.

*September 5th.*—Work going on as usual; the result of the labors of the "work-house gang" was dried and barreled up, making six barrels of oakum to be used in calking the steamer that we contemplate building upon the Sacramento.

The calm is very tedious, now that our haven is within such a short distance. It is consoling, however, to know how much more comfortably situated we are than we should have been traveling overland, and enduring such suffering as many emigrants have to. We were visited to-day by some birds of a black color, that flew around the vessel; but one of them being wounded by a pistol shot, they left in disgust at such an inhospitable reception.

*September 7th.*—The view from the cabin windows into the water, these dark, still evenings, is very beautiful. A stream of fiery sparks issues from beneath the keel, illuminating the rudder and bottom of the run, which are plainly visible through the transparent element that we float on. As usual, singing and music enliven the evening, an amusement that has, more than anything else, contributed to render the passage a pleasure excursion.

A special meeting was held this afternoon, to make arrangements for our course of action upon our arrival at San Francisco, an event yet in the dim vista of the future.

*Sunday, September 9th.*—After meeting, a large school of porpoises came around and played under the bows. Mr. Francis, obtaining the vantage ground at the martingale, where the harpoon is kept, soon had an iron into one, and he was quickly hauled in over the bow, and will serve to make an acceptable variation to our bill of fare. As it was the first one captured this passage, much curiosity was manifested to examine him.

*September 14th.*—Gold washers and tin canteens being made. Every one getting things ready for going ashore. Lots were drawn by the four mates, to determine which watch should remain on board the



first half day in San Francisco, and it fell to mine to be the one.

*September 15th.*—At 10.30, last night, the fog having cleared off, and wind light to northward, we spoke the vessel in company, the "Henry Herbeck," 191 days from New York for San Francisco, via Valparaiso. This morning a stiff breeze from north-north-west and foggy.

Porpoise catching is getting to be no novelty, two having been taken today, which will supply us with plenty of fresh provisions and several gallons of oil.

All the company are in good health but H. Brown, who still suffers from the effects of his accident of nearly a month ago.

At noon we held another conversation with the "Henry Herbeck." She had seventy-five passengers, among them two ladies.

*Sunday, September 16th.*—At four o'clock sounded, but got no bottom with 115 fathoms of line. All hands on deck watching whales, many of which, of large size, were playing around. At six P. M. "Land O!" was sung out, and looming through the fog, to the north and eastward, about three miles distant, were the Farallone Islands, lying about twenty-one miles outside the Bay. We immediately wore around and hove to, with head to southwest, and fired a gun, for a signal to the "Herbeck" that we had made the land.

*Monday, September 17th, '49.*—At ten A. M. the Golden Gate opened before us ahead, and an hour later we entered the Bay with a flood tide in our favor, and soon caught sight of the forest of masts through the fog. A salute of seven guns was given as we sailed up the bay, and at 11.30 o'clock the anchor was let go off Clark's Point, after a passage of six months from Salem.

In the afternoon most of the company gone ashore. The "Rochelle" of Boston, just arrived, seven and one-half months out. The shipping here is innumerable, of every nation; though, of course, the Yankee flag predominates. About twelve square riggers have come in this afternoon. Our passage compares favorably with the average of those that we have heard from, many having been from 190 to 200 days.

We can hardly realize that, at length, we have reached the golden shores that we heard so much of before leaving home. The men come aboard with accounts of what they have witnessed, which confirms the stories that we there heard, the news from the diggings being of a very flattering character, though very hot weather has been experienced. This seems to be just the time to commence operations at the mines.

We have lost our bet, as the "Rising Sun" came in three days ago. About seventeen sail have arrived today.

The post office was, of course, the first place sought by the shore party, and most of us received letters to date of June 27th, and all, with one exception, are rejoicing in the intelligence contained therein; I refer to C. R. Story, who received a terrible blow by the announcement of the death of his wife, whom he left in good health, having been married but about one year.

*September 18th.*—Calm and warm in the forenoon, but at noon it breezed up, and blew a perfect gale in the afternoon, bringing in several ships with stars and stripes flying. I took a trip ashore in the morning, and became, in a few hours, satiated with the magic city. "The gold was there most anywhere," however: heaps of it in dust at the exchange offices, and in coin and bars, any quantity at the gambling houses, a great many of which were in operation, apparently mostly patronized by native Californians. The place has a very primitive appearance, as many dwelling in tents as under roofs. Everybody flush, and independent as you please. Labor commands big prices, common laborers getting from \$12 to \$15 per day. Some of our men earned \$8 by taking some passengers ashore from a vessel near us.

The harbor master, Captain E. Ring, a Salemite, has been aboard to-day. He has lived here three years and a half, and says that he pays \$8,400 house rent per year. Captain T. Proctor of the ship "Capitol" is in a bad fix, being unable to pursue his contemplated voyage, owing to the desertion of his crew. His anxiety has affected him seriously, and he is now quite ill.

The Steamer "Oregon" arrived today from

Panama, bringing 450 passengers, eleven of whom are females. It seems that most companies have split up from dissatisfactions that have arisen on the voyage, and as we have escaped such, I hope that the La Grange Association will prove an exception.

*September 19th.*—As we cannot stand the exorbitant charges of pilotage to Sacramento, we have concluded to start without employing one. At 2 P. M. got underway, with a westerly breeze, and stood up the bay. Off Angel Island got becalmed, and were overhauled by the frigate "Savannah," the breeze taking her ahead of us. We saluted her by lowering mizzen royal and ensign, and giving her three cheers, which she answered by lowering colors and cheers. We shortened sail some to keep in her wake, so that we could take advantage of her for a pilot. Another vessel with American colors set is rapidly coming up with us, and proves to be a vessel with the Forbes rig and propelled by steam. At sunset the frigate came to an anchor, as we also did a little astern of her. Large flocks of pelicans are flying around, singular looking birds, with great bills shaped like the bowls of a spoon, and large pouches beneath them. This is truly a noble bay, and is, no doubt, destined to be the theater of stirring events in the yet undeveloped future.

There appear to be no settled laws yet in California, the people meeting together and choosing their officers, and enacting their own laws, without any interference from the Federal government.

*September 20th.*—Got underway at ten A. M. with flood tide, in company with the frigate and a United States storeship, also bound to Benicia. Soon we enter San Pablo Bay, a fine sheet of water, about forty miles in circumference, having along its shores some beautiful building spots. At 2.30 P. M. we enter Carquinez Straits, a passage about one mile wide, and four long, connecting San Pablo and Suisun Bays. In half an hour more we anchor at Benicia, in a fine harbor, with bold water close to the banks, at which vessels are lying, moored by cables to the shore. The town contains some thirty buildings, some of which are yet unfinished, and judging from its position and favorable site, I should think that it would be in a few years a city of considerable importance.

WE remained here about a week, discharging steamboat machinery, and materials, and sent Mr. Howe in a boat to San Francisco, to hunt up a pilot for the river, and succeeded in obtaining the services of the ubiquitous John Smith, whose acquaintance with the river did not prove any too intimate, as we grounded on the shoals of Suisun Bay, and several times in the river. In going through Sutter Slough, our yards came in contact with the limbs of the trees, requiring men to go aloft with saws and axes to get them clear. In the course of a couple of days we arrived at the "City of the Plains," where, the voyage being terminated, and the vessel made secure to the bank, and a stout gangway rigged out, I bid my reader farewell.

*M. S. Prime.*

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#### A THOUGHT.

It beats against the bars of speech,  
 With dumb, pathetic pleading to be free;  
 To stand in kingly garb of words,  
 That all the world may share its majesty

But when the bars swing back, and forth  
 It steps outside the gates—lo! what stands here?  
 A king perchance, but clothed in beggar's rags  
 Instead of gold and purple kings should wear.

*Hilda Kent.*



THE LETTER (*CARTA*) FROM BRAZIL.

A TALE OF THE PROVINCE OF MINHO.

*(From the Portuguese of José Augusto Vieira.)*

LET not the reader think that I am going to occupy his attention with the degrees of latitude and longitude on a veritable geographical chart (*carta*) of the land discovered by Pedro Alvares Cabral; I leave that duty to the good books of travel which the reader doubtless possesses, or at furthest to the fantastic imagination of the romancer of the nineteenth century, Jules Verne.

Nothing more natural than that Senhora Bibiana do Eido, widow of Francisco, the tailor, should have a son in the land of Santa Cruz, and that he should bethink himself to write to the fond authoress of his being. Senhora Bibiana was the only, and also the best, seamstress in all the village; no one like her to give an elegant cut to a coat, or to round off a skirt neatly. These qualifications brought her a numerous custom, which yielded more than enough for her ordinary subsistence; this, too, was the measure of her ambition—and to have besides, of course, her modest cottage, cheerful and cleanly, full of that purity which God himself loved (as she was fond of saying), when early in the morning she set about sweeping and dusting the little sewing room, the only one the house possessed.

Her son, her Luiz, had embarked at Oporto for Rio de Janeiro at the age of fourteen years. She still wept when she recalled the keen adieu that separated them, and had ever in her memory the gentle face of her Luiz, all bathed in tears, when the captain, accustomed to such moving scenes, had said to him:

“Come, boy, tears are well enough for crocodiles and women; none of them for you!”

The good mother would recall all these details, and others besides, of the childhood of her son, feeding thus the flame of love,

which time never quenches in the heart of a mother.

What tears hast thou not caused to flow, Emigration! But also what intense joy when the exile returns to the loved bosom of his family, or when, at least, a letter comes, like a drop of dew, to cool the parched soul, which from excess of love is ever hoping.

This was the case with the seamstress some years after the departure of her son, when Maria do Tudella, a little girl who every day went to the neighboring town to get the priest's mail, took out of an oil-cloth bag a foreign letter, and shouted from a distance, seeing the seamstress at her door:

“A gift, Senhora Bibiana, a gift! A letter for you today from a distant land!”

“Let me see it, woman, let me see it! God grant that it may be from my Luiz!” And her heart, pulsating with quickened throb, seemed to assure her that there was no one else who would have thought of writing to her.

The girl quickly handed her the letter, of which she possessed herself with eager emotion; but, what tantalizing torment! neither she nor Tudella could read! And the letter had a black border! She held in her hands that paper, on which her eyes distinguished characters traced by the hand of her Luiz, she felt assured; but what signification had they, what did they express?

“To think that I can't read!” she exclaimed, filled with a crucifying pain. “And that black border!”

“What a pity!” answered the girl. “But come, take the letter to the priest or the teacher, and let them tell you what is written there.”

“Right, Maria; that is what I will do at once.”

“Well, I am going to the priest's now, to

carry the periodical ; if you will, come along with me."

"Let's go, woman, let's go," and covering herself with a shawl, the seamstress locked her door, putting the key in her pocket.

They both followed the road toward the priest's residence. It was at some distance, but the girl was a good walker, and for Bibiana, she seemed to have wings on her feet. On the way they met Farmer Carriça, driving a team of oxen yoked to a huge load of wood ; a loud creaking was heard, produced by the turning of the ungreased axles.

"Good day, Aunt Bibiana. You hereabouts at this hour ? This is something new."

"Good day to you, Uncle Carriça. Maria do Tudella has just brought me a letter from Brazil, and I am going to see if the priest can read it for me."

"It's from your little Luiz, then ?"

"I suppose so."

"He must be a man by this time. 'Yet it seems but the other day that he went away. Here, Broad Horns, you rascal, come into the road ; you'll have time to eat by and by, you thief !" said he, interrupting the conversation to goad an ox that was stretching out its ponderous neck to the grass in the adjoining field.

"He must be twenty-four, mustn't he, Aunt Bibiana ?"

"He will be on St. John's day, next year."

"Then we shall have a Brazilian with us shortly ; just to think of it ! And how finely the boy has turned out."

But as the farmer threatened to prattle till night, the seamstress said :

"Well, I must hurry to the priest's, to see what the news is."

"What a head I have," said the farmer, snapping his fingers upon his forehead, "not to remember to tell you that the priest has this very moment gone to Verdoejo, so that your journey will be in vain."

"God help me !" murmured the poor seamstress.

"Let's go to the schoolmaster, Senhora Bibiana," interrupted the girl, who till then had remained silent, listening to the conversation of the other two.

"True, you are right, girl," said Carriça ; "he is the only one now who can read it for you with all its details. Now what I like is good news."

"Thank you, Uncle Carriça."

And taking their leave, the seamstress and the girl resumed their hurried walk, while the farmer, goading on his oxen, made the huge mass of wood vibrate, against whose bulk the cart protested in the monotonous creaking of its axles.

Evening was approaching. The sun, like a public employee, fatigued with indolence, was slowly descending the curve of the horizon, and tinging with light the tops of the trees, whose foliage the wind of autumn was gradually thinning. The swallows, hovering in flocks, were arranging among themselves the preparations for their march to milder climates ; their wings, wide-spread, grazed the rough surface of the hedges, whence the village urchins were throwing stones into the air, with intent to hit the light flyers. At a distance the sails of the mill of Margaret, the miller, were swelling with the breeze that was blowing, and describing great circles, animating the landscape. In a large olive orchard, where the fruit had not yet been gathered, the thrushes were uttering joyous cries from full throats. Beyond, in an extensive field in which grass was growing as the only crop, two women on their knees were mowing, bending their backs, and placing their handfuls, with a rotary movement of the body, in baskets, which they slowly filled. Between the two parallels of a road formed by hedges, quiet oxen were seen moving in disorder, urged on by a little girl, who, with a switch, lashed their broad sides with impunity ; from time to time, one would stop to taste some tender plant, but then the girl coming up would urge it forward with switch and voice, indignant at the disobedience of the beast.

Bibiana and Tudella reached at last the square in which stood the primary school.

"Let us see if we shall be more successful here," said the seamstress.

"Good luck to you. I must hasten on to the priest's with the periodical."



"Thank you, girl; and as to the gift, I shall not forget to give it to you."

"That was a joke on my part," said the girl, continuing her journey.

Bibiana was now in a moderate sized square, in which, as we have said, the school-house stood, with the letter in her hand, her curiosity increasing every moment. She was about to enter the yard that gave access to the house, when the door opened, and a crowd of boys rushed past her, like linnets set free after an involuntary delay in prison.

They were nothing more nor less than the disciples of Senhor Bento d'Almeida, the professor of primary instruction in the parish of Boivão; restless, noisy, shoeless for the most part, ill-clad in general. The future workers, in the selfish enjoyment of their liberty, did not even notice the seamstress, who, standing by the door, saw that little ant-hill issue forth, thinking perchance of the identical infancy of her Luiz, now so long ago, but from whom in a few minutes she would hear news that would certainly satisfy her.

When the last of the little ones were coming out, the seamstress accosted one of them:

"My little Nelo, is Senhor Bento at home?"

"Oh, yes, Senhora; he has just let us go early," answered the boy, annoyed at the question, which kept him behind the rest, who, at some distance, were throwing stones.

"And why did he let you go early, Nelo?"

"He had an attack," answered the boy, eager to get away from his persecutor.

"And do you know of what?"

"How should I? I am not a doctor," and breaking into a run, he quickly caught up with his comrades, who were absorbed in play some two hundred yards away.

Bibiana entered the school house. She ascended a small flight of stairs that opened into a narrow and ill-lighted room, where the professor kept school. Bibiana saw the benches still in disorder, fresh ink spots on the floor, a desk in the rear indicating the place of the master; but what most attracted her attention was a blue and white banner of pasteboard hanging on one of the

walls, having below it an inscription in large black letters. If she had known how, she would have read "Carthago"; on the opposite wall a similar inscription said "Roma."

"What can this be for?" queried the seamstress to herself, in her ignorance.

Perhaps the reader, if he still remembers his school days, will not have forgotten the division that the professor used to make of his class, arranging part of his pupils under the Roman nationality, and the rest under the Carthaginian, and will promptly answer the question that Bibiana put to herself; but today, reflecting on that recollection of childhood, would not the reader still ask himself what purpose that really served?

Very well; I, without meaning by my answer to offend modern pedagogues, will tell you, reader, that that banner and that pseudo Roman or Carthaginian naturalization brought a great stimulus into education. The child saw in that object the reward of his intellectual labor, and to win that prize put forth greater efforts; on the other hand, his unstable nature received a constant excitement, which, besides, was extremely agreeable to him, to which he became attached, and which constituted his great crown of glory.

But all these digressions have caused me to lose sight of the seamstress, who certainly did not philosophize upon the subject as we have done, and who, after that rapid examination of the school-room, half opened a door that she saw on one side, stammering:

"May I come in?"

"Come in, come in," answered the voice of a woman, who, quickly coming to the door, said, as she faced her:

"Why, it is Senhora Bibiana! What brings you here, pray? You have come in an evil hour. Do you not know that my Bento—poor man—"

"What's the matter, what's the matter?"

"Well, I'll tell you. He was hearing the boys, and was suddenly attacked with such a pain in the side, in the bowels, right here" (and placing her hands on the right side of her abdomen, she indicated the seat of the pain); "oh, it's dreadful."

In her voice there was the tremor of emotion; her words came slowly, broken by tearful lamentations, as though fearing the gravest results.

"And hasn't it yet passed off?" asked the seamstress.

"Bless me! He seems like a snake in bed. He hasn't a particle of relief. And, do you think, it all came from eating apples."

"Pray to Our Lady of Faro, pray."

"My good woman, I have already prayed to her, and also to Our Lady of Sorrows here in the parish."

"And why don't you send to town for a physician?"

"Uncle Placido, the barber, who is very skillful, has already been here, and ordered the application of leeches. Let us see."

"That is good, very good. Now, I came here—" but Bibiana did not finish the sentence. From an adjoining room issued acute, convulsive, painful groans that checked her words.

"Oh, dear! dear me!" said in a startled manner the professor's wife, for the seamstress's interlocutor was none other, as she ran rapidly to the room.

A noise was heard in the school-room. It was Master Placido entering.

"Well, what is the news?" said he, full of a self-conscious authority, as he entered the room where Bibiana was.

"He has just had another attack, Uncle Placido."

"Ho, you here!" said he, in surprise.

"Yes, I came here—" but again her sentence did not reach completion; the patient uttered a new groan, prolonged and acute, which caused Placido to proceed to his room without listening to the seamstress.

The woman soon came out.

"He is a little more easy," she said to Bibiana.

"I am glad, very glad; and you know if I can do anything for you, you have only to ask"; and the seamstress, a little annoyed at the ill luck that was depriving her of good news from her son, resolved to return home without even telling the professor's wife what

she had come there for. "I must be going, for night is coming on. If you need anything, you know —" — — —

"Thank you, Senhora Bibiana; in times of need we learn who our friends are."

The seamstress departed; another's pain for the moment made her forget her own curiosity, but within, she had a dull irritation against her ill luck, and once could not refrain from saying:

"If my father had only taught me to read! What did I do when a girl? I played, and that was all; the fault was his!"

A terrible reproach, which a practical necessity of every instant formulated against the blindness of those parents who despise the instruction of their children.

Bibiana recollected, then, her perfectly useless childhood, her flights from home to her grandfather's, who always protected her, her obstinate resistance, translated into cries, to going to school.

"Oh, if he had only beaten me then!" An additional reproof to the pusillaninous love of parents, who, not to oppose the little rebellions of their children, employ with them the theory of *Laissez faire, laissez passer*. "Poor little thing, she's so young yet! At present, there's no time lost," they are in the habit of saying, not imagining at all that this procedure plants the seed of a fatal idleness in the brain of these children, whom their love injures instead of benefiting.

All these reflections came confusedly to the mind of the seamstress, who, sad and discouraged, suffering the veritable torment of Tantalus, returned to her house, thinking of the night of torture that awaited her at having the letter in her very hands, without being able to decipher its contents.

But that black border that surrounded the envelope caused her horrible shudderings.

"My God, can it be some misfortune?" And it occurred to her that perhaps Luiz had—died!

"Dead! No, that could not be, and I not at his side!"

She looked at the letter again, turned it around in every direction:

"But this writing is his, I am sure!" and



she recalled the form of the characters traced on his other letters, the lines that the envelope contained, their more or less tortuous direction; she looked like a paleographer examining a very intricate hieroglyph.

"I have no doubt, no; my heart tells me it is his! What matter those black edges?"

But doubt, keen and insidious, soon returned, with an inquisitorial and refined cruelty:

"Can it be, can it be?"

And the poor mother, indifferent to that twilight, rich in a wealth of colors—to surrounding nature, poetically illumined by the last rays of a dying sun—walked mechanically, automatically in the direction of her house, whose isolation she felt more than ever.

The fields wore the same vegetative and gloomy aspect; the autumnal breeze was still at its work of stripping the trees of their yellow foliage, rendering naked the slender branches to await new sap; the sails of the mill kept on in their rotary indifference, producing a monotonous groaning sound, like the deep moan from a Titan's breast; the thrushes in the olive groves, with full crops, were playing in sweet confraternity; Carriça's cart was no longer in sight, but at a distance on the side of a small hill was heard the monotonous and somnolent creaking of axles, which, from the direction, could be no other than his.

The school-boys were still engaged in throwing stones at the birds, and some, more vicious than the rest, were pitching buttons. Bibiana passed by them, and recognized Nelo, who had informed her of the sudden illness of the school-master, and who was now busy sharpening a small piece of wood for a game at tipcat.

The house was at hand; she entered, and on reaching the sewing-room, threw herself, disheartened, into a chair, and placed the letter, the ill-fated letter, upon her dining-table. As she rested her face in the palm of her hand, with her elbow on the table, her imagination, wearied by obstacles, flew away, far away, to the presence of Luiz, her dear son, whom she expected to see still beardless, with his great black eyes, mild and humid,

his gentle and endearing words, his short jacket and straw hat made by herself. She wondered what he was doing then, and what he was thinking about at a given moment. But all at once, rousing her from that waking dream, a noise—clink, clink—of breaking glass, brought her to her feet, and she quickly comprehended the cause.

A stone thrown from outside had broken a window pane, and fallen on the floor, with a retarded force, due to the resistance of the window.

The seamstress ran out into the yard; she saw the group of boys flying like starlings, conscious of the crime they had committed.

"Oh, you rascals; you shall pay for this," cried Bibiana. "I'll tell your father, Nelo. I'll complain of you, Joaquim. You rogue of a Thiago, I'll speak to your grandfather; you shall not escape. I'll not remain without glass!"

And in her indignation, talking so that they could hear her, calling them all by name, the seamstress muttered in an irritated manner:

"A fine state of affairs! folks are sitting peaceably and quietly in their house, and along come these villains! It might have hit me on the temple—whack! If I catch one of you, I'll take his ears off!"

And looking toward the road, she saw a little boy, slower than the rest, trying to overtake his comrades, gliding along the wall so as to pass the Rubicon without being seen by the seamstress.

"Ah, you rascal, let me speak to you," said she, running from the yard and cutting off his retreat.

"It wasn't I, Aunt Bibiana," protested the boy with a sobbing and tearful voice.

"No; of course, it wasn't you; you are like the rest."

"It wasn't I; it was Nelo," continued the boy, accusing another to shield himself, but watching for the least carelessness on the part of his implacable enemy in order to escape.

But suddenly the seamstress put a truce to her irritation, and in a soothing tone said to the boy:

"Come, now, I'll not hurt you, if you'll tell me one thing!"

The child, distrustful of her gentleness, asked:

"What is it?"

"Can you read?"

The boy smiled at the innocence of the question—he, the decurion of the first class, not know how to read, indeed!

"Certainly I can; I can read *sentences!*"

This was a ray of hope for Bibiana; she would at last hear Luiz's letter read. Still, she wanted to make sure, so doubtful did his veracity seem to her, that the boy was not deceiving her. Accordingly, she asked him again:

"And can you also read letters?"

"Haven't I already told you that I could read sentences?" answered the boy, keenly touched in his pride of childish wisdom.

To read *sentences* was almost the final diploma that Bento d'Almeida conferred on his pupils; in default of manuscripts, of chirographic difficulties methodically graded, the school-master obliged them to read letters, documents, writings of any kind that came to hand; the more involved the character of the writing was, the better, he used to say.

Now, the old judicial proceedings were in this condition, thanks to the portentous chirography of the scribes. Senhor Bento used to obtain them from an office in the town, and give them to his pupils when they could overcome with ease the difficulties inherent in the reading of ordinary letters. Therefore, the boy, straightening himself up, had said to the seamstress that he read *sentences* (a term by which they knew the voluminous judicial proceedings), when she asked him if he could also read letters.

In the face of such a response, Bibiana invited the boy to enter her house. But Zé da Rosa began to scratch his ear in token of distrust, and in his own mind thought that every woman might be a siren, especially if she had a broken window-pane.

At last the seamstress reassured him, took him tenderly by the hand, and made him enter ahead of her.

The boy saw the letter on the table, and said to himself:

"She has not deceived me, no!"

Zé da Rosa was an intelligent and gentle child, the pearl of Master Bento's school. His restless black eyes indicated vivacity and talent. He was, however, only a foundling, the adopted son of Rosa, the washerwoman, and her state of poverty admitted of nothing beyond; he had, indeed, a pinched look, as of one suffering privations.

"Rosa keeps him rather clean, but not well filled; how she lives herself, God knows!"

The seamstress analyzed at a glance the child's dress; he wore a jacket torn at the elbows, coarse trowsers mended at the knees; his shoeless feet revealed the leanness of his muscles.

"Come, Zé, if the letter brings good news, you shall have a new suit of clothes for the coming festival."

"Well, let's see," answered the boy, with new hopes.

Bibiana opened the letter cautiously with a hairpin; there fell out a paper containing an inscription printed in rose-colored letters.

"What can this be?" asked she, in astonishment, picking it up with the tips of her fingers.

"How should I know? Let's see if the letter tells."

"Read, read, then."

The boy began:

"My dear mother:"

"My poor little Luiz!" interrupted the seamstress.

"I sincerely hope these few lines," continued the pupil of Bento d'Almeida, "'will find you in good health.'"

"Thank God, I am tolerable."

"I am as God wills," read Zé da Rosa.

"That is gratifying," again interrupted Bibiana. "I am already more contented. Read on, my little Zé."

He, in spite of continual interruptions, succeeded in finishing the reading, and we must say that the schoolmaster himself could not have done it better. He had merely a broken enunciation of interrupted syllables, but the seamstress understood him perfectly.



When he had finished, Bibiana wept for joy, and embracing the boy, said, in a contagious enthusiasm :

“ Read it again, Zé, read it again ! The clothes are yours. You must tell your mother to come and have a talk with me, and, God willing, for the future my Luiz shall be your protector.”

From these words, the reader will learn how agreeable to the seamstress was the news in the letter.

And the black border ? you will ask.

I will satisfy your curiosity. Luiz informed his mother that his employer had died, leav-

ing him his heir ; nothing more natural than this manifestation of grief ; and while announcing his good fortune, presented her with a bill of exchange, payable at sight ; for nothing less was the paper that came enclosed in the letter, of whose value the seamstress and Zé da Rosa were ignorant.

It is unnecessary to add that the latter got his new clothes, thanks to the generous promise of Bibiana ; and that some years afterward, Luiz, returning to Portugal, and learning from his mother the incident of the broken window, sympathized with the youth, and became his constant protector.

*J. W. Hayes.*

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#### PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

WE are looking here at a series of events whose rise, progress, and results have probably no parallel on record. The entire matter was illegal, from beginning to end. The Committee seized men and imprisoned them, and put them to death on the scaffold, in utter violation of the law, and in open defiance of the constituted authorities of the city and of the State. It took entire and absolute possession of the city of San Francisco and ruled it with a rod of iron, with perfectly despotic sway, for a time ; and yet, strange and anomalous as it may seem, this period was one of safety and of rest ; one in which all good citizens rejoiced day and night, with a feeling of quiet and repose before unknown ; while the months and years that followed served only to continue this sentiment of confidence, and to show plainly that the work had been not merely a good work, but one whose benefits were beyond estimation. San Francisco had been revolutionized from evil to good, and the subsequent continuous condition of the community, both socially and municipally, has clearly demonstrated that the violent infraction of law was the full and only salvation of law. A turbulent city became as orderly and quiet as a New England village. Despotic control held it for a time, but this iron grasp was

soon withdrawn, and yet the peace and order remained. Years passed away before San Francisco became even as much liable to the ordinary crimes occurring in great centres of population, as our cities on the Atlantic side of the continent. Surely a work like this is not to be hastily condemned, because another power took temporarily the place of statute law, when statute law had practically ceased to be operative.

We can judge it fairly and thoroughly only by its fruits, and it is with the hope that I may be able to set it out more clearly than could well be done in any other way, that I venture to ask attention to it here. I should certainly not do so, were it not that I saw it all, I knew it throughout, I gave it my hearty approbation and aid, and for accuracy of the statements made, I give my personal guarantee. As the Trojan leader said in commencing his narrative to Queen Dido,

*“ Queque ipse miserima vidi,  
Et quorum . . . pars fui.”*

I can fairly say that the events detailed were as fully known to me as those occurring publicly in any community can be to any one person. If the unpleasant word *I* must be used, it is only because there is no other way in which the facts can be so vividly and vigorously set forth.

It is not possible to have a fair understanding of the events which we are to consider, and to form a correct and impartial judgment concerning them, without having some definite perception of their environment; and to obtain this we must look to the condition of San Francisco for the months preceding the memorable month of May, 1856. It must be definitely recognized that the Vigilance Committee of that date is not to be in the slightest degree confounded in its nature and action with any other vigilance committee that has ever existed. Those fearful outbursts that so often occur along the frontier lines of civilization, in which sudden and sharp vengeance for crime is hastily dealt out by bodies of enraged citizens, who see no other redress for wrong, are to be classed with the defense which we may, any of us, make, and which we are entitled by all the laws of God and man to make, against an attack in the wilderness.

Neither is this Vigilance Committee to be reckoned akin to that of San Francisco five years before. That of 1851 was sharp and severe in its action, and worthy of all praise for the good that it accomplished; but it made no complete and radical reform, and ceased its functions after clearing away the superficial evils. It is true, it still retained its organization, and thus made possible the events of '56. During the intervening years, we had seen crime going triumphantly unpunished, and we had thought anxiously of the Vigilance Committee, wondering whether it might not again become a necessity. As outrage after outrage occurred, and was passed over and neglected by the courts of law, we "shut our eyes—we held our breath—we smothered down our wrath and shame," until Wednesday, May 14th, 1856. Then the pistol-shot of James P. Casey, by which James King of William went down on the corner of Montgomery and Washington Streets, was like the first gun fired at Fort Sumter. The storm broke forth in all its fury, nor did it cease till the elements of moral degradation had been swept away; till the dark clouds of violence and crime

had lifted, and the sunlight of peace and quietness had taken their place.

What, now, was the reason for this universal outbreak? Why should the shooting of one man in San Francisco suffice to light the bale-fires not only on the hill-tops of the Bay, but away on the huge ridges of the Sierra Nevada as well, while the fierce tide of indignation was sweeping over all the broad valleys and through the rugged cañons of the State in its length and breadth? The answer requires that we should know the state of things and the temper of mind then prevailing.

The action of vigilance committees, as a rule, has taken place in frontier regions, where the population has been small, the condition of society rude and wild, and the courts of law imperfectly organized. But not one of these features existed here. San Francisco was at that moment a mighty city. Its population cannot be stated with certainty, for there are no means of knowing, but it was surely not less than 50,000, and it was probably nearer to 60,000. But these figures by no means represent its importance. No one who was not conversant with the city in its early life, can fairly realize how completely San Francisco dominated California, how everything gravitated toward it. The "Bay," as it was commonly called in the mountains, was the center for all. Of course, all business of every form could have no other gathering point, for through the Golden Gate was our only way of communication with the outer world. As the result of this, the numbers of those in the city who did not regard it as their residence, was relatively very much greater than we look for in any ordinary case, and it is perfectly fair to estimate that no city of 200,000 inhabitants in the Atlantic States could rank with San Francisco, in the view which we must take of it in the spring of '56.

As to the state of society, I feel that I risk nothing in saying that more polished, refined, intellectual, and elegant society is not to be found in any of our Eastern cities, nor in any capital of Europe, than existed then in San Francisco. It is true, the number of such



people was somewhat limited, and a sort of roughness—much of it affected roughness—was present and prevalent. But the roughness was of a high grade, and from the pressure of circumstances, present and past. The *auri sacra fames*, the cursed thirst for gold, had drawn together a strange population. Probably the like of it has never been gathered elsewhere. The intellect of the world was there, and though often manifested in the red shirt, and the pantaloons tucked inside the boots, it did not fail to tell in the sum total.

One large and influential element of the country consisted of the men who had come from the slave-holding States. Very many of these were persons of high standing and great influence. They formed almost a class by themselves, and were commonly designated the "Chivalry," a title of which they were not a little proud. Their effect on the city and the State was two-fold; it was good, and it was very bad. They were, in general, polished in their manners, refined, well-educated, as correct in their morals as the average, and thus far their influence was elevating and beneficial. But they were most of them politicians professedly, even where they were nominally lawyers, physicians, etc. They had been strong party men before leaving the Atlantic and Gulf States, and they had come out to the new country with the direct object of taking its offices, and ruling it in both State and Federal positions. And they had been successful, for there was scarcely an office of any importance that they did not control. These men were, of course, the party leaders; they ruled and directed the multitude, as is usual in such cases. And I may say on behalf of the "Chivalry" as a body, that these party leaders were the representatives of their worst element, and scarcely at all belonged to their better and more honorable types.

It is true that they, for the most part, carried a gentlemanly exterior, and were courteous in deportment. But while fair outwardly, the politicians of California had become, at the time of which we speak, utterly and notoriously corrupt at heart. There was here and there an honorable exception, but the

main body of those who administered public affairs were outrageously false to the trust committed to them.

The leaders seldom used their own hands for acts of evil; but there was no lack of those ready for any deed of violence and blood, so long as they could have confidence of immunity at the hands of the officers of the law. And a most conspicuous and notable feature, one that caused us as much alarm as perhaps any other, was this: that the gamblers, the shoulder-strikers, the men ever ready for the knife or the pistol, were invariably on the side of the dominant party leaders, the officers of the courts, and especially the sheriffs, whose duty it was to select jurors. They were at their beck and call, ready for any service. Their names, and their faces, and their business were as well known to us as those of the most honored members of the community. And, as a natural consequence of these things, punishment for capital offenses had become almost unknown; and then came the inevitable result of such laxity, or rather such protection of criminals—the offenses themselves grew to be frightfully frequent, and they always went unpunished. It is not too much to say that many dozens of homicides—how many, I am afraid to estimate—had been committed in San Francisco within the years of '53 and '54 and '55, and not a single man had been brought to justice for them. And we had come to consider that it could not be done, that it was of no use to attempt it, and that each man must look to his own safety. There was need of watchfulness, and we took our precautions accordingly.

Let me tell my own custom. Of course, my professional duties called me out at all hours of the night, and into all parts of the city. It was my habit, after the stores, and other places of business were closed, never to take the sidewalk, but always the middle of the street, and never to allow any one to come within striking distance of me. Many a time, as I was starting out in the night, would I hear the sleepy question, "Have you taken your pistol with you?"

Now this was an awful state of things in which to live, and yet we bore it. We bore it, but with bated breath. The indignation was rising higher and higher, but the time had not yet come for showing that right could, perhaps, be stronger than the might of brutality and wrong. When we saw, from day to day, the report of some new outrage, our question always was, "Has he money?" or, "Has he influence?" and if he possessed either, we were well assured that the malefactor would go free. Either he would never be brought to trial at all, or else the jury would disagree, or, quite possibly, he would be actually acquitted of that to which he had been ready to plead "Guilty."

But such a condition of affairs was destined to work out its own remedy, simply because of its own enormity. We all felt that it could not be borne much longer. At each new outrage we wondered what might be the next, and how relief could be obtained, and our thoughts always went off toward the Vigilance Committee, of whose continued existence, as a dormant power, those of us who had landed in California since 1851 were well assured, but concerning which we had but indistinct and indefinite ideas. Our full belief was, that, if called again into activity, it would be perfectly irresistible and that justice would at last be dealt out with a strong hand and honestly; but we went no further. The men of the classes most liable to come under its ban also knew of this Committee, but they believed themselves too strong, backed, as they were, by the courts and the politicians, to be in danger from any power that could be brought against them. They never saw their danger till the storm burst upon them, and swept them away like the dried leaves before a hurricane.

One additional evil ought here to be mentioned, of a totally different character; one involving no physical violence, but one in itself more dangerous a thousand fold than either lead or steel. It was the entire uncertainty of the ballot in the city and county elections; or to speak more correctly, the *certainty* that the vote would show a strong majority in favor of the dominant party;

that is, for all the offices that were needed to give the criminal side full control—the minor affairs being allowed to go the other way as a sop to Cerberus. But Cerberus was getting ready to wake, and, alas for the evil-doers! when he did wake at length with a shock, not only his eyes but his jaws as well were wide open; and the manner of his waking will soon be told.

For many elections past, no full returns had been declared until after the lapse of a number of days. Those from the various wards in succession, with a single exception, would be in on perhaps the day following the election; and not seldom they were of such weight as to give evidence of the choice of good and honorable citizens for important offices, and to cause those of us whose simple hearts still retained some little trust in human nature, to congratulate ourselves that really matters were beginning to improve. But those more versed in Californian ways only shook their heads. "Wait till you hear from the Twelfth Ward; that will settle it." It was a most singular fact that it always took a long time to count the votes of that ward. It could never be accomplished until the others were all in and certified, and when it was known just how many votes were needed to give a suitable majority, the Twelfth Ward was always equal to the emergency, and made the proper returns to elect its candidates. It is true that in order to do this, it was sometimes necessary to report a ballot that summed up a greater number than could be found of inhabitants in the entire ward, counting men, women and children. But what of that? When the facts of such discrepancy were pointed out, and remonstrance made, the only satisfaction we could get was couched in the language since made classical by the late lamented Mr. Tweed: "Well, what are you going to do about it?" It was a very pretty question, as it stood; but what we did eventually do about it is worthy of note.

In the autumn of 1855, we were living, as we had been living, every one saying that something must be done, but no one willing to begin the work. At every fresh deed of



blood and violence, new indignation was shown, but that was all. We every one felt that some great deed of wrong would presently rouse a popular fury, which I think we all dreaded, and we waited in anxious expectation.

Early in the evening of November 25th, we were startled by a fearful crime, which almost did the work, and yet fell a little short of the required mark. General Richardson, a well known citizen, was shot dead in the doorway of a bank on Clay Street, a few doors below Montgomery, by Charles Cora, a gambler of the worst stamp. The quarrel was about some private matters, and the murder was apparently without much provocation. The excitement was great, the talk loud and strong, but it went no farther than talk at that time. Cora was brought to trial and we waited. The trial was prolonged till January 17, and ended in a disagreement of the jury, as we had anticipated; and the determination became wide-spread that such another act of wrong should be set right, though how we could not tell.

The ensuing four months were passed without any outbreak, or the occurrence of any events of special note. It was perfectly manifest that the suppressed and smothered feeling of opposition to the lawless element was increasing mightily throughout the community, and that even a small matter might provoke a collision that should be serious. We were anxious; we saw that the wrong must be righted; but the wisest way, and the safe way to do it, was not manifest. We had, now, however, one advantage that we had not before possessed; and it was in this connection that eventually the problem reached its solution. In October, '55, a new paper was started, the "Evening Bulletin," which speedily took hold of the life of the law-abiding people of San Francisco, and of the country as well, and became a mighty power in the land, because of the character of the man who was its originator and editor, James King of William.

Mr. King had been a banker, but in one of the many turmoils of California business life, he had gone down financially, but gone

down in nothing else, which in those days was somewhat remarkable. When his banking house closed its doors, his perfect honesty and uprightness were admitted by all. Money was offered him in abundance to enable him to resume business, but he refused it, preferring to act independently; and shortly afterward he started on what seemed almost a desperate and hopeless undertaking, the newspaper enterprise which has been mentioned. It was begun in a small way, but the day of small things passed away with great rapidity. It grew in size, in circulation, in power, and in individuality. It was independent in politics, and in every thing else. You felt in reading it each evening, that it was verily the output of James King of William, and in that lay, mainly, its potency. He was a man of indomitable energy, utterly destitute of fear, and with his intense hatred of injustice and wrong, he turned every means at his command into the work of exposing and uprooting the evil deeds then so fearfully prevalent in city and county management. He was himself a Virginian, but the "Chivalry," as they then showed themselves in the control of our public affairs, he held to be worthy of all condemnation, and he attacked them in the columns of the "Bulletin" without hesitation and without mercy, and of course incurred their bitter hatred; and the hatred of such men, we all knew, meant personal danger. The paper had not been in existence three months before the understanding was universal that there was war to the knife between the "Bulletin" and the shoulder-strikers; one side or the other must go down. And it must be remembered that in all this, the "Bulletin" was everywhere held to be the mouth-piece of the law-abiding portion of the community. Mr. King stood in the front and faced the immediate danger, but the result showed how many more were behind him. Threats of personal violence had not been wanting, but to them he paid no attention. I well remember meeting him but two days before the curtain rose on the terrible tragedy that was to follow, and looking at him with a sort of reverent wonder, as at a man who carried his life in his hand.

One striking feature in his plan of crowding the villains so hard was, that he not only ferreted out and exposed the rascalities belonging to their lives in California, but he hunted up their records of the years before on the other side of the continent. Many a one who was holding office in San Francisco, and ranking high in political life and circles there, had the brand of Cain on his forehead, or what was to them infinitely worse, the mark of State Prison shackles on his ankle. A notable instance of this existed in the person of James P. Casey, who has been already mentioned. He had held various offices, and was in close association with the most prominent politicians, and the most noted gamblers. Early in May, '56, the "Bulletin" contained an article showing the proofs, from court records, that he had some years before been convicted in New York, been sentenced to imprisonment at Sing Sing, and had served out his time accordingly. Casey naturally was angry at this. He called at the office of the "Bulletin" and upbraided Mr. King for raking up old offenses and injuring his character, while he was making every effort to live like a gentleman. Mr. King pointed to the record as his justification, and tendered no apology. We knew it, and we expected trouble. What shape it would take, we could not tell, but we were well assured that a serious assault would not be likely to end as so many such had ended in times past, and we were all in a state of anxious tension.

Wednesday, May 14th, at 5 P. M., I was in Commercial Street, a little below Montgomery. I had not noticed any pistol-shot, but I saw people running, and, as a matter of course, I ran. As I turned into Montgomery, I saw a man whom I knew.

"What is the matter?"—"Casey has shot King of William"—and on we went, neither of us checking his speed.

A crowd was gathered at the Pacific Express Company's office, northwest corner of Montgomery and Washington. Many of the crowd knew me, and they made way for me to enter. I found Mr. King lying on the floor, with a bullet-hole just below the

left clavicle. I saw that one or two physicians were already in attendance, and that my professional services were not needed; so I hurried out again, and ran up Washington Street, for I knew where the murderer would naturally have gone, that is, to the protection of his friend, the sheriff, David Scannell.

A carriage was standing at the entrance to Dunbar Alley, the rear of the police office; it was evidently about to start. I sprang on the step, and as I did so, Dave Scannell's pistol was thrust directly into my face. I looked in and saw Casey on the seat with Scannell, with his pistol pointed out of the opposite window. The driver started his horses and I was thrown to the ground, but was on my feet in an instant, and away with the crowd who were pursuing the carriage at full speed, yelling with every breath: "Hang him! Kill him!"

The horses were of course too light-footed for us, but we well knew their destination, and slackened nothing in our pace till we turned into Broadway, at Dupont Street, and the scene was before us, with a lesson to it.

The scene was the jail, already guarded. The building was at an elevation of about eight feet above the level of the street, which had been graded down to that extent, leaving thus in front of the building a bank about ten feet wide. On this bank stood every one of the most noted of the gamblers and shoulder-strikers of the city. I think that without exception they were all there. Their faces were perfectly well known to me. I saw Charley Duane, chief of the fire department, among those nearest me; next to him was Dan Aldrich, with his long drooping moustache, which always reminded me of a walrus's tusks; just beyond him stood Néd McGowan, and I think it was his last appearance in public, for he fled from the city that night or the next. But why mention additional names? There they stood; a dangerous looking company, quietly looking down on the angry crowd that filled the street, and surged back and forth in its intense excitement.

Now the lesson to which I alluded was this: How came those men to be in that



place, at that time? They certainly never could have met there by chance, and they as certainly did not come with the crowd, for they were standing calmly on the bank when I, among the first of the rush, ran around the corner of Dupont Street. The only possible inference is that they were there by previous appointment, and I have no doubt that they were in position when the shot was fired, and Mr. King fell.

They were, of course, well armed, according to their custom. There were doubtless six-shooters in abundance among the people; and I was waiting for the first pistol-shot, which I well knew would be the prelude to a fearful scene of bloodshed, when a man rushed past me, and began scrambling up one of the posts of a balcony, directly at my back.

I looked and saw that it was Thomas L. King, the brother of James. He at once began a harangue of almost delirious frenzy, and after a few words only, he shouted out, "Who will go with me and drag the murderer of my brother from that jail?"

He could not utter another word. The fierce and savage yell "I,"—"I,"—"I," from hundreds of throats was perfectly deafening, and the revolvers came out like magic, ready for sharp service.

Tom King leaped to the ground and started with a rush; but he had not crossed half the breadth of Broadway before he stopped, and at the same moment the crowd began to grow quiet. I presume that their experience had been like mine. Some one had touched me on the back: "*The Vigilance Committee has organized.*" That was all. Who it was I never knew, but many such must have been going here and there; and the result was strange, for in less than five minutes all excitement had ceased. I never saw anything like it; it was perfectly astonishing. The crowd had become within that space of time as still and orderly as though the deed of violence had been done. We all felt that now at last justice was coming in earnest, and justice meant vengeance, sharp and speedy. We saw how much better would be the thorough and

systematic punishment of crime, by an organization that we believed to be irresistible, than would have been the summary and bloody work for which we had been preparing.

We all went home quietly to wait. I saw even Tom King move away slowly, with his head down, and perfectly free from the fury of excitement that had torn him but so short a time before. What those men on the bank above us thought of it can only be conjectured. They stood there, still as ever, when I left the street, but I am convinced that even then they were beginning to realize the terrors of the wrath to come.

The report was true. The executive officers of the Vigilance Committee had assembled in great haste at the call of their chief, William T. Coleman, one of the most respected merchants of San Francisco at the time, and the present head of the strong firm, William T. Coleman & Company, of 75 Beaver Street, New York.

And it is proper to remark in this place, that that Committee is still in perfect organization, and could resume active service at the shortest possible notice. Its present commander is Honorable J. M. Buffington, of 309 California Street, San Francisco. They were called on during the sand-lot excitements of Dennis Kearney, a few years since, but fortunately no energetic action was required.

The committee assembled in haste as already said, but they were not the men to act in haste. They realized fully the great work that was before them, and they sat down coolly to consider the ways and means. The first thing was certainly to punish the present murderer, but all knew that that could be only a commencement. Just what shape events would take it was not possible to forecast, but I believe that every one of them, at that first meeting, felt that nothing short of a complete overthrow of the present state of management would suffice to right the wrong.

To do this required money, required men, and perhaps most of all, required executive and engineering ability of the highest possi-

ble grade, and in none of these respects was there any deficiency. All the money needed came so freely that no request for it was ever made. And the same thing was true as to men for immediate and active service. Before that first session closed, men were crowding to offer their names for enrollment more rapidly than the register could be made. A complete and thoroughly organized system was adopted, a spacious building was secured, No. 105 ½ Sacramento Street, just below Front, in the very heart of the heavy wholesale business of the city, and a military department was at once established, for it was manifest that destruction would attend any movement which was not sustained by force, physical as well as moral, sufficient to bear down and sweep away all opposition. Colonel Charles Doane was made supreme military director, and took the command with all the energy and force of discipline that might have been expected from him. Each man, as his name was enrolled, received a number, and was always designated by that number. The numerous notices and orders from the committee that appeared daily in the papers were invariably signed "No. 33, Secretary," and the outside public were not informed till some months later that "No. 33, Secretary," was Mr. Isaac Bluxome. Proper officers of inferior grade were appointed, the rank and file arranged in companies of say one hundred men each, arms were provided, and when Saturday night came, Colonel Doane was at the head of a force of more than four thousand men, ready for the decisive and sharp work that came the next day. Of course, any thorough drilling had not been accomplished at so early a date—that came later—but the character of the men that constituted the force made some atonement for that deficiency. It was like that which was seen in the East five years later, when the men who were the pride and glory of the towns and villages were hurrying toward the front, to save the imperiled existence of the Nation. It was said that the bayonets could think; and that was what our revolvers and shot-guns—for we had not so very many bayonets—did in those first few days.

But before we look toward the work of that memorable Sabbath, we must take note of what had been transpiring in the city and throughout the State since five o'clock of Wednesday. In less than an hour, San Francisco was wild with excitement; before three days had expired, California was ablaze from the mountains to the sea, and from Shasta to San Diego. Messages came pouring in from every side, filled with indignation and with offers of aid. I well remember one that came up to the Committee from San José: "Only say it, and we will send you a thousand men." But what did we want of men? We had more men than could be needed, and as many in addition waiting to be enrolled at an instant's warning, if there could be a place for them.

The full outbreak of vengeance, or rather of justice, hung on Mr. King's condition, of which frequent bulletins were posted. And while he lay hovering between life and death, in the midst of all this whirl and fever, the "Evening Bulletin" of Saturday contained a little poem by "Caxton" (W. P. Rhodes), which expresses so fairly the state of feeling that prevailed, that it is worth copying, though it will not sound now as it did to us then, for the ring of it struck upon excited brains, and on hearts that were in full accord and ready for the echo:

"In times that are vanished, in a nation no more,  
Once ruled by the God of the free,  
A prophet exclaimed, filled with mystical lore,  
'The mountains shall speak to the sea.'

"His country was filled with the blood of the brave,  
Corruption filled valley and lea.  
God said in his wrath, 'I never will save  
Till the mountains shall speak to the sea.'

"Old Horeb grew vocal; Mount Olivet spoke;  
And Calvary shouted, 'Be free!'  
When a Savior redeemed the wide world from its  
yoke,  
And the mountains shook hands with the sea.

"The prophesy westward has wended its way,  
Till here, in the land of the free,  
When crimes must be punished, the people still say,  
'Let the mountains speak out to the sea.'

"And the deed has been done; Sierra now rings  
With the shout 'San Francisco is free!'  
For the hearts of all freemen in unison join,  
And the mountains now speak to the sea."



This was Saturday evening, and on the following day the next act in the fearful tragedy was played. It was no play-work, either, but was, instead, a most terrible reality to Casey and to Cora, bringing them face to face with the death they so richly deserved.

No more beautiful Sabbath morning ever rose than that eventful 18th of May; but everywhere there was a feeling of heaviness. The general impression through the city was that there was danger in the air. No one knew what was in progress except the executive council of the Committee; the rank and file were no better informed than those outside the organization. Even when orders came for mustering, the object of the mustering was only conjectured.

Mention may be made here, that on the roof of the building occupied by the Committee, in Sacramento Street, was suspended a huge triangle of steel, to be used in place of a bell. This was intended only for emergencies, and we all knew that its terrible clang meant a call that might mean a death-note to more than one. The muster-call on this Sabbath morning was, however, not at all of this sort. It was made without stir or commotion; and as the companies, one after another, marched from headquarters, no one was aware of the fact except those in their immediate vicinity. But before twelve o'clock, the entire summit and upper slopes of Telegraph Hill were densely crowded with a multitude of spectators, who were anxiously watching the scene below, for the square bounded by Broadway, Kearny, Vallejo, and Dupont Streets was closely invested by armed men, who had marched to their station with military step and order.

Their arms, for a certain part, were of regulation pattern, musket and bayonet; but shot-guns and hunting rifles were not few, and I well recollect that the man directly in front of me was a tall Nantucket whaleman, with no fire-arms except the universally present navy six-shooter in his belt. His conspicuous weapon was a whaling lance, which towered two feet above his own fathom and more of height.

We all understood now the object of the

movement. The jail was surrounded, and the two murderers were to be taken from it, for a fair and honest trial. Directly in front of it was planted a field-piece with its full equipment, ready for instant service, its muzzle commanding the jail door. My own station was about fifty yards away, on the south side of Broadway.

At one o'clock, as nearly as I can remember, I saw Mr. Coleman, accompanied by Mr. Charles Doane (afterwards Sheriff Doane, for we made him sheriff in the new order of things that followed) cross the street, ascend the steps, and knock at the jail door. After a short delay, the door was partially opened. Mr. Coleman spoke, a short conference evidently took place, and the door was closed, and I saw Mr. Coleman take out his watch and wait. I took out mine and waited. Just before five minutes' time had elapsed, the door was opened, the two officers of the Vigilance Committee entered the prison, and the door was closed on them.

What had taken place was this: Mr. Coleman had demanded from Dave Scannell, the sheriff, the surrender to the Vigilance Committee of the persons of James P. Casey and Charles Cora. The sheriff hesitated, and then refused. Mr. Coleman's reply was: "Mr. Scannell, we give you five minutes and no more. If, at the end of that time, the two men are not surrendered, we shall take them by force; the doors of the jail will be blown open, and you will be taken, Mr. Scannell, as well as Casey and Cora." When about five seconds of the fifth minute remained, the door was opened.

When the door was again opened, after what seemed to me a long interval, though I think it was really but a few minutes, Mr. Coleman and Mr. Doane came out, and between them walked James P. Casey. He must have known and felt that he was marching straight to the death he so richly deserved, but he showed no sign of weakness or emotion. His eyes were cast down, but his step was as firm as I ever saw it. He was conducted at once through the ranks that formed the part of the forces on the west side, to a closed carriage, which had been all

this time waiting at the corner of Dupont and Broadway, and which had its own strong guard stationed around it. The two officers and the prisoner occupied the carriage, whose curtains were closely drawn, and the fearful procession started at a funeral pace for the Committee rooms.

Not a sound was heard. The chamber of death could not be more absolutely silent than were the streets in every direction. The guard around the block that includes the jail remained in position without motion. The silence of the city seemed to me something frightful, something unnatural, a silence that could be felt, like the darkness that fell upon the land of Egypt; but I suppose it was only the effect of my imagination. After all these years the scene is as vividly present to me now as though it were this moment before my eyes, and I can hear the *crunch* of those wheels as they started to roll slowly onward, though they were a whole block away. It was the only sound there was to hear.

After quite a long interval, the officers with the guarded carriage returned, having left Casey at the headquarters of the Vigilance Committee. The same men entered the jail again, came out with Charles Cora, as formerly with Casey, and conveyed him to the same destination. The troops were quietly withdrawn from the station they had held for five or six hours, marched to headquarters and dismissed. The vast crowd dispersed in every direction, and the work of that memorable Sabbath was ended.

I think that throughout the entire city that night, the feeling of the good, law-abiding citizens was one of relief; of restful trust. A most momentous deed had been done. A powerful body of armed men had illegally broken open the jail, had by force taken from the custody of the sheriff, who was the representative of all constituted authority, two men charged with murder, and were holding them in unlawful imprisonment. Casey, it is true, had not been in the jail by any legal commitment; he had only, in going there, fled to his friends for protection. But Cora was held by order of court, and

therefore the dignity and authority of the court, the majesty of the State, had been openly defied and trampled underfoot.

No one could tell, as yet, what the end might be, but the prevalent ideas were these:

First: the work had been done by those who possessed the perfect confidence of the good and worthy classes of the community, for even the Southern people could not impeach the motives of the leaders of the Vigilance Committee.

Second: we all believed that justice would be done; that crime would be punished instead of escaping, as we had seen it so often before; and that protection to life and peace would be assured in the future.

Third: the events of that day had given assurance that the Committee had the power, and all knew they had the will, to accomplish these results.

We slept peacefully that night, and Monday morning showed the city wearing in every respect its ordinary guise; all business went on as though nothing unusual had occurred. But in the sacred privacy of the Committee's court room, two men were on trial for their lives. Casey and Cora were now, for the first time, where they could have a fair and honest trial, and such a trial was accorded to them. The court was constituted with its proper officers and appliances; able counsel were assigned on either side—prosecution and defense; testimony was taken with due form and due solemnity; every advantage allowed each prisoner that would have been allowed him in open court; and a fair and impartial verdict eventually rendered. The only thing in which this trial differed from an ordinary one was, that its officers and its transactions had not the *nominal* sanction of law; but they had what in this instance was vastly higher—they had the sanction of right. Of course, the sessions of the court were open only to the executive committee; the thousands constituting the main body and force of the Vigilance Committee knew only the resulting verdict. But that executive committee comprised within itself the social, the intellectual, the moral, and the religious elements that made



the glory and the worth of San Francisco, and it is but reasonable to say that a fairer trial and more righteous verdict are not to be found on any record.

It was not possible to reach a decision in the trial of Casey while his victim still lingered. But the trial was not prolonged. Mr. King lived, in great suffering, until Tuesday, six days from the assassination. We had been in hourly expectation of the event; but when the announcement was made public that James King of William was actually dead, it seemed almost as though an unexpected calamity had befallen each one personally, so intense was the manifestation of mourning throughout the city. I never saw the like of it in San Francisco at any time, excepting on that dreadful day when the news reached us of the murder of Abraham Lincoln.

The trial of the two criminals could now end. James P. Casey had been called on to plead in the usual form, to "Guilty, or not guilty," had had a full and fair trial; the jury had rendered their verdict, "Guilty of murder in the first degree"; and the sentence from the court, of death by hanging, was given in the customary words and form. The same was true in relation to Charles Cora. The execution of the sentence yet remained.

The city lay in mourning and in gloom for the ensuing two days, the funeral of Mr. King being set for Thursday, May 22d. That is a date to be remembered in the annals of San Francisco to the end of time, for it was the day that witnessed the exit forever of the former rule of privileged and unpunished bloodshed; the day that "rang out the old, rang in the new."

Every man of the Vigilance Committee had been quietly ordered under arms in the morning, though no one of the main body knew for what purpose. The common talk was that it had been done for the sake of guarding against surprise. The entire population of the city may be said to have been in the streets that day, as all business had been suspended, in deference to the funeral ceremonial, and there were suspicions that

the friends of the criminals might attempt to take advantage of it, and make a dash for their rescue.

This uncertainty, however, was of short duration to those whose stations brought them within reach of the Committee rooms. The preparations there in progress showed plainly the terrible import of that quiet muster of troops. While the grandly impressive death service was held in the church in Stockton Street, another awful death service was in action six blocks below, in Sacramento Street. The traditional scaffold of death was projected at each of two windows of the upper story of the Vigilance Committee's rooms, and just as the funeral procession was leaving the church, Casey was led out on one of these platforms, and Cora on the other. The fatal cord was adjusted, and at a signal which no one on the outside saw or heard, the two murderers dropped into eternity.

A vast crowd witnessed the solemn sight, for the block between Sacramento and Commercial streets was then mostly unoccupied by buildings, and every available foot of space was filled with the multitude. Some of these sympathized with the criminals thus sent to face their eternal Judge; but I think they were very few. I think that, with the great majority, the feeling was one of relief, because it was one of assured safety. For my own part, I was like the Apostle Paul at the Forum of Appius: I "thanked God and took courage." I have no doubt that some may say that I ought to have been impressed with the awful solemnity of the scene, and to have been shocked at its illegality. Perhaps I ought, but I was not. I was selfish enough, and irreverent enough, to send my thoughts, even with that dismal spectacle in the air above me, from the past to the future. I remembered the reign of terror under which we had so long been living, and I knew that it was ended. Right in the midst of that stirring time, Gerald Massey's lines came into my mind:

"Though hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes  
With smiling futures glisten;  
For, lo, our day bursts up the skies—  
Lean out your souls and listen.

The world moves on its glorious way  
 And brightens 'mid our sorrow ;  
 Keep heart—who bears the cross today,  
 Shall wear the crown tomorrow.”

The two murderers had thus paid the penalty for their crimes. It may be worth mentioning here, that any visitor to San Francisco may find their tombs in the old church-yard of the Mission Dolores. That of Casey, the more pretentious of the two, was erected by the fire company to which he belonged, and which espoused his cause with entire unanimity. It is very near the gate of entrance, at the southeast corner of the old adobe church. It shows a broken shaft, with the inscription, “God forgive my persecutors.” That of Cora is a few yards further west. It was erected by the abandoned woman, his former associate, Arabella Bryan, universally known as Belle Cora, to whom he was married in the Committee rooms, after the passage of the death sentence, and who of course inherited his property. The sole inscription is “Charles Cora. Died May 22, 1856.”

The events of this notable week have been related thus in detail, because without such fullness of statement, it would have been impossible to make plain what is yet to follow; but the three months next ensuing must of necessity be treated in much more general terms.

We naturally turn first to those who not only denounced the doings of the Vigilance Committee, but who made the most strenuous efforts of which they were capable to resist them. The general character of the men can be readily inferred from the statements already made. They gave to themselves the name of the Law and Order Party, and for several weeks they did their best to bring the entire enginery of the State government, and of the Federal as well, to bear on the Committee for their destruction.

The Governor, J. Neely Johnson, was one of their own number, and fulminated several proclamations, which passed, however, as so many idle words—no one paid any attention to them. He called out the State troops, but they failed to respond. Once he started from Sacramento, to come down to San

Francisco, but he was met at Benicia by a number of prominent men, who though not members of the Committee, were yet full of sympathy with them. They found Governor Johnson very angry, and very fully resolved on going down to the Bay, and enforcing the law; but the weight of the arguments they used, and more especially the standing and character of the gentlemen who used them, convinced him that all opposition would be useless, and he very unwillingly returned to Sacramento, though he still continued his paper warfare.

In the mean time, the Law and Order Party were endeavoring to gather an armed force, with which to resist the troops already enrolled by the Vigilance Committee, but their success was very small. Officers of companies were appointed, but the company rolls filled very slowly, or not at all. The “San Francisco Herald” was their faithful organ, and its editor, John Nugent, was their fast friend, and daily most urgent appeals were made in its columns to “the friends of law and order” to combine, and arm for the defense of public liberty; but the responses were so few as to be utterly unavailing.

Success might possibly have been greater had it not been for a discovery that was made six days from the date of the execution of Casey and Cora. During all this time, the Committee were searching unceasingly, day and night, for Ned McGowan, against whom they had secured sure and certain evidence of complicity with Casey in the murder. He was never captured, being doubtless concealed for a time by his comrades, and then stealthily conveyed away; but in the activity of the search for him, many houses were entered by virtue of warrants from the executive council, and thoroughly ransacked, mostly in the northwestern portions of the city, the noted Twelfth Ward. In one of these houses was found a plain wooden box, about eighteen inches square, by ten inches deep. When that box was brought into the rooms on Sacramento Street, it revolutionized completely the whole state of things in the minds of a large number of the Committee. Many had been inclined up to



this time to do just as little as possible; not that any questioned the justice or the advisability of what had been already done, but that they still cherished the hope that not very much more might be necessary. But this box opened their eyes; for it was the actual ballot-box of the Twelfth Ward, the one that had been used at the last preceding election, and in all probability at all preceding elections. It was a very simple agent, but it was an all-potent one, for it controlled every expression of the will of the people at the polls in San Francisco. Its four sides and its bottom were double, and the spaces thus made were filled with ballots. When I saw it, the bottom slide had been drawn away, and there before me lay I should judge eight hundred to one thousand ballots for James P. Casey, as Supervisor; they had not been needed at the last election, and had not been called into use.

Here was an explanation of past history that needed no enforcing. We had been accustomed to talk of the Twelfth Ward as holding control of elections, but we had done so more in jest than in earnest, and had passed it by with little thought. But now it was plain that there had been no occasion for jest. Not a single man, I believe, but was convinced that there had never been one honest election in San Francisco. We saw how completely we had been at the mercy of the class of men who had ruled us. We saw that the pistol that had murdered James King of William, though fired by a single man, had been really a representative weapon, and Casey only the agent of a class of men who must go down, before justice, right, and law could prevail. We saw that a total subversion must be made, and that nothing short of it would be of any service. We saw that the might of the strong arm, though nominally in opposition to law as contained in the statute books, must be our protection, and our assurance of peace and quietness. We saw that, without doubt, the Vigilance Committee must hold the city in absolute control, until such time as a regular election, held in conformity with the written statutes, could place in power a body of public offi-

cers who would rule in justice and in the fear of God. These were the thoughts then, and that was the work done in the ensuing months.

On the following Monday, June 2d, an attempt was made by the Law and Order Party to hold a great open air meeting on the plaza. Their organ, the "Herald," had constantly asserted that the spirit of the people of San Francisco was overwhelmingly opposed to the usurpations and tyranny of the Vigilance Committee, and would soon sweep them out of existence. Only a few days earlier, one of their leaders boasted that as soon as they had organized their military companies, they would plant their cannon at the corners of the streets, and take possession of the city. The meeting just mentioned had been largely advertised, flaming placards had been widely distributed, and as these notices contained a request that the Vigilance Committee and their friends would remain outside the plaza fence, it was easy to see how many Law and Order men were really in attendance. At two o'clock, the hour for the meeting, less than two hundred and fifty persons were within the plaza, while the streets around it, Clay, Kearny, and Washington, with Brenham Place, were perfectly thronged, and must have held five thousand persons at least; and among those inside I failed to see a single man of really high standing in the community. Violent speeches were made, but they met with only derisive laughter and cheers from the outsiders, and the entire affair was a complete fiasco.

The same may be said of their attempts at military organization. Nothing ever came of it, and there is no probability that they could ever have mustered a force of six hundred men, notwithstanding that they were backed by the proclamation of Governor Johnson, which ordered all companies of State Militia to report themselves for service to General Sherman, and hold themselves subject to his orders, so long as the proclamation remained in force.

William T. Sherman was at that time manager of the banking house of Lucas, Turner & Co., and was General in command of

the second division of the State Militia. It seems, perhaps, singular, knowing the man as his subsequent history has brought us to know him, that he should, from the first, have thrown his influence in favor of the Southern party, as supported by Governor Johnson. But it was only for a brief period. When he saw the character of the men who composed the Vigilance Committee, saw also the total failure of the people to sympathize with the Law and Order Party, or to arm for their defense, and, perhaps, more particularly saw the nature and the size of that meeting on the plaza, he withdrew from all connection with them; and rather than allow himself to be drawn into any overt acts in support of the Governor's frantic attempts to embroil the Vigilance Committee with the State authorities, he promptly resigned his commission as General in command, and withdrew from all further activity.

In strong contrast with that gathering on the plaza, of June 2d, was a meeting of the friends of the Vigilance Committee, in front of the Oriental Hotel, on the afternoon of June 14th. The large open space which then existed at the junction of Bush and Market Streets, and on which the balconies of the hotel opened, was packed as solidly as men could stand. How many thousand, I am afraid to say. The meeting was not at all the work of the Vigilance Committee. None of their leading men were the leaders or the officers of the meeting. It was engineered by those who had not joined the Committee as a body, but who sympathized fully with their actions, and who wished publicly to say so. Colonel Balie Peyton was president. I mention the names of some of the vice presidents, and any old Californian knows that H. M. Naglee, Felix Woodworth, Daniel Gibb, Thomas C. Hambly, Abel Guy, Lafayette Maynard, Louis McLane, Samuel Hensley, John Sime, and Gustave Touchard represented the best and most exalted classes to be found in San Francisco. In wealth, in intellect, in moral and social standing, they were the men who could not *afford* to support a public movement that was not aiming and striving for the highest welfare of the

community, and as such for the solid establishment and maintenance of the power of statute law, from the full exercise of which we had been so long debarred. The speeches were moderate in tone, they were cool and argumentative, and tended to enlighten the minds of many as to the work that must of necessity yet remain to be performed.

During all this time, the executive council had been laying broad and sure the foundations for a complete reform. The first thing was to so strengthen their position that they could resist any force which could by any possibility be brought against them. They fortified their headquarters in Sacramento Street with artillery, making a firm, solid rampart, with embrasures for the guns, on which, as well as on the summit of the building, sentinels paced their beat as regularly as any other fortress. This rampart was built of sacks filled with sand, and the whole was often designated Fort Gunnybags. It retained its features for about three months.

The Committee, at the very first, perceived that the only course of true wisdom was to rid the community of the swarms of villains who had so long held sway. The Vigilance police arrested them, one after another, as rapidly as possible. They were so well known that there was small difficulty in finding them, so long as they remained in the city; large numbers, however, made their escape with all speed, for they knew their own crimes, and they fled for their lives. The committee sent letters of warning to many, giving them a certain limit of time in which to leave the State. Others they seized and held in custody till judicial action could be taken. None of these, it was found, could be *legally* proved guilty of murder by any evidence accessible to the Committee, though the moral proofs of such criminality were overwhelming. These it was decided to send away by force. One of them, the noted prize fighter, known as Yankee Sullivan, committed suicide in his cell, doubtless knowing himself guilty of crimes deserving death; which penalty, however, it is quite probable he, like the others, might have escaped, from lack of legal proof. The first detachment



of those thus banished, being six of the most noted of their class, individuals well known to every one, Billy Mulligan, Charley Duane, Billy Carr, Martin Gallagher, Woolly Kearney, and Edward Bulger, were sent away by the Panama steamer of June 5. It was not judged prudent at that early date to do it publicly, for fear of commotion, and they were embarked quietly, after the steamer had left the wharf. But very different was the action in relation to the next detachment, July 5. Before that time, the power and authority of the Committee had become so perfectly and so solidly established, that they were taken to the steamer "John L. Stephens," as publicly as any other passengers. It was well known that they were to go, and I saw them walking about the deck of the steamer, among the crowd, before their departure, apparently unnoticed and unguarded. A strong detachment of Vigilance Committee soldiers had been detailed to be present on the wharf, and superintend their deportation. Each man thus exiled had received from No. 33, Secretary, official notice that if he ever returned to the State, it would be at the peril of his life. Nor did any of them ever do it until, in December, the order of banishment was formally rescinded by the executive.

An outbreak occurred June 22d, which almost equaled in its fiery excitement the days of the initial week. Sterling Hopkins had been ordered by the executive council to bring before them Reuben Maloney. In attempting to make the arrest, Hopkins was stabbed by David S. Terry, Judge of the Supreme Court. Terry and the men who were with him, including Maloney, ran for refuge to the armory of the Blues, on the northeast corner of Dupont Street and Jackson. The alarm was given by rapid and heavy blows on the triangle at headquarters. I was in the upper part of the city at the moment, and did not hear it, but a man who chanced to be close at hand told me that not half a dozen blows had been struck, before the sounds that he heard from Front Street seemed to him like the firing of a volley. It was the hurried closing

of the iron doors and shutters of the warehouses and stores, as each man dropped business, seized his arms, and hurried to the muster. No man knew when, if ever, his doors would be opened again, but the first man who held back at the summons has yet to be found.

I was coming down Washington Street, and the first token I had of the alarm was the sight of a Vigilance company approaching on the double quick, and each man making his very best time; other companies were rushing on after them. I fell in and ran with the first. As we reached the armory, I saw a noted politician, the naval agent, Dick Ashe, on the second story balcony, declaiming violently. All I heard was, "I am glad I did it. I would do it again," as he stepped inside and slammed the iron shutters behind him. In less than twenty minutes we had 4,000 men drawn up, inclosing the entire block, and in a very few minutes more we had taken out from the armory the Law and Order men who had fled to it, and they were on their way to 105½ Sacramento Street.

The city was at once in a whirl, and for days the excitement was intense. If Hopkins had died, Judge Terry would, beyond question, have been hanged. But the result of the wound was doubtful for weeks in succession, and as during this time the position and power of the Committee had become so fully established that they could afford to exercise leniency, Terry was eventually set at liberty after his victim had completely recovered. Charges were freely made against the executive council, that the official position of the criminal served to protect him, that a man of less note would have been severely punished, etc. Whether there was justice in such charges, I do not feel that I am called on to express an opinion.

I pass over now a space of about a month. All active power was quietly and peacefully in the hands of the committee. Never was a city in better order or in the enjoyment of a more perfect state of security and tranquility. The ordinary courts of law, even to the police court, were in session as usual, no one

interfering with them. The streets at night were perfectly still and free from disturbance. I no longer thought of a pistol as a thing required at any hour of the night, as I might be out on professional service; the only sound that I could hear was the tramp of a horse of a vigilance patrol, who would ride up until he recognized me, and pass on. Drinking shops were closed at midnight or earlier, and even when they were open, no noise came from them. Bad men were in dread of the strong hand; good men rejoiced in it. During this time, the opposition of the Law and Order Party was steadily manifesting itself less and less; not that they felt any the less bitterness in the matter, but that they saw only too plainly to be mistaken that their sun had set, and the conviction was very strong with them that it would never rise again: and the result has shown that they judged correctly.

An outbreak of violence occurred July 24, which however, instead of creating alarm, only served to show the firm hold of the Committee, and the strong contrast between their government and that under which we had previously been living. A savage murder was committed, in open daylight, in the public office of the St. Nicholas Hotel, on Sansome Street. Dr. Andrew Randall, a well known and wealthy land-owner, was shot dead by Joseph Hetherington. The quarrel was a sharp one, arising from a dispute as to the title to a certain piece of real estate. In the quarrel and the murder there was nothing special; nothing more than what may and does occur frequently in any community—a fierce return for an imagined or a real injury. The point of interest to us is the promptness and the sharpness with which justice was rendered for the crime. Hetherington was at once arrested by a city policeman, but was surrendered readily by him to the Vigilance officers, on order from the executive; put immediately on trial, which proceeded with due formality; was found guilty, sentenced to death, and hanged, in accordance with that sentence, on the 29th, five days from the date of the murder. On the same scaffold with him, and at the same

time, was hanged Charles Brace, who had committed a murder outside the city, been arrested by the Vigilance Committee, tried, and sentenced to death, just before Hetherington's crime.

This was the last act of retributive justice found necessary by the Committee during the months of its active and public existence. Its work was now very nearly ended; ended, because no further need remained for its interference with the ordinary routine of affairs. The feeling of satisfaction with the work accomplished was so far universal as to entirely sway the community; for those who were in heart against the Committee refrained from movement. The better element of the population throughout the city felt that they were living under a good government, and that it was in our power to perpetuate it, in due and statutory form. The season was approaching for the regular election of city officers. It was proposed and discussed freely for several weeks, to nominate for the entire ticket men in whom we could have full confidence, not only for ability but for honesty of purpose and of action, without the slightest regard for their present or past political alliances. And it was done. Republican and Democrat had disappeared, and what was designated the People's Ticket had taken their place. The primary elections were held August 23th, and the remark was freely and no doubt truly made, "That is the first honest primary ever held in San Francisco."

The election that duly followed placed the city government in the hands of the People's Party, by a majority so very great that it might almost have been called a unanimous vote. And it may be remarked in passing, that their rule was so judicious, economical, and uniformly prudent, that very few changes were made in the three years ensuing. For city officers, the People's ticket met small opposition. For national, and mostly for State matters, men followed their former party lines, but ignored them on home affairs. By and by, of course, party leaders strove hard to break up this state of things, and to whip into the party traces all



whom they could reach ; and as it was now plain that the days of old had passed forever, and that elections were fairly made as in any other city, party lines took their places, and all were content to have it so. And it is simply a fact, that from that day to this there has been no city of its size in the United States that could point with more pride to its municipal management than could San Francisco.

And I say distinctly, and with entire confidence, that all of this is fairly due and to be credited to the Vigilance Committee of 1856, and that without the events of that memorable week in May which we have been considering, and the consecutive events belonging to it, no such security to life and property, no such prosperity to the city, no such solid and enduring establishment of law, *statute law*, in all its forms, and realities, and perfection, could have ever been secured. We broke the law in order to establish the law, and I may say that we did it thoroughly and completely.

Just before the election that placed the People's Party in power, the Vigilance Committee ceased its public manifestations, for it was plain that they were no longer needed. It was held to be advisable to make a full parade of the forces under command, as a final display, a grand military festival, and it was done. The day was August 18. Something over 4000 men were under arms ; and when the men were dismissed that night, they were no longer Vigilance Committee soldiers, except in enrollment and in readi-

ness to respond to call—which fortunately has never since been required for active service.

One act more needs mention. The edict of banishment against those who had been sent away was formally rescinded by the executive council December 7th, and the banished men were free to return if they so chose. It was well known that their day for doing injury had gone. Some of these came ; most of them did not. Those who did, lived the lives that such men are apt to live, and some of them have already died the deaths of violence that such men are apt to die ; but their rowdy and riotous doings were nothing more than they would have been in New York or Boston.

It may naturally be asked, whether the leaders of the Committee have ever suffered, judicially or otherwise, for their notorious infractions of the nominal law. Various attempts were certainly made to find indictments against them, and suits for damages were instituted by some of those that had been sent out of the country. It is not necessary to follow these in detail. Suffice it to say that they all, one after another, in due succession, passed out of existence, and nothing was accomplished by them. The worthy and respected citizens who led the movement, known and acknowledged by all, remained worthy and respected still. Part of them yet live to enjoy the fruits of honorable service, and part of them, during these thirty years, have crossed the river to the other shore.

W. O. Ayres.

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### "HEAD US OFF, AND THEN CORRAL US!"

A SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA INCIDENT, AND THE MORAL THEREOF.

"Long John" was a shiftless rancher,  
 Ever in a peck of trouble,  
 Laughing-stock throughout the valley,  
 From the swampers to the townsmen,  
 From the herders to the beemen,  
 Laughing-stock, called rattle-pated,  
 Yet a right good fellow rated.

Once Long John a mateless steer had.  
 "Just my luck to have an odd one;  
 Goodness, boys, it looks a tough one!"  
 So he said when he would train it,  
 Train the wild, cantankerous creature  
 Meekly in the yoke to follow.  
 And, in mood of reckless daring,  
 Greatly bothered with his training,  
 Once John put *his* neck the yoke in;  
 "Whoop!" he said, "Just gee-up, will yer?  
 Bet-yer-life, I'll break or kill yer!"

Much astonished was the bovine,  
 Never mated yet with biped,  
 Never yoked with talking creature;—  
 Snorted, plunged, then eyed John wildly;  
 Plunged and snorted, then to gallop  
 Set his hoofs at furious measure.  
 O'er the ground he went like blazes,  
 Dragging John, all willy-nilly,  
 Through the cactus as 'twere fox-tail,  
 Through the river's willow thickets,  
 Reeds and guatemote tangles,  
 Scattering rabbits like a whirlwind,  
 Sending sneaking coyotes kiting;—  
 Long John meanwhile loudly shouting,  
 "Haw! Gee! there, you flying devil!  
 Save me neighbors, from this evil!  
 Head us off and then corral us!  
 Blast it all! you *must* corral us!"

O, I've often laughed while thinking  
 Of that wild and curious frolic,  
 'Twas in March as best I reckon;  
 I was mowing my alfalfa,  
 When I heard the strangest uproar,  
 Saw those queer yoke-fellows coming,  
 Steer a-kicking and a-running,  
 John a-stumbling and a-bawling,  
 "Head us off and then corral us!  
 Damn it! Why don't you corral us?"

Well, we managed to corral them;  
 Rounded-up those green yoke-fellows  
 And released them from their bondage.  
 But John was a broke-up creature—  
 Groaning, though, as usual, joking:  
 "Boys, don't never yoke with four legs;  
 Mighty scrimpy chance has two legs;  
 Thunder! after sech a shakin'  
 I swear off on lone steer-breakin!"



Now I'm nothing of a preacher,  
 But if I could make a sermon—  
 I have often thought it over—  
 For a text I'd take that saying :  
 "Head us off and then corral us !"

Human nature is so various,  
 Such an ethnologic see-saw,  
 Queer, hereditary hodge-podge,  
 Man can never tell 'exactly  
 Where his weakness or his strength lies ;  
 Cannot tell what traits lie dormant  
 Waiting for a chance to waken,  
 Waiting till the steps be taken  
 Which shall rouse them from their torpor,  
 Rouse and goad them on to action.

So man ever should be careful,  
 Lest the evil of his nature,  
 Lest the lowest of his passions,  
 Come to be his tyrant-master ;  
 Master of his thoughts and purpose,  
 Tyrant over all his being,  
 Leading him by ways he likes not,  
 Making him do that he would not,  
 Forcing him to acts so wicked  
 That his very self revolts him.

Should we reach a pass so desperate,  
 Should our burdens grow all grievous,  
 And our yoke be sore and heavy,  
 Then let all that is within us  
 Send this prayer to powers above us  
 (Contrite, humbled midst our vileness,  
 By the glory of divineness)—  
 Breathe this prayer for help and rescue :  
 "Save, O save me from this bondage,  
 From this cruel, wild yoke-fellow,  
 Dragging me thro' ways so shameful,  
 Thro' this moral cactus jungle,  
 Haunt of sin and haunt of sorrow,  
 Bar, oh bar the way before us,  
 "Head us off and then corral us!"

*A E. Towner.*

## CHATA AND CHINITA.

## A NOVEL OF MEXICAN LIFE.

## VI.

AND thus, in that remote *hacienda*—a little world in itself, of all the mingled elements of wealth and poverty, of power and subjection, which make up the different social spheres—began a drama, which, though passing under scores of eyes, was beheld by but few; and even by them its tragic element was only dimly understood or recognized. To ordinary minds, the outward display of grief, the wildness of despair, are necessary to their comprehension, and here neither was seen; nature and education controlled the elder woman, nature alone the younger. To this daughter of countless Castilian ancestors, Herlinda Garcia, it was natural to suffer in silence. Grief chilled her blood to ice, as love had heated it as by volcanic fires. Between her mother and herself there was a perfect understanding, though no words were spoken. In this, unconsciously to herself, the force of custom and education guided Herlinda. Though once, under powerful influence, she had cast off the ascendancy of her mother, which tradition renders in Mexico as absolute to the unmarried woman as that of her God, and which even the authority of her husband never entirely supplants, it became in her desolation again paramount; and thus without question, without conscious struggle, she waited for her mother to take the initiative. John Ashley was dead, her heart was dead, crushed beneath its load of woe—what mattered it whether Herlinda Garcia or the wife of Ashley was the victim?

For more than six months the loose sand had blown hither and thither over John Ashley's grave. Straining her eyes upon clear days, Herlinda could distinguish the spot in a corner of the unfenced, unkempt grave-yard upon the hill-side, where the uncoffined

dead of the work-people were laid to rest, in the close embrace of their mother earth; and so John Ashley had been laid, carried in procession by the entire population of men, women, and children, leaving only Pedro, the gate keeper, and the immediate family of Doña Isabel in the wide valley, whence went the people with lighted tapers, weeping and lamenting, and to which they returned talking and laughing, with but a remembrance of grief to give zest to the days of idleness and revelry which it was inevitable would follow upon the horror and gloom that for a few short hours had reigned supreme. Not a sound had escaped Herlinda, as from the windows of her mother's room she had watched the funeral procession; intuitively she had guessed the time it would issue from the gates of the reduction works, and her mother had placed no restraint upon her movements. Through the clear atmosphere of the May day she could distinguish perfectly the very lineaments of her beloved, as he lay, stretched upon a wide board, surrounded by flowering boughs, his fair curls resting upon the greenery, his hands clasped above his breast. Mademoiselle La Croix burst into tears, and threw herself upon her knees. Herlinda sank upon hers, to watch with burning eyes the slow procession, with the prostrate form upborne before; and when it became lost to view amid the throng that encircled the open grave, she sank to the floor with such a moan as only woe itself can utter—a moan that seemed the outcome of a maddened brain and a bursting heart.

Since that day, the common people declared that death, unsatisfied with one victim, had brooded over the house. The rains that followed upon the early days of sunshine had not fallen with their accustomed force, and instead of flooding the wa-



ter-courses, and carrying away the accumulated impurities of months, had but moistened and stirred the infected mud of the arroyos, and set loose the fevers that lingered in their depths. It was a year of much sickness among the poor, and at the great house the much beloved Herlinda grew daily paler and more fragile, consumed as by inward fever; while Mademoiselle La Croix fell a victim to one of the first attacks of typhoid, which presently became a scourge through the valley.

Doña Isabel had announced her intention of replacing the director of the reduction works, but time went on, and in the general consternation produced by the epidemic nothing was done. There was much sickness at the works; many of the most experienced hands died; and one day when the man in charge was at the crisis of the fever, the men who were not incapacitated from illness went by common consent to the *tienda*, to stupefy themselves with aguardiente and mescal; and Doña Isabel, who was fearlessly passing from one poor hovel to another, aiding the *curandera* and the priest in their offices, ordered the mules to be taken from the *tortas*, and the whims to be stopped. And so, as the masses half mixed lay upon the floors, they gradually dried and hardened; and as the great stone wheels ceased to turn in the beds of broken ores, so for years upon years they remained; and the works at Tres Hermanos gradually fell into ruin, a fit haunt for the ghost which, as years went by, was said to haunt their shades.

But this was long afterward, and when the memory of the handsome and hapless youth had become almost a myth, mingled with the thousand tales of blood which the fluctuating fortunes of years of civil war made as common as terrible. Through the struggle with the Americans this fertile spot had been singularly free from the terror and disorder that had affected the greater part of the country; and even in the domestic anarchy that had followed, though sharing the excitement of party feeling, the actual demands of strife had never invaded it. But quick upon the typhoid, when the *peones* who had been

spared began to think of repairing their half-ruined hovels, many of them were summoned from them with scant ceremony. Don Julian Garcia appeared at the hacienda, his uniform glittering with gold braid, buttons, and lace, the trappings of his horse more gorgeous even than his own dress. He was raising a troop to join his old commander Santa Anna, who had returned in triumph to the land from which he had been banished. At the sight of him, all Don Julian's animosity to the Americans had burst forth anew—he, at least, had not forgotten Palo Alto, or Buena Vista, or Angostura, or worse still, Pueblo, where traitors had made the town of angels the town of demons, the town of Judas himself.

Don Julian was uncertain in his politics, but not in his hatreds. He heard the tale of the murder of the American with complacency; the taking off of one of the heretics seemed to him natural enough—it was scarcely worth a second thought; certainly not a pause in his work of collecting troops. If Doña Isabel had writhed under wounded patriotism as he had done, the American would never have had an opportunity of finding so honorable a service in which to die. Evidently the grudge of some bold patriot, this. What would you? Mexicans were neither sticks nor stones!

Herlinda heard and trembled; a faint hope, a half formed resolve, had wakened in her breast, when she had heard of the arrival of Don Julian. He was a distant cousin, a man of some influence in the family. She remembered him as more frank and genial than others of her kindred. An impulse to break the seal of silence came over her, as she heard his voice ringing through the window, and the clank of his spurs upon the stairs; but the impulse was checked by the first distinct utterance of his lips, which, like all that followed, was a denunciation of the perfidious, the insatiable, the licentious and heretic Americans. For the first time, to the indifference with which she had regarded the desirability of establishing her position, was added a sensation of fear. What had been in her mind an

undefined and incomplete idea of the anger and scorn which her mesalliance would cause among her family connections, assumed the proportions of a treason. The words which at the first opportunity she would have spoken died upon her lips, and she became once more impassive, unresisting, cold, waiting what time and fate should bring.

And time passed on unflinchingly, and fate was unrelenting. Carmen, after a slight attack of fever, had been sent to some relative in G—, and there she still remained. Doña Isabel's household consisted only of herself, Herlinda, and the aged priest, her cousin Don Francisco de Sales, who, though in his dotage, still at long intervals read mass in the chapel, baptized infants, and muttered prayers over the dying or dead, not the less sincere because he who breathed them himself stood so far within the shadow of the tomb. The old man was kindly in his senility, and spent long hours dozing in the chair of the confessional, while penitents whispered in his ear their faults and sins, for which they never failed to obtain absolution, little imagining that the placid mind of the old man, even when by chance he was awake, dwelt far more upon the scenes of his youth than the follies and wickedness of the present. Sometimes he babbled harmlessly of days long past, even of sights and doings far from clerical; but the priestly habit was second nature, and if he heeded the confidences reposed in him, even in his weakest moments they never escaped his lips. To him Herlinda was free to go and disburden her mind, complying with the regulations of her church, and finding relief to her troubled soul; to him, too, Doña Isabel resorted; and these two women with their tale of woe, which, as often as repeated, escaped his memory, roused faintly within his heart an echo of the pain which he uneasily and confusedly remembered dwelt in the world from which he was gliding into the peace beyond.

Sometimes at the table, or as he sat with them in the corridor—he in the sunshine, they in the shade—he looked at them with puzzled enquiry in his gaze, which changed to mild satisfaction at some caress or fond

word; for this gentle old man was tenderly beloved, and with a sort of superstitious reverence; even Doña Isabel attributed a special sanctity to his blessing, looking upon him as an automaton of the Church, which without consciousness of its own would—certain springs of emotion being touched—respond with admonition or blessing, fraught with all the authority of the Supreme Power. Doña Isabel, as a devout Romanist, had ever been scrupulous in the observances of her church, submitting to the spiritual functions of the clergy absolutely, while she detested and openly protested against their licentiousness and greed, and their pernicious interference in worldly affairs; and therefore throughout her life, and especially during her widowhood, she had studiously avoided the more popular clergy, and had sought the oracle of duty through some clod of humanity, who, though dull, should be at least free from vices; choosing by preference one of her own family to be the repository of her secrets, and the judge of her motives and actions. Unconsciously to herself, while outwardly, and even to her own conscience, fulfilling the requirements of her church, she had moulded them to her own will; which, in justice let it be said, had often proved a wise and loyal one. In a word, Doña Isabel Garcia, with exceptional powers within her grasp, had skillfully and astutely freed herself from those trammels which might at the present crisis have forced her into a diametrically opposite course from that which she had determined to pursue; or would at least have forced her to acknowledge to her own mind the doubtful nature of deeds that she now suffered herself to look upon as meritorious. For years, unconsciously, she had given their coloring to the judgments of her spiritual adviser, as the Padre Francisco was called, and it was not to be supposed that she should cavil now, when with complacent alacrity he had echoed yea to her yea, and nay to her nay—and as she left him, had sunk back into his chair with a faint wonder at a tale, to forget it in his next slumber, until recalled to him by the anguished outpourings of Herlinda, for whom he found



no words of guidance, other than those which throughout his life he had given to young maidens in distress, the commendable ones, "Do as your mother directs"; though, as he listened to her words, the tears would pour down his cheeks, and pitying phrases fall from his trembling lips. And poor Herlinda would be comforted by his simple, human sympathy, even weeping perhaps, for at such times the blessed relief of tears was given her, but finding in her darkness no light, either human or divine.

Had Mademoiselle La Croix lived, she would doubtless have received from her the impetus to throw herself upon the pity and protection of her cousin Don Julian, which in spite of his prejudices, he could scarce have refused her; for the governess, though she was at first stunned and terrified by the knowledge of the invalidity of the marriage, was no coward, and would have braved much to reinstate the girl she had, through compassion, and—she was with a pang obliged to own—through cupidity, aided to bring into a false position. But she had scarcely recovered her bewildered senses, the more bewildered by the incomprehensible calm of Doña Isabel, when she was attacked by fever; to which, though attended with extreme care by Feliz, the most skilled servants, and even Doña Isabel herself, she succumbed, a month before the appearance of the doughty warrior, who with all his bluster would not have appalled her or deterred her from urging Herlinda to lay before him the matter, whose vital importance the stunned young creature failed to comprehend.

Later it burst upon her, but it was then too late. Don Julian had marched away with his troops. She was alone: no help, no counselor near. Alone,—ah no; there were human creatures near, who could behold, and suspect, and shake the head. Herlinda awoke to the shame of her position, as a bird in a net, striving to fly, first learns its danger. Oh! God, where should she fly? Were these careless, laughing women as unconscious as they seemed? Where might she hide herself from these languid, soft eyes, which suddenly might become hard

and cruel with intelligence. Herlinda drew her reboso around her, and with flushing cheek traversed the shadiest corridors in her necessary passages from room to room; her eyes, large with apprehension, burned beneath her downcast lids. Every day she grew more restless, more beautiful. She walked for hours in the walled garden, where the servants never walked. They began to whisper that the tyranny of Santa Anna, and the resistance it aroused, were secretly stealing the gaiety and buoyancy of Herlinda's youth, for they kept from her side the playmate of her childhood, her lover Vicente Gonzales. Feliz smiled when a garrulous servant spoke thus one day, but ten minutes later entered the room of Doña Isabel.

The next morning it was known that the Señorita Herlinda was to have change, was to go to the capital, that Mecca to all Mexicans. Doña Isabel and Feliz were to accompany her. The *dependientes* wondered, and shook their heads wisely. They had heard wild tales of the political factions that rendered the city unsafe to woman as to man. Santa Anna's brief dictatorship had ended in trouble. Still, in that remote district nothing was known with certainty, and these bucolic minds were not given to many conjectures upon the motives or movements of their superiors. If anything would arouse surprise, it was the fact that the ladies were not to travel by private carriage, as had been the custom of the Garcias from time immemorial, attended by a numerous escort of armed rancheros; but being driven to the nearest post where the public diligence was to be met, were to proceed by it most contentedly upon their way. This aroused far more discussion than the fact of the journey itself; though it was unanimously agreed that if Doña Isabel could force herself to depart from the accustomed dignity of the family, and indeed, preserve a slight incognito upon the road, her chances of making the journey in safety would be greatly increased.

Her resolve once made it was acted upon instantly, no time being allowed for news of

her departure, to give the bandits who infested the road opportunity to plan the *plajío*, or carrying off, of so rich a prize as Doña Isabel Garcia and her daughter would have proved. And thus, early one November morning, when the whole earth was covered with the fresh greenness called into growth by the rainy season which had just passed, and the azure of a cloudless sky hung its perfect arch above the valley, seeming to rest upon the crown-like circlet of the surrounding hills, Herlinda passed through the crowd of dependents, who, as usual on such occasions, gathered at the gates to see the travelers off. Doña Isabel, who was with her, was affable, and smiled and nodded to the men, and murmured farewell words to the nearest women; but it was not until Herlinda was seated in the carriage that she threw back the rebozo which she had drawn to her very eyes, and it was seen that her face was deadly pale. As she leaned out gazing lingeringly around, half sadly, half naughtily, with the proud curve of the lip—though it quivered—which made all the more striking her general resemblance to her beautiful mother—a thrill, they knew not what, or why, ran through the throng. For a moment there was a profound silence, in the midst of which the aged priest raised his hand in blessing. Suddenly a flash of memory, a gleam of inspiration came over him; he turned aside the hand of Doña Isabel, which had been extended in farewell, and laid his own upon the bowed head of her daughter. “Fear not, my daughter,” he said, “thou art blessed. Though I shall see thee no more, my blessing, and the blessing of God shall be with thee!”

The old man turned away, leaning heavily upon Doña Rita, the wife of the administrator, who led him tenderly away, and a few moments later he was sitting smiling at her side, while without were heard the farewell cries of the women. “Que Dios le acompañe a Ud. Niña! Que vuelve Ud pronto! Adios Niña, more beautiful than our patron saint! Adios, and joy be with thee!” And in the midst of such good wishes, and as Herlinda still leaned from

the window, a smile upon her lip, her hand waving a farewell, the carriage drove away, and the people dispersed; only Pedro, the gate keeper, standing motionless in the shadow of the great door-post, his eyes riveted on the sands at his feet, but seeing only the glance of agony, of warning, of entreaty, which had darted from Herlinda’s eyes, and seemed to scorch his own.

## VII.

THOUGH Herlinda Garcia had forced a smile to her lips as she left, perhaps forever, the house where she was born, as the carriage was driven rapidly across the fertile valley, her eyes remained fixed with melancholy, even despairing, intensity upon the walls, wherein she had learned in her brief experience in life much that combines to make up the sum of woman’s wretchedness.

She had ever been an imaginative child, even before she had attained the age of seven years, at which she had been taught to consider herself a reasoning, responsible being; she had been conscious of vague feelings and desires, which had in a measure separated her from her family and the people who surrounded her, and had set her in sullen opposition to the aimless and inane occupations which served to wile away days that her eager nature longed to fill with action. She was not conscious of any especial direction into which she would have thrown her energies, but she was most keenly conscious that she possessed them, and early rebelled against the petty tasks that curbed and strove to stifle them—such tasks as the embroidering of capes and stoles, or drawing of threads from fine linen, to be replaced with intricate stitches of needle work, to form the decoration of altar cloths, or the garments of the waxen Lady of Sorrows above the altar in the Chapel, or of the Virgin of Guadalupe in the great *sala*; as she did also against the endless repetition of prayers, for which she needlessly turned the leaves of her well thumbed breviary. How she had longed for freedom to run with the peasant children



over the fields! how many hours she had hung over the iron railing of her mother's balcony, and gazed upon the far hills and wondered what sort of world lay in the blue beyond.

Sometimes she had attempted to talk to Vicente Gonzales of these things when he came from the city, privileged, as the son of an old friend, and the scion of a wealthy and influential family, to form an early intimacy with the pretty child, whom later he would meet but in her mother's presence with all the restrictions of Spanish etiquette. Herlinda had always liked the proud, handsome boy, but he was far slower in mental development than she, and could only laugh at her fancies. And so as they grew older, and he in secret grew more fond, she had become indifferent, restlessly longing for an expansion of her contracted and aimless existence, yet finding no promise in the prospects of war, and political strife, which began to allure Gonzales, and in which she could not hope to take part; and to sit a spectator was not in the nature of Herlinda. Her mother delighted to watch the fray, to counsel and direct—it was perhaps this trait in Doña Isabel's character that, while it awakened her daughter's admiration, chafed and fretted her, checking the natural expression of her lively and energetic spirit, as the cold and even dignity of her manner repressed the affections which lay ardent within her, waiting but the magnetic touch of a responsive nature.

Such an one was not to be found within her home; all were cold, preoccupied, absorbed in the everyday affairs of life. Sometimes, when by chance she caught a glimpse of the repressed inner nature of Doña Feliz, the mother of the administrador, she would feel for a moment drawn toward her; but although all her life she had lived beneath the same roof with her, there had occurred no special circumstance to draw them into intimacy, or in any way lessen the barrier that difference in age and position raised between them—for perhaps in no part of the world are the subtle differences of caste so clearly recognized and so closely observed,

as in those little worlds, the Mexican *haciendas de campo*.

Sometimes, in her unhappiest moods, when her unrest became actual pain, and resolved itself into a vague but real feeling of grief, Herlinda thought of her father, in her heart striving to idealize what was but an uncertain memory of an elderly, formal mannered man, handsome according to the type of his race—sharp featured, eagle eyed, but small of stature, with small effeminate hands, which Herlinda could remember she used to kiss, in the respectful salutation with which she had been taught to greet him. He had died when Herlinda was eight years old, just after the second daughter, Carmen, was born; and though Doña Isabel seldom mentioned him, it was understood that she had loved him deeply, and for his sake lived the life of semi-isolation which her age, her beauty, her talents, and wealth seemed to combine to render an unnatural choice. As she grew older, even Herlinda began to wonder, and sometimes repine, at this utter separation from the world of which in a hurried visit to the city of G— she had once caught a glimpse. Especially was this the case after the arrival of Mademoiselle La Croix, who was lost in wonder that any one should voluntarily resign herself to exile even in so lovely a spot; and although she opened for Herlinda a new world in the studies to which she directed her, they were rather of an imaginative than logical kind, and stimulated those faculties which should rather have been repressed; while personally she answered no need in the frank yet repressed and struggling nature of her pupil.

These had been the conditions under which she had met John Ashley, and we know with what result. As the tiny stream rushes into the river, and is carried away by its force, their waters mingling indistinguishably, so the mind, the very soul of Herlinda felt the power of that perfect sympathy which in the few short words uttered in the pauses of a dance (for they had first met at G—) and the expressive glances of his eyes, she believed herself to have found in the mind and heart of the alien, a man in her mother's

employ, one whom ordinarily she would have treated with perfect politeness, but would have thought of as set as far apart from her own life as though they were beings of a separate order of creation. The fact that he was a handsome young man would primarily have had no effect upon Herlinda, though undoubtedly it served to render to her mind more natural and delightful the ascendancy which, in spite of all obstacles, he rapidly gained over her entire nature.

Needless it is for us to analyze the mind and character of Ashley. It is certain he loved Herlinda passionately. His entire freedom from sordid motives, and his fears of the consequences of delay, knowing as he did of the desired engagement between Herlinda and the young Vicente Gonzales, justified to his mind a course which the canons of honor would forbid, but of the legality of which he certainly had no question—the intricacies and delicacies of marriage laws having engaged no share in the attention of a somewhat adventurous youth.

This very heedlessness and activity of John Ashley's nature had formed the especial charm to Herlinda; she would have shrunk from and pondered over a more cautious nature—perhaps ended in loving, but she would never have cast aside all the traditions of her youth. It was of this she was thinking, as she leaned from the carriage window. All her life she had been like a bird in the cage. For a brief space she had seen the wide expanse of the sky opening above her, she had fluttered upward, but death had struck her down to darkness—death, which had struck the strong and loving one who would have guided and protected her! She moaned and turned her face to the corner of the carriage. An arm stole around her; it was that of Doña Feliz.

### VIII.

UPON the death of Mademoiselle La Croix, or rather, perhaps, from the time of her return to the hacienda after her ineffectual quest, Doña Feliz had virtually become

the duenna of Herlinda. Not that such an office was formally recognized or required in the seclusion of *Tres Hermanos*, but it was nevertheless true that Herlinda seldom found herself alone, even in the walled garden; though she paced its narrow paths without companionship, she was aware that her mother or Doña Feliz lingered near; and it was this consciousness that steeled her outwardly, and forced her to restrain the passionate despair that, under other circumstances, would have burst forth to relieve the tension of mind and brain. Sometimes at night, when she believed that Feliz, who, since Carmen's departure, had occupied the adjacent room, was asleep, for a few brief moments she would yield to the demands of nature, and give way to sobs and tears, to throw herself finally prostrate before the little altar, where she kept the lamp constantly burning before the Mother of Sorrows. Thence Feliz at times raised her, and led her to her bed—chill, unresisting, more dead than alive, but putting aside the arm that would have supported her, and by mute gestures entreating to be left to her misery.

Fortunately for her reason, there were times, when, in utter exhaustion, she slept heavily and awoke refreshed; and it so happened a night or two after she had learned, by a few decisive words from her mother, of her imminent removal from *Tres Hermanos*.

She had retired early, and awoke to find the soft and brilliant moonlight flooding her chamber. Every article in the room was visible; their shadows fell black upon the tiled floor, and the lamp before the altar burned pale. A profound stillness reigned. Herlinda raised herself on her pillow, and looked around her. The scene was weird and ghostly, and she presently became aware that she was utterly alone. She listened intently—not the echo of a breath from the next room. Her heart leaped; for a moment its pulsations perplexed her; another, and she had moved noiselessly from her bed and crossed the room. She glanced into that adjoining. That too was flooded in moonlight; it shone full upon the bed. Yes it was empty. Doña Feliz



had doubtless been called to some sick person. She had left Herlinda sleeping, thinking that at that hour of the night there could be no danger in leaving her for a brief half hour alone.

In an instant these thoughts darted through Herlinda's mind, followed by a project that of late she had much dwelt upon, but had believed it impossible to realize. With trembling hands she took from her wardrobe a dress of some soft, dark stuff, and a black and gray reboso, and put them on. Without pausing a moment for thought that might deter her, she glided from the room, crossed the corridor, and descended the stairs, taking the same direction in which Ashley had gone to his death. She paused, too, at the gate, to do as he had done; for she touched the sleeping Pedro lightly upon the shoulder, at the same instant uttering his name.

The man started from his sleep affrighted—too much affrighted to cry out, for like most haciendas, Tres Hermanos had its ghost; from time to time the apparition of the *mujer triste* was seen by those about to die. Had she come to him now? His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth; he shook in every limb. The moonlight shone full in the court, but the archway was in shade: who or what was this that stood beside him, extending a white arm from its dark robes, and touching him with one slight finger? A repetition of his name restored him to his senses, and he staggered to his feet, muttering "Señorita! My Señorita, for God's sake why are you here? You will be seen! You will be recognized!"

"In the night all cats are gray," she answered, with one of those proverbs as natural to the lips of a Mexican as the breath they draw. "No one would distinguish me in this light from any of the servants; but still my words must be brief, for my absence from my room may be discovered. Pedro, I have a work to do; it has been in my mind all this time. You, you can help me!"

She clasped her hands; he thought she looked at the door, and the idea darted into his mind that she contemplated escape, or

that she had a mad desire to throw herself upon her lover's grave and die there.

"Niña! Niña, de mi vida," he said imploringly, using the form of address one might employ to a child, or some dearly loved elder, still dependent. "Go back to your chamber, I beg and implore. How can I do anything for you! How can Pedro, so worthless, so vile, do anything?"

The adjectives he applied to himself were sincere enough, for Pedro had never ceased to reproach himself for his share in the tragedy which, in spite of Doña Isabel's words, he had never really ceased to believe concerned Herlinda, though he had striven for his own peace of mind, as well as in loyalty to the Garcias, to affect a contrary opinion, until this moment, when his young mistress's appearance and appeal rendered self-deception no longer possible. Again and again he reiterated, "What can the miserable Pedro do for you?"

Apparently with an instinct of concealment, she had crouched upon the stones, and as the man stood before her, she raised her face and gazed at him with her dark eyes. How large they looked in the uncertain light; how the young face quivered and was convulsed, as her lips parted. Pedro, with an inward shrinking, expected her to demand of him the name of Ashley's murderer; but the thought of vengeance, if it ever crossed her mind, was far from it at that moment. "Yes, yes, there is perhaps something you can do for me," she said. "Men are able to do so much, while we poor women can only fold our hands, and wait, and suffer. I thought differently once. John used to laugh at what he called our idle ways; he said women were made to act as well as men. But what can I do? What would any woman do in my place? Nothing! Nothing! Nothing!"

Pedro was silent. He knew well how powerless, what a mere chattel or toy, was a young woman of his people. It seemed, too, quite natural and right to him. In this particular case the mother was acting with incomprehensible severity, but she was within her right. Even while he pitied the child,

it did not enter his mind to counsel her to combat her mother's will. He only repeated mechanically, "What can I do? What would you have your servant do?"

"Not so hard a thing," she said with a sob in her voice; "even a woman, had I one for my friend, could do this thing for me; and yet it is all I have to ask in the world. Just a little pity for my child, Pedro." She rose to her feet suddenly, and spoke rapidly. "Pedro, they say I was not truly married; they say my beautiful, golden-haired husband, my angel of light, deceived me. It is false, Pedro, all false: but they say the world will not believe me, and so I must go away; and my child, like an offspring of shame, must be born in secret, and I must submit. It will be taken from me, and I must submit. There is no help! no help!"

She spoke in a kind of frenzy, and her excitement communicated itself to Pedro. He understood, far better than she could, the motives of Dona Isabel; he did not condemn her, neither did he attempt to justify her to her daughter. He only muttered again in his stoical way, "What can I do?"

Herlinda accepted the words as they were meant, as an offer of devotion, of service. "Pedro, you can do much," she said rapidly. "You can watch over that child. Years hence, when I come to ask it, you can give me news of it. Ah, they think when they take my child from me, it will be as dead to me; but Pedro," she added in an eager whisper, "I have found what they will do. Never mind how I learned it. They will bring my child here,—here, where only the *peones* will ask a few useless questions; where there will be no person of influence to interfere. Yes, it will be brought here, and—and forgotten! but, Pedro, promise me, you will watch for it, you will protect it. Promise! Promise! Promise!"

Pedro was startled, but not incredulous. This would not be the first child that had been found at the hacienda doors, left to the charity of the señoras; more than one half grown boy, of whose parents no one knew anything, loitered in the *corrales*, and the

maid who served Doña Isabel belonged to this class.

"But how shall I know," he stammered, after he had satisfied her with the promise she desired. "True enough, it may be brought here, but how shall I know?"

Herlinda scarcely heeded his words. She was busy in taking a small reliquary from her neck. It was square, made of pale blue silk, and in no way remarkable. "See, I will put this around its neck," she said. "No one will dare remove a reliquary. There is a bit of the true cross in it. It will keep evil away—it will bring good fortune. The first day I wore it, I met John," and she added, nervously fingering the jewel at her ear, "take this, Pedro; I will put the other in the reliquary, with a prayer to San Federigo. When you see the strange child that will come here, look for these signs, and as you hope for mercy hereafter, guard the child that bears them."

She had placed in his hand a flat earring of quaint filagree work; one of the marvels of rude and almost barbaric workmanship that the untaught goldsmiths of the haciendas produce. Pedro would have returned it to her, swearing by all he held sacred to do her will; but some sound had startled her. She slipped the reliquary into her bosom, drew her reboso around her, and glided away. He saw her pass the small doorway like a spectre. He could scarcely believe that she had been there at all, that she had actually spoken to him. He crossed himself as he lost sight of her, and looked in a dazed way at the earring in his palm.

"Would to God," he muttered, "I had told Doña Isabel all the truth, as I meant to, when I went to her from the dead man's side. Why did I not tell her plainly I knew Herlinda to be the woman he had come here to meet; would she have dared then to say she was not his wife? Fool that I was; I, myself, doubted. What, doubt that sweet angel! beast! imbecile!" and Pedro flung his jorongo from him with a gesture of disgust. "And now, what would be the use, though I should trumpet abroad the whole matter? No, my hour has passed.



Doña Isabel must work her will ; I will not fail her, for only by being true can I serve her daughter. But who knows? she may be deceived ; her fears may have turned her brain. Yet, all the same, I will keep this token"; and he looked at the earring reverently, then placed it in his wallet. Two days later, when she left Tres Hermanos, he saw its fellow in Herlinda's ear, he caught the momentary glance in her dark eye, and stood transfixed.

Pedro Gomez had been a careless, idle, rollicking fellow ; thenceforward, he became grave, watchful, and crafty—the change which, had there been keen observers near, all might have noticed in the outward man, being as nothing to that from the specious fellow whom Ashley had found it an easy matter to bribe, to the conscience stricken man who stood at the gates of the great hacienda of the Garcias, cognizant of its conflicting interests, sworn to guard them ; his crafty mind inclined to Doña Isabel and the cause she represented—his heart yearning over the erring daughter.

## IX.

THE pale dawn, creeping over the hills, behind which the sun was still hidden, revealing to her accustomed sight a narrow, irregular street of adobe hovels ; a tiny church with a square tower, where the swallows were sleepily chirping ; around and behind, stray trees and patches of gardens ; upon the waste of sand, where cacti and dusty sagebrush grew, up to the hills where the pines began, a road of yellow sand, winding like a sinuous serpent over all ; two or three early loiterers, with eyes turned towards the diligence, which thus early was making its way from the night's resting place towards the distant city ;—such was the scene upon which Doña Feliz looked upon a morning early in November. She was standing in the low gateway that gave entrance to a garden overgrown with weeds and vines. These vines spread from the fig and orange trees, and half covered the ruinous walls of a house which had once, where the surroundings were so hum-

ble, ranked as an elegant mansion, but which, in truth, had served in years gone by as a temporary retreat, small but attractive, for such of the family of Garcia as desired a few days' retirement from their accustomed pursuits. Here the ladies had wandered amid the flowers, and sat under the arbors where the purple grapes clustered, and honeysuckle and jessamine mingled their rich odors ; and the gentlemen had smoked their cigarettes in luxurious ease, or sallied forth to shoot the golden plover in its season, or hunt the deer amid the surrounding hills. This had, in fact, been a *quinta*, or pleasure resort ; but since the days of revolutions and bandits, had been utterly abandoned to the rats and owls, or to the nominal care of the ragged brood who huddled together in the half ruinous kitchen ; and here the romance of Herlinda's life had been enacted.

When Doña Isabel Garcia had desired to send her daughter from the hacienda of Tres Hermanos, in order to separate her from the neighborhood of Ashley, she had at first been sadly perplexed where to send her. Should she go to her relatives in the city, it was possible that her dejected mien and unguarded words might give them a suspicion of the truth, and Doña Isabel detested gossip, particularly family gossip : besides, she looked upon Herlinda's marriage with Vicente Gonzales as certain, and dreaded lest the faintest rumor of the young girl's attachment should reach his ears, and awaken in him the slumbering demon of jealousy, which, though it might rouse him as a lover to fresh ardor only, might result in him as a husband in a tyranny which the mind of Herlinda was ill disposed to bear. In this dilemma the *quinta* at Las Parras had occurred to her. Once in her own girlhood she had visited the place, and she remembered it as a most charming sylvan retreat ; and although she knew it to be situated in the outskirts of a small hamlet scarce worthy of the name of village, and that it had been abandoned for years, its isolation and abandonment at that juncture precisely constituted its attractions ; and thither, under the care of Don Rafael, the administrator, and

Mademoiselle La Croix, Herlinda had been sent. Precautions had been taken to baffle the inquiries of Ashley as to their route and destination, which, as has been said, an accident revealed to him just when his mind was most strongly excited by the mystery which his disposition and training, as well as his love, led him to passionately resent. Hither, too, when a new and still more important need had risen, Herlinda had been brought.

Doña Isabel had been unaffectedly shocked when, after a tortuous journey by diligence, in order to evade conjecture as to their destination, they had at nightfall arrived at this deserted mansion, and had passed through the narrow door-way set in the high stone wall that surrounded the garden, and had looked upon its tangled masses of half tropic vegetation, and entered the ruin, in which only three or four small rooms opening upon the vineyard were found habitable. But in these few rooms they were safe; safe as if buried in the caves of the earth. Herlinda looked around her for familiar faces, but all she saw were strange to her. Doña Isabel had guarded against recognition of Herlinda, and even her own identity was disguised; she was known to the women and the old man who performed the work of the kitchen, and went the necessary errands, but were rigidly excluded from the private rooms, as a friend of Doña Isabel Garcia's, one Doña Carlota, whose family name awoke no interest or inquiry.

After satisfying her hungry anxiety to catch a glimpse of the servants, and finding them strangers, Herlinda made no further effort to encounter them. She was very ill after arrival, and it is doubtful whether the servants—dull, apathetic creatures—ever saw her face plainly from the day she entered the house, until that of which we speak, when Doña Feliz stood in the low doorway in the garden wall, and looked towards the diligence which appeared indistinctly, a moving monster, in the distance. She glanced back occasionally, half impatiently, half sorrowfully, to the house. Through the open door of it, presently glided Doña Isabel.

Her head was bent, her olive cheeks were

deadly pale, and she shivered as with cold, as she stepped out into the dusk of early morning—or rather late night, for it was an hour when not a creature around the place was stirring; not even the birds; and a wide-eyed cat stared at her, as she passed down the narrow walk. She held something under her black reboso, which, upon reaching Feliz, she passed to her with averted eyes.

“Take it,” she said; “Herlinda is asleep. We trust you, Feliz. I in my shame, she in her despair, we give this child to you, never to ask it of you again, never to know whether it lives or dies.”

The absolute composure with which she said these words, the absolute freedom from any tone of vindictiveness, gave to them the accent of perfect trust. There was nothing of cruelty, nothing of hesitancy, in the tone, or words, or manner, with which Doña Isabel Garcia laid in the arms of Feliz a newborn, sleeping infant, and thus separated herself and her family from the fate which, with absolute confidence, she placed in the hands of the statuesque, cold-faced woman who stood there to receive it.

But with the child in her arms a great change swept over the face of Feliz. One could not have told at a glance whether it was loathing and resentment, or an agony of pity, that convulsed her features, or all combined.

“My words are all said,” she murmured. “Herlinda is resigned. Oh, Doña Isabel, Doña Isabel, you will rue this hour. I do your will; do not blame or accuse me in the future!”

The diligence had driven through the village. To the astonishment of the idlers, it stopped before the wall that circled the half-ruined *quinta*; a woman stepped through the doorway, and was helped to her seat. She had evidently been expected. They would have been still more surprised, had they seen the woman who had waved a white hand at parting, and who turned back into the garden with a deep-drawn sigh of relief, followed by a groan that seemed to rend and distort the lips through which it came, and which she vainly strove to keep from trembling as



she entered the house, and answered the call of her awakened daughter.

What can I say of the scene that followed? What that will awaken pity, unstained with blame, for that poor creature, so powerless in that land that her sisters, in others more blessed, can not, perhaps, find it possible to put themselves in imagination in her place even for a single moment? But the captive slave can writhe; woman, the pampered toy, may

weep; and where woman was both—for even in Mexico a new era is dawning on her—she could struggle, and despair, and die; but, as Herlinda knew too well, in youth at least, she could not assert her womanhood, and make or mar her own destiny. In such a land, in such a cause, what champion would arise to beat down the iron laws of custom, that manacled and crushed her? None.

*Louise Palmer Heaven.*

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

### PETRARCH AND THE UNIVERSITIES.

*Voi ch' ascoltate in rime sparse il suono  
Di quei sospiri ond' io nudriva il cuore  
In sul mio primo giovanile errore,  
Quand' era in parte altr' uom' da quel ch' i sono;  
Del vario stile in cui piango e ragiono  
Fra le vane speranze e'l van' dolore;  
Ove sia chi per prova intenda amore,  
Spero trovar' pietù, non che perdono.  
Ma ben vegg' or, si come al popol' tutto  
Favola fui gran tempo; onde sovente  
Di me medesmo meco mi vergogno;  
E del mio vaneggiar vergogna e'l frutto,  
E'l pentirsi, e'l conoscer chiaramente,  
Che quanto piace al mondo e breve sogno.*  
—Messer Francesco Petrarca, Sonetto 1.

IT were easy to fancy that Petrarch's opinion of his love lyrics, so scornfully expressed in his introductory sonnet, if more than a false assumption of a literary modesty he was not the man to feel, was prompted only by a sentimental sense of the vanity of earthly fame; but elsewhere, and in passages that exclude all suspicion of sentimentality, he speaks still more severely of his poems in the Etruscan language, calling them "those popular songs found in my youthful works, which today I repent and blush for, altho' they are eagerly read, I observe, by persons suffering with the same disease." So in a Latin epistle he writes:

"Much, then, in sport  
The boy might write, little the man may now,  
Who is ashamed of that, feeling his soul  
Drawn unto higher things."

This is to say, that he compares the time in his life when he was composing his love-

breathing, languorous sonnets, with his later activity, and the comparison favors the latter. Many have smiled in shallow fashion at the low esteem in which Petrarch held his Italian writings, and it is true that his Latin ones, forty times as voluminous though they be, are now read by scholars alone.

By such a criterion, we could find reason to smile at the Grimm Brothers, whose German fairy tales go through innumerable editions, while their great works on Germanic language and law gather dust upon their tops in the libraries. Petrarch's real greatness lies in his having become the founder of Humanism—of that vivifying movement in the world of learning and letters coincident and concomitant to the rejuvenation of art: commonly called the Renaissance; and, less directly, to the first religious upheavals that prepared the way for the Reformation of the sixteenth century. Learning for Man not Man for Learning—this was the unconscious watchword of Humanism. Its roots struck through the arid crust of mediæval formalism deep into the rich classic soil beneath. Petrarch was right in thinking that, as the implacable and victorious enemy of the scholasticism it was destined to supersede, he had a higher and juster claim to the respect of contemporaries and posterity than as the lachrymose lover of Laura. What was the training that fitted him to be the propugner of a new epoch—in spite of which, rather, he grew to be what he was?

Before taking the sum of his utterances on the learning of his day, and its representatives in the schools, this query must have its answer.

Francesco was eleven years old, when his father, Petracco, a poor notary who had seen himself forced to flee his Florentine home, settled his family at Carpentras, a small Provençal town near the papal residence, Avignon. The boy learned at school, he tells us, "grammar, rhetoric, and dialectics, as much as is commonly learnt in school, that is to say, next to nothing." From an observation in a letter of his, on the position of a schoolmaster, we may form our estimate of the positive value of such a schooling as Francesco had enjoyed. "Let those," he says, "who can add to an unquiet indefatigability mental laziness, a moist brain, a wingless spirit, cold blood, an untiring body, an utter indifference to reputation, who are as avaricious as they are careless of their attire, engage in teaching boys. Such only are fit to keep watch over the fidgety hands, the travel-some eyes; to listen for the unintelligible murmur of lads; who enjoy the trouble, the dust, the noise, and the whimperings of the switched; men who are ashamed before men, but rejoice in authority over the little fellows they oppress and nag, satisfied to be hated by them, provided they be feared." Also young Petrarch sought and found his ideals out of school. While his schoolfellows were sticking in their grammar and *Æsop's* fables, he was encouraged by his father to read Cicero, without understanding much, if we may believe his own story, but filled with keen pleasure at the mere sonorousness of the Latin periods. Quintilian would have encouraged him in his classical studies with the assurance that whoever takes true pleasure in Cicero has made much progress.

But the boy had to think of a study that would enable him to earn his daily bread. He chose Roman law. So his father sent him to the nearest college town, Montpellier. Both the place and the institution were basking in the sunshine of prosperity, under the benign scepter of the King of Majorca. Francesco Di Petracco, as he was then

called, with unclassicized name, was matriculated at fifteen, an unusual age; for the majority were not young. Like the other French universities, this one was laid out on the plan of the older Italian schools. The oldest of these, the faculties of medicine, at Salerno, and of law, at Bologna, had come into being about A. D. 1000. From King Frederick I. of Lombardy, through the so-called *Authentica Habita* of 1158, university students had obtained the most extensive privileges of a favored class. The character of their privilege is best reflected in a paragraph of the statutes of Padua, where the rule is formulated that students are entitled to enjoy the advantages of citizenship, without being held subject to its inconveniences. At Montpellier, a medical school existed as early as 1180; a school of law is first mentioned in 1230; in 1242, the Bishop of Maguelonne accorded to the *Universitas Artistarum*, a school of the Liberal Arts, free jurisdiction over its own members. Finally, the four faculties of Canonical and Roman Law, of Medicine, and of Arts, appear in a bull of Innocent the Fourth. Of this university, the revised statutes, dated A. D. 1339, are extant, and printed in Savigny's "History of Roman Law during the Middle Ages." A perusal gives a tolerably definite notion of the conditions under which Petrarch went through his four years' curriculum, although his stay at Montpellier fell in the years 1317 to 1320.

The statutes enact that, with the exception of Sundays and feast days, or one hundred and twenty-seven holidays in the year, two morning and two afternoon hours daily shall be given to lectures on Law, Canonical, Roman, and Feudal. The lectures were altogether in Latin, and the student paid for his flood of legal learning only ten pence, or one florin, for each course; or if the professor should not insist on his full fee, whatever might be agreed upon, up to eight pence. For the rental of the lecture rooms five pence were levied in addition, from each student. Opportunity was given at very small cost for the student to obtain, for copying, or for his abstracts and extracts, the texts and glosses of all the essential law books. But it is the



disciplinary regulations that are most curious and striking to read. It was forbidden to stay away from Sunday mass; to have clothes made of expensive material or of a dashing cut; a semi-clerical garb, cut long, was considered the only becoming apparel; all games of chance were prohibited, but a qualification is given to the harsh rule—students might play for small stakes at meals, for a tonic exercise, presumably; in the last days of the carnival, students were not to break into citizens' houses to steal meat, but were, on the contrary, to betake themselves to their class-rooms as usual, and were urged, when there, not to throw stones and chaff about them, nor to abstract the notes of their instructors. They were further warned against the consequences of abusing their privilege of untaxed importation of wine, of noisiness in the streets, or singing in public places, or bearing arms, or of taking part in fights for any purpose but that of making peace (what a saving clause!). All of which very wrong things, human nature and modern analogy both assure us, said students regularly and religiously did.

Such was the contemplative existence shared by Petrarch for four years, during which he did not drop his classical studies altogether. His biographers fondly repeat an anecdote he tells of himself in one of his *Epistolæ Rerum Senilium*. In expectation of a visit from his father, who disapproved of what tended to make him neglect his professional studies, he had hidden the works of Cicero, which he had collected, and some books of Roman poetry. The old gentleman, however, was suspicious; he drew them out, and consigned them to the flames as enemies of profitable study. Only when he saw the tears in Francesco's eyes was he touched to rescue him a Virgil and a rhetorical book of Cicero's, saying with a smile, as he returned them: "Take this one for a rare relaxation of your mind; the other will be of help in your law studies." Yet it was only with reluctance that Francesco consented, at his parent's entreaties, to continue the hated study at Bologna. At this greatest educational center in Europe he remained

three years, hearing nearly the whole of the *Corpus Juris*. Three *Universitates* were then gathered within the walls of Bologna, under as many *Rectores*, chosen by the suffrages of the students, according to the prevalent Italian custom. During Petrarca's stay (1322-1324), the fame of these schools was at zenith height. The number of students congregated from every country in Europe was prodigious, amounting to no less than thirteen thousand. Petrarch lived to see the beginning of the decline. There are, in a letter written in his old age to Guido Settimo, a schoolfellow and early friend, in which he deploras the change time and provincial narrowness had wrought, some words of grateful praise for his teachers; but his pleasant reminiscences were of the holidays, when the students would swarm out into the country, and return late at night to climb in over the city wall.

Many thought Petrarch would have made a distinguished jurist had he been faithful to the bar; he knew better himself. Upon his father's death in 1324, he abandoned the profitless and uncongenial study. The opinion he had of the fruitlessness of his university years was never changed. Toward the close of his life he wrote: "In that study I wasted, rather than spent, seven whole years." He does not deny the advantage of learning a variety of things, but returns to the querulous strain: "I mourn, and ever shall while there is a spark of life in me, that so big a portion of a life, short at best, was thrown away. Why could I not employ those years on something nobler, or at least more suited to my needs!"

For the world, at least, it was a fortune that he was debarred from having his own way. It was his painful, personal sense of the worthlessness of the study of law to himself, without doubt, that made him the declared enemy of the jurists first, and later, of all the cumber-ground of scholastic learning that had to be swept away to make room for the triumph of the Renaissance. Petrarch went to work with surprising caution, never, one may almost say, laying himself open to the charge of ignoring the healthy kernel in

many of the shells he cracked, when there was one. Against the study of law, in itself, he felt no enmity. He readily recognized that laws are essential to the order of a community. The very survival of the code of imperial Rome was a circumstance to afford a satisfaction to one whose admiration for antiquity was so unbounded as his. What displeased him about the jurists was that they taught law as a thing absolute, paying no attention to its origin and its growth from small beginnings. This proved, to his mind, that they cared at bottom only for the pecuniary rewards of their profession, since a historical treatment would have added wondrously to the better understanding of the subject, as well as to its fascination. As it was then carried on, he felt constrained to regard the law rather as a trade than as a liberal profession. Names erstwhile widely separated were now all but forgotten; hence, Petrarch concluded that a lawyer might very well win great reputation, but lasting glory is out of his reach. Nor was this attack merely impersonal; in the person of the illustrious Giovanni Di Andrea, a contemporary legal light, he dared to beard the lion in his den. Ironically preserving a show of perfect respect for Andrea's marvelous learning, Petrarch exhibited him in the nakedness of coarse ignorance. The form is that of benevolent correction of a few unimportant errors. For instance, Giovanni Di Andrea had called Valerius Maximus the greatest moral philosopher of antiquity; Cicero and Plato he held to be distinguished poets. He had taken Ennius and Papinius Statius for contemporaries; Petrarch reminded him that "to be exact," a few centuries intervened between them. He further accuses him of a childish love of exhibiting himself as a man of brilliant memory. What more cutting, after much polite formality, could be said to a man about his own brain than Petrarch's address: "But when you get inside, O ye gods and goddesses, how nothing you find there!"

Other standard sciences did not meet with more merciful treatment, least of all astrology and its kindred. Against such deviations of the human mind, club strokes of sound

common sense are better fitted to prevail than the sword thrusts of criticism. To influence believers, the plan adopted by Petrarch was not at all a bad one; he published a collection of anecdotes in the range of fulfilled prophecies, dreams, and omens, interlarded with polemical observations in judiciously selected places. He drew copiously for his examples from antiquity, from Cicero *De Divinatione*. Unmeasured delight filled him at his success in eliciting from an old Milanese court astrologer the confession that in secret he thought of his art as much as Petrarch himself, and no more. Elsewhere he says in a letter: "Such fraud finds room to spread only through general ignorance and the eternal hankering, not to say craze, of not wanting to know but what is unknowable or not profitable to know." And Petrarch was the only man of prominence to use such language, at a time when every court had its astrologer, when the church did not in any way denounce the superstition, and even the most considerable universities had chairs in which astrology was taught. With astrology and oniratology he classed alchemy, which shared the honors of those sciences. But he had no illusions on the extirpation of stupidity and folly; he says himself: "If once or twice one of these people hits upon a truth, by sheer accident, all is up; he can announce the fall of the stars from heaven, and find belief."

It did not suffice to satisfy his literary pugnacity to wrestle with none but creatures shrewd enough to oppose only passive resistance, star-gazers, dream-tellers and gold-makers; in the inveterate quarrel with the jurists, he was constantly and unpleasantly exposed to the retort that he was a traitor to the science that had nurtured him. An occasion came to administer a snub to the medical profession. When Clement vi. lay ill in 1352, Petrarch wrote to him a warning against placing confidence in physicians, whose practice it was, he said, to murder their patients with impunity. A physician promptly took up the glove, by counseling him to attend to his own lying trade of poetry. The poet, thus insulted upon, as Bent-



ley would say, was quick to answer. His adversary is embalmed for posterity in four books of salt invective, nor are the letters free from occasional thrusts at the profession from this time forth. Again he protests against the imputation of wishing to decry science itself. On the contrary, he makes no doubt that the goddess *Medicina*, if alive and able to speak her mind, would thank him for pillorying those who had obscured the brilliance of her ancient glory with new errors. Hippocrates, he thinks, was the true physician, whose example was followed by other medical celebrities of antiquity. But their method and system of effecting cures is now unknown; all the authorities appealed to by the physicians of the day being later than Pliny, and consequently modern. Even if the methods of Hippocrates were known, his precepts presuppose a patient living on Greek soil, and after the customs that prevailed in ancient Greece, and would hence be quite useless for modern practice. Nature, not Hippocrates, should be taken for guide. To prohibit the use of fresh fruit and of water, even to the healthy, after the practice of most physicians, is against nature. No wonder they are careful not to live according to their own prescriptions, or to think of drinking their own black mixtures—assuredly, the only prudent course. Only the surgeons, whom the physicians considered mere craftsmen, commanded Petrarch's cordial respect. They often healed grievous wounds and evil sores; "for they see what they are about, and act accordingly." Medical men know best how far ahead surgery remained, crude as it was. Philosophy, on the formulas of which the physicians laid so much stress, did not compensate their unfortunate patients for not finding the cure they sought; moreover, this philosophy, so called, was a poor buttress, since its votaries, instead of building on proved facts, were too ready to rest in a dull acceptance of authority.

As for Aristotle, whose name the schoolmen never tire of citing, he is willing to believe Cicero, who says that the great master's style, in the Greek text, was a model one, original, rich, and beautiful. Petrarch had

probably read all the moral treatises of Aristotle known at the time, or heard them expounded in the universities; yet he ventured to declare, in the face of the "raging crowd" of his adversaries, that in the Latin translation, at least, no trace of elegance appeared, while in the translation of Plato, a delicate, cultivated style was obvious throughout. Therefore, it was to be assumed that the Aristotelian text was hopelessly corrupt. We have the paraphrase that lay before his eye as he wrote, and know he was right. But do we recognize the poet in this preference of form to matter? or is it rather that he could not question, and would not admit, the truth of Aristotle's logic, lest he should give his adversaries a point they might not find unaided? for Petrarch, like Johnson, was both intellectually and morally of the stuff of which controversialists are made. Stung by the retort of the dialecticians, he could not deny himself a few perhaps not over-just jeers at the methods and customs of the universities. Disputations in the mediæval colleges occupied a much more prominent place than in the academies of today. Such exercises supplied in a measure the place of the present literary efforts of teachers and students; for it was in the disputations that the instructor exhibited his parts and measured himself publicly with his equals. This custom had, no doubt, great advantages. I am inclined to think an inestimable feature was, that the disputations were not handed down to posterity in written form. It suited Petrarch's purpose to turn the ugly side to view; if we are to believe him, the whole thing was a wearisome abuse of syllogistic quibble. Disputation was end and object, instead of the establishment of truth. This is what he finds so obnoxious; for dialectics is a good exercise for the discipline of the understanding, and he does not oppose the drilling of youth in it, while he knows nothing more disagreeable and ridiculous than an old retailer of syllogisms.

Petrarch's mission, as the first Humanist, was to expose the dryness, the cumbrousness, the shallowness of the scholastic learning, as Socrates in his day exposed the frivolity, in-

sincerity, and hollowness of the Sophists. These have found an able vindicator in George Grote ; Petrarch's dearest foes may yet find theirs. Meanwhile, no one will wonder that he reserved the thickest drops of his acid satire to bespatter the sacred title upon which the individual schoolman based his claim to teach the world—the doctor's degree. The force of his vivid language brings before the mind's eye, visions of all the imposing ceremony, the costumes and white horses, banners and banquets, of a dead academic glory—all against the incomparable background of some narrow-laned, turreted, defiant little town-republic of Lombardy or Tuscany, full of proud, fortified palazzi and warring factions. "Greece, in its palmy days," he says in his Dialogue Concerning True Wisdom, "had seven wise

men, they tell us. Our own is happier in this, which in every town numbers its wise men by herds. Is it remarkable that there should be so many, when it is so simple to make them? A silly youth comes to the church to receive a doctor's insignia, his preceptors celebrate his merit through favor or misapprehension, the subject bridles, the crowd stands agog, friends and relatives applaud, he is told to mount the pulpit, where he can look over the head of everything, and murmur some confused matter or other. Then elders vie with each other in exalting him, as if he had poured forth divine wisdom. Meanwhile, bells are rung, kisses exchanged, and the round master's cap is set on his head. When this is done, he descends a wise man, who went up a fool. A wonderful transformation, indeed, and one unknown to Ovid."

*Alfred Emerson.*

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## ART AND NATURE.

[From the German of Hugo Rosenthal-Bonin.]

My grandparents were known as a very happy married couple, indeed, a model pair. In appearance, my grandfather was short and thickset, with a roundish, clean-shaven countenance, a finely cut mouth expressive of humor, little twinkling, light blue eyes, and a high forehead surmounted by a carelessly-powdered wig, which extended behind in a gradually-lessening queue. He always wore a somewhat long coat, pike-gray in color, but ornamented by a blue cape. My grandmother, slender in form, active in movement, exceeded her husband in height by more than a head's length. When in her gala attire, she wore a white dress made with a short Greek waist, from which the skirt hung in straight, smooth folds. She was accustomed to wear her hair very low upon the forehead, combing forward, for the purpose, a considerable number of the abundant black ringlets that adorned her head.

Thus are the worthy people represented in two elegant crayon pictures that hang over my sofa ; and by those who knew them,

I have been assured that they presented such an appearance on Sundays and festival occasions, when they had brushed away the dust of their working-day occupation, for both of them led busy lives. Grandpapa instructed a flock of pupils in all the branches of knowledge that he knew, and grandmamma, with the help of only one maid, cooked, cleaned, stitched, patched, and knitted for them all. During the vacations, when even the veriest good-for-nothing had gone home, grandpapa might be seen in the school-room, dye-pot and paint-brush in hand, engaged in renewing the black tablets on the wall, painting the doors and windows, and sometimes trying with saw and chisel to repair the injured desks and benches ; at the same time grandmamma turned the whole house upside down, and as grandfather said, even wiped the dust off the rafters.

He was thoroughly satisfied with his economical spouse, his Hortense, and it was well understood that she regarded her Emil with the same feeling of contentment. One



thing only, annoyed the very sensitive wife ; she could not bear his jokes, and he could not help it, he always must have his joke. She, on the contrary, was sober in nature and laughed but seldom, regarding it as a waste of time, and feeling that she might better occupy herself during such half-seconds in knitting. In spite of this contrast in disposition, they harmonized excellently well, and their domestic happiness would never have been shaken in the least, if Kotzebue had not, unfortunately, come between them.

My grandfather was a passionate admirer of that coarse, though droll, dramatic poet. Schiller he could not comprehend, and he never aspired to Goethe. Grandmother, on the contrary, loved pathetic dramas, and her particular favorite was Schiller's "Cabal and Love." But even this difference in taste had never clouded the serene sky of their wedded felicity. Did grandmanma visit the theater, there to be moved to tears by the pathos of the play, why, grandpapa, lantern in hand, always came to escort her home. Did grandpapa go to indulge in hearty laughter at the jests of Kotzebue, Hortense, knitting and darning, patiently delayed the evening meal till her "lord and master," in the comical gray wig, had returned.

The drama, at that time, was the chief intellectual diversion of a great part of Germany, and a perfect rage for private theatricals had taken possession of all classes of people. The works of Kotzebue were particularly suitable for this purpose, abounding in gross citizen-figures, and old-fashioned entanglements, which called forth and maintained old-fashioned sentiments. My grandparents could not hold aloof from the popular mode of entertainment ; for nearly four weeks they were invited first to this house, and then to that, where they were amused with a rendition of "Confusion in all Corners," "The Poacher," or "The Honest Way is the Best," given by the light of tallow-candles and followed by a general coffee-drinking, in which, frequently, the coffee was very poor.

Neither of the worthy couple had felt any desire to play themselves, till, after they had

been invited so often by others, they felt that they, too, must give a dramatic entertainment in their own house. But in order that grandpapa need not dismiss "his scoundrels," as he called the boys, they waited until vacation to issue the invitations ; then, in front of the blackboard, he constructed a staging, upon which were placed several little movable scenes, obtained from a city theater.

Grandfather had chosen an entirely new play by Kotzebue. In it appeared a lieutenant of the dragoons, an arrant knave, but endowed with such fascinating graces, and such a talent for love-making, that neither maid nor wife could withstand his attractions. The adroit scape-grace led a most dissolute life, upon the stage, till having made court to a married woman, he was overtaken by a swift fate in the form of a blow from a falling pole, which stretched him dead at the feet of his loved one. The knave was punished, and the moral impression upon the spectators was prodigious. My grandfather, in his love of mirth, which led him to parody even his favorite author, had added the feature of the falling pole to the beautiful conclusion of the play, in the firm conviction that none of his audience would recognize the alteration.

But the most peculiar thing was, that he had chosen the rôle of the scapegrace for himself. The young wife of the forest inspector, with her three pretty cousins, came every day to rehearse, for she was to be the victim of the lieutenant's fascinations. While they studied the play in the school-room, grandmother was preparing for the great evening, busy in kitchen and cellar, upon the staircase, here and there and everywhere.

At last the final rehearsal was held, everything worked smoothly, and the evening of its presentation was at hand. A hired servant, by day a master tailor, was engaged for attendance upon the guests. The tallow candles burned brightly ; in the kitchen were great tankards of coffee, near pyramids of cups, and frosted cakes with piles of plates, all ready to be carried into the small dining

room after the play. The guests sat expectantly before the curtain, and on the first bench, directly in front of the center of the stage, was grandmother, wearing her white dress with the gold-wrought girdle very high above her waist, according to the prevailing fashion; her black curls were combed as usual, over her forehead.

The curtain rose, and my grandfather began his diabolical work. At first Hortense followed the acting of her husband with no particular attention; she had been married to him for ten years—what should there be new to her about him? Suddenly her attention was arrested, and after a time, there awoke in her a peculiar, not altogether agreeable, feeling, entirely unknown to her before.

“What does this mean?” it said to her. Her husband was a good, excellent spouse, faithful as gold, but from the beginning of their acquaintance until the present time, he had never shown her any special gallantry, and here he could represent a thousand blandishments. No—he did not play merely,—he *was* this skillful seducer. Why, all at once, these elegant manners, this animation, this voice of flattery, this talent for obtrusive tenderness? Everything turned black before her eyes. As she watched her husband upon the stage, an ardent hatred took possession of Hortense for the inspector’s wife, and her cousins, because she had thus magically called forth Emil’s amiability. Like a statue she sat there till the curtain had fallen, and the uprising of her guests awakened her from her stupefaction. Then a horrible, convulsive tightening seized her breast with violent pain. While her husband blushing received the congratulations and other marks of approbation from the audience, Hortense sat aside in the drawing-room, her hands lying in her lap, and strove to recover herself.

The evening slowly dragged by, like a fearful dream, and although she was usually silent, everyone present noticed the peculiar conduct of the hostess, except Emil, who was absorbed in the wants of his guests, and the triumph of his dramatic performance. The inspector’s wife sought to engage her in

cheerful conversation, but in place of answering, Hortense looked at her with so dismal and afflicted a face, that she drew back frightened and wondering.—

As soon as the last guest had left the house, Frau Hortense, usually a model of self-command, sank upon a sofa, and sobbing bitterly, buried her face in the cushions. Herr Emil could scarcely trust his senses; he could not have been more surprised if the earth had opened at his feet! He was convinced that he *had* played very well, but to see his sober, imperturbable wife so overcome by excessive emotion caused by his dramatic power,—this he had never imagined.

“Compose yourself, dear one,” said he soothingly; “we can give the piece again, and then you will have more control over your feelings. Now, now. Be quiet, dear. I had never dreamed of such enthusiasm from you. Will you not bring my pipe and slippers?” In lieu of answering, Hortense rose hastily, and still sobbing aloud, rushed out of the room. This action, even more than her weeping, startled my grandfather.

“What is the matter with the woman?” he asked himself, as he paced up and down the room. The slippers did not come as usual, nor the pipe, nor the dressing-gown. “It is something of no importance,” was his final reflection, and with careful steps he went to see Hortense.

The door of her room was closed, and would not open after repeated knocks from him.

“I have been married ten years, but such a thing has never happened before,” murmured grandfather, amazed and thoroughly frightened. At last the door opened, and Hortense shot past him into the sitting-room; grandpapa followed her presently, and found her, as before, on the sofa; but she was rigid and motionless, like an image of stone, though regarding him with a dreadful gaze.

“Are you ill?” he was beginning to say, in his good natured manner; however, he came only to “Are—”

“Shame on you, in your soul, shame on you,” interrupted Hortense, with the voice



of a judge. "Is that your love for me? You have played the hypocrite for ten years. With others you can be gallant, play the lover; but me you have deceived from the beginning, and the deceit has lasted for ten years. You have never loved me—I am only your servant. Never have you vouchsafed me such glances, never had such tones for me, as for this enchantress and her bewitching cousins. You have always been indifferent to me. We are married—that is unfortunate; but I know now how I have to conduct myself."

Before my grandfather could recover from his astonishment, she had risen, and with slow measured steps she had passed by the perplexed husband into the guest chamber, in which she locked herself, and then retired.

The next morning Hortense appeared at breakfast, pale and sorrowful, like the stony guest in the legend of Don Juan.

This behavior disturbed grandfather's comfort in the highest degree; also it pained him to know that Hortense was suffering. He tried to explain away her illusion by jesting as usual, but when that failed, he exercised superior powers of reason. It was in vain. Hortense listened to him in silence, and was not shaken in her conviction, that for others her husband had the most engaging manners; that he did not regard her with such feelings of gallantry and therefore was not true to her.

Herr Emil explained, with all the eloquence he could command, with all the ingenuity he could employ, that between art and nature there is a difference, as wide as heaven is from earth; that in the play, he had been only a creation of the poet. All this produced no effect on Hortense.

"Why can I not so inspire you?" answered she. "Why do you at once excel in this manner? Probably you had practiced these graces before you made me your servant, and, no doubt, have continued to exercise this talent in private with the inspector's amiable wife and her cousins."

My grandfather shook his head, and appeared to be thoroughly angry; a frame of mind which did not invest the short, stout

man with much dignity. He cried, "What have I practiced? What inspector's wife? That is a talent, to be able to do so. Do you think, if I could play the part of a murderer, that I must indeed have murdered, and even now go about secretly, robbing and murdering?"

"Why have you that talent for others, and not for me?" replied Hortense, unshaken in her belief.

"Then I acted a part; my feeling for you is sincere, it is truth and no play," chafed my grandfather. "But you may be assured I would rather live in pepper-land than be with you"; and inwardly raging, he placed his pipe in the corner, and went out of the room; she could hear his steps echoing on the stairs leading to his study. This time he was angry, indeed.

Hortense, unaffected by his rage, betook herself to the dining room, where, with housewifely zeal, she spread upon paper some dried apples that seemed to her to be too moist.

Grandfather's domestic life was far from pleasant hereafter. With a stern air of condemnation, and as silent as the grave, Hortense met him; neither his most humorous remarks nor his forced gravity ever dispersed the clouds from her brow, even for a moment. He cursed Kotzebue, together with the whole dramatic art, from the bottom of his heart; he did not relish his coffee; the milk and rice at noon was distasteful, and his pipe would not burn well in the evening.

My grandmother put back the youthful curls from her forehead, and wore her hair smoothly parted, beneath a cap, which added to her apparent age; also, the girdle which usually enclosed her waist, just below her arms, was placed much lower. She assumed a somewhat matronly attitude towards her husband, suggesting the idea that she was merely his housekeeper. Gradually she began to talk about this and that to him; but she did so very coldly, very coldly, and with exceeding reserve.

Herr Emil at last felt that he could endure this state of things no longer; he must seek relief at any price.

"If you wish that I should act a part, and if that will restore comfort to our household, why should I not do it? I will act towards you exactly as I did in the theater." This he murmured, one morning, while drawing on his white stockings, reaching to the knee, and by the time he had descended to breakfast he was firmly resolved to try the effect of his new idea.

Hortense, to her astonishment, found him as gallant, as tender, as amiable in behavior, towards her, as he had been towards the ladies upon the stage.

"Did you sleep well, my angel?" he whispered with ardent gaze, and giving her an artificial kiss. "Oh, that rejoices me. It lightens my heart to hear you say so," and Emil pursed his lips, and gracefully inserted his hand in the arm-hole of his waistcoat. "How brilliant you look, how youthful and beautiful, just as if you were made for kissing; the gods never created a more beautiful woman; no, not Juno, not Venus, could compare with you," and then Emil threw her an enraptured kiss.

"May I pour you a little cup of coffee, loved one? Some milk, little lamb? A small lump of sugar, little wife? Will you have a morsel of bread, beloved Hortense? Ah, the footstool! How could I forget the footstool!" and my grandfather skipped like a roebuck across the room to bring a footstool for his Hortense.

His wife was unspeakably surprised; she did not know how to interpret her husband's behavior; directed towards herself it seemed so peculiar, so unnatural and artificial,

yet so altogether amusing, that for the first time for a long while she laughed aloud, completely forgetting her rôle of housekeeper, and cried: "Shame on you, Emil. What affectation! You act like a coxcomb."

"You would have it so," replied Herr Emil; "you wanted me to be so, and because I was not, you have kept me in hot water all this while. Now, you have your wish."

"Oh, you look like a well-trained dancing-scholar," cried my grandmother, still laughing; "it does not suit you at all to act so."

Suddenly, to my grandfather's great discomposure, for he was apprehensive of an unfortunate termination to the affair, she flushed a deep red, and for several seconds sat speechless, showing great agitation; then she rose, and throwing herself on her husband's breast, sobbed out: "I have done wrong. You come before me like a mere lad, like a monkey. I was wrong; now I know that you always loved me. Your love-making on the stage was acting, empty acting, only a spectacle. Let my folly be forgotten, Emil. Forgive me. Now, I know you love me."

As if by magic, everything was changed in Emil's household; as if, after a month of rainy days, the sun shone brightly again. My grandmother's curls rippled forth in their old fashion, almost down to her eyes; her waist-girdle was in its old position; my grandfather relished his morning coffee, his rice and milk at noon, and the pipe again in the evening. But never again did he take part in a play; at least, not in one written by the unfortunate Kotzebue.

*Eva V. Carlin.*

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#### UP SNAKE RIVER.

ON former geographical maps of Oregon, the main affluent of the Columbia River is designated as the "Shoshone or Snake River." The latter name is now in general use. Snake River, at its point of debouching into the Columbia, is very nearly as large as the river it joins, and swells into noble volume.

Rising in the Rocky Mountains, it wends its way north and west until it loses its identity in union with slightly superior waters. It is navigable, except in short periods of very low water, to Lewiston. Steamboats have ascended at high stages of water about seventy miles farther up, but with so much difficulty



and danger, that regular traffic above Lewiston has never been successfully established.

Steamboat navigation on the upper Columbia was begun in April, 1859. During this year, regular trips were made between Des Chutes, fifteen miles above the Dalles, and Wallula; and an exploring trip was undertaken up the Columbia, to Priest's Rapids—the head of continuous navigation on the river. Priest's Rapids are totally impassable for any kind of boats, and are succeeded at short intervals by other rapids, until Fort Colville is reached, when a long reach of clear water intervenes, and a steamboat plies thereon.

Up to 1860 the character of Snake River was wholly unknown. No white man had ever passed up and down it. The information obtained from Indian sources was exceedingly meagre. But few of them pretended to any information or knowledge whatever. Those who did, simply held up their hands and exclaimed, "O! hias skoo kum chuck," meaning, tremendous strong water. Translation of their idiom may be so elastic as to include, in the sense of the above expression, anything from a strong rapid to a perpendicular fall. It was learned afterward that, short of perpendicularity, the terrible rapids, which are numerous, justified the Indian description.

In 1860, rumors of gold discoveries on the Clearwater River, and in the northern part of Idaho Territory, attracted universal attention—and many prospectors wended their way thither. The route of travel was from Walla Walla overland to the mouth of the Clearwater River, and thence up the valley of that stream into the gold bearing country. Mining camps sprang up with magical celerity, principal among them being the towns of Oro Fino and Florence. The diggings were a success, and other places were quickly found, extending over and opening up a large range of territory.

Early in the spring of 1860, the steamer "Colonel Wright" was employed by the Army Quartermaster at Fort Walla Walla, to try and ascend Snake River, as high as the mouth of the Palouse River, this being on

the direct line of road from Walla Walla to Fort Colville. Over this land route, army supplies for Fort Colville are transported on wagons. If the steamboat could reach the mouth of Palouse River, a long haul of wagon transportation could be dispensed with. Loaded with commissary stores, the steamer attempted and succeeded, and from this time on, a commercial depot was maintained at the mouth of the Palouse.

When, later, the news of gold was bruited, the problem of further ascending Snake River was discussed. It was known that the river came through the Blue Mountains; and it was said that insuperable obstacles existed there; but the authority for this assertion could not be ascertained. In short, no information, definite or otherwise, of the river above Palouse could be acquired. It was plainly to be seen, however, that a formidable rapid was located in the river just above, and within sight of the Palouse, which was declared to be impassable—but which was not so regarded by Captain White, who was anxious to try it.

But beyond that—what?

One of the owners of the "Colonel Wright," having faith in the power of steam and the ingenuity of man, communicated his ideas to Mr. Seth Slater, an enterprising resident of Portland, who, becoming convinced that the introduction of a cargo of provisions and mining supplies into the new gold fields would prove a bonanza, agreed to risk a large shipment upon terms that would be remunerative to the boat in the event of success. Arrangements were therefore speedily consummated—and in June, 1860, the attempt to find the eastern slope of the Blue Mountains by water was undertaken.

In addition to the want of knowledge of the navigation, the question of fuel was important. It was known that no timber grew in the region to be explored. Unless the boat could carry from Wallula wood for the entire trip, driftwood alone, which might or might not be found upon the banks of the river—was all that could be depended upon. Of this drift the boat had a limited amount at a few points in Snake River below Palouse. Obvi-

ously, the principal loading of the boat on an exploring trip must be wood for fire.

After the details of the undertaking had been determined, the writer was accorded the privilege of being a guest for the trip—the novelties of which proved fascinating to an extraordinary degree. The beauty and grandeur of the scenery, the sense of exploration and discovery, the excitement of danger, the companionship of dear friends, and the comforts of a cozy steamboat—all combined to render this trip one of the memorable events of a lifetime.

When it started from Des Chutes, the boat was full to overflowing with freight and passengers. Most of the voyagers were bound for the diggings, and mining talk—sluices and long toms, rockers and fans, pay gravel and bed-rock—was to be heard on all sides. These passengers were to be disembarked at Wallula, although nearly all desired to continue on, and share the fortunes of the boat. But the captain would undertake no further responsibility than the contract already existing with Slater.

The voyage to Wallula was without particular incident. One eccentric passenger was bound for the "Indian country," wherein he proposed to locate and seek his fortune, dime novel fashion, by trade and traffic with the aborigines. His sole stock in trade, however, consisted of a curious and gorgeous coat, apparently constructed of the skins of birds, feathers out. In this coat he strutted about with evident pride, notwithstanding he was greatly annoyed by the remarks and criticisms of his fellow-passengers. Becoming, at length, thoroughly exasperated by the jeers of others, he demanded of the captain that he should be landed then and there, although we were not within fifty miles of human habitation. Contrary to the advice of the captain, he persisted in severing his acquaintance and connection with white people and civilization, and the last we saw of him was the gleam of his feather coat of many colors, as he strode vigorously away from the river into the open plain.

On arrival at Wallula, passengers and freight were soon landed, and the boat pre-

pared for a continuation of her trip into unknown and unexplored regions, by taking on a prodigious amount of fuel, for this was to be the chief landing from here on.

We found here quite a number of downward bound passengers, waiting the arrival of the steamer. A few of them cheerfully accepted an invitation from Captain White to make the trip with him up the river, as they must necessarily await his return to go below. Among them was a distinguished jurist of Washington Territory, whose genial smiles and winning ways were fully recognized as contributing largely to the hilarity and enjoyment of the trip. In this article I will designate him by the title of Judge, as he was then, and is now, in fact, universally known. His bright eyes and silver hairs are noticeable on the streets of even so great a metropolis as the city of Portland.

After we entered Snake River, the voyage was uninterrupted until we arrived at an island, upon which an enormous tree had lodged during some former period of high water. This tree the Captain determined to add to his stock of fuel. We landed, and a liberal supply of axes—kept for this purpose—was distributed among the crew and volunteering passengers. Upon disturbing the trunk of the tree, in its bed, a nest of rattlesnakes was found, and thereupon a vicious war was begun. The snakes were routed, horse, foot, and dragoons. About a dozen were killed. Two, especially, were of enormous size.

Arrived at Palouse, we saw that an enterprising citizen had just established and got into operation a rope ferry across Snake River. Further passage up was consequently barred by a wire cable, swinging barely above the current in the middle of the river—far too low to pass under. The ferryman insisted that it was quite impossible for the boat to proceed further up the river anyway, on account of rapids of which he professed to have certain knowledge. In this I think he simply erred in judgment—although his opinion was undeniably liable to be warped by the fact that if upper navigation was assured, his ferry would be ruined.



It was, however, decided to try and pass, without detriment to the ferry if possible, by slacking up the shore end of the wire cable, until the middle part should sink sufficiently for the steamer to pass over it. Forked poles were used on each side of the boat by men who pressed the cable down while the boat passed over. But, unfortunately, the projecting stern wheel of the steamer, being beyond the benefit of the forks, caught the cable, and snapped it like a pipe-stem. Thus the Palouse ferry came to a sudden and violent end. It was never reestablished.

After we had passed the ferry, the Palouse Rapids confronted us with appalling vigor. The water was in such immense volume, and ran with such fearful velocity, that its surface appeared to be as smooth as glass. The slightest disturbance of this placidity was to the Captain a warning of rocks submerged, and to be avoided. The steamer in the strong, smooth water seemed like a skater on glare ice, skinning over its glassy surface. The least turn of the rudder sent her hither and thither, from one side to the other, as desired—in any direction except ahead. Evidently, the ascent could only be accomplished by the development of a stronger power.

On board, the tide of speculation was at high water mark among the passengers. Some knew she never could go over. Others had more confidence. Numerous bets were offered and taken, the majority of them requiring the presence of the steward to finally liquidate.

To accurately determine whether we were making headway or not, we would get a range of the objects on shore, ourselves making the third point in the line of observation. Often for many minutes no forward movement could be discovered, the steamer meanwhile quivering and belching forth showers of sparks and clouds of smoke and steam, when suddenly and without apparent cause, she would shoot ahead a few feet. A slight change of position, and she would again advance; and thus inch by inch, for about two hours, we climbed up the smooth hill of water, until the summit was attained and the first difficulty vanquished.

At the head of the rapids on the right hand side, we beheld the remains of Fort Taylor, a small earth embankment with a single cabin remaining, and a solitary soldier on guard. He waved his hat as we passed by. A few miles with but a single point of strong water, easily overcome, brought us within sight and hearing of a cascade, which was at once declared to be a question of the stoppage or continuance of the voyage.

The water seemed broken, and tumbling over rocks, the entire distance across the river. In appearance it much resembled Priest's Rapids on the Columbia. The head and foot of the rapids were sharply defined, showing in the interval a distinct fall. The river was here very wide, consequently shallow.

Cautiously the captain approached, selecting the most favorable place; but every advance was rudely repulsed by the overpowering current. An hour was spent in trying to find a vulnerable spot, on the one side, in the middle, and on the other, but without success. Finally, the captain decided to warp over, by a cable to be taken above in a small boat, and made fast at the upper end to a projecting rock on shore, the lower end to be brought on board the steamer, and hauled in by the capstan.

The purser volunteered to take the small boat and cable over, which he and his crew accomplished by hauling and towing along the bank. Having made fast the upper end, the purser and two men descended in the small boat, paying out the line as they dropped down, and bringing the end of the cable on board. This difficult and dangerous feat won hearty applause from all on board.

The cable being taken around the capstan, the slack was hove in with a song. The prow of the boat was forced into the foaming and boiling waters, which often dashed over the forward deck, as if protesting against an intrusion into their domain.

Meanwhile a stiff breeze was observed coming up the river. The "Colonel Wright" was fitted up with a mast, which carried a huge square sail. As the favorable wind reached us, the sail was hoisted, and its effect was wonderful. It supplied the lacking

quota of power, and immediately the boat forged ahead, even faster than the cable could be hauled in. The slack of the cable, accumulating, was soon flowing alongside. Presently it became entangled with the stern wheel, and was picked up and wound around it. Notwithstanding, the boat, propelled by steam and sail, still kept up her headway, and finally rushed over the summit as if bewitched. The sail lowered and a landing made, an hour was consumed in cutting the cable off the wheel.

Up to this place the river had been flowing through a country of high hills and plateaus, seemingly cutting through an irregularly elevated table land. In front of us now appeared the high, smoothly rounded, grass-topped hills, known as the northerly spur of the Blue Mountains. The valley of the river was perceptibly narrowing, hemmed in by the towering heights. No timber nor foliage was to be seen, but the land was covered from the water's edge to the mountain top, with the luxuriant and nutritious bunch grass.

From the head of the Texas Rapids—as the Captain named the cataract we had just climbed over—the river appeared smooth and serene, quietly rolling between grassy banks, and apparently incapable of such turbulent motion as displayed at Texas Rapids.

Since leaving Wallula we had seen no Indians, but a short distance brought us within sight of an encampment, which seemed almost patriarchal in its surroundings—deer-skin lodges situated beside a trickling brook, canoes and fish-nets upon the bank, and a herd of horses browsing upon the hill side; while the Indians themselves slyly peeped out at us from within or behind their tents. The Indians universally abhor being detected in betraying any curiosity, and while they keenly inspect, they do so with an assumption of utter indifference.

Not so the horses. They were deeply astonished, and admitted it frankly. In this band were probably about forty. As we came puffing up the river, the horses galloped snorting and snuffing down to the bank, heads and tails erect, and ranged themselves

like a troop of cavalry, in line, one a little in advance, as if the leader. Getting within a short distance we sounded the steam whistle for their edification, whereupon they turned and raced up the mountain side, headed by their leader, until, having attained a safe distance, they stopped for another inspection of the unknown. During the afternoon we passed several bands of horses, which uniformly developed the instinct of curiosity—some even following us along the bank as far as they were able.

While the river was calm and placid, there was still a strong current to contend with, and our progress was correspondingly slow. At one place, where there was quite a stretch of bottom land on the north side, with a bold bank, and good water close up, we overtook a party of mounted Indians. Riding alongside, we soon discovered that they were engaged in ascertaining the speed of the boat. First they would walk their horses, then trot, and then with a gallop complete all points of comparison. Their experiments amused us for several miles, and until a bluff point shut them out from our view.

We were now fairly in the heart of the Blue Mountains, which closed in abruptly to the river. Their tops towered above us almost perpendicularly. Sitting in the cabin at the supper table, and looking out of the transom windows of the upper deck, we could see no sky. One could easily imagine himself upon a mountain lake, so tranquil were the waters, so dreamily soft and blue the atmosphere, and at every point the scenery, beautiful and imposing beyond description, while varying like the views in a kaleidoscope.

The Judge had on a former occasion visited the Lapwai Indian Reservation in an official character—going overland from Walla Walla, and crossing Snake River by ferry at El Powaway. As he was the only person on board who had ever seen the river east of the Blue Mountains, his views and opinions of our final success were deemed to be of superior importance. After he became aware of this fact, he was not backward in ventilating the same, making many observations



and prognostications, based upon his exclusive knowledge and experience.

"Now," says the Judge, "You see that point there, just ahead, on the right hand side? Well, I recognize that point, and those mountains opposite, and I tell you that just around that point is El Powaway. That I'll bet on."

No bet could be offered, and not taken; and the result was that the Judge was invariably the loser. So often did this happen, that his vaunted superior knowledge of the country was vastly below par.

As the evening approached, the height of the mountains was perceptibly diminishing, and they were falling away from the river. To the Judge's eye, the hills *now* presented familiar features. Regarding intently a coming promontory, he finally turned and said:

"Boys, I am not now mistaken. I know now where we are, as well as if I had been born and brought up right here. Right around that point is the ferry at El Powaway, and I'll bet my clothes upon it."

"Taken," cried several, emboldened by previous successes. In a short time the promontory was reached, and the view opened up beyond, upon—alas! for the Judge—another variation of the magnificent view and mountain scenery. There was no sign of trail or ferry. The Judge was dumbfounded.

Twilight had set in, and darkness followed rapidly. Captain White now dropped anchor, decidedly declining to explore a new river by night.

The weather was deliciously warm, the breath of the wild flowers and grasses on the banks was gently wafted on board, and save ourselves, all else seemed hushed in deep repose—made strikingly impressive by the bold outline of the lofty mountains soaring above us, and the dark, deep river flowing silently by.

The evening was devoted to music and song. The charming tenor voice of Charley Frush—accompanied by his banjo—introduced into this newly discovered realm of grandeur familiar melodies, which carried our thoughts back to other days. Particularly well do I remember his song, "The Cruis-

keen Lawn," and the applause bestowed upon its rendition.

At daylight the next morning, the boat was under way. No passenger was long in bed. The scenery was so incomparably lovely, the new surprises so wonderful, that all were anxious to miss none of them. At breakfast-time the mountains had perceptibly subsided, and we could fairly say we had passed the chain.

By eight o'clock we discovered a small house on the bank of the river, and soon after, the trail from Walla Walla. The house was at the ferry, and constituted the city of El Powaway. It was located on the great Nez Perce trail—the chief thoroughfare between the upper and lower country.

There was quite a crowd of people about the house, evidently waiting to be ferried over the river. Pack trains were strung along the trail, on both sides of the river—all in motion, one way, towards the mines. As we came up, the travelers would rush down to the bank, wave their hats and cheer, some firing off their guns and pistols—all of which we answered by tooting the steam whistle, and cheering in return.

Probably the most conspicuous figure on board was the Judge. Standing on the upper deck, energetically waving a bathing towel, he was simply dressed in his underclothes, and a long-tailed white night-gown. Fortunately, there were no ladies on board.

"Judge," said the Captain, "don't you intend to dress today?"

"Dang it all!" replied the Judge, "the boys have stole my clothes. They say they won 'em on a bet. Do you know where they are, Captain?"

The Captain did not know, and the Judge thenceforth promenaded in his original and unique traveling costume. Repeated attempts to bribe the waiters—or to borrow spare clothes from the passengers—were utterly unavailing.

A few miles above El Powaway the Clearwater River empties into the Snake. The Captain was for a time undecided which river to ascend, until it was perceived that the throng of travelers were bound up the

Clearwater valley. So our boat was headed into that stream.

At this time of the year the Clearwater was enjoying a surfeit of high water, and appeared to be navigable, although it was clearly evident that in low water it was but a small stream. But as we wished to get as near the mines as possible, it was resolved to pursue this stream as far as we could.

As we left Snake River, the character of the country changed considerably. Small patches of willow trees and groves of poplars began to appear upon the banks. The bottom lands looked rich and fertile. The current was very strong, and navigation exceedingly difficult. The river banks were gravelly, instead of rocky, as on the Snake and Columbia.

Lapwai, the residence of the Indian agent for the Nez Perce tribe, is situated on the Clearwater, twelve miles above its mouth. Surrounded by luxuriant foliage, fine gardens and orchards, and fenced inclosures, it looked a veritable oasis in a desert. Immediately above begins a well timbered range of mountains, while just below the country spreads out into a rolling plain, which furnishes pasturage for innumerable herds of horses and cattle.

Shortly before we reached Lapwai, the Judge made an earnest appeal for his clothes, saying it was quite impossible for him to be seen by the chiefs of the Nez Perce tribe—to whom he was well known—in his present costume. Whereupon, the tormentors relaxed their persecution, and the Judge was soon presentable.

As we approached the agency, we could discover that we were causing a decided sensation. The chief, Lawyer by name, cried out to his people. "Look! here comes a water wagon!" Most of the Indians had never before seen a steamboat.

Being pressed for time, we spent but a few minutes at Lapwai. Inviting the Indian Agent and the chief, Lawyer, on board for the farther trip up, we resumed the journey. We were soon between banks bearing heavy timber and dense foliage, and the navigation

became with every mile more and more difficult. There was plenty of water, but a want of room. The bends of the stream were very sharp, and hard to get around. Often the bow of the boat would be in the bank on one side, and the stern wheel in the bushes on the other.

After a hard day's work, the captain concluded it was not safe to venture farther, and—Mr. Slater consenting—a stop was made, and the merchandise landed. We were then, it was estimated, twenty-five miles above the Agency of Lapwai.

The "Colonel Wright" subsequently made one more trip up the Clearwater, when she went a few miles further up than our stopping place. The steamer "O'Kanagon" also once ascended to where we were now. These three trips were all made within a period of three weeks' time. It was then found that the water was falling, so a new depot must be located. The tongue of land between the Snake and the Clearwater rivers at their junction was selected as a site for a terminus and a town, and the name of Lewiston bestowed upon it, in honor of Captain Lewis, of the Lewis and Clarke exploring expedition.

When the steamer "O'Kanagon" landed here, and left a man to put up a tent, and dig a road down the bank to the landing, there was no house within one hundred miles, except at the Lapwai Agency, and one at El Powaway. One week after, the steamer landed, to find a town of three hundred people, living in tents and stick and mud houses, with streets regularly laid out, and city lots at high figures.

But to return. Slater's goods were landed on the bank of the Clearwater, on the direct trail to Oro Fino. Trains of packs and miners were continually passing. Trade began for him while we were unloading. In fact, during the hour we spent at the new town of "Slaterville," as it was named by acclamation, he took in and remitted back by the boat several hundred dollars.

In three weeks' time, Slater removed his goods to Oro Fino, being informed that the steamer could no longer ascend the Clear-



water ; and this brief account is a history of the rise and fall of Slaterville.

Our trip down the Clearwater was a rapid one, the great difficulty being in holding back. The stiff places and rapids, upon which we had spent hours in going up, vanished like a flash on our return.

Going down the Snake, we again overtook a party of mounted Indians on the bank, who tried the speed of their horses once

more, but this time with very different results, as in a few minutes they were left out of sight.

As we passed Palouse, the captain shouted to the ferryman that he had better not put up his cable again. He never did.

The trip from Des Chutes to Slaterville consumed three and one-half days. The return down stream was accomplished in eighteen hours.

*L. W. Coe.*

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## A ROMANCE OF THE REDWOODS.

### I.

THEY were summering in the Santa Cruz Mountains, the most delightful place in the most delightful State in the Union. The days were long, but full of the interest that extended rambles and sylvan discoveries confer. A fine stream, in which one could wade or bathe to heart's content, kept up its ceaseless conversation, like the hum of near and far voices. How beautiful in the early morning was the light falling on the ranks of giant redwoods; and surely there never was a bluer, purer sky than that bent above it all!

Amy Desart, book in hand, sauntered down a leafy path, on which faint rays of light from the far sky sifted down through the redwoods' odoriferous branches, glinted on their scarred trunks, and fell like silver arrows into the rich shade of the forest. The book she carried was a pretext. The day was for dreaming, and what printed page could charm the eye, when there were a thousand distractions tempting the curiosity, and challenging the admiration of a healthy nature? If a bumbling bee, a vagrant bird, a clump of yellow violets, or a broad "golden back" were enough to speak to a poetic soul, or charm an artist's eye, who could tire of watching the grander beauties of a redwood forest, or weary of the sudden glimpses through opened boughs of the sublime blue mountains? So a book was quite a useless thing to Miss Amy Desart, but at the same time her habitual companion.

She was aroused from her lazy dreaming by a far halloo. Indeed, she was not immediately aroused, for the hallooming had been going on for quite a respectable length of time before her drowsy consciousness stirred to the effect of something unusual; for hallooming, save of owls, was by no means common in those silent depths. Once aroused from her summery stupor, she listened with growing interest.

The calls continued at intervals, pausing, seemingly in expectation or hope of some reply. Miss Desart concluded, as she heard no responsive halloo from any other part of the forest, that the call was from some one lost in the wilderness. As soon as her half somnolent brain had formed this conclusion, her voice took up the idea, and when another desperate and far away shout came to her ear, she answered with a musical call from her vigorous young lungs, at the same time going in the evident direction of the sound.

She was heard, for a responsive call came in slightly louder tones, so she knew that, whoever it was, he was approaching the sound of her voice. Making a trumpet of her hands, she cried "Lost?"

The answer came quite distinctly, evidently trumpeted in the same manner, "Yes."

She lost all her languor. Here was something of lively interest to occupy her time. "Who are you," she called.

"John Westwood," came the answer. "Of San Francisco," he continued.

Unhesitatingly she plunged into the under-

growth and trackless way of the woods, her guide the voice, which kept up a rather one-sided conversation—if that can be called a conversation—as she only answered occasionally to show him that she was coming. She had no fear of being lost herself, for she had, time and again, roamed in the deepest and wildest parts of the forest, which was full of landmarks for her.

“Out-hunting-and-lost-my-way,” came slowly and detachedly to her ears.

She stopped and said to herself: “I’ve a mind to leave him to his fate. The idea of desecrating this sacred place with a shot-gun!”

However, she proceeded to the rescue, determining to give Mr. John Westwood a caustic piece of her mind, when once she had discovered him. (It is safe to say here, in parenthesis, that she forgot her cruel intention long before she came up to him.) She picked and crashed her way through the bushes for a mile, it seemed to her, but distances are deceptive when you have to work your way.

At last, he, waiting, gave a halloo which sounded absurdly loud, when right on the heels of it the bushes parted, and a radiant wood-nymph burst upon his sight. She was quite modernly and fashionably clad, for a wood-nymph, to be sure, in a becoming costume of buff lawn, the soft, loose draperies of which she had caught up to protect them from the brambles, revealing thereby the stiff embroidered ruffles of an immaculate skirt, and faultless feet shod in neat French walking boots. But her cheeks were flushed, her eyes were dazzling, and a cloud of shining hair rested lightly on her white forehead. Her wide hat, pushed far back on her head by some saucy branch, served as a frame to a bewitching face.

She beheld a tall young man in hunter’s buckskin, leaning on a rifle. His brown eyes were a shade softer than usual, from their weariness, perhaps. His face was clearly cut, and a dark moustache adorned his firm lip.

For more than a moment they gazed into each other’s eyes, then laughed and bowed. After thanking her enthusiastically, he said:

“I had no idea of compelling a young lady to my rescue. I thought it was a boy who answered me, and fully expected to see a ‘barefoot boy, with cheek of tan,’ instead of—” he hesitated.

“You will see no barefoot boys around here,” she said, hastily. “There is too great a fear of rattlesnakes.”

“I have not seen any.”

“Maybe not; for they are not fearfully prevalent, or I should not be here. But once in a while you come across an ugly fellow. I always go armed, myself,” she said saucily, producing a tiny silver-mounted flask from the depths of a capacious pocket.

It was but a glimpse of the flask he caught, for she plunged it back impatiently, as if she resented the impulse of familiarity.

“If you will follow me—” she said shortly.

“With all my heart. I love the woods, but began to fear I should never get out of this. I have been wandering about, seeking a path which I could follow anywhere, for six mortal hours.”

“It’s easy enough when you know the way.”

“Ah, but every one isn’t a dryad.”

“No. I’m especially engaged for the summer in that capacity,” she said, airily acknowledging his meaning. “When I’m at home,” she continued, thinking previous confidence called for a like return, “I’m Miss Amy Desart, of—well, everywhere in general. We’re nomads.”

“I’m most happy, Miss Desart,” he began in the stiff manner some people adopt when acknowledging an introduction, “to find in you an angel unawares,” he concluded with regained ease. “And—and,” he went on mischievously, “I think I was bitten by a rattlesnake some time this morning.”

She turned in alarm and met his eyes, in which he could not repress a twinkle.

“Why, you said you hadn’t seen any.”

“I didn’t see one, but I’m sure I must have heard a good many, and one could easily bite me and I not pay much attention to it, you know, in my perplexity.”

She regarded him carefully, felt sure that he was a gentleman, and saw besides the



mischievous in his eyes a great exhaustion, that brought out the silver flask without farther misgiving.

"I came off at four this morning, without any breakfast," and one could see his weariness was real. "You know," he added, excusing himself, "I expected to be back at the hotel by six with a deer for breakfast."

"You are staying at F—?" she asked. F—was a village on the line of the railway, about a mile distant.

"I have been there for the last week, but intend to return to the city tomorrow. I suppose you can show me the way to F—?"

"O, yes. I am so glad it was full," she said irrelevantly, as he returned her the empty flask. "You must have been very faint. We are nearly to the path; and Miss Desart's compliments, and will Mr. John Westwood deign to partake of an informal lunch at Hepsidam?"

"Mr. John Westwood accepts with due informality, not to say that he jumps at the chance. But where and what in the name of the redwoods is Hepsidam?"

"Hepsidam—as the name signifies—is 'a place in the wilderness,' rented during the summer months to campers for a small stipend. We have been down every summer for three years. But here we are."

He stepped out on the path and stood beside her. How fragrant and cool the woods were. The broad, leafy path made one sigh with pity for those who were bound to tread the stifling streets of the city. They soon reached the cottage, which was not far from where they struck the path. It was an idyllic repast that awaited them. Mrs. Desart was as lovely and cordial as her daughter, and Mr. Desart was full of *bonhomie* and unconcealed delight, at meeting anyone so recently from the city.

"I wish I had had the good luck to lose myself in this vicinity a week ago," said Westwood, regretfully, as he was taking his departure, considerably later in the afternoon.

"Well, you can find your way here easily now, and we shall be glad to see you at any time," said paterfamilias, cordially.

"Thank you for your kindness, but my vacation ends tomorrow," he sighed.

They all joined him on his walk hotelward, to make sure of his taking the right turns and angles which were to take him to F—, and it seemed to him that Amy was even more beautiful in the tender twilight than before. They parted from him as warmly as from an old friend, with cordial hand shakes all around, and Mr. Desart told him to run down any Sunday when he wanted a breath of the redwoods—an invitation cordially seconded by Mrs. Desart, and shyly by Amy. They stood and watched him till he reached a bend in the road, where he turned and waved his handkerchief, at which three handkerchiefs fluttered in response, then the bend in the road hid him from sight. They turned back on the path with rather a lonesome feeling, for this bright young fellow, whom they had not known a dozen hours before, had proved such a jolly comrade for the few hours of their acquaintance, that they honestly regretted his departure. And though they would have disclaimed indignantly, and with truth, any suggestion that they had suffered *ennui* before his appearance, still they began to look forward to the possible Sunday when he would come again. They might have had visitors in abundance, of course. But, though not by any means selfish people, they were still not gregarious to any extent.

Their unsocial instincts were probably due to their fondness for traveling, and the ease with which they had always been able to gratify that fondness. Amy, in fact, could hardly have told which was her own country. She was as familiar with France and Germany as America, and Scotland she had always loved. But since they had discovered the redwoods of California, she was inspired by their grandeur to quite a strong patriotism, for, though cosmopolitan bred, she was California born.

THE next Sunday, John Westwood could hardly conquer his desire to visit his new friends. But he felt that it would be better taste to let one Sunday elapse between his

visits. He was not very much expected, to be sure, as they did not look for him before two or three weeks. But in that week, Mr. Desart received a telegram that demanded his immediate presence in New York. And in a few days this family, always prepared for such emergencies, were on their eastward way.

Mr. Desart, as politeness demanded, wrote a note of explanation and apology to Mr. Westwood, whose address he intended to transcribe from the San Francisco directory. His intentions were good, but when they had left New York and were far out on the Atlantic, he discovered the still unaddressed note in one of his many pockets.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the disappointment and surprise of Mr. Westwood, when in high spirits he set out on the woodland path, only to find a deserted house at the end of it. He repeated the visit at odd intervals during the rest of the summer and fall, but always with the same result, till he finally gave up in despair, and came near to believing that he had never been lost in the redwoods, but had fallen asleep on an enchanted hill-side (as Grimm's people do) and dreamed the whole thing.

## II.

IT was late in September of the following year before John Westwood felt able to take his annual vacation from business cares. But the days grew so warm, that he determined to break away from the hot pavements and ceaseless noise of the city, for a week in the mountains. But where? There were mountains north of him, mountains east of him, mountains south of him. He had only to choose. The mountains to the north were the Marin County branch of the Coast Range, of which Tamalpais is the most prominent feature. But Tamalpais is visible from the city, so they wouldn't do. The same fault attached to the mountains to the east, that rise from the arid San Joaquin plains. Mount Diablo was their great feature, and his infernal majesty was plainly visible from the city. To the south were the Santa Cruz Mountains, in whose depths his short-lived

romance of a year ago was enacted. It is not strange that ignoring the charms of Mendocino redwoods, which necessitated a day or two of steamboat travel, and steeling his heart against Donner Lake and the snowy Sierras (which were rather far off into the bargain), he decided to seek the bracing mountain air in the Santa Cruz Range. F— was only a few hours distant from the city, and yet the place was a wild untrodden wilderness—a wilderness possessing the great advantage of accessibility. One had only to strike out from the station at F— in any direction to lose himself—as he had once proved—in a virgin and primeval forest.

He had no hopes of meeting his quondam acquaintances again. If they had been down at all, he felt sure they had flown before that. He assured himself that he would not have wished to meet them, for they had treated him shabbily. It was a most contradictory impulse, then, that drew him the very first day of his arrival past the redwood cabin. If he had hoped for any sign of his will-o'-the-wisp friends, however, he was disappointed. No sign of life was about the place, and he avoided it in his future rambles.

The large streams that flowed through the forest were famous for trout, and to trout-fishing he devoted himself, as offering fewer opportunities for getting lost than hunting the wary deer. So with rod and line, a plentiful supply of light literature, and a sportsman's lunch basket well filled, he would start out for the day.

He was impartial in his choice of streams, and often angled in the one that flowed near Hepsidam. He chose that one today, and made his way up the stream for a long distance by leaping from stone to stone, or by walking the mighty length of the redwood trees that lay, as they had fallen, in and across the stream in every direction, and by wading with his water-defying boots in the beautiful smooth stretches of water.

At last he reached a place he judged favorable alike for angling and for reading. It was a redwood trunk, soft with mossy growths, hid among mighty boulders; and from this shelter his line could play on a smooth peb-



bly pool that promised lots of trout. Here he ensconced himself comfortably, baited his hook, flung his line carefully out into the stream, propped the pole up near at hand (which may not be a scientific way to fish, but was quite in the way of a lazy young man), stretched himself at full length on his broad divan, chose the most conversational novel his pockets bore, and was soon deep in its pages.

Behind him rose an absolutely perpendicular cliff, many feet in height, dotted from top to bottom with waving "five-finger" ferns. They were of such dense and large growth that no portion of the rocky wall was visible, and down through the tops of the redwoods, hundreds of feet above, and over the living green curtain, the sun sent his flickering rays. The trout were wary, and gave him plenty of time to get interested in his book, which, being a lively summer novel, caused him soon to forget the shyness of the denizens of the stream. So in turning a page it acted quite like a shock to his nervous system when he saw his pole bend, and suddenly show symptoms of falling headlong into the stream. He caught it with the mental ejaculation, "It must be a big one to pull like that!" and straightway his book was forgotten. He lifted the pole and carefully began to draw in the line, at the same time advancing to the edge of his nook to see his game.

An exclamation of pain greeted his effort to tauten his line, and there on a rock in the brook he beheld his catch. He gazed in consternation at the sight of a girl seated on the rock, and bending over a rosy bare foot, which bore in the pink ball of a tiny toe a cruel black fishhook. His effort to draw in the line must have caused her acute pain, and called forth the moan which smote on his ears. Her head was bent, and her hands were busy trying to draw out the ugly barb.

"This must be another 'Lorelei,'" he thought, "and these woods are surely haunted. I'll be carried off by a pixie next."

He hardly knew how to offer his services—as he was evidently unobserved, it was awkward to break the silence. But of course it was only fair that he should help this damsel in distress. He was just essaying "Allow me," when she suddenly rose, without having extracted the hook, and attempted the feat of walking on her heel. Then raising her eyes, she saw him helpless and guilty before her.

"You!" she cried faintly, and let her skirts drop quickly over her feet, whereat the former became as wet as the latter.

"You!" he cried in rapture; for it was she! no strange pixie nor Lorelei, but his dryad of a year ago. "Can you ever forgive me?" he asked in deep contrition. "Let me take out that wretched hook."

She offered no resistance as he lifted her up on a mossy log, and then deftly and as gently as possible cut out the barb. Of course it was painful, but two or three little gasps were all the sign she gave, and they cut him to the heart. He tore up his handkerchief for a strip to wrap around the little bleeding toe.

"And now," he said, as gayly as he felt to be consistent with a bad conscience, "fishermen always carry their catch home, I believe, and you cannot walk."

She yielded to this arrangement, saying "It isn't far—I had just started out to wade up stream for ferns."

So Paul and Virginia wise, carefully over the stones and up the road he bore his sweet burden, to the door of Hepsidam, where many explanations were the order of the day.

Mr. Desart gave him the long deferred letter, and they all forgave him for capturing Amy so cruelly. But at his wedding, some months later, he confided to his friends at large that it was the finest catch he had ever made; and none who saw his lovely bride questioned the statement. And Amy declares no one can ever say that *she* "angled for a husband."

*K. L. Carnarthen.*

GLIMPSES OF THREE COASTS.<sup>1</sup>

A FRESH reminder of Mrs. Helen Jackson's wonderful variety and copiousness as a magazine writer, comes in the shape of a volume of over four hundred pages, lengthened yet more by small print and somewhat thin paper, upon whose title-page appears after the words "author of," a list of the fourteen prose books already between covers under her name—travel, sketch, and essay, fiction, statistics, controversy. Add to this all her poetry, and then note that of the magazine sketches so recent as to be hitherto still strays, this large book has been made; and remember over how few years her literary activity extended, and remember, also, her high ideal of the writer's art, and her contempt for hasty or slipshod work,—and some realization will be had of what the industry of her productive years must have been.

The present volume contains Mrs. Jackson's papers upon California and Oregon, three upon Scotland and England, and a half dozen upon Norway, Denmark, and Germany. All these papers are familiar already to magazine readers, who will none the less—perhaps rather the more—be glad to have them in this permanent form. Those that were published in the illustrated magazines will be, moreover, increased in interest to those readers who find the pictorial decoration rather an interruption than an aid to the literary purposes of most kinds of writing, by the omission of the pictures.

The eminent "availability" of Mrs. Jackson's work for magazine purposes is very noticeable in these articles. It was not the availability of the literary hack, nor of the practiced journalist, who has acquired the ability to "get up" any given subject with decent readability. Neither was it the commanding worthiness of great genius, overriding the minor calculations of magazines

as to what is fitted to the need of their audiences; for Mrs. Jackson's magazine sketches are not the work of great genius, nor, on the other hand, is it certain that genius would always meet the requirements of "availability." But Mrs. Jackson's natural powers lay exactly in the magazine field; she was spontaneously a magazinist, as some men and women are journalists. She may almost be called the typical magazine writer of this magazine epoch—the one person to be pointed out by the text books and essayists of the future to illustrate the epoch. It is not infrequently noticed and commented on that some people have what is called "the newspaper instinct," which means simply a perception of what people wish to hear, and the way in which they wish to hear it; its possession means sure success in newspaper work; and so well recognized is its existence and value, that it may almost be said to have a regular market price and fixed grades of excellence, like other commodities. The magazine instinct is a rarer and much less well-understood thing. It is the same in nature, for it means simply the perception of what magazine audiences will like to hear, and in what manner, quantity, and distribution; but it requires the additional discernment of seeing what sort of people constitute a magazine audience. It is easy to know who constitute a newspaper audience, for it consists of everybody; but while a great magazine has very many more readers than a great newspaper, the readers of the magazines all put together do not approximate in numbers the readers of the newspapers all put together; so that the magazine readers remain to a certain extent a "picked lot." How select, it is a nice question to determine; certainly not altogether the aristocracy of the reading world, neither the reverse—rather the *bourgeois*, the great middle class; and the magazine which succeeds in appealing most exactly to this class, makes the greatest

<sup>1</sup> Glimpses of Three Coasts. By Helen Jackson ("H. H.") Boston: Roberts Bros. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.



"success," in the technical sense. Yet the danger of bidding down to the audience is far greater than of going over its head. Dr. Holland created his magazine deliberately and expressly for the great middle class of readers, and no man could have been better adapted to the enterprise, for he was eminently of that class himself; and his calculations were justified by the result. Yet when his magazine passed out of his hands, and under a more severely critical censorship, it gained, instead of losing, readers. Indeed, it is probably a fallacy to believe that magazines ever lose readers because they are "too good." They may easily be good in the wrong way, however. Margaret Fuller's "Dial" did not die because it was too good. If a magazine could be filled every month with fiction, humor, description, poetry, literature of travel and of human customs and experiences, and researches into economic and sociological facts, and the occurrences of the natural world, all of the very highest order the world has seen, that magazine would probably sell more copies than any other. But there is not enough great literature in these branches, the world over, to fill a single magazine, monthly, with the necessary variety, on the necessary topics; and while the manner of an article cannot be too good for the audience, it is very easy for the topic to be out of the range of their interest. Topics of common human interest, treated with all excellence that is possible to genius, is thus the ideal of magazine literature; the common human interest must be had in any event, and the excellence of treatment as far as possible. Now the main weight of all these discriminations and perceptions must, of course, fall upon the editor: but he cannot create his magazine, as a journalist creates his paper; for the newspaper is made in its own office by its own staff, who have been selected and trained, and are daily supervised by their chief, while the magazine is dependent on outside contributions. If the contributors have not the magazine instinct, the editor is helpless. Now Mrs. Jackson was a contributor who did meet this need of editors admirably.

She knew what topics were of common human interest, and she never knowingly wrote down to her audience, nor put together made-to-sell work; she used her very best efforts according to good ideals; and while she had her failures, her best efforts usually produced what was good literature, and sometimes what was more than good. She was, therefore, one of the small group among the writers in the popular magazines who bring the most critical and thoughtful into their circle of readers, and keep them there, while at the same time she was highly acceptable to the uncritical—a combination of availabilities which meant certain success with editors.

In the collection of her travel-sketches now before us, those upon Southern California and Oregon have awakened most interest here; but in a literary way there is more permanent value in some of the European ones. "The Katrina Saga," for instance, is a very happy study of Katrina and Norway; and the extracts from Katrina's version of "Frithiof and Ingeborg" are delightful. It might be suggested that Katrina, and not Mrs. Jackson, is the genius here; but it took genius to appreciate these renderings, and transcribe them for us with so delightful a record of Katrina's running comment. We find space for some part of this, which Mrs. Jackson prefaces with, "Could any good English be so good as this?"

Two trees grew bold and silent: never before the north never seen such beauties; they grew nicely in the garden.

The one grew up with the strength of the oak, and the stem was as the handle of the spear, but the crown shook in the wind like the top on the helmet.

But the other one grew like a rose—like a rose when the winter just is going away; but the spring what stands in its buds still in dreams childly is smiling.

So they grew in joy and play; and Frithiof was the young oak, but the rose in the green wally was named Ingeborg, the Beauty.

If you seen dem two in the daylight, you would think of Freya's dwelling, where many a little pair is swinging with yellow hair, and vings like roses.

But if you saw dem in the moonlight, dancing easy around, you would tink to see an erl-king pair dancing among the wreaths of the wally. How he was glad—

“Dem’s the nicest vairstes, I tink.”  
—how he was glad, how it was dear to him, when he got to write the first letter of her name, and afterwards to learn his Ingeborg, that was to Frithiof more than the king’s honor. . . .

But if he in the winter evening, with his soul fierce, by the fire’s beam was reading of bright Walhalla, a song, a song of the gods—

“Vell, dat’s the mans ; vat’s the women’s ?”

“Goddesses ?”

“Vell, dat’s it.”

—a song of the gods and goddesses’ joy, he was tink-  
ing, Yellow is the hair of Freya. My Ingeborg—

“Vat’s a big field called when it is all over  
ripe ?”

“Yellow ?”

“No,”—a shake of the head.

—is like the fields when easy waves the summer wind  
a golden net round all the flower bundles. . . .

But the king’s daughter sat and sung a hero song,  
and weaved glad into the stuff all things the hero  
have done, the blue sea, the green wallej, and rock-  
rifts.

There grew out in snow-white wool the shining  
shields of—

“Ain’t there a word you say spinned ?”

—spinned gold ; red as the lightning flew the lances  
of the war, and stiff of silver was every armor.

But as she quickly is weaving and nicely, she gets  
the heroes Frithiof’s shape, and as she comes farther  
into the weave, she gets red, but still she sees them  
with joy.

But Frithiof did cut in wallej and field many an I  
and F in the bark of—

“He cut all round. Wherever he come, he cut  
them two.”

—the trees. These Runes is healed with happy and  
joy, just like the young hearts together.

When the daylight stands in its emerald—

[Here we had a long halt, Katrina insisting on  
saying “smaragd,” and declaring that that was an  
English word ; she had seen it often, and “it could  
not be pronounced in any other way” ; she had seen  
it in “Lady Montaign in Turkey,”—“she had loads  
of smaragds and all such things.” Her contrition,  
when she discovered her mistake, was inimitable.]

## AMERICAN DIPLOMACY.<sup>1</sup>

MR. SCHUYLER, lately United States min-  
ister to Greece, Roumania, and Serbia, and  
perhaps still more generally known as former  
consul and secretary of legation in Russia,  
delivered in 1885 a course of lectures at Johns  
Hopkins’ University, and at Cornell, upon  
our consular and diplomatic service ; and later  
in the same year, another course upon the  
uses of our diplomacy to commerce and nav-  
igation. These two courses of lectures are  
now published as a book, under the title of  
*American Diplomacy*.

The chapters which evidently composed  
the first course are “The Department of  
State,” “Our Consular System,” and “Dip-  
lomatic Officials.” The first of these chap-  
ters opens with a suggestive statement of the  
position of the Secretary of State, which se-  
cures interest from the outset : “If we were  
to put ourselves,” says Mr. Schuyler, “in the  
place of an intelligent foreign diplomatist,  
anxious to discover for his own purposes

who were the real depositaries of power in  
the United States ; if we could lay aside for  
awhile the ‘literary theory’ of our constitu-  
tion and of its workings, which has been  
taught to us from childhood, and look only  
at the practice of our representative institu-  
tions, as they have been modified, and, as  
it were, solidified during the last twenty-five  
years ; if we should study the facts alone, as  
if there were no written constitution, we  
should find that in the last analysis, the gov-  
ernment of the United States, in ordinary  
peaceful and uneventful times, is a nearly ir-  
responsible despotism, composed of five or  
six men, working under and through consti-  
tutional forms, and subject only to the pen-  
alty which is always exacted for very grave  
mistakes. These six men are : the Presi-  
dent of the United States, who is, it is true,  
elected by the people, but only from two  
or three candidates proposed by partisan  
conventions, as the result of intrigue or the  
failure of intrigue ; the Secretary of State  
and the Secretary of the Treasury, named  
by the President as his colleagues and asso-

<sup>1</sup> American Diplomacy. By Eugene Schuyler. New  
York : Charles Scribner’s Sons. 1886. For sale in San  
Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.



ciates, rather than his advisers and servants, confirmed by the Senate, which never refuses its approval except for causes of the most scandalous nature, or for reasons of extreme partisan feeling; the Speaker of the House of Representatives, who is elected as such by his fellow-congressmen at the dictation of a clique, or as the result of a compromise between the factions and the personal ambitions of the dominant party; the Chairman of the Standing Committee on Appropriations, and the Chairman of the Standing Committee on Ways and Means, both appointed by the Speaker, leading men in Congress, and generally his rivals for the Speakership."

"This grave conflict between actual practice and constitutional theory," he attributes to the working of the rules of Congress; and referring the reader to Mr. Woodrow Wilson's book on Congressional Government for further analysis of it, goes on to speak more specifically of the Secretary of State, who "by hasty action, by an intemperate or ill-timed insistence on national or individual rights, by even a want of tact or a hasty word . . . may embroil us with other powers, may involve us in the political complications of other continents, or may bring upon us all the evils of a foreign war. By an ignorance of precedent, by an act of good nature, or in an impulsive moment, he may give up rights that we have jealously claimed for a century . . . By the negotiation of a treaty he may . . . draw the country into a scheme of annexation, saddle us with a colony, or the protectorate of a distant country. In fact, our Secretaries of State have been habitually very cautious, but "the possibilities of what an enterprising and inexperienced Secretary, ignorant of foreign countries, might do for us, unless he were surrounded by thoroughly trained and skilled subordinates, are such as to make this branch of our government worthy of special study." One Secretary, whom the author names only as "the one who remained the shortest time in office," but who is easily recognizable, in the six days of his incumbency changed the majority of this corps of subordinates,

for "new and inexperienced men, appointed solely for partisan political services"—to the disaster of the service.

The importance of the "thoroughly trained and skilled subordinates" is thus as apparent as that of a competent Secretary. This is especially important in the foreign representative corps. No one can be appointed to the British consular service, unless he has passed an examination showing an accurate knowledge of the English language, a fluent command of French (the common language of European diplomacy), a fair knowledge of the language in use at the port to which he is going, of British mercantile and commercial law, and of such arithmetic as is necessary for making up his tables and reports. He must, in most cases, remain at least three months in the Foreign Office, to learn its methods; and he is expected, besides, to give evidence of courtesy, tact, decision, and to have knowledge of the law of nations. For admission to the French consular service, one must be French, between twenty and twenty-five years of age; "must have a diploma as bachelor of arts, science, or laws," or else be a graduate of one of nine specified technical schools, or hold the commission of an officer in the active army or navy. He must then pass examination on the governmental systems of France and other countries; general principles of international, commercial, and maritime law; the history of treaties, and political and commercial geography; the elements of political economy, and English or German. After three years' service he must pass another examination of the same nature, for promotion. Other governments exact like preparation. For a United States consul, it is not even required that he should be able to read and write the English language correctly; and as may be easily imagined, our national dignity is sometimes seriously wounded by the inability of some consul—appointed entirely without qualification, for partisan services—to appear with decent credit beside those of other nations at the same port.

Not only our failure to exact any preparation for the service, but our inadequate re-

muneration, puts the national dignity at a disadvantage as compared with other nations. From the Secretary of State down, the salaries in our service are such as make it impossible to preserve the appearances that are expected of the position. It is becoming notorious that, since it has become necessary for the Secretary of State to offer so much hospitality, it is impossible for any one to take the place who is not able and willing to supplement his salary of \$8,000 from his independent fortune. Consuls-general receive from \$2,000 to \$6,000, consuls from \$1,000, with permission to engage in business, to \$4,000 (only one receiving \$4,000, and \$2,500 being a high average). Most irregular fees are now abolished, and the regular fees are counted on the salary; so that, in fact, the expense of the service was, until last year, more than covered by the fees. In 1883 the government received a surplus of nearly fifty-six thousand dollars, and in 1884 of over thirty-six thousand. The British service costs about three hundred and fifty thousand dollars more than ours: be-

sides salaries from \$5,000 to \$12,500 to consuls-general, and sometimes as high as \$6,000 and \$7,500 to consuls, it gives permanent tenure of office, and prospect of promotion and of pension. Thus any young man may enter upon the service, with reasonable hope of coming to the highest salary and best position in time, if he shows himself competent; and the result is a most desirable and efficient corps. It will be seen that a little more liberality, and an extension of civil service examinations to this department (with a requirement of good English, of French, of the necessary knowledge of arithmetic, of commercial and international law, of treaties, of our own government, and of the language and government of the country to which the candidate wishes to go) would not only raise the efficiency and dignity of the corps greatly, but would also open an honorable and safe career to many young men, and put a stop to the hordes of consulate-seekers at Washington that now supply abundant material for newspaper scoffing.

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### ETC.

WE find it necessary to repeat at intervals an announcement that was made at the outset of the present series of *THE OVERLAND*, viz: that one object of its existence was to furnish a free forum for expression of opinion upon subjects of public policy. A newspaper, on most public questions, has its own side, and no other; it is the advocate of one party or policy, and its own editorial pleas on its own side constitute nearly all the reader can find on the subject. Rarely, communications backing it up are added; still more rarely, an occasional communication controverting its position. But the position of a magazine is totally different. Its editorial expressions are, at most, only a small fraction of those given currency in its pages. Of the four representative magazines of the country, the "*Atlantic*" publishes nothing but book notices editorially; "*Harper's Monthly*" confines editorial comment to literary and social topics of a general sort; the "*Century*" and the *OVERLAND* only occasionally take editorial position upon some controverted point, when it either is of so great importance as to need the union of all voices possible—as the civil service reform—or calls for the

expression of some view overlooked by both, or all, the discussing parties. The long intervals at which a magazine is published are of themselves sufficient to rule it out of the field of editorial controversy; it could be answered thirty times before it could answer again. On the other hand, it is the natural vehicle of comprehensive articles upon matters in discussion—such articles as require considerable time for preparation, and are so far a complete presentation of the argument as to be entitled to more permanent form than the daily or weekly can give them. In England, we find a very considerable and influential part of political discussion, upon measures of large importance, thus carried on in the "reviews" and magazines. There is, perhaps, less of it here, but it forms a proper and considerable part of a magazine's function. The *OVERLAND* announced at the outset that it offered a forum—otherwise wanting in this State—for the hearing of both sides of any public question not of a party nature; provided, of course, the papers offered were, in intelligence, in literary quality, in temper, and so forth, suitable. This was consistently our course in the matter of the



Chinese exclusion discussion, and we had supposed it thereby so well defined that we have been a little surprised to find the OVERLAND commented on as having "taken sides" in the Riparian Rights controversy, by publishing, over the signature of the author, without any expression of editorial opinion, a contributed article upon the subject. Let us repeat, again, we accept no responsibility for the views of our contributors, beyond that implied in our having judged them worthy of a reasonable hearing. Our issues of May and June, 1885, show that we have given such hearing to several sides of the Riparian discussion, and probably shall to more, as occasion offers.

THE experience of the San Francisco Boys' High School is a matter of considerable importance to the civilization of the community, and calls for some comment here. It was certainly sufficiently mortifying that for two years this high school—nominally the principal one in the State—should have been admitted with doubt and reluctance into the number of those privileged to graduate their pupils directly into the University. Most of our readers are aware that the privilege was given this year only with a published statement from the University of the marked deficiencies which must be corrected before there could be any great probability of its being retained. This rebuke was merely an unmistakably emphatic assertion of what was already well known—that the school was in a bad condition, and fallen well to the rear among the high schools of the State. It is not worth while to try to fix the blame for this state of affairs upon any one: it was partly due to political faction in the administration of school affairs, partly to wrong placing of excellent men. The thing that is now of most importance is to note that the public has, since the reorganization of the school, good and sufficient assurance that it will be managed with energy and system, and will doubtless soon regain its place, as far as the technically efficient administration of a high school goes, among the foremost schools of its grade in the State.

THIS is good—excellent—as far as it goes. But whether we are to look for anything better than this from the new administrators of this great moulder of our future citizens, remains to be seen. That they have the power to impart to the school that higher educational spirit which has always been so wanting in San Francisco schools—the impulse to farther learning, the love of truth, the scholarly spirit, chivalrous enthusiasms, disinterested aims, enlightening glimpses into the great world of thought and intellectual action—we can as yet only hope. It was well said by a devoted teacher of this State, that "the higher education" did not mean the later years of schooling as distinguished from the earlier, but a spirit and method of education that should permeate the whole course; one could have the higher education in the primary school, and could fail of it in the University.

Other schools, smaller, poorer, and less perfect in technical drill than those of San Francisco, have consistently surpassed hers in this higher education; and her two high schools should take the lead in making this no longer true.

#### Correction.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OVERLAND MONTHLY:

May I beg you to allow me a line or two for the correction of a vexatious blunder made in a foot-note to my *California*, p. 429? I have there accused Mr. John S. Hittell of putting Meiggs's flight from San Francisco in September, 1854, instead of in October. In fact, Mr. Hittell's statement, on p. 223 of his *History of San Francisco*, actually puts Meiggs's flight in October, and my accusation was based on a note of mine, made after a careless misreading of Mr. Hittell's text. The haste with which my volume, after it had once been completed, passed through the press, prevented me from comparing my notes or my proof with Mr. Hittell's text, to verify my remark. The matter is very small in itself, but as I somehow took it upon myself to correct, in passing, Mr. Hittell, it is only fair that I should take back my correction. Let me add, that I shall be deeply obliged for further correction of any mistakes, small or great, that your readers may note in my book. Errors are so easy, in work of this kind, and yet so much to be regretted, that I am anxious to correct all that I can of my own, and ask no mercy for them.

Yours respectfully,

JOSIAH ROYCE.

20 LOWELL STREET, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

#### Some Zuni Traditions.

The Zuñis have an explanation for any question asked them concerning their peculiarities, customs, etc. Many of these are more interesting, as romantic flights of fancy than as truth, for they overstep the line of the possible. However the Zuñis themselves believe in their cherished traditions as sacred historical facts, and relate them with an admirable earnestness and sympathy of feeling. They have one to the effect that they, aided by the Navajoes and Pueblos, made and put in their places the sun, moon, and stars, finding themselves in need of light, after an escape into the big open world from a great cavern of solid silver in the San Francisco mountains, seen far west of their pueblos.

This self-helpful and advanced tribe of Indians say that the towns (now ruins) in Rio Chaco, de Chelley, and other cañons, were built by Montezuma, who often erected a pueblo in a single night, and who planted corn that grew in the darkness, and was ready for harvest on the following morning. In building the pueblos the estufa was never forgotten, on the altar of which he kindled a flame ever after held sacred.

These estufas are found in all the ruins of town or city throughout New Mexico and Arizona. They

are six to nine feet in diameter, and circular, having neither window nor door, but an aperture in the roof for access and egress. They contain, usually, a large flat stone for an altar. In the estufas of the habitable and inhabited pueblos this flame was not extinguished until the portion of Montezuma's prophecy regarding the coming of white people from the east had been fulfilled.

Montezuma's mother, the bride of the Great Spirit, was so beautiful that all the chiefs of the land so worshiped her that they warred with each other in rivalry for her favor, and gave her presents of corn, wheat, skins, and precious stones; and when famine came to them she hastened to their relief with ample supplies, the stores accumulated by their own liberality, in token of their love for her. One day she lay down to sleep in a grove, and a drop of dew fell upon her bare bosom, by which she became pregnant and bore the great and universally beloved Montezuma.

There are occasionally found among them, individuals who have light hair and blue eyes. I am told that they themselves account for this curious phenomenon, by relating a version of the well-known legend of the Welsh prince, Madoc, whose colony, in the twelfth century, is said to have reached Zuñi, after many wanderings, and there settled; disputes over the possession of the Welshwomen led to the destruction of the Welshmen, leaving the women to become incorporated with the tribe.

In the Agua Pescada, near Zuñi, is a curious fish resembling a pike, which has its origin in man. Two Indians were returning from the sacred spring. One of these had vowed not to taste flesh that had been touched by water. Passing along the bank of the stream, they saw some game sitting on the branch of a tree. One of them shot an arrow at it, and the body fell into the water, but was rescued. When the game was prepared for eating, the Indian under vow was over-persuaded, and ate of the meat. Almost immediately his hunger was replaced by violent thirst, and no draught from a drinking vessel could relieve it. At last he leaped into the stream to drink his fill.

"I cannot see!" he shouted from the water to his comrade, "come to me!"

The comrade, alarmed by his tone of voice as well as his words, ran toward him, but too late to drag him from the water. He had changed into a fish. The Great Spirit had so punished him for his broken vow.

The sacred spring is near Zuñi, at the foot of a bluff ten to twelve hundred feet high. It is ten feet in diameter, with a low stone wall around it. On the surface of this stand *tenajas* (earthenware jars) bottom up. These are gifts of friendship to the spirit of the spring. None of the Zuñis ever taste of this water; they would fear instant death for such a sacrilege. When it is visited, the governor is usually one of the party, and he invariably, while there,

performs incantations to attest their reverence for the spirit who makes it his home. If the governor is not present, this duty falls upon one of the others.

On the face of the bluffs that rise so high above the valley to form the *mesa* above, are two colossal pillars of sandstone, reaching nearly to the level, and, though evidently formed by nature, these much resemble the human form. A tragic tradition clings to these two giants. Ages before the white man was known, a great flood swept the valley, overwhelming the pueblos, and drowning all, both human and animal, except those that scaled the steep bluffs and reached the *mesa*. Here the people thought themselves safe, but the water still rose higher and higher, until the land seemed a vast ocean, with the mountains as islands. Their terror grew more intense as they watched the water-mark, inch by inch, nearing their altitude. At length, it had only thirty feet more to reach, and it would flood the *mesa*. The mountains were not accessible. Not another foot's elevation was to be had. Something must be done, and that at once, for their protection. Many were so overwhelmed by the calamity, and so certain of their doom, that they did nothing but gaze with an uncontrollable fascination upon the flood at their feet, eleven hundred feet deep, under which the highest four-story building of their pueblo, in which they were so lately comfortably quartered, in fear of foe neither in man, nor beast, nor nature's elements, lay buried at almost as great a depth—their city, provisions, household conveniences, and comforts gone, flocks and herds, and, worst of all, their dear ones perished; and in connection with all this death, even to their last member, seemed unavoidable. Others were hopeful that the water would recede ere it reached the brink on which they were collected. These few cast about for a means of helpful action.

The need of a great offering to appease the wrath of the Spirit was urged and acknowledged. Its hasty execution had become a necessity painfully felt by the ashen-faced participants in the council. The governor's son and daughter, in the beauty of their budding manhood and womanhood, were the chosen victims for the sacrifice, for the sake of which they hoped their supplications to the Great Spirit to stay the further rising of the water would be heard and granted. The verdict pronounced, the brother and sister were seized, bound, and pitched over the brink into the depths of the flood—where the sun had risen but once or twice since the happy birds soared in altitudes of air, with a panorama beneath them of prosperous fields and merry workers, grazing kine, and busy thrift. The waters closed over the victims where the industry of generations lay swallowed up in desolation.

But the offering was not in vain. The Great Spirit appreciated the adoration of the people in sacrificing to him the two most loved of their children. The surging element beating so ominously against the brink of the *mesa* grew calm almost at once, and the



surface of its great expanse gradually fell to the level of the valley. But, with all their possessions destroyed beyond recovery, the Zuñis began their work of reconstruction on the *mesa* that had been their haven in their great misfortune. They built their new Cibola among the cedar groves on the level plateau; a city which grew to be very large, as its ruins now bear evidence, covering thirty acres. The two detached pillars on the face of the cliff, the tradition relates, were built by the people, as monuments to perpetuate the memory of the marvelous flood, the Spirit's anger, and the sacrifice made to appease it.

*Dagmar Mariager.*

### Boat Riding on Blue Lakes, California.

Dip the light oar by the shadowy shore,

And raise it twined with a dripping wreath

Of trailing mosses, tangled and torn.

Curls from some nymph of the lakeside, shorn,

Or fringes from the nautic worn

By some emerald-robed mermaid reclining there.

O, gladly the sun with his brightest smile

Bursts forth from his cloudy sheath.

And the blue, blue heavens lie overhead,

And the blue, blue waters beneath.

The beautiful azure lake unrolled

Mirrors her fringed brim,

The sunbeams quiver in pools of gold,

And the gnarled old trees, and the mountains old,

And the vines that droop o'er the waters cold,

Are reflected the depths within.

Merrily sing, while the light boat speeds

Away from the shore with its tangled weeds

Sing! till the hoary hills awake

And the forest trees into music break.

Countless gifts at her hands we take,

Have we no songs for the bonny blue lake?

O, the glorious sun with a smile benign.

Has burst from his cloudy sheath,

And the blue, blue heavens above me shine,

And the blue, blue waters beneath.

Lilies, lilies along the shore,

They stand in the rushes high,

Lightly they bend to the dripping oar,

Around them the blue, blue waters pour

And above them the blue, blue sky.

The tremulous sunbeams quiver and dance,

Then pause, as if held in a magic trance.

What care we for aught beside,

As o'er the beautiful lake we glide?

Do we sigh for a glimpse of sunny France;

Could Switzerland's snow-capped mountains stern,

Or Italy's breeze our joy enhance?

Let the German sing of his castled Rhine,

And the Scot of his hills of heath.

When my own blue heavens above me shine,

And the blue, blue waters beneath.

*Martha L. Hoffman.*

### The Old Bachelor's Story.

"THE boys concluded to get up a dancing school. I begged my parents to let me join, and they yielded. There was a nice party of us, about thirty in number.

The girls got up a class, too. Old Cady was the teacher. Everybody called him 'Old Cady.' He weighed about two hundred pounds, was short and round as a barrel, and as good-natured as the day or night was long. He did not do much dancing himself. He played the fiddle and instructed us. The boys met two evenings in the week for lessons. The girls met in the afternoon. After we had made some progress, our teacher concluded to give us a 'hop' once a week. To these hops all the classes might go, and members of former classes were invited. As Old Cady had been teaching a dancing school every winter for time out of mind, the invitation embraced pretty much all the town. The most of the fathers and mothers of the class had been his pupils, and so his hops formed a pretty group of old and young together.

"On the evening of the first hop he gave us the easy dances in the first part of the evening, and later on he suited the tastes of the old pupils. I remember that evening well. I was all excitement and bashfulness. I got along nicely, however, until a waltz was called. I knew I could waltz, though it was called the hardest of the dances. The music started. Old Cady was a genius. The cadences of his music seemed to lift one off his feet. The airs that he played have floated through my life ever since those years. He summoned the gems of every opera and sonata and requiem of the masters, and picked up the melodies in which the people have sung and do sing in every land, and the airs whistled on the street, and dressed them up for his purposes, and made them the spirit and soul of the dance. He did not seem to know what he was about to play, and as the dance progressed, now and then a new thought seemed to inspire him as new strains whirled us on. Now he would lean forward, and a plaintive air would lead us; then, rising, with chin and elbow elevated, a stately measured movement, and, perhaps, as if laughing, a light and tripping step. It was Annie Laurie or The Marseillaise. He even dared the sacred strains of 'Joy! Joy! To the host that in glory advances!' I remember with what audacity old Coronation once rang out from under his bow, as if in defiance; and he played it with such grand effect that it did not seem out of place.

"I looked around the room for some one to waltz with. I espied Annie, a bright-eyed daughter of a neighbor. She was a few years younger than I. We had played together always, though of late she had seemed a little shy. I invited her to waltz with me. She said: 'Why, I never tried to waltz, except with the girls. I am afraid I can't.'

"She stepped forward, and we started out. We made a few missteps. It was a little difficult for us to swing clear around at first. We got it soon, however. The exercise, and perhaps a little shyness, brought the color to Annie's cheeks. Her eyes brightened up, and I thought to myself, 'Annie is really beautiful.' The music stopped. Annie and I

had danced our first waltz. From that time on she and I were always partners for the waltz. Old Cady was proud of us. He gave us more attention than the others. The waltz, as taught by Old Cady, was not a jumping, hopping, Apache waltz. There was none of the horrid, awkward reversing. It was smooth and graceful. Annie and I became expert. We used to do all kinds of fancy tricks. She would whirl like a top under a wreath, or turn with a glass of water on her head. We even succeeded in waltzing around the hall with a glass of water on the head of each of us. It was all play. As I look back, I think how happy we were then.

"I went off to college. My father gave me sage advice, and my mother enjoined me not to fall in love. 'You must get the cage before you catch the bird, my son.' When I came back in my first vacation, Annie's folks had moved away.

"I worked my way through college, studied hard, and stood well. I came West, I bought and sold town lots and homesteads, went to the Legislature, was Speaker of the House one session. I had been a candidate for Congress, and ran ahead of my ticket; but my party was in the minority. I was on one side of nearly every important law-suit in two or three counties near my home. Everybody said I was successful; I had made money, and was considered rich. When I started out, I kept to my mother's advice, and after I was able to build the cage, I did not want the bird. I had got to be an old bachelor.

"One winter I was at the capital attending the Supreme Court. The Legislature was in session. I was also charged by a railroad company in my part of the State to see that it was not hurt by hostile legislation. It was my business to know everybody, and everybody knew me. Fun of all sorts and amusements of every kind kept up high carnival. One evening a banquet was given at the leading hotel, with dancing in the grand dining hall. Of course, I went. Everybody went. Some of 'my people' were there. They had to be looked after, introduced to the notables, and made happy. There were many things to be watched. Intrigues are often laid in a capital on such occasions. I had never danced there. No one had ever seen me dance. It was to me a forgotten art. The new-fangled dances were an abomination to me. They are to all of us old fogies. I was busy, however, from one to another, chatting and listening to everything. All at once, a most queenly looking lady, magnificently dressed, came in, leaning on the arm of an elderly gentleman, and seated herself. A second look, and it was Annie, more beautiful even than she was a quarter of a century ago. I stepped over to her; she met me most cordially. She introduced me to 'Mr. Gage, my husband's uncle.' While we were talking, the band struck up a grand waltz.

" 'Annie, let us try it.'

" 'All right,' said she.

"She rose, and I took her right hand, and she laid her left on my shoulder; her train swung out gracefully, and we began to spin around the hall, and the memories of a quarter century began to spin through my head. The old flush came to Annie's cheeks, and the old luster to her eyes. We waltzed as easily as ever. As we danced, we talked. She asked about this one and that one. We had a little word of each. I told her this reminded me of old times. She said, 'Yes.' I said: 'You dance as lightly, and look as beautiful as ever.' She blushed a little, I thought, and her big eyes looked up into my face. 'Do you think so?' So we went on dancing and talking, thinking of nothing else. It was a whirl, a fancy, a dream, an ecstasy. The music stopped. The spell was broken. Annie swung round to my side. Her left hand took my right arm naturally, and we stepped forward to cross the hall. We glanced around the room, and she exclaimed, 'Oh! was there no one else dancing?' Sure enough; that was so. The faces of my friends were smiling a delight and a surprise. One enthusiastic one of them clapped his hands, and all around the room ran a little cheer. Annie looked at me; her face flushed, and then she tossed up her chin and glanced around the room like a queen.

" 'I must go now,' she said. 'We take an early train.' As we walked toward the grand stairs, I thanked her for the dance, and told her I had never danced the waltz since the old days. She said, 'Do you know, I have never waltzed with any one but you—strange, is it not?' She gave me her hand at the foot of the stairs. 'Good bye,' and she turned, and walked grandly up. I stood there looking at her, and as she reached the landing, she turned her head and looked a smile down at me over her shoulder. As she turned away and faced the electric light, I thought—was I mistaken?—I saw a big tear-drop in her eye. My heart was thumping like a stamp mill. I strutted a little as I turned away, saying to myself: 'I could have won her.' Then I thought what a fool I had been not to catch the bird when I could and take chances on the cage. I would willingly give up every dollar I have, and every success I have achieved, and start life again 'from the grass roots,' at my age even, with Annie. The boys gathered around me; said it was magnificent. That everybody stopped dancing to watch us. 'Didn't know you could dance,' they said, 'then beat everybody.' They asked me lots of questions; but I got away as soon as I could. I didn't sleep much that night. I was thinking of Annie. I had not even learned her name, or where she lived. In the morning, which I thought would never come, I went to the register, and found that 'Mr. Gage and niece' had left. Annie had gone her way, and I went mine."



## BOOK REVIEWS.

**Letters to Dead Authors.**<sup>1</sup>

IN this book, Mr. Andrew Lang has clothed himself in his best prose. But this is doubtful praise, for he is not now speaking altogether from himself or with his own voice. His audience sit before him in the world, but his eyes look beyond them, and his words are thrown upward over their heads towards a line of illustrious ghosts, whom he sees in the galleries of the gods. To each of them he delivers a message from the ages they have left behind. He tells them, one by one, how posterity now regards him, with love increased or hatred abated from what had been felt on earth. With the most friendly painstaking, the living author criticises the dead, face to face, pointing out what the world has settled upon as mistaken, or overreaching, or something, perhaps, which it promises to preserve so long as itself shall last. And to many of them, he varies his voice to imitate their own, and delivers his message in the phrases of speech and tricks of words which each of them had so made his own that no man, now speaking to men, dares to imitate them. This art may be effective—it *is* effective—but it is bizarre. The curiosity of it in literature is not half so much that he has produced an excellent imitation, but that he has excelled his own best original work. There is the mocking-bird, whose stolen notes are its finest, but that has no say of its own. Mr. Lang has his own speech, and very good speech it is; but when he is at his best in livery, we may say that it is so only because he has not yet come to his best possibility, the fullest mental self-ownership. What is to be found, however, in this dainty little book, is an assuring promise of what he may give us hereafter, when he has fully come to his own. There is delicate wit here, and edged criticism, and outpouring of genial thought, and a soft lambency of fancy playing over every page, and making it a delightful picture. So we, the real audience, must say, for so we must feel. But—could a reply come from the ghosts themselves!—"What short art is this, that attempts our ears from a forgotten world that we never knew or that never knew us? To us, years or centuries beyond the germinal beginnings of thought in that world, of what interest is it to learn what they, who know so little, think of us, now? Or, if a message must come to our uncaring ears, let it have the politeness of its own voice, and not remind us of the infantile tricks of speech which we do not now need for distinctive recognition. Tiptoe to us no more from a little shelf, striving to make us hear across

worlds the echoes from our cradles. Settle back upon your feet, and send out your own voice level to those who care to hear you. That art alone is long—as length of days can be understood by you."

**Signs and Seasons.**<sup>2</sup>

THE general character and range of topics in John Burroughs's latest book may be seen from the titles of a few of the chapters: "A Sharp Lookout," "A Snow-storm," "Winter Neighbors," "A River View," "Bird Enemies," etc. The chapter entitled "A Spray of Pine," is a careful account of the characteristics and manner of growth of this familiar tree, and contains many facts which, although perhaps not new to the botanist, will be of interest, even if only to show the author's close observation of Nature. Life upon the farm, especially in the days when the hard work had to be performed almost entirely by hand, and the drudgery was relieved by those merry gatherings, now merely memories, called "bees," "house-movings," and "raisings," "huskings," etc., is treated in some detail in "Phases of Farm Life." The author writes of these from his own life so vividly that we can recognize them almost as clearly as he reproduces them to his own sight.

Nor has he neglected his favorites, the birds. In the several chapters devoted exclusively to them, he presents a side of the subject which has as yet received but little attention from our ornithologists—the hardships and dangers of bird life. How few think of the sufferings endured by any but our fellow beings, during the severe storms or unusual cold of a northern winter! Yet, a moment's reflection will show that man is not the only sufferer. The birds and some of the animals, less able than he to cope with the elements, and relying for their daily sustenance upon what they may be able to pick up in the way of grain or seeds, are often reduced almost to the point of starvation, when the ground is covered with snow. This, and much more is brought out in the delightful chapter on "Winter Neighbors."

Of all the many dangers to which our song-birds are exposed, the greatest are due, no doubt, to their natural enemies, the birds of prey, snakes, and a few of the smaller quadrupeds. Perhaps there is no way of computing the actual number destroyed by these agencies, but it is certainly very large. Our author would have us believe, however, that man is their greatest enemy, and, more specifically, that type of man which he styles a "collector," including, neces-

<sup>1</sup> Letters to Dead Authors. By Andrew Lang. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

<sup>2</sup> Signs and Seasons. By John Burroughs. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

sarily, in this term, all persons who make any "collections" of birds or their eggs, for study or otherwise. He does not seem to recognize the fact that the true ornithologists are the birds' best friends, and that it is due to their successful efforts that the great trade in bird skins for millinery purposes, so destructive to bird-life, is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. It is very doubtful whether all the birds destroyed by human agency are more than a fraction as compared with those destroyed by natural agencies. Yet one is apt to get the idea from reading the chapter on "Bird Enemies," that the "collector" is, in fact, the arch enemy, and without pausing to sift the arguments or look for the other side, one is almost ready to concur with Mr. Burroughs's fierce generalization, that "the professional nest-robbler and skin-collector" (his synonyms, it would seem, for the ornithologist) "should be put down, either by legislation or with dogs and shotguns."

Our gentle author is as charming in his description of Nature in her moods as in her organic life. No truer pen than his transfers to pages the rolling music of streams or the marshaled armies of clouds. But when he gazes upon the ocean, the Ossianic figure of Walt Whitman intrudes itself, "with husky-haughty flaps, O Sea!" and takes possession of placid John Burroughs, until he raves and welters as tumidly as the sea itself. But the next communion with Nature—fortunately on land, and a "Spring Relish"—frees our Sinbad from his old man of the sea, and he fares on through the valley of diamonds, as before.

### Poetry as a Representative Art.<sup>1</sup>

Professor Raymond, Professor of Oratory and Æsthetic Criticism at Princeton, has put forth a book under the above title. Art, he premises, consists in addressing the senses, through the agency of an artist, by means of re-presentation of the sights and sounds of nature. Poetry is no less re-presentative than other arts, its material being language, by which sights, sounds, thoughts, and feelings can be reproduced to the reader's mind. This thesis, it will be seen, can be stated in a sentence, with sufficient demonstration to make the whole line of argument clear to an intelligent reader; a page would establish it in outline for any reader: or if it were desirable to fortify the position—sufficiently unquestionable though it would appear on the bare statement, taken broadly—a chapter would amply suffice. In fact, we have some three hundred and fifty pages of metaphysical subtleties, elocution, and poetic criticism. It is all reasonably true, and perhaps not unimportant; but it is wearisome to an unusual degree. It is hard to guess who can be the readers of these three hundred and fifty pages; for there is really not enough of new or valuable thought to make it worth the stu-

dent's while, and the general reader would be lost in their interminable chains of subtleties. Beginning with the fundamental elements of speech, the metaphysics underlying sound are analyzed, human activities are classified as "instinctive," relating to the body; "reflective," connected with the mind; and "emotive," connected with the soul, which is the union of body and mind. Certain sounds of language express each of these activities. This is not as mere nonsense as it sounds, quoted by itself thus; but it can be imagined how these subtleties, expanded into many pages, and made the basis of distinctions as to metres, vowel-qualities, rhymes, and poetic phræology, dilute and impede the treatise.

There are many good points made in matters of detail, and we recall none that are altogether bad, though very many are fanciful, and over-emphasized. Thus, it is a good suggestion, that the effect of *loudness* in verse is produced by strongly marked accent, and this by long accented syllables with short unaccented ones, as in:

"Louder, louder, chant the lay;  
Waken lords and ladies gay";

"When, wide in soul and bold of tongue,  
Among the tents I paused and sung;  
The distant battle flashed and rung."

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word."

Sensible ground is taken, too, about the sacrifice of meaning to form in poetry, and, on the other side, the neglect of form. The chapters on rhyme and metre give a very fair realization of the extreme mechanical difficulty of writing good poetry, and the author says rightly that it is because of the exceeding difficulty of fulfilling all the varied requirements of thought and form, that there are so few great poets. Nor can we fail to find much that is worth consideration in many suggestions, at first thought over-fanciful. For instance: since the nearer together rhymes occur the more rapid the movement, the inverted quatrain form used in "In Memoriam" serves the purpose of giving an air of meditative doubt and hesitation, through the retarding of the rhyme; in many stanzas it is possible to transpose the last two lines, and the illustrative instance given of four stanzas thus treated quite bears out Professor Raymond's observation, that the effect is to almost destroy the questioning, considering air of the original form.

But the suggestive subtleties of analysis thus scattered through the book are not enough to reconcile the reader to its tediousness, its accumulation of subtlety upon subtlety, its ineffective style—all to leave nothing in the mind at the end, but one definition of poetry as a representative art, and a not large number of rather interesting ideas on detail points in metrical analysis. We observe from the preface that the book is "only one of a series of essays," and constitutes only a sub-heading under "The *Fact* of Rep-

<sup>1</sup>Poetry as a Representative Art. By George Lansing Raymond, Ph.D. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.



resentation," to be preceded by a similar group of sub-heads, beginning "The distinction between Nature and Art," and to be followed by "The *Manner* of Representation," and "The *Matter* of Representation." The schedule of these works seems to promise some twenty volumes like the present.

#### Royce's California.<sup>1</sup>

Professor Royce's book is not a history of California. The series to which it belongs, as the collective title indicates, gives an account of American Commonwealths; and accordingly, the other volumes do give some account of the histories of these commonwealths. This volume will commonly be taken for an account of California. As such, and so understood, it will disappoint and misinform. It is in no sense a history, nor even an account of the State. It is a group of four studies on four short periods or phases in the history of the State, all between 1846 and 1856, almost as disconnected as if issued in four separate pamphlets; and the narratives, instead of being treated historically, are managed as texts for a running parallel sermon upon alleged qualities of the American character. Out of the whole five hundred pages of the book, nearly two hundred are devoted to Fremont's doings in 1846, and the "Bear Flag" movement, with their immediate sequel; another hundred pages is a study in the philosophy of history, upon the order and disorder of the early mining period, 1848-1851; nearly as much more is a somewhat similar study upon the vigilance committees of San Francisco; and the last fifty pages are an outline discussion of California land laws and land title troubles.

The impression which is made by the book is of a piece of contract work, done under pressure, at short notice; as if Professor Royce, not having time to prepare a competent view of the history of the State, had done the best he could to make out a volume, by treating as carefully as possible such pieces of the State history as he could get into any kind of literary form under the circumstances. The book, accordingly, has no just proportion among its parts, and has no unity of character except in its uniformity of sermonizing reproof of Americans. Not that there is any false pretense about this; the title page carefully gives as second title "A study of American Character," the preface sets forth the same purpose. But people pay little attention to such details. "Royce's history of California" is what the book will in general be considered. As such, it possesses little value. It is impossible to resist the impression of immaturity which is made by the author's mode of treating his subject, and by the diffuseness, sometimes the flippancy, and perhaps by other peculiarities of his

<sup>1</sup>American Commonwealths. California, from the Conquest in 1846 to the second Vigilance Committee in San Francisco. A study of American character. By Josiah Royce, Assistant Professor of Philosophy in Harvard College. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco, by Chilion Beach.

style. For instance: having expended some pages in a sarcastic exposure of the motives and conduct of one Ide, concerned in the "Bear Flag" movement of 1846, nearly a whole page is appended to expound the analogy between Ide's character and that of the Bellman in "The Hunting of the Snark." Now this personage is not famous enough for the purpose, and the result is an impression of bad taste and pedantry.

The space given to Fremont's first expedition and to the "Bear Flag" movement is entirely too great. One-tenth of it would have been ample. And the character of the exposition or exposure of Fremont's motives and action is an unpleasant sample of history writing; for Professor Royce, having repeatedly applied to General Fremont for information on the subject, and having been courteously and fully answered, as far as General Fremont could answer, then goes on to use the General's own statements somewhat as a judge on the bench might deal with a crooked witness in charging a jury. Combining the statements of the "gallant captain," as with tedious iteration he calls him, with evidence from the papers of Consul Larkin and other documents, he contrives, without any direct charges, to convey the idea that there was something discreditable in Fremont's purposes and doings, and that this character was in consequence of some private letter from Senator Benton to Fremont, which letter is not given, but only presumed. Whatever the character of actions or men, to imagine the contents of a private letter and then base charges on them, is not the way to make attacks nor to write history.

A broader misjudgment is the rather painstaking sermonizing which colors the whole book. The chief lesson which Professor Royce seeks to teach us is that which he repeats so often—of the bitter hatred caused and still existing between the Spanish and Mexican population and the Anglo-American population, in consequence of the crimes and oppressions which attended the transfer of California from Mexico to the United States. "Detestable meanness towards foreigners," "national bigotry in dealing with Spanish-Americans," and other similar phrases about rapacity, swindling, and violence—no doubt with some praise *per contra*—give the color to Professor Royce's estimate of his own nation. The impression given is, that the history of the transfer of dominion was marked with peculiarly vile and wicked traits, and that it has left its righteous consequence in a not unextinguished fire of race hatreds. Very faint today are any remaining traces of such hatreds. If they exist, they are traceable to causes more general and less discreditable than those alleged by Professor Royce; the record of the conduct of the Anglo-Americans in the "conquest"—as he calls it—of California, speckled as it may be with human faults, will compare favorably, at least, with any record of conquest of foreign territory, say, by the Spaniards, with whom he sympathizes so tenderly

Let Professor Royce study *Las Casas* a little. There are minor errors here and there. The phrase "James King of *William*" is not a practice of "new communities," but was transferred from the Southern Atlantic States; it distinguishes one James King from another James King. The word "one," used like the French "on," actually pervades the book: thus (p. 493), "To this end *one* took sides in national politics; *one* abused, for instance, all supposed abolitionists; *one* talked of Jeffersonian principles; *one* appeared as the champion of the people; or, above all, *one* manipulated party conventions," besides five more *ones* in the next five lines. This is unidiomatic, awkward, and ambiguous English. But defects like this, along with other undesirable qualities of style, will naturally disappear with longer experience in writing history; and we advert to them for Professor Royce's good. It is hardly necessary to specify the verdict which must be given upon this book as a whole. It shows the results of considerable labor, and of good intentions; but both as literature and as history, it is, on the whole, a failure.

#### Hunting Trips of a Ranchman.<sup>1</sup>

MR. ROOSEVELT'S book is a very pleasant description of the life of a cattle raiser of the West, who is also an enthusiastic sportsman, and takes every opportunity that lies within his reach to enjoy the splendid hunting and fishing of that vast region. The author does not attempt to retail the big stories he has heard of the slaughter of game, but gives a bright and life-like account of a number of trips he has taken in search of sport, and also of the various chances that have come to him in the ordinary line of his business riding.

The peculiar charm to a sportsman in the country he describes is the freshness and variety of the hunting. The freshness is especially appreciated by one used to sport in the older portions of the country, where he has to outwit not only the natural keenness of faculties of the game, but also their generations of training in the wiles of man. His stories are not at all big; any tute hunter on the Sacramento could tell much bigger ones of wild fowl shot; but he could not persuade any one that his sport, from a soaking blind or a leaking float, shooting ducks and geese by the dozen at close range, was nearly as enjoyable as that here described, by clear streams and brooks and in autumn corn-fields.

Mr. Roosevelt is an enthusiastic student of nature, and brings before you a very vivid picture of the animals and places described. He says, in describing that most interesting, and little known, animal, the Rocky Mountain sheep, that of his own choice he takes to the vast, barren wastes of the "Bad Lands" as his home. "To all other living creatures, they are, at all times, as grimly desolate and forbidding as-

<sup>1</sup> *Hunting Trips of a Ranchman*. By Theodore Roosevelt. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

any spot on earth can be; in all seasons they seem hostile to every form of life." "In the raging heat of summer the dry earth cracks and crumbles, and the sultry, lifeless air sways and trembles, as if above a furnace." "In winter, snow and ice coat the thin crests and sharp sides of the cliffs, and increase their look of savage wildness; the cold turns the ground into ringing iron; and the icy blasts sweep through the clefts and over the ridges with an angry fury, even more terrible than is the intense, death-like, silent heat of midsummer." "But the mountain ram is alike proudly indifferent to the hottest summer sun as to the wildest winter storm." In size, the bighorn comes next to the buffalo and elk, being "larger than the black tail deer"; and yet, in spite of his comparatively large size, the mountain sheep is one of the most expert climbers in the world, and there seems to be no ground so difficult that he cannot cross it with ease, and no cliff, so long as it is not absolutely without fissure or break, that he cannot rush down in a succession of long leaps, or climb up with apparent ease. The bighorn, Mr. Roosevelt says, are fairly prolific, but never very plenty in any one place; they are the least liable to extinction of any of the large Western game, for very few are killed by hunters, and their pasture cannot be encroached on by other animals. He gives no support, by the way, to the old and well known legend of trappers, about the bighorn's headforemost leaps from high cliffs, to light on his horns at the bottom.

The illustrations, which are numerous, are most of them very fine, and carefully true to life.

#### Briefer Notice.

THE OVERLAND has spoken favorably of several of the books that the Putnams are reprinting in their Traveller's Series, and *Canoeing in Kanuckia*<sup>2</sup> is worthy of the same praise. It was first printed eight years ago, and is now supplemented by an appended chapter, giving the improved devices that have come into use since the statesman, the editor, the artist, and the scribbler transformed themselves into the commodore, the vice, the purser, and the cook, on their memorable cruise. The joys, the adventures, and the mishaps withal, of the jolly fellowship, full of banter and fun, keep the reader in sympathy continually, and inspire a wish to follow so pleasing an example.—It is not often that one can take pleasure in the growlings of a dyspeptic, whose mind is forever on what he is to eat, and how it is going to disagree with him. For this reason, many readers will be repelled at the outset by Mr. Pearson's book. If, however, the reader can overlook this fault, and

<sup>2</sup> *Canoeing in Kanuckia*. By Charles Ledyard Norton and John Habberton. Traveller's Series. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co. 1886.

<sup>3</sup> *Flights Inside and Outside Paradise*. By a Penitent Peri (George Cullen Pearson). New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.



can give the author the privilege that he may claim from his English blood of indiscriminate grumbling, there is much to attract and please in the journeyings in the interior of Japan, where no white man may go without a special permit. Even when he treads more familiar ground, and takes us to Florence and Monte Carlo, there is little of the commonplace about Mr. Pearson's narrative. More congenial, however, than his chosen Japan or the gay haunts of Europe, is the subject of the last article in the book. Here, he is on ground that is at the same time famous and unknown, historic and forgotten. It is Nicæa, the stronghold of the early church, where Easter was instituted and the Christian creed of widest acceptance formulated. Here, during the Crusades, the fiercest struggles surged around the walls of the mighty city. Here, now, fever, and death, and desolation reign, and over the ruins of the vanished greatness brood the owl, the stork—and Mr. Pearson.—The tendency of Christian thought in these days is mainly to the practical in work or in research, but *The Transfiguration of Christ*<sup>1</sup> shows little trace of this modern influence, being an effort to explain the spiritual meanings of the transfiguration of Christ. It argues for Mount Hermon, instead of Mount Tabor, as the scene of this event; propounds the very questionable theory that, "In that solitude-ended the education of Jesus, and in that loneliest moment, the ideal fact of his Deity became real to him"; and, accepting evolution in a general way, suggests that this event "is the glorification in Christ of man's earthly life." It is not clear whether by this last phrase is meant a step in evolution.—The daughter of a Boston coffee merchant, just through with her college course, learned to speak Spanish for the purpose of acting as interpreter for her father on a coffee hunting journey through Guatemala and Mexico. In the book before us, she relates the story of their journeyings. Her style is simple and matter-of-fact, not to say common-place, and the chief interest of the book attaches to its description of Guatemala at the time of the ill-starred attempt of Barrios to establish a union of the Central American States. The little touches that show the Boston ideas of the authoress are often amusing, and yet her bravery in peculiar surroundings is admirable, as is her perfect willingness to trust in Providence everywhere, except in Colon.—Old Salem is classic ground in American letters. Hawthorne found in it a subject worthy of his match-

less skill; and even when lesser pens are set to this theme, they gain from it something of the master's charm. It is not difficult to see why this is so; for nowhere were the picturesque elements of the old New England life more highly developed. And nowhere were they more directly matched and contrasted with all the marvels of the sea and the treasures of foreign lands. Then, again, Salem is of the past, and there is the glamor thrown about her of quiet and retrospection, the charm that makes Melrose's ruined pile fairer, if sadder, than all the splendid shrines of today. Few American towns possess this element of literary availability, and none of them more than Salem. The book that calls up these reflections has an added touch of pathos in it, because it is the collection made by her husband of the work of a woman of much promise in the literary life, a promise left unfilled by her early death. The publication will add to the number of those that mourn for Eleanor Putnam.—*Down the West Branch*<sup>4</sup> is a story of boys camping and hunting in the woods of Maine. It has no literary style, and a little of sensational incident—a landslide, a red-hot meteor, a somewhat lurid conflict with counterfeiters, who murder lads with the greatest *sang froid*, and so forth; but it is innocent enough, and may impart a little knowledge of the Maine woods, and a little entertainment to lads who chance to be reading it instead of something better.—Like most colleges, Berkeley issues annually a students' catalogue, which records unofficial, undergraduate organizations, clubs, unions, fraternities, literary societies, the programmes of speakers on public days, etc. It has become the custom at Berkeley to intersperse this matter with the jokes of the year, ballads, local descriptions and anecdotes, and a great deal of pictorial embellishment, most of it of a humorous cast. The *Blue and Gold*<sup>5</sup> (for these publications are frequently named after the college colors), this year was an especially enterprising one, and has doubtless given its young editors a good deal of insight into book-making. It contains a very large amount of illustration and literary matter, much of which is entertaining. It is interesting to note that the drawings by the students themselves are almost invariably spirited and to the point, though shaky enough in technique; while of that which they had done by outside artists, part is much neater and much weaker, and part poorer in every respect. The publication has demanded some pluck on the part of the class, since it has twice lost material, by the Bancroft and Schmidt fires, the last just as it was on the verge of issuing.

<sup>1</sup> *The Transfiguration of Christ*. By F. W. Gunsaulus. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

<sup>2</sup> *A Winter in Central America*. By Helen J. Sanborn. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>3</sup> *Old Salem*. By Eleanor Putnam. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886.

<sup>4</sup> *Down the West Branch*. By Capt. Charles A. J. Farrar. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.

<sup>5</sup> *The Blue and Gold*. Berkeley: Class of '87. 1886. For sale by the Blue and Gold Committee, Berkeley, Cal.

THE

# OVERLAND MONTHLY.

DEVOTED TO

*THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.*

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## THE LONE WOMAN OF KEYA PAHA MOUNTAIN.

SUCH a queer, tumble-down place as it was, so aged and weather-beaten, so ragged and utterly neglected and forsaken. Years ago it bore the name of Keya Paha, after a murdered Indian, whose grave was on the top of a neighboring mountain, and the mountain itself was called the same; but the name does not appear on the maps now, and scarcely in the memory of those who once lived there. It had sprung up in the heart of the mountains, and, until the mines that surrounded it gave out, was a thriving place. But now it was dead, too dead to ever hope for resurrection.

There was but one person left in all the town, but one human inhabitant, and that was a woman—a strange creature, with flaxen hair and blue eyes. Every feature of the face was marked with sorrow; every movement was that of a person in deep distress—not physical, but mental agony. The woman was mad; not a raving maniac, but mildly, hopelessly mad. She seemed to disregard her situation utterly, and went about the town peering in at the broken windows, pulling the weeds from the doors, and propping up the tottering houses with poles and pieces of rock. Sometimes she would be heard to moan and cry piteously, then pray,

then burst out in wild frenzy; but, for the most part, she bore her sufferings—whatever they were—mutely. And another thing, she seemed unconscious of the presence of anybody; would answer no questions, respond to no salutations, talk to nobody. The rough people of the mountains all seemed to know her, although she had nothing to say to them; not a week passed that some honest miner did not leave food at her door, and look after her little cabin, and see that she did not suffer for anything.

I can not tell you how beautiful she seemed, even in her wild sorrow; how white her face, and beseeching and tender; how wonderfully beautiful her hair, how blue her eyes. Above her the rugged mountains and the brazen hills; at her feet the river running by like mad; desolation all around her, rocks, trees, hills, and abandoned mines, and, more than all else, abandoned houses, and deserted, weed-grown streets. It was a picture of loneliness, relieved only by the presence of this beautiful woman, and yet a loneliness made more apparent by her very presence.

“She has been that way several years, mad as a March hare,” said a miner friend, who was guiding me over the mountains.



"I knew her three years ago ; she was that very way then ; five years ago she was just as sane as you are, or myself, or anybody else ; she got that way in a hurry. A beautiful woman, for all she is crazy. Don't you think so?"

Once only, and then but for a moment, were we near enough to note her features closely ; and, as I have said before, sad as the face was, and pale and careworn, it was strangely beautiful. The eyes so mildly blue, the mouth so sensitive, the hair so silken ; there was something unnatural, almost unearthly, in the wild loveliness of this strange woman.

"Yes, she is beautiful," I said. "You seem to know her ; why do you not speak to her?"

He shook his head, and turned his face away from her. He had been with me a month—this miner friend—and, other than this, was as much a stranger to me as the woman herself. I had employed him to guide me over the mountains, and to help me in some geological researches, and until now had never noted anything strange about him. He had seemed a quiet, unobtrusive fellow, with a fair amount of intelligence, and without any particular history. But now he seemed different in my eyes. The sight of this crazy, but beautiful inhabitant of the abandoned town of Keya Paha seemed to agitate him beyond measure.

"I reckon it wouldn't be proper for me to speak to her," he said ; "she wouldn't know me, likely, although she was tolerably acquainted with me once. You see, she has been in this sort of a plight nigh on to five years, and although I knew she had lost her reason, I didn't know she was living here until three years ago ; had been away ; used to live in Keya Paha myself, and when I got 'round here again, after being away two years, found her here. She didn't know me, or didn't want to know me, one or the other, so I don't have anything to say to her. Once in a while, I come here on the sly, and see that her cabin don't go to ruin—see that she's got plenty of wood, bring her a little clothing, now and then, and provisions, and

other things needful. I don't want her to suffer ; for why? She was my partner's wife. It isn't because I am so powerful good, and honest, and generous, but it's a square deal ; it's a duty that a man owes to his partner."

The woman did not see us, evidently. She slowly walked away from us, and finally seated herself on a rock that overlooked the rapid-flowing river and the valley beyond. Then, as she rocked herself to and fro, we could hear her moan softly and piteously.

It was a sad sight, and a strange one ; this woman, friendless and alone, the sole inhabitant of an abandoned mountain village, herself abandoned, perhaps ; anyway, she was alone, terribly alone—companionless.

"Don't know that she's so awfully alone either," said my miner friend, suddenly. "There's a man here she's been looking after pretty considerably of late. A woman ain't alone so long as there's a man with her."

"A man ! Why, I thought you told me she was all alone."

"Jist so ; I did tell you that, and, in a manner, it is so, and then again it ain't so. Leastwise, it don't seem exactly right to say she's alone, when there's a man with her all the while ; I reckon not, anyhow."

"A man, you say?" I repeated ; "I don't understand you. A man?"

"Yes, a man."

"Who is he?"

"Her husband."

"Where is he?"

"He's dead."

"Dead !"

His words startled me, and involuntarily I caught him by the arm and pulled him towards me. Quickly he disengaged himself, and, with an expression of pain on his face, said :

"Don't do that again—don't. My shoulder ain't over strong ; got it out of joint 'bout five years ago, and it hasn't been right since ; reckon it'll never be perfectly well. But about this man—he's her husband, and he's dead."

He glanced over his shoulder at the wo-

man, who was still rocking herself to and fro, and moaning piteously.

"Yes, he's dead," he went on—"tolerably dead, I reckon; leastwise, he was planted five years ago, over there in his grave. I tell you, Judge, she keeps it mighty nice—this woman. It's all trimmed up like a flower garden. If a feller could only be sure of a grave like that, it would be worth while to die."

The grave was near the cabin in which the woman lived; so near that she could watch and protect it at all hours of the day. In a rough mining town, where little consideration is given either the living or the dead, a well-kept grave is very seldom seen. In this case the ground had been nicely leveled off around it, the weeds were kept down, and a profusion of many-colored flowers covered the mound from foot to head-stone. The latter was a very simple affair, and was characteristic of the rough people of the mountains. It was a plain board, which had once been part of the box of a wagon; it had been painted white, but the wind and rain had streaked it, and taken the life out of it, so that it looked dingy and old. Some one had undertaken to carve the figure of a dove in the board, but it was a bad job, and looked more like an owl. Then an effort had been made to scratch it out, but the eyes of an owl and the wings of a dove were still plainly to be seen. The lettering was better. It had been done with a knife, and was as perfect as the inscription on many another head-stone. It ran thus:

PERHAPS SO.  
Died June 12, 1865.  
Aged 36 years.

"The boys fixed it up for her," said my friend, by way of explanation. "I wasn't here then, but I know they fixed it up for her. The handwriting is that of Slimy Bill, the gambler, who was also a painter and engraver. Briggs, and Hank Smith, and Joe Adams, and perhaps Miser John, helped throw in the dirt, for they were always great friends of Perhaps So. It wasn't then as it is now, you know. Keya Paha was considerable of a town, and things were lively, and

the boys were accommodating and cheerful. There was gold in the gulches then, a good deal of it, and what with digging in the earth for gold, teaming over the mountains, trading in groceries and so on, and selling whiskey, and gambling, it was a rattling place and no mistake."

"But Perhaps So and the woman?" I said.

"Oh, yes; Perhaps So and the woman. Well, as I was jist saying, Keya Paha was considerable of a town five years ago. It petered out all of a sudden. First the diggin's gave out, then everything else kind-e-sort-er went to pieces. You see that pile of red sandstone? Well, that was the court house, which was a jail also, and a school-house, and a concert saloon; and that tumble-down shanty over there by the river was the 'Traveler's Rest,' a sort of tavern, with a bar in front, and a billiard hall in the rear, and a gambling room overhead. That's where Johnson was killed, and Peters, and Sam Jones, and Alkali Dick, and several others. It was a lively town then, and quite civilized, for there was a big scattering of women-folks and pious sort of people in and about the place. There was even a place for the ungodly to get their sins repaired—"

"And Perhaps So—"

"Yes, yes; strange that I should forget Perhaps So and the woman. I knew them both well. I was Perhaps So's partner. I lived here when he died. He was a *son-of-a-gun*."

"What do you mean by that?" I asked.

"Jist what I say. I have seen lots of queer men in my day, but none half so queer as Perhaps So. He was a *son-of-a-gun*. He came in on us one morning and said he was from somewhere in the East. He didn't look like a miner, but more like a school-teacher, or some sort of philosopher. He wasn't a bad looking man, only awkward and seedy—a gangling sort of fellow, whose face was so darned honest that it was jist absolutely amusing. He was a mild mannered man, too, with nothing to say for or against anything or anybody. I reckon he hadn't much of an opinion of his own; any-



how, he took care never to express it. But he was a good man, if ever there lived one. I reckon he had more square religion to the yard than half the preachers in the country. It was jist a whole circus to hear him discuss sich things, and pray. He was a *son-of-a-gun*, Judge, for a fact.

"Of course you don't understand that Perhaps So was his real name—of course not. I never knew what they called him in the East; I only know what he was called at Keya Paha. He got the name because he was so confoundedly doubtful about everything; he decided everything by saying 'perhaps so,' and was so quiet about it, and lugged it in so frequently, that we jist called him that for amusement, and it stuck to him. But he was a son-of-a-gun to work; he worked night and day, and soon got something ahead, a cabin and a trifle of gold dust. Then he breathed easier—I could see it; then he wrote a long letter to somebody living somewhere, and two months thereafter there was a woman come, which was Perhaps So's wife. I'll tell you more about her directly; she was a *son-of-a-gun* too. You see her as she is now, but it ain't like what she was then; she has changed mightily. Then she was a dashing woman, full of all sorts of capers, and as frolicsome as a young doe. I reckon she wasn't the best woman in the world, I reckon not. She had queer ways and was slightly unsettled and flighty. One thing, she didn't treat Perhaps So very well. She was cross to him and complaining, and didn't try to make him happy; on the contrary, she tried to worry the life out of him. He was a good man, was Perhaps So, gentle and kind-like; we all thought a heap of him; but his wife—well, she was queer; Judge, she was a *son of a-gun*.

"The woman could not have been over twenty-three years old, and they had a little girl that was just beginning to talk, a bright little thing, and as pretty as a picture. I reckon her mother didn't care for her much, but her father did; well, he thought a heap of her. I was his partner, and I know. They called her Gipsy; she had eyes like her father, black as jet, and large and shin-

ing, and hair the same color. But about Perhaps So's wife; she bothered the life out of him almost. She was the most outrageous flirt I ever knew. It was this man and that man, flying about here and there, in short, raising the very devil all the while, and poor Perhaps So standing back as forlorn and neglected as a sunflower in the back yard. I was really sorry for him. He didn't seem to be able to do anything with her, and she kept growing worse and worse every day. It got so bad after a while that the boys used to twit him of it, and then he would look at 'em with his big, sad, tearless eyes, in a way that gave proof that his heart was full of agony. Finally he got to talking to me about it—being as how I was his partner—and told me that he didn't know what to do with her.

"'Why don't you send her back to her people?' was the question I often asked him.

"'Why don't I?' he would repeat. 'Perhaps I will—perhaps so.'

"Then he would tell me, if I pressed him, that he loved her, and didn't like to send her away; kind o' doted on her, like, as men will, you know, sometimes, on their wives. He kind o' hated to part with her.

"'But she is unkind to you,' I said.

"'Perhaps she is,' he replied, 'perhaps so. It don't matter, though; I can't help it, and I can't help loving her, either. I reckon I'm a fool.'

"It went on in this way for several months, when a calamity overtook the household of Perhaps So, that staggered the whole town. The little girl, Gipsy, took sick and died. It was awful sudden. I seed her at night, and in the morning she was dead. It was membranous croup, I reckon. The next day she was buried, and over there on the side of that hill is her grave. Judge, I thought Perhaps So never would get over it; but he didn't shed a tear—he wasn't the crying kind; but his eyes got big and staring, and his face turned pale, and every now and then he seemed to choke up, like, and couldn't do anything but stare. The woman felt bad too, tolerably, and for a little while she braced up, and I thought she was going to behave herself from that time on.

But she didn't; it wasn't long afore she was as bad as ever. The fact is, there was no helping it; she was born that way; she was a *son-of-a-gun*.

"I reckon there wasn't a day passed that I didn't see Perhaps So. I was with him a good deal, and I saw his wife occasionally, too. She was a very friendly woman, and very fascinating; she was pleasant to me, very. In fact, she tried her best to rope me in along with the rest of her victims, but I kept away from her as much as I could; I was afraid of her; she was very fascinating, and such a spirited talker, and so beautiful. I admired her mightily, but I didn't care to have much to do with her. You see, Judge, I liked the woman, tolerably, but I thought a heap of Perhaps So.

"'I wouldn't stand it,' I said to him one day; 'I'd send her home, or I'd go myself and take her away from here. You're jist a dragging your life out, old man, and some of these days you'll turn up your toes and die—jist die of a broken heart. You hear me! It's a fact, you'll die of a broken heart.'

"This seemed to brace him up some, but not enough to amount to anything. He only looked at me pitifully, and said:

"'Perhaps so.'

"But it amounted to nothing else—just 'Perhaps so'; he didn't do anything positive, not a thing. The undignified proceedings of his wife continued. Finally, being Perhaps So's partner, I got clear out of patience with him, and so began to sympathize-like with his wife. Really, she was not a bad woman, and she was awful fascinating, and very pleasant to me, always. Judge, I liked her. It was a queer condition of things, I can tell you. Perhaps So was my partner, and I thought a heap of him. A fellow can't be downright dishonest, you know, to his partner, without a cause.

"Judge, what would you do under such circumstances—with your partner a trusting of ye, and your partner's wife a hanging around you, and your own heart thumping like a sledge hammer? Wouldn't you go and hang yourself? Judge, I reckon you wouldn't!

"Well, one night there was a party in town—a big dance in the checkered barn next to the meeting-house. Perhaps So's wife was going to be there. I learned that much from fellows on the street, who gave out incidentally, and kinder sneering-like, that she was billed for the hoe-down that night with Jack Walters, the gambler. This made me awful mad. I didn't wait ten seconds after I heard it, but took a straight shot for Perhaps So's cabin. He wasn't there, but his wife was; so was Jack Walters, spending the evening with her, before going.

"'Where is Perhaps So?' I asked, savagely.

"'I don't know,' she replied in the cheeriest sort of a voice and smiling pleasantly. Then she put out her hand, which was as white and soft as a baby's, and shook hands with me. Yes, she did; she smiled and shook hands with me, and all in the presence of Jack Walters! She was a fascinating woman, Judge, and no mistake.

"I asked again about Perhaps So.

"'I don't know where he is,' she said; 'when Jack came in, Perhaps So left. If you don't desire to stay yourself, you'll like as not find him over on the hill-side, in the graveyard; he is there a good deal more than he is here, lately. Perhaps he is there now.'

"True enough, he was there—I found him curled up near the grave of the little girl, Gipsy, and it was the saddest sight I ever saw. As you hear that woman moaning now, so was Perhaps So moaning then. His heart was just about broken. I was sorry for him clean down to my boot-heels, and yet the sight of him lying there a helpless coward, and, knowing, as I did, that his wife was at home with another man, made my blood fairly boil.

"'Perhaps So, I'm ashamed of you,' I said. 'Isn't there a spark of manhood about you? Git up, man, and git to business. I don't wonder that your wife don't care for you. What good does it do to stay here blubbering and sighing? Git up, I say. Here, take this gun—it is a good one—go down by the cabin and lay in the brush and watch for 'em to come out, and when they



do come out, and you see Jack Walters with her, shoot the top of his head off. Do you hear? Kill him in his tracks, like a wild animal. Do this, and your wife will respect you for it, and everybody else will respect you. Come, man, now is your time. Will you do it?'

"He was on his feet in an instant, and there was more determination in his face than I had ever seen before.

"I'll do it,' he cried; 'yes, I will. God help me—I'll kill the cuss in his tracks. I'll go at once. Curse him!'

"And he went. He got behind a clump of bushes a short distance from the cabin door, and watched and waited. Wishing to see the fun, I also hid myself. Pretty soon the door opened, and Perhaps So's wife and the gambler came out. They were laughing and talking. They started off briskly. I watched 'em, thinking every moment the top of the gambler's head would come off. 'Perhaps So will kill him,' I said to myself. But the couple went on unmolested, and were soon out of sight. Then, all riled up again, and scarcely knowing what to think about it, I hurried to where Perhaps So was concealed. And there he was lying with his face in the sand, the loaded pistol by his side. Judge, the cuss had fainted dead away!

"That was enough for me. I resolved to keep tolerably clear of Perhaps So, after that, and I did; and I didn't advise him any more concerning the woman. I had had enough of him in this line; I was disgusted with him. I had done my part, sure, as a partner, and now he must look out for himself.

"I reckon it wasn't more than a week after this that the climax came; it was just as I expected. The woman had fallen dead in love with a fellow which she had been hanging around for a long while, and the first thing that Perhaps So knew, Mrs. Perhaps So was gone; and so was her lover; they slid off together—slid off quietly, and in the night. She was a *son-of-a-gun!*

"It nearly killed Perhaps So, it did, for a fact, although he was very quiet about it. Nobody ever seed him shed a tear; he did

not even groan or sigh, but the color went out of his face, and he got to looking like a dead man. I don't know the full particulars of his grief, for I was away at the time; what I know is by hearsay, passing remarks of the boys, two or three of them, that I met afterwards. I wasn't there to see for myself just how he felt. But it was a bitter dose, I reckon; leastwise, that was the general conclusion.

"As for the runaway couple, they didn't have much sense, and no particular idea of consequences, I reckon. It was midnight when they slipped out, and a heavy rain had set in late in the evening; it was the beginning of the spring rains, a season of danger, always, in the mountains. This time, it seemed as if everything was breaking into a deluge. It was the biggest time for rain and melted snow that was ever known in this part of the country. It came suddenly, but once down to business, it was one continuous sheet of water. The river, yonder, was fed by a dozen mountain streams, and the melting of the snow on the mountain top made the whole surface of the high ground above the river look like a running stream. You see how flat the ground is here, and how the river squirms around and makes a sort of pool down by yonder divide—well, all this stretch of land was covered with water, and the river itself was just a biling. I never seed the water jump so high in so short a time. Only that part of town over there by the woman's cabin, which is sort o' on the hill-side, as you see, escaped the flood. Everybody living on the flats over there had to skip for the hills, or streak it for this quarter of the town, and that, too, in a hurry. This was the situation by noon the next day. The water kept a biling around, and foaming, and roaring, and getting higher and higher, until loose boards and boxes and logs began to float away, and the cabins themselves looked as if they would go to pieces.

"It was about this time that Perhaps So's wife and her lover were discovered. They had sought shelter from the storm in a vacant cabin on the low ground near the river. This was shortly after midnight, and here

they had been since that time, waiting for the water to go down. But instead, the water kept creeping up, and now the cabin was in the very channel of an angry stream. It was a perilous situation. The house might at any moment go to pieces. I don't know how they managed to reach the top of the cabin, but they were there when Perhaps So and his friends saw them. You should have heard the yell that went up at this moment! It was loud and long. The water was within a few feet of the roof of the house, and boiling and hissing like mad. Then it was that the woman began to wring her hands and cry, and then it was that it was discovered that her lover's arm hung useless by her side—that he had injured himself in some way—that his shoulder had been put out of joint. You see, he had missed his footing the night before, in crossing a gulch near Perhaps So's cabin, and had fallen a distance of twenty feet. The result was a broken arm and a busted shoulder. He was so bad off that he could scarcely move, much less do anything to save himself or the woman; so he didn't make an effort to save her or himself, either. He might have saved himself, but I reckon he wouldn't abandon the woman, anyhow.

"Well, it rained and it rained; every moment the house seemed about to go over. The guilty couple were in terror for their lives. By this time the water had reached the top of the cabin, and was gitting higher every minute. Was the woman frightened? Well, I reckon she was; she screamed and tore her hair, and was almost frantic; and the boys on the bank jist laughed at her, and said it was good enough for her, and that now Perhaps So was gettin' his revenge.

"'Let them both die,' was the general cry; 'they deserve nothing better. It'll be a pleasant sight for Perhaps So to see 'em go under.'

"This was the sentiment of the boys, and they all reckoned as how Perhaps So was with 'em. But he wasn't. Jist about that time, those who were looking at the stream saw a head come out of the water near the cabin, then a bare arm caught the edge of

the roof, then the whole man came into view. As sure as I am a sinner, it was Perhaps So, the son-of-a-gun! He was going to save that woman, sure. Jist about as he reached her the cabin went to pieces, but not before he had got hold of her with a grip of iron. She clung to him as though she had loved him always, and he kissed her—the fool—and they went into the water together, and there was a struggle for life. It was an awful battle, but the guilty woman got safely to shore. As for the man, her lover—well, by luck or chance, mostly by luck, I reckon—he managed to reach the shore, and then, like a wise man, took to the hills."

"And Perhaps So?" I asked, wonderingly.

My miner friend answered quickly, as he looked me straight in the eye, and his voice dropped almost to a whisper.

"Judge," he said, "Perhaps So never got out of the water alive—never got nearer shore than to land his burden. Jist as his arm was outstretched to place her on land, a heavy timber floating with the swift current, struck him dead. He fell back in the water and went down like a rock. The woman would have thrown herself in after him, but strong hands were there to prevent it. Then she got perfectly wild, and screamed, and tore her hair like a maniac. I reckon, after all, she must have loved him. Judge, tell me, do women sometimes love their husbands and not know it?"

"The woman never got over it—never. When the water went down, the body of poor Perhaps So was found, and the boys planted it right here, and the woman takes care of it. She does scarcely anything else, and although she is crazy, she is perfectly harmless; but she's a son-of-a-gun when it comes to taking care of a grave, she is, for a certain fact. Poor Perhaps So."

A burst of light came to me at that moment, and with an excitement which was unnatural with me, I caught him by the shoulder as he turned to go, and asked:

"The man—her lover—did you know him? Who was he? Speak!"



I shall never forget the look he gave me. It was not of pain alone, but of eagerness, of sorrow, of smothered grief. Pulling himself gently away from me, he said :

“I reckon that you didn’t go for to hurt me—I reckon not; but don’t take me by the shoulder again—don’t. You see, *I got it out of place about five years ago*—fell and crushed it, and it ain’t well yet. So don’t touch it again, Judge, will you—don’t.”

Nothing more was said. I did not care to question him farther. I had heard enough. We turned to go. The red sun was sinking behind the western hills; the gurgling of the river came to us in mournful numbers, and the tall pines whispered unto the night that was fast approaching. And still sitting on the rock by the river side was the blue-eyed woman with the yellow hair, rocking herself to and fro and moaning piteously.

*John Milton Hoffman.*

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### THE DAY-DREAM.

FULL oft, in the lapse of a day-dream,  
Her thought’s mazy wings were unfurled,  
To hover in azure and sunshine  
Beyond the gray rim of the world.

And once, when a spell had gathered  
Her wearied senses about,  
And opened the dream-world within her,  
And silenced the world without,

Again o’er the hills they wandered,  
And lingered in woodland nooks,  
Or followed the wayward windings  
Of sluggish and leaf-strewn brooks.

From yellow expanses of stubble  
Came the saucy whistle of quail,  
And, through air of opiate purple,  
The muffled beat of the flail.

Again ’neath the trees he kissed her.—  
The trance is dissolved by a gleam  
Of light that illumines her being.  
Was that but the kiss of a dream?

The dream was alive with a presence  
That close at her side remains,  
As she passes the mystic confines  
And the portals of sense regains,

And feels tender arms about her.—  
Her eyes, that are freed from the spell,  
In life-land behold, as in dream-land,  
The face that she loves so well.

*Wilbur Larremore.*

## ANARCHISTS AND IMITATIVE MANIA.

THE recent riots in Belgium have not attracted the attention in the United States that their importance merits. Insubordination over a large district, the destruction of numerous flourishing manufacturing establishments, incendiary fires in cities, and murderous resistance to the police and military, were accounted for by the fact that Belgium is somewhat loosely governed, and harbors ruffians from all parts of Europe. This is undoubtedly true; yet the disturbances in this little kingdom are symptomatic of a much more general disorder, and one that finds far better conditions for development in the United States than even in Belgium. Belgium is probably the least governed country in Europe. Popular suffrage is more untrammelled there than elsewhere, party spirit runs higher, and instances are not unknown of the King's being insulted by popular outcries at the windows of his palace. Under such circumstances, desperate or designing men find a favorable field for their operations, and seize the occasion of popular excitements to prey upon society.

In Germany, all tendencies to anarchy are sternly repressed; more, they are anticipated and stifled in their birth. Several of the principal cities are continually under semi-martial law, or what amounts to it. The anti-socialist laws give the government power to prohibit any public meeting, without permission of the police obtained on forty-eight hours' notice. All meetings of a political character are attended by the police, and are closed at their order, if inconvenient language is used; and the government can expel from the country any one, native or alien, whose presence it deems dangerous to its quiet. These measures, with rigorous penalties against seditious language, written or spoken, send the German anarchist elsewhere to propagate his doctrine that property is robbery; that it is a necessary and meritorious act to

kill the capitalist and burn his belongings; that all government is tyranny, and all laws are invasions of liberty. Germany owes to its strong laws, police, and military force, that it is comparatively free from the violence which has visited Spain, France, Belgium, and London, and of which we have just had a taste in Milwaukee and Chicago.

By our traditions and our form of government, resting largely on the intelligent obedience of the citizen, we are peculiarly liable to injury from the operation of these exotic doctrines. In the genial soil of American institutions, favoring the development of liberty and happiness beyond those of any other people, rank creeds of license may flourish, and poison the atmosphere. Our general maxims, preservative of individual freedom, of the right of assembly and bearing of arms, and of free speech and press, all facilitate secret, or more undisguised, conspiracies against public order. It is for this reason that such apostles of disorder as Herr Most carry on in our cities, so safely and extensively, their warfare against society; organize rifle clubs, with the avowed object of overthrowing the state, and drill men in the manufacture and use of dynamite bombs, to destroy property and its guardians.

A grave error would be committed if it were concluded that these manifestations of enmity to society are merely sporadic. They have their root in causes lying far beneath the surface, and there is little hope that they will die for want of nourishment. We shall see accessions to the ranks of the anarchists, rather than a diminution of their numbers. Crime, where cupidity inspires violence, will seek opportunity with anarchy. Foreign tramps, expelled by sterner laws from the scenes of their native plotting, will swell the number of those here whom society must fight. There is danger that a spirit of imitation may lead many to join in such a combination, who would not originate



the mischief it would enact. Temporary vigor may repress these organizations, and severe and certain punishments make them cautious in their methods, and more secret in their plans; but there is little hope of avoiding intermittent conflict with these forces of evil, and perhaps horrible disaster, unless there is hearty and entire union of labor and capital to put down lawlessness.

Is capital too selfish, or labor too obstinate, to effect such union? It is a demonstrable proposition that the interests of labor and capital are alike concerned to prevent the destruction of industries. As the sentence is written, it seems axiomatic. Let a great manufacturing establishment, say like the Union Iron Works, employing hundreds of men, be accidentally destroyed, would it not be a misfortune to its employees? Is the matter bettered if the same establishment is destroyed by a crowd of fanatics, acting on the theory that to burn up industrial establishments is to advance human happiness? Ought not the workmen in a body to resist such fanatics, and in their own interest protect the means of their livelihood? Yet two months ago in Belgium, gigantic workshops by the score were destroyed at the dictation of anarchists, many of whose disciples were among the workmen employed in them. It is a hopeful sign for our own country, that the workmen who have of late so extensively struck for higher wages or shorter hours of labor, and whose strikes have been seized by anarchists as the occasion for the destruction of property, and for infernal assaults upon the police, have declared that they give no countenance to these criminal proceedings. Yet it would seem to require no high order of intelligence, for a body of locomotive engineers or brakemen to see that the destruction of the railroad on which they operate would not increase their chances for profitable employment; or for any body of workers to understand that the loss by accident or design of the capital that keeps in operation an establishment in which they are employed, is to them a misfortune. In this view the anarchist is an enemy of labor, even if his avowed enmity is directed only against capital.

These facts any well-intentioned man will admit in cool blood. Society has nothing to fear from the so-called conflict of labor and capital, nor much from the malevolence of anarchists, if those whose adhesion to the cause of misrule is necessary to give it force—the great body of workers—consult their reason. The danger of society comes from the fact that man is an imitative being. Very few of a crowd who resort to lynch-law would originate such summary proceedings. They obey an impulse of imitation. Judging by the evidence given recently in a *cause célèbre* that occurred in this State, the persuasions and example of one man led many of his neighbors into a crime.

This imitation amounts to mania with certain nervous organizations, and the number who are subject to it in some of its forms, tragic or comical, is larger than would at first thought be credited.

Medical jurisprudence teaches that administrators of legal justice should discriminate, where possible, between spontaneous and imitative crime—between those who act from motives of avarice, revenge, pride, or the grosser passions, and those who, from mere nervous sympathy, sometimes taking the form of mania, imitate the criminal acts of others. The latter class are often motiveless in their deeds—there is no union of act and intent—they are more fit subjects for the physician than the judge, and only the stern necessities of society compel punishment, as a means of restraint, where, perhaps, compassion only is due.

Illustrations of this class of offenders against law are numerous—are said, in fact, to numerically exceed all others. Take the case of a mob, which burns and kills. A few leaders have definite motives and set the example of destruction. They act from conviction and definite purpose—however mistaken or wicked. But the great number who burn, and tear down, and slay, do so merely because others do it. They are imitators, acting from nervous sympathy, as much as those who of old figured in a Flagellant procession, or a crusade to the Holy Sepulchre.

Crimes and follies committed under the

influence of the imitative instinct have been noted in all ages of the world. The actors seem, and to a certain extent are, irresponsible, except a few knavish leaders, or self-deceived enthusiasts. To this class belong the Flagellants before mentioned, who, at various intervals, from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century, made their appearance in the different countries of Europe, proclaiming the wrath of God against the corruptions of the times, inviting sinners to atone for sin by self-inflicted flagellations, and themselves publicly enforced this exhortation by voluntarily scourging themselves. This singular movement, which was one of the most curious and offensive forms of imitative mania combined with imposture, was led by priests, or by persons in the garb of priests, and was designed to undermine the power of the priesthood, and turn their dethronement to the profit of the agitators. The mass of followers had no idea of the object of the movement, viewing it, so far as they had any reason, as an act of acceptable penance; the great majority uniting with the body through the irrepressible instinct of imitation—to do as others were doing. In large and disorderly bands, bearing banners and crucifixes aloft, with breasts and shoulders bare, and the face concealed by a hood or mask, each armed with a heavy, knotted scourge loaded with lead, or iron, they marched from town to town, singing songs of denunciation, vengeance, and woe. In the most public places of the towns which they entered, they threw themselves on the ground in the form of a cross, and there inflicted on themselves the discipline of scourging, frequently to blood, and even to mutilation. Large numbers crowded to join the procession, and imitated the cruel extravagances indulged in. The worst outbreak of this imitative delusion was in 1349, when men and women appeared indiscriminately in public, half-naked, and ostentatiously underwent these self-inflicted scourgings. On this occasion their fury extended beyond themselves, for they attacked the Jews with great ferocity, affecting to hold them in especial abhorrence; and this unfortunate race, which was exposed at all times during the Middle Ages to every

popular caprice, suffered dreadfully from the fury of these fanatics. The Flagellants were finally suppressed by the joint efforts of the church and civil power.

Sometimes there is a ludicrous side to these displays of nervous sympathy. Thus, Zimmerman tells of the "biting nuns" of Germany, Holland, and Rome, where the mania arose from the spontaneous act of one nun attempting to bite another, when the whole sisterhood fell to biting each other. The news of this strange occurrence traveled from place to place, and wherever it went the "biting nuns" became prevalent, and a nuisance and terror over large portions of Europe. The seclusion and discipline of the nuns made their minds peculiarly subject to morbid tendencies. In France a nun mewed like a cat, and soon, in all the French convents, the nuns mewed in concert, and could only be restrained by threats of the entrance of the military, to whip the mewers with rods of iron. The fact that such threats had a restraining effect, shows that the imitators are, in some degree, responsible beings, and justifies the execution of the law upon them when they are criminal.

It would be difficult to state the distinction between the assemblages of persons who danced their way through Europe in the fourteenth century, and the so-called Millerites of our own times, save what may arise from the different temper and civilization of the age. The former—men women and children—animated by an imitative delusion, apparently without any power of self-control, danced and leaped for hours at a time in the public streets of cities, and the highways of the countries through which they passed. These peripatetic assemblies moved in a direct line, and could only be stopped by putting obstructions in their way too high to be leaped over. From the violence of their exercise, some of them were permanently injured, and they often fell to the ground exhausted. It is curious that observers, attracted by the sight, who, up to that time, had betrayed no symptoms of ill health or insanity, first followed and wondered, and ended by joining the leaping, dancing crowd.



The Millerites owed their origin to a man named Miller, who professed to have had a revelation of the precise day on which the second advent of Christ would occur, and when his people would be called to rise and meet him in the air. He, and his deluded apostles, or agents, went from town to town, and from house to house, imposing on the credulity and imaginations of the ignorant. Many arranged their worldly affairs in reference to the impending catastrophe, and made no contracts extending beyond the designated day. Prosperous citizens sold their estates, and declined the ordinary vocations of life, that they might give themselves wholly to the work of preparation. As the eventful day drew nigh, many provided what they regarded as suitable apparel for an aerial flight, and assembled in groups upon summits which they supposed most favorable to an early and easy ascension. The imitators of the false prophet were counted by thousands. Scores who were crazed with excitement or disappointment, were subsequently committed to insane asylums.

Sometimes the victims of the instinct of imitation are hurtful to society, by their appalling crimes, like those wrought by anarchist mobs; sometimes, principally injurious to themselves. Thus, in some periods of time, a peculiar form of suicide will prevail; the example being set by some original mind, and imitated by other persons, who are spared the necessity of inventing a mode of self-destruction. It is related that some years ago, a certain monument in the city of London had to be closed to visitors, to prevent would-be suicides from following the example of a man who threw himself from the top. At one time, charcoal is a fashionable mode of exit in Paris; at another, the river Seine. Winslow states in his *Anatomy of Suicides*, that Mr. Hume lent his *Essay on Suicide* to a friend, who, on returning it, told him it was a most excellent performance, and pleased him better than anything he had read for a long time. In order to give Hume a practical exhibition of the effect of his defense of suicide, his friend shot himself the day after returning him the essay.

Reference has so far been made to crimes against society, and to extravagant delusions, all seeming to spring from morbid emotional natures, catching infection from others, and irresistibly drawn to folly or crime. But the same imitative tendency is illustrated by harmless public movements. How many men fix their political associations from a discriminating investigation of parties or principles? How many men know why they are Republicans or Democrats or Independents? The great mass of them are partisans from imitation. They are on one side or the other of party lines, because they have taken the mood from those who surround them. To them, what their party or leaders do, even on the most unforeseen occasions, is right, and their opponents are invariably wrong. This is born of emotion, not of reason. It is often, and usually, very sincere and patriotic. It is grand to see,

“Freemen casting, with unpurchased hand,  
The vote that shakes the turrets of the land.”

But nervous sympathy must in some degree answer for the results, be they good or evil.

A clearer illustration is shown by the waxing fervor of an ordinary political campaign. Before conventions meet, and candidates are named, the feeling of a party is neutral and listless, except with a comparatively few individuals. A while after, the dry bones begin to stir. The noise of orators, the moving processions, the boom of guns, all the usual modes of political managers, gradually warm up the masses, until men neglect business to attend the hustings, and shout frantically for their party and candidates, until the election is over, and long sighs of relief indicate the return of sanity. What is all this but the same tendency, harmlessly directed, that leads to the imitative crimes of mobs, or the imitative folly of the Millerite or Flagellant? It is identical with the leaping, dancing processions of the middle ages; for, as politicians lead, so their followers dance and leap along; unhappily, not always in as straight a line as their antetypes. Principles are not to be undervalued in politics; the point is, that few appreciate them. Emotion, rather

than analytical discernment, is often the moving power.

From this it may be inferred, that men should exercise some caution as to the degree, and to what company, they yield their personal independence; what oaths of association they take, and how blindly they subject themselves to the influence of societies, thereby giving full scope to imitative tendencies.

The crusades are referred to as examples of imitative delusion. What else moved masses of men, women, and children, warriors and non-combatants, to project themselves from Europe upon Syria? Without adequate means of transportation or of subsistence, even for the fighting men, thousands of deluded beings strewed the weary way with their bones, and bred pestilence wherever they appeared. Religious enthusiasm was for much in all this, acting upon the nerves of the victims, and entraining them in the broad road, so thronged with travelers. A modification of the same phenomena is seen in a modern revival. Great "revivalists," as they are called, are peculiarly emotional men, magnetic and sympathetic. They are gifted in song, in prayer, or in exhortation. The brethren, under their ministrations, throw off their listlessness, and catch the spirit of fervor that breathes in every word and act of the apostle. Soon the indifferent become interested, and those "who went to scoff remain to pray." Conversions are rapidly made, the church membership is enlarged, and many true Christians date the reform of their lives, and their hopes of future happiness, from an epoch when some large hearted evangelist kindled the emotions of his hearers, and won them to his cause through their imitative tendencies.

Illustrations might be drawn from every department of human life and action, to show the strong influences exerted through the imitative faculties. Men and women marry because others marry around them; they hasten their exit from the world because others do, and by the same modes. They engage in mobs to destroy, or in armies or associations to protect, in imitation of others. Many are stimulated to charity and all good works; many are driven prone to death. It

may be doubted if the gregarious instinct of mankind is not largely from this cause. Martial ardor is born of it. The phrase we heard so much in the rebellion, of "going with his section," expresses a modification of it. We are creatures of nervous sympathy in all our modes and tenses.

I have somewhere read a story of a curious experiment, by a scientist in Europe, upon an idiot, wherein it is gravely related that he took out such brains as he found, and substituted a curious chronometer-like mechanism, set in the idiot's skull. This mechanical contrivance worked so logically, and so unerringly guided the actions of its possessor, that he gained vast wealth, and a wonderful ascendancy over the minds of men and women by the force of apparent mental power, but unmixed with any moral perception or control, and became a most powerful and dangerous man. The secret was discovered by a prying savant, who robbed the idiot of his mechanism during sleep, when the latter relapsed into his native idiocy. The story is an ingenious illustration of a being propelled by a force extrinsic to reason.

Dr. Maudsley, in his work, *The Psychology and Pathology of Mind*, shows that the struggle for existence which goes on in the heart of an old civilization, the worry, the friction, the conflict of desires, produce a large amount of insanity. While this is true of individuals, it may be claimed that more general intelligence has diminished the extravagances of the multitude, so that these are less numerous and harmful than when the world was younger.

As mankind is wiser, there is more self-control. This greater subordination of the emotions to reason, gives the hope that society will be sustained by the great body of wage-earners in resisting the assaults of the fanatics who would remit the world to chaos. If it shall prove otherwise, it will be because apparently harmless associations, falling under the control of daring theorizers or unscrupulous plotters, have seduced the masses, through imitative mania, to destroy their own welfare.

*A. A. Sargent.*



## JANET CRAIG.

## I.

THE accent on the first syllable, if you please—Janet, not Jeanette—I shall feel “easier in my mind” in telling you about her, if there is no little question running alongside, as to whether you are giving her name an unfamiliar twist in your thought. And I must begin one step back of Janet herself, too, if you are to understand, and be interested in, the little scrap of her history that I am to give.

Her father, a Harvard graduate, and the son of a theorist of the Brook Farm type, had come to the “Far West” in '56, bringing with him the inheritance of his father's ideas, and his mother's fortune, hoping to take an active part in shaping a new civilization. His father had begun in the branches, he would begin at the root. After two years' residence in the western wilds, he had married—a sort of second marriage, he having been long wedded to his theory of a wife. The theory had had no blue blood nor conventional education, but a true heart and pleasing exterior, and youth with its large possibilities. The sixteen-year-old daughter of a ranchman met the negative qualifications of the ideal bravely, and as she was a good little maiden, and very pretty, her lover's eyes were anointed to see the “large possibilities.” But alas! when he had married her, and proceeded to bring her up to her mission, he found that he had mistaken an empty mind for one capable of being filled: and as his plan for educating his wife had, like Agassiz's fish diet, presupposed some brains to start on, he soon gave it up; the chagrin and sorrow of his failure doing much to cause the fever of which he died two years after. He left it as his dying request—poor man—that his little daughter, then a year old, should be systematically educated.

Mrs. Craig had loved her husband with all her heart (and her heart was much larger

than her head), so she spared neither pains nor money in seeing his wish carried out, under the direction of an adviser that he had suggested; so that Janet was educated in the best Eastern schools, and afterwards spent three years of careful study in Europe. When twenty-two years old, she returned with her mother, who had been with her abroad, to the home of which she had had but infrequent glimpses since she was ten years old, to find herself a stranger in her birthplace.

A flourishing mining town had grown up around the home her father had planted in the wilderness, whose interests had long spread beyond the one that gave it existence into the general channels of commerce and manufacture, but whose society was still that of a mining town—flashy, material, and essentially vulgar. Janet shrank from it, and for a while so longed for the atmosphere of some Eastern city, with its lectures, reading clubs, libraries, and concerts, that she was almost ready to urge the sale of their home and a removal thither. Then came a memory of the few formal visits made to her father's relatives in school vacations, and she realized, although she shunned a distinct shaping of the idea, that where society was crystallized, there would be no circle congenial at once to her mother and herself. This was decisive—for to take the devoted mother, who lived but for her, into surroundings that would constantly emphasize her deficiencies, was a thing of which she was incapable.

With this resolve to stay, came a definite principle of action. She had learned through her mother of the ruling motive of her father's life, and it had long been an undefined inspiration in her own—a “star in the East”; *now*, “it came and stood over where the young child was.” Her duty defined itself, but the commonplace homeliness of a manger was its type. “It is not given to one person to do much,” she thought; “or

if it is, the greater will grow from the less : but it is time that I, who have so long received, should in my turn begin to give, and help to improve my social surroundings, if in ever so small a degree, instead of running from them." So she returned calls with her mother (for all "snobocracy" had called), accepted invitations, and was to a superficial observer only one of the pleasure seeking throng. But wherever she went, she created her own atmosphere ; her superiority was recognized, because she never obtruded it ; and every one unconsciously gave her of his best self. In her presence, women forgot their furbelows, and men found themselves indulging hazy suspicions as to life meaning something besides money. Now I pray you not to do Janet or my description of her the injustice to imagine her a blue-stocking or a misanthrope. She was a whole-hearted, healthy girl, and the earnest purpose that inspired her life added rather than took from the zest with which she enjoyed its recreation. She could dance as merrily (and as prettily, too) as any girl that you know, and the sparkle of her wit was none the less bright that it was never used at another's expense ; but with her, frolic and amusement bore their proper proportion and relation—they were the accident, not the business of existence.

It was to this hearty wholeness of life that she owed much of her influence. People never felt that she sat on a height above them, angling for their souls ; but somehow, things seemed to increase or diminish in value and sort themselves by a truer law within her sphere. In looks she was attractive rather than beautiful—a fine, lithe figure, a clear complexion, and perfect teeth, constituting her main claims in that direction ; but her play of expression was fascinating, and her smile always left the beholder with the sense of a special gift.

This was Janet at twenty-two, and this, to all intents and purposes, was Janet at twenty-six ; and it is at twenty-six, after four years of such life as has been hinted at, in her western home, that the little piece of her history that we are to consider begins. Of

course the four years had not passed without some enriching of mind and heart, but practically the description that I have tried to give is as good for one end of them as the other. I had forgotten to say that she had returned from her studies and travels singularly unsophisticated in matters of mere worldly knowledge and experience, and this simplicity, remarkable at twenty-two, became more so with every added year. As I said, people always showed themselves to her at their best ; and indeed, society about her, as a whole, partly atoned for its sordid vulgarity, by a comparative freedom from the subtle insincerities of older civilizations. From these causes, or perhaps more truly from the directness of her own nature, it remained a fact, that many a young debutante of eighteen knew more of the tricks and shams of society, its small refinements of cruelty, its flirtations and desecrated affections, than Janet did at twenty-six. This simplicity gave to her varied attainments and culture a charm quite unique, but it also played a part indirectly in bringing a hard trial to her life.

## II.

AFTER so long a preface, we find Janet in the library of her mother's home, drawing on her gloves for a drive, while a gentleman waits, hat in hand. He is of medium height, well built, has a quiet, strong face, iron gray hair, and the intangible something, in toilet and bearing, that marks a man used to society. We have noticed this much, when Mrs. Craig enters, loaded down with wraps enough for a trip to the Arctic regions. It is the joy of her simple life to care for Janet's bodily well-being, and Janet never lets her feel that her care is not needed. Today she is already amply provided, but she selects a shawl from the heap, saying with a grateful smile, as her escort extends his hand for it :

"Mother always takes such good care of me, Mr. Cartwright."

And Mrs. Craig's kind face beams, and she follows them to the door, still unconsciously carrying the mountain of surplus wraps, and shouting as they drive off :



"If it comes on to be cold, pin your throat up tight," adding to herself, as she turned back into the house, "These first spring days is so uncertain!"

But what a day it was! beautiful enough to willingly bear the mild reproach of being "uncertain." The very atmosphere an embodied hope—a prophecy of all things fair, that needed not the starting sap and leaping brooks to voice it forth. One of the days when one feels strangely happy without any adequate reason.

And Janet was happy—happy to her heart's core; and as the day had, so to speak, broad shoulders, she laid the responsibility there, with an odd, unconscious shirking that she only recognized in looking back. And how often in the months that followed she did look back to this day of unquestioning peace and simple joy!

They drove rapidly till they left the last straggling houses of the town behind, and then slackened their speed to enjoy the lovely prospect that each turn in the road revealed. They had been speaking of a view in Switzerland of which both were reminded, and had fallen into a little silence, which Janet broke abruptly:

"It sometimes frightens me," she said, "to realize how dependent I am upon my own moods! It seems so strange that several things that for weeks have been haunting me, without any solution, have today at least defined, if not answered themselves. It must be this lovely sunlight, for there are no new conditions to my problems."

"I recognize the experience," her companion rejoined, "but I do not attribute it altogether to the accident of mood. There is, I think, a law by which mental processes seem to skip links—sometimes half a chain. I have at times had my mind started in the direction of some inquiry, perhaps would do a little reading and thinking about it, but drop the matter without any satisfactory conclusions; and six months or six years after, upon being confronted with the subject again, I find myself, without having consciously thought of it in the interval, with fixed convictions where before I was all at sea. They

seem to come at the call of the new occasion as if created by it, but they are really the result of hidden mental processes."

"How exactly you describe it!" exclaimed Janet, "I know just what you mean, and it has sometimes perplexed me, and made me doubt the value of my conclusions. But I had nothing so metaphysical in mind this time; I mean, I feel so buoyant and happy today, that I feel strong to face hard questions, or discouragements and worries, that before seemed unmanageable."

"Can you use me against any of the difficulties and worries?" he asked. "I'm quite in the dark as to what they are, so you see I add faith to generosity."

"And I'm duly grateful," she laughed in return; "but most of them belong more to others than myself, and I was wrong to refer to them at all. I didn't mean to be mysterious, but I find myself thinking aloud in a fragmentary sort of fashion to you, as I used to your sister Alice. There is, by the way, one thing suggested by her letters, that I want your help in. She used to write a great deal last year about her Homer and Dante and Goethe classes, and other unattainable delights, and I have been thinking for a good while what we could do here. To attempt just such work as she describes is, of course out of the question, but I have been hoping it might be possible to form a class for similar study on a less ambitious scale—a sort of 'model in clay' affair."

"But I thought, Miss Janet, you had such a class already, Wednesday evenings. I owe it a grudge, too," he added, "for I have twice been refused admission at your door when it was holding its sessions. I was so stupid as to forget you told me your Wednesday evenings were engaged, and was turned on a cold world by way of punishment!"

"O!" said Janet, "my Wednesday evenings are quite different; the young ladies that meet with me then are my Sunday school class (or were—they are all teaching this year); but they are too immature in thought for such study as I mean—only one of them is over eighteen; besides, I'm the leader in it, and my new plan is far more sel-

fish ; I want to be one of a class. I've been trying for some days to get courage to ask if you would lead such a class ; but you walked into my trap so confidingly just now, that I'm quite ashamed to take advantage of you."

"I have indeed been rash," he answered, with a smile, "to open the way for such a proposition. Alice has always quoted your good judgment. I shall write her that you have been guilty of the exception that proves the rule. But Miss Janet, why must there be a leader? If a class is formed here, where there is no one properly qualified to lead, why cannot such leadership as convenience requires rotate?"

"You refuse, then," said Janet, ignoring his suggestion. But Mr. Cartwright, can't you see a duty in it? You certainly know more of poetry and philosophy than the rest of us, however little you may seem to yourself to know. You are the only person in town who can do it, and you would do it so well—and O ! I *wish* you would !"

There was a world of—well, let us say kindness, in John Cartwright's face as he answered. Neither of the parties most concerned took the trouble to define it, so why should we? Whatever it was, when it had flickered and passed, it left Janet not caring so very much whether it was the accompaniment of consent or refusal—this also, like other things in that day, she noted, looking back.

"Those last words are a powerful argument, and the only one in all that you have said that could influence me ; but I must absolutely refuse the honor you suggest. Perhaps I ought not to weaken my refusal with a reason, but I will give one out of several. I lack the first requisite to such a position, in having no skill in drawing people out."

"Why, Mr. Cartwright !" exclaimed Janet, "how you misunderstand yourself! I don't say this to urge you further, but do you know that I asked you partly because of the very faculty whose absence you plead? Why, I never am with you, but that I take myself to task afterwards for allowing you to draw out my thoughts and opinions as you always do !"

He smiled, and shook his head slowly as he answered, "If there could be the thorough understanding and sympathy between myself and each member of a class that exists between us, Miss Janet, it would be quite different ; but I fancy that when I met you, I suddenly fell heir to my sister's years of friendship, so that our acquaintance, instead of beginning six months ago, dates back into your childhood—yes, I not only understand and generally agree with your thoughts, but I feel so certain of like understanding from you, that I am on my part tempted to garrulity. But this class is quite a different matter. Have you spoken to any one yet about it?"

"No, I didn't care to, till I had talked with you."

"I am glad to hear it," he replied, "for I have a suggestion to submit. Why begin by organizing a class? I think we often organize prematurely. I believe you said your friends, Mr. and Mrs. Merrill, had returned from their visit East?"

"Yes."

"Then why could we not meet to read with them, if they liked the idea, and let a class and its work grow naturally from that?"

"Perhaps you are right," replied Janet. "At any rate, we will leave it till we can consult the Merrills. I am glad you mentioned them, for I want to take you to see them. You know how much they have been to me in the two years they have lived here, and I am in haste for you to meet each other. When can you go with me?"

"Tomorrow evening, if convenient to you. I am anticipating great pleasure in knowing them." These last words as he brought the horses to a stand, on a side hill, where the prospect was surpassingly fine. "And now, Miss Janet, I am going, with your consent to help you out, and ask you to climb that crag with me," pointing just above them. "I was there last evening, and the view is wonderful—the added height takes in the river, which here is hidden by these low hills."

Janet gladly consented, and they began their scramble. Suddenly she exclaimed, "Why, Mr. Cartwright, don't burden your-



self with those shawls ; they will be perfectly safe in the buggy—please toss them back.”

“On the contrary,” he laughed, “these shawls have just found their mission. The sun beats so warmly on the rock up there, that I propose seating ourselves and enjoying the view at our leisure. With these shawls to sit on, you need not fear catching cold ; and, to be Irish, this will be the best part of our drive.”

Janet was a good climber, and needed no help, until just at the last, where a brambly ledge completed the ascent. John Cartwright scrambled up first, and then reached back his hand, that she might be saved clinging to the prickly ledge. It was a trifle, but in all her life she had never experienced such a sense of imparted strength as in that simple hand clasp. It was only felt at the time, and like the rest, *known* afterward.

“See,” said he, when, after standing a few moments in quiet but intense enjoyment of the scene, he had arranged the shawls for Janet, and they were seated: “see, I’m a sort of patent combination book-case and pantry,” at the same time producing a small book from one overcoat pocket, and a paper parcel from the other. “There,” laying the parcel on some dry moss as he spoke, “are a few sandwiches that your good mother made for us while you were getting your hat, and here are Emerson’s poems. Was there ever a truer place to read them in? And now, Miss Janet, I propose that you reward my varied excellence by reading something to me,” adding (as Janet took the book with a pleasant “Certainly, if you would enjoy it,” and began to turn its leaves), “something from the second division of the Wood Notes, if you please.”

“How odd!” she exclaimed. I was looking for that! Here it is,” and she began to read at “Hearken once more.”

While she reads, let me reassure those among my girl readers whose sympathies are stirred because of the innocent, but none the less offensive, little bundle on the moss at her side. “Poor thing!” I hear one of you say, “I should think Emerson or Mother Goose would be all one to her, while those

ridiculous sandwiches graced the scene!” Thank you, my dears ; but Janet’s life currents run deeper than yours, and possibly higher too, for some of you I fear would be tempted to some joke at your mother’s expense, in a vulgar fear lest your escort should think you ignorant of the usages of society ; but if Janet had ever been tempted in this wise she conquered years ago, when at nineteen she had first been thrown into permanent companionship with her mother. Before that she had nursed wild hopes, pathetically like her father’s, though from another standpoint, that from constant association her mother’s mind and tastes might grow like her own ; and in her last year at school she often fell asleep at night, building air castles of the time when they should read and think together. But the hopes and temptations were alike dead, and she had learned to take the fair gift of a mother’s love as God gave it, and to let it manifest itself, without that pecking surveillance with which it would quickly have acquired a chronic attitude of semi-apology. For Mrs. Craig was as quick to feel a wound aimed at her heart, as she was slow to take an idea aimed at her head. No—nothing came to Janet’s mind when she saw the sandwiches, but a tender little inward exclamation of “Dear mother!” which somehow always came to her at such times, whether trifling like the present, or of more moment, and always meant the crown and seal of struggles past. She knew, however, in that instant, by a swift instinct, that her companion had proposed the climb to give the semblance of appropriateness to the little lunch, and that the book had probably been drawn from the library with no thought of its present use ; but she accepted the kind ruse quietly, without betraying that she saw through it, and began to read as we have seen.

As with clear, reverent voice she pronounced the last words,

\* \* \* “His mind is the sky  
Than all it holds more deep, more high,”

her glance involuntarily sought the deep blue above them, and then rested thoughtfully on

the far off hills, both were silent a moment ; then he said,

"'Each and All,' now, if you are not tired," and she read again.

"Yes," he said, as she closed the book, "Alice was right—you *can* read Emerson. Many people can 'elocute,' but few can read, and Emerson has to be read. Thank you."

"O, I have enjoyed it," she replied. I agree with Whipple, that Emerson is the greatest of our poets. There is never any 'middle man' in his poetry. He speaks straight from the heart of things, and with the jerky disregard of literary rules and pleasing forms, of which he is so often guilty, he has caught the rhythm of the Universe as no other of our poets has !"

Did I say Janet wasn't beautiful? You should have seen her now, and give me the lie, as I deserve ! But suddenly the fine color in her cheeks deepens painfully and over-spreads her face. She fears that she has launched out beyond her depth. "There, Mr. Cartwright !" she exclaimed with a little vexed laugh, "you see it is as I said a little while ago—you make me say all I know, and a great deal I don't !"

"This same announcement not being one of the things you 'don't know,' I hope," he laughed in return ; "for the confidence it implies is quite too pleasing to be willingly foregone."

Janet laughed, merrily now, and rising said, "Thank you ; and now we must go back to the horses ; it is growing chilly."

"I hope you have not caught cold," he exclaimed. "I fear I have let you read too long—it was a shabby return for your kindness to impose upon it ; and your mother will never trust you with me again if you should be ill." This last as they began the descent.

"O, the sandwiches !" suddenly exclaimed Janet ; and before the words were fairly spoken she had sprung back and picked them up. "We'll eat them as we go down," she said ; "it would be a shame to forget them."

"All right," rejoined her companion. "You may eat out of gratitude ; I eat because I am hungry ; I was just thinking how

nice they'd taste, when your word about being cold threw them from my mind."

So they came down—a bite and a scramble, a bite and a jump—like a school boy and girl, and laughing between times at themselves and each other, for the absurd figure they cut. The spirit of merriment thus evoked continued to assert itself as they drove homeward ; and when the horses stopped before the door, they were both laughing at some happy nonsense or other. What a long time it was before Janet laughed with so free a heart again !

### III.

MRS. CRAIG was watching for them, and had the door open before they alighted. "Dinner'll be ready in five minutes, Mr. Cartwright ; won't you come in and have some?" she asked, as they ascended the steps.

"Thank you, Mrs. Craig," he replied, "not today ; I must take the horses back ; but may I come tomorrow? Miss Janet is going to take me to your friends the Merrills, after dinner."

"*May* you?" echoed Mrs. Craig, immensely flattered. "I should say so. Of course you may ! I only wish you'd come every day."

"You are very kind," he answered, "and I shall be sure to remember that a welcome always awaits me. Good evening. Good evening, Miss Janet"—and he drove away.

"That's the nicest man I ever saw, Janet ; except your dear, blessed father," exclaimed Mrs. Craig, as they closed the outer door, and passed into the library. "His manners are more like your father's than any one else's that ever I saw : you know all the time he *could* be grand enough to make poor Western folks like us wish we hadn't ever been born at all, like that stuck-up cousin of your father's, that came to see me while you was to the Springs with Mrs. Merrill ; but instead of that he's as kind and natural as if he didn't know anything out of the common."

"It is strange," answered Janet. "I had thought he must be like my father. Did



you say dinner was ready? If so, I'll let Mina take my things up stairs, and not try to dress for dinner. I didn't realize it was so late. We've had a lovely drive!"

"And you didn't get cold coming back? I had a little fire made, for fear you'd feel chilly. Mina," addressing a little maid who was brushing the hearth, "take Miss Janet's things up stairs." Again to Janet, "Mrs. Pope was in this afternoon," (Mrs. Pope was their minister's wife) "to see about postponing the sociable till Mrs. Jackson gets back, and—my! I came near forgetting—this note came for you," drawing it from her pocket and extending it as she spoke.

"From Ruth Merrill," said Janet, glancing at the envelope as she tore it open. This was the note—she glanced over it hastily, then carefully re-read—

"Dear Janet:

"I find that wonderful things have happened while I was East. You were a naughty girl to let me learn from others what you should have loved me enough to write me yourself; however, I will forgive you, on condition that you bring Mr. Cartwright to see me very soon. I am very busy, but shall try to see you for a minute tomorrow morning, for I can tell you, better than I can write, how my heart goes out to you in your new happiness.

"As ever, yours,

"RUTH MERRILL."

An innocent document, but if it had been the last inch in the lighted train to buried dynamite, it could hardly have created a greater commotion than it now did in Janet's mind. At first reading, she refused to catch its meaning; but as with changing color she read again, it could not be mistaken. A tumult of confused feeling for a moment threatened to overwhelm her; but resolutely bidding it bide its time, she mechanically slipped the note back into its envelope, and with a quiet, pale face, and an instant instinct of self protection, asked her mother if Mrs. Pope remembered to bring her receipt for Spanish cream, as she had promised.

"No," answered Mrs. Craig, rushing upon the false scent with praiseworthy haste, "I didn't even think to ask her for it, and I'd like to have it for dessert tomorrow, too, for Mr. Cartwright. Come, dear, dinner's wait-

ing. Mina, you needn't tend table today; Miss Janet and me'll make it all right. You run right over to Mrs. Pope's and ask her for her receipt for Spanish cream, and tell Kate as you go, she can bring in the pudding when I ring." Then to Janet again: "Did I tell you Mrs. Pope put her baby into short clothes?" A smile of negation from Janet. "Well, she has, and if the poor little thing don't catch its death, being short-coated this early in the season, it'll be a wonder!"

And so the good woman rattled on, needing little encouragement from Janet; and Janet heard it all as one who hears things in a fever, as if it were in the next room and to somebody else, in the meantime concentrating her will upon the effort to keep herself benumbed and her thoughts in abeyance, till dinner should be ended. At last they rose and returned to the library. Janet, however, did not sit down, but bending over her mother's chair, said, as she stroked her hair:

"It's a shame, little mother, after leaving you alone all the afternoon, to desert you again in the evening, but that's just what I'm going to do. This note from Ruth speaks of a matter that demands immediate attention. It will keep me busy in my room all the evening. Please excuse me to whoever calls, and let me bid you good night now. I'm so sorry to leave you alone, dear," and she was gone before a question could be asked, and in another minute had reached her room, locked the door, and flung herself face downward on the bed.

For many minutes the turmoil of mind and heart forbade analysis. Surprise, anger, mortification, and a nameless pain that was all three and none of them, tossed and overturned each other. Then slowly rising out of the chaos, obstinately rising, though she strove to hold it down, came this knowledge: She, Janet Craig, aged twenty-six, of sound mind, had been giving away her heart piecemeal, unconsciously and unasked, for six months, until now there was not a fragment of it left, and John Cartwright was the beneficiary. Having once acknowledged this fact, she lashed herself with it as with a whip of small cords. She reviewed, to its minut-

est detail, each interview in all that time—pounding the wounded spot in her pride, as one presses a sore tooth—forcing herself to a merciless analysis of them all, and dropping each one with a mental note of the progress of her own absorption, and the absence of anything to justify it. She spared herself nothing, up to the last minute of this last afternoon. And if, now and again, there flitted across the agony of her mortification some swift passing look that had given words a meaning not in them, her penance would not allow her to dwell on it. Once indeed, as one of these sudden photographs of the spirit touched her thought, she caught herself trying to hold and reproduce it, in a succession of dissolving views. It was but an instant's lapse, and she proceeded more remorselessly than before. No—she was without excuse—there had absolutely been no "love making," but all the same love was made, and made to last. Poor Janet did not know this yet, and having fairly recognized the "blind eyed boy," decided to strangle him. Alas! she had yet to learn that he thrives on strangling.

However, the resolution had one good result. It helped restore her self-respect, and enabled her to face the practical necessities of the moment. As the clock struck ten, she roused herself to realize that she was thoroughly chilled, and that her gas and fire were alike unlighted. Setting a match to both, and drawing a shawl around her shoulders, she seated herself to answer Mrs. Merrill's note. For half an hour she wrote and erased, wrote and erased. Too much expression of surprise and annoyance, too much elaborate explanation, too much feeling generally, went into the first attempt; and after patching and mending with the intent of copying, it was finally discarded bodily, and consigned to the fire. The next attempt, reacting from this, betrayed a studied indifference equally unsuited to the purpose, and after the same process of patching, met the same fate. Forcing herself at length, in imagination, into the position in which Mrs. Merrill's note *should* have found her, she answered it thus:

"I don't wonder, dear Ruth, that you *did* wonder to hear of my engagement from other lips than my own. The heart of the mystery lies in the fact that I am not engaged. It is too bad, my dear friend, for I know you dearly love a bit of romance, and that my gravest short-coming in your eyes has been my persistent failure to furnish you one. Alas! that I must still remain on the delinquent list! Mr. Cartwright is the half brother of my old school friend, Alice Meigs, of whom you have often heard me speak. The long vacation that I spent with her, he was in Europe, and I never met him till he came here a few months since, and perhaps have never mentioned him to you. We have, of course, been a great deal together since he came, and looking back now, with other people's eyes, I don't wonder we made some talk, though I never thought of it till I read your note. We have already planned to call on you tomorrow evening, and I know you will both like him. He has come out here as architect of some of the public buildings, and thinks a little of settling here permanently.

"How nice it is to exchange notes again, instead of letters.

"Yours always,

"JANET CRAIG."

She read this twice, and with a wan smile of approval, folded and addressed it. She only wished there were ten to write. It was such a help to do something. The blank ache was so hard to face.

And right here I am confronted with the young lady who was troubled about the sandwiches. "What an odd creature your Janet is!" she exclaims. "Why should she put herself in such a state because she found she liked the man? All she has to do is to keep her own counsel, and make him like her. More than likely he is in love already! And what a fool she was, not to have seen all this coming on. I've had lots of love affairs, and I always know the first symptoms."

That she was a fool, Janet was only too ready to admit; but as to the rest—well, you never knew Janet. Sensitive with the wood-violet delicacy of sixteen, and strong to feel with the added power of ten womanly years, she would find your plan as simply impossible in thought as in execution. The unwomanliness of holding her heart in readiness for the asking, would seem horrible. When, after writing, she had seated herself by the fire to face her own thoughts again, there had indeed come a meteor flash of hope



across their darkness, of that which, after all, might be ; but she shut her eyes to it, as she had to those other flickering rays that had come earlier in the evening, and instinctively setting her pretty teeth, thought, and almost said aloud, "That way not only madness, but degradation lies. He doesn't and he never will care" (here an impish "if" would assert itself), "or if he ever does, things will care for themselves. There is but one way for me—to resolutely tread it all out. But O! if he would only go away!" and with this moan she rose and prepared for bed. Once there, the power of healthy habit soon helped her to fall into a sound sleep.

Janet could hardly have been exposed to the pain which this sudden revelation of her heart to itself had brought, if her relations with society had been different. But she had never had even a mild flirtation. Men had indeed admired and addressed her, but among those with whom, up to this time, it had been her lot to be thrown, with their narrow minds and their brisk "What can I sell you?" manners, there had never been one capable of inspiring any feeling in her, other than a very everyday friendliness, and a kind regret if their regard for her went beyond it. If she had met Mr. Cartwright at first as she might any stranger, she could hardly have remained ignorant of the significance of the sympathy that existed between them ; but as the whole channel of her life ran so apart from any thought or prospect of marriage, much less flirtation, she had accepted the delightful companionship of her old friend's brother without question—with such outcome as we have seen.

And in what relation to all this did John Cartwright stand? While Janet answered Mrs. Merrill, he was also writing a letter. It began "My dear little girl," and was signed "Your gray-haired old boy," and was as silly to the eyes of a third party, as love letters usually are. In the course of it occurred this paragraph: "I have been driving this afternoon with Miss Craig, of whom I have so often spoken. She is a rare woman, and you will find both help and pleasure in her companionship, if I ever bring you here to

live. And right here, darling, let me ask you in your next letter to release me from the silly little promise you coaxed me into when I left, to keep our engagement a secret. It involves a sort of insincerity not to speak of it to my friends here. I will ask Miss Craig not to mention it in her letters to Alice if you wish ; but believe me, dear, Alice will enjoy much more in the continued knowledge of our happiness, than she could feel in any dramatic surprise that you may be planning for her on her return. So now be a good girlie, and release your old lover from his pledge."

Surely, Janet was wise in her determination to strangle the blind boy!

#### IV.

THE sun rose the next morning, as it generally does—whether the crises of our lives are pending or passed—and shining against the closed blinds of Janet's east window, showed in streaks of light upon the muslin curtains within. Only yesterday morning (Janet recalls it as though it were ages ago) these very streaks made her heart leap with their message of the happy sunlight without. Today their message read, "This is the first day—take up your burden." It was Saturday—always the most welcome day in the week to Janet, for it had the double blessing of being set apart for helpful uses, and of sharing with her mother work equally congenial to them both. Not that their gentle little philanthropies were confined to Saturdays, but the morning of that day was always especially set apart for them. They sometimes spent it in the convalescent ward of the hospital, distributing delicacies, and chatting with or reading to the patients ; sometimes in caring for destitute families that they made their charge ; sometimes in other kindred ways ; and this spring, Janet was giving the afternoon to helping a young girl who had lost a term of school through sickness, and was preparing for the High School examinations in the fall. So today, as she rose, she blessed the ensured occupation before her. She had shed no tears the night before, so

there were no traces of weeping to carry through the day ; but it was a sorry face, for all that, that met her own from the glass as she dressed her hair—her lovely color utterly gone, and the pallor that displaced it intensified by dark circles around her eyes ; and she blessed the headache that gave her wherewith to answer her mother when she should appear below stairs. She assumed a cheery smile as she appeared, but was met as she expected.

“ Bless my soul and body, Janet ! what *is* the matter ? You look downright sick—you oughtn’t to have stayed out so late yesterday. I knew you’d catch cold. Did you have a chill, or anything, over night ? You ought to have called me. What does ail you, anyway ? ” All this without a moment’s pause for answer.

“ Now, little mother,” said Janet, “ you’re very ungrateful—you know there’s nothing in life you so dearly love as to fuss over sick people ; and I know in your secret heart you’ve held it against me that I never would be sick. Now this morning I have a ‘ really truly ’ headache, and you’re scolding me for it ! ”

“ Scolding you ! ” exclaimed good, literal Mrs. Craig. “ Scolding you, you poor dear ! As if I could ever lay up any thing against you, much less never being sick, which in nature you couldn’t help, and as if it was a sin, either ! Well, things do look queer to a body when their head’s thumping. Now you come right into the library, and camp down here on the sofa, and I’ll bring your coffee to you. Mina—Mina—run and fetch some pillows ! ”

Janet yielded ; partly to please her mother ; partly to escape the breakfast chat ; partly that she really felt so dizzy and wretched, that she was glad to assume the horizontal till her coffee should bring her strength. Mrs. Craig drew the sofa before the fire as Mina appeared with the pillows, and having bolstered Janet to her satisfaction, and placed her coffee on a little stand, she left her to sip it, while she sat at breakfast, in sight through the open door, and made part of a pretty picture, which impressed itself

upon Janet’s brain, as some fragment of our surroundings sometimes will in seasons of great mental pain, returning freshly to the memory for years afterwards with each detail distinct, though at the time we were scarcely aware that we noted them. The glint of the glass and silver in the pleasant morning light, the canary hanging among the plants in the window beyond, and Mrs. Craig herself in her bright morning gown and a dainty breakfast cap of Janet’s making, turning her kind, fresh face every third minute, with a smile. Long years after, this, among many mental pictures of her mother, remained at once the most distinct and the most treasured in Janet’s mind.

Breakfast was a short matter when eaten alone, and Mrs. Craig was soon hovering over her daughter again.

“ I don’t believe you slept a wink all night, from the look of your eyes,” she said ; adding, “ I wish I knew what was in that note of Ruth Merrill’s. I know it was what set you thinking so you couldn’t stop ; but don’t tell me about it now, it’ll only set your head going again, and I’m talking more’n I ought to, and I won’t say another word, only this—if she’s started you out for any more work for other folks, you just mustn’t do it. You’re full, head and hands already ! ” With which brave manifesto, she drew the blinds, lowered Janet’s pillows, gave a few tucks and taps to the pretty afghan that covered her, and with a sort of bustling tip-toe left the room, carrying the cup and saucer, and closing the door with ostentatious softness.

What was her surprise an hour after, when, her household duties ended, her little basket of sick bed dainties packed, and her street dress donned, she found herself confronted by Janet herself, also ready for the street.

“ Goodness, child ! ” she almost screamed, “ are you gone clean crazy ? Where are you going ? ”

“ With you, of course, dear,” Janet answered. “ I feel ever so much better for your nice nursing, and now all I need is the outdoor air.”

“ But you haven’t had a bite to eat.”

“ Yes, but I have ! I felt so much better, a



little while ago, that I slipped into the kitchen, and got Kate to give me a bit of toast and an egg."

"And I thinking you was asleep!" volumes of self-reproach in her tone. "I ought to have peeped in to see, but I was afraid of waking you. To think of you having to prowl around for your own breakfast."

If Janet's mind had been less preoccupied, she would have called on her mother for her breakfast, thus affording her the continued pleasure of "making much of her"; as it was, she kissed her, and laughed away her affectionate solicitude, and they started out together. It was just such a day as yesterday, yet, O, how strangely different! But the sweet air and sunlight did their healing work even now, and helped by the energy with which she flung herself into the interests of the morning, quite washed away the ugly streaks under her eyes, and gave back the soft sea-shell pink to her cheeks, so that she never looked more lovely than when she entered the library that evening.

The afternoon had been spent, in spite of enforced occupation, in alternate dread of Mr. Cartwright's visit, and a frenzied haste to have it over with. But, gladly as she would have avoided the trial, she met it (being a genuine, as well as a superior, woman) in a becoming toilet. She was sitting with her mother, awaiting their guest, when the bell rang. She knew it was he, for she had recognized his step from its first footfall around the corner of the block; but by the time it reached the door-step, her suddenly summoned courage had all oozed away, and she fled the room, "for some more worsted," before he entered. Once outside the door, however, she stayed her flight to hear the greeting between her mother and their guest—the unaffected pleasure of her mother's, and the rare quality of his answering voice, as strong and hearty as a backwoodsman's, but with the modulation that comes only with the cultivation of brain and heart. Then, starting like a guilty thing, she proceeded to offer upon the shrine of a truthful habit the small sacrifice involved in hunting up another ball of wool—reminding herself, as she

did so, that throughout the hard evening before her she must be no more reserved than was her wont, and must act at every turn as she would have acted the day before—little realizing that the alert self-control needed to carry this resolution into effect, as the event proved, gave an intense inner light to her eye, and a something to her voice, that made her manner more magnetic than it had ever been before.

She had forgotten to ask her mother not to speak of the headache of the morning, and when she entered the room, Mrs. Craig had just finished a graphic account of her shocking appearance; and how she (Mrs. Craig) had feared she was going to have a fever like her poor, dear father's; and how, spite of entreaties to the contrary, Janet would attend to her usual duties, etc., etc. Mr. Cartwright was listening with a troubled look, but his face lighted as he advanced to meet her.

"Your mother says, Miss Janet, that you were quite ill this morning; but when I look at you, my sympathies are not aroused as I expected them to be. I am so glad your head is behaving better. I hope our drive had nothing to do with the pain of this morning? Did you report our little escapade?" he added, with a twinkle in his eye, as Mrs. Craig left the room for some word to Mina.

"No," she returned, "I found business awaiting me, that kept me busy all the evening, and I didn't tell her any of the pleasant things we said and did. And after my performance of this morning, I wouldn't dare tell of our picnic. My blessed mother would make herself sick with anxiety every time I left her, lest I should be guilty of some similar imprudence. I believe it lies almost next to stealing in her catalogue of sins, to sit on the ground any time before the middle of June."

Here Mrs. Craig returned, and as they were immediately called to dinner, the subject of Janet's indisposition was, as she hoped, dropped for the evening. It was a very quiet meal, with no ripple on the surface of its commonplace pleasantness to betray the unrest of one heart present at it.

The facts of the situation were so much more to Janet than any passing reminder of them, that she felt nothing more than a stimulus to her self control when the arrival of the Spanish cream reminded Mrs. Craig of Mrs. Pope's call, and that, in turn, of Mrs. Merrill's note, and she appealed to Mr. Cartwright for help in warding off its pernicious results.

"I hope," she said, turning to him, "that if Mrs. Merrill gets to talking to Janet this evening about any more work than she's got in hand already, you'll talk against it all you can. A note came from her while you was out driving yesterday, that I know in my heart gave Janet the headache she had this morning, though I haven't questioned her any, fearing I'd set her bothering again. Doing good's all right, but there's no use in folks killing themselves, and that's just what she's going to do, like her poor, dear father before her, if she goes on like she's begun!"

This tragic end seemed so remote, in view of the perfect health of the subject of remark, that John Cartwright could not find it in his conscience to affect any immediate apprehension; but he obediently promised to act for the evening as a wet blanket to all philanthropic propositions; and also, upon further appeal, accompanied by the assertion that Janet had not slept a wink the night before, added a pledge to bring her home before nine o'clock. This last, however, was while holding the door, preparatory to their start.

Having thus spread a sort of penumbra of protection, that should extend beyond her actual presence with her darling, Mrs. Craig bid her daughter good bye, as if the hour or two that was to part them were a year, and returned to her chair. She had refused, with a firmness that Janet was at a loss to interpret, to go with them; although Janet had urged it early in the day, with such earnestness as she could use without exciting suspicion.

"Bless the dear child's heart," she said, thinking half aloud, "wanting to drag her

mother into everything—as if I'd ever think of being jealous of her; but I wasn't agoing, if she'd begged ever so—I've got some sense, if I haven't much education, and I know enough not to be always under foot. I'm different enough from what I wish I was, at the best, seeing how things may come about—but deary me! it's no use thinking; Janet never will care for anybody, and I'm afraid there's an end of it. It's easy to see *his* feelings, if he don't talk soft and silly like some men, and it'd be a downright shame for a man like him to be disappointed. Perhaps I'd ought to set Janet on her guard. She never knows men are setting their hearts on her, till they plump it right out; but meddling never was my way, and I might upset everything. But, deary me—I do wish I knew how to make her think as much of him as he does of her."

Thus meditated Mrs. Craig, while John and Janet walked the two blocks that separated her house from Mrs. Merrill's. The call was informal, although a first one on Mr. Cartwright's part, and so enjoyable that he had to be on his guard not to forget his promise to Mrs. Craig. They had been discussing the plan of reading together, and an evening had been set, when he took advantage of an instant's lull to remind Janet of his promise to her mother, and "to give her," as he laughingly said, "the opportunity to end her call gracefully, and herself make the move to leave, in time for him to fulfil it."

"Thank you for telling us, if you really must leave so early," said Mrs. Merrill; "for Miss Janet always sings for us, and I am sure you would not wish us to make this occasion an exception"; and receiving an enthusiastic assent, "If Miss Janet is ready, I think we are."

Janet's voice was a contralto—sweet and true, rather than powerful; and as she had never spoiled it for what it could do, in attempts to teach it what it couldn't, it possessed at once the merits of careful training and the unspoiled richness of a child's, and was equally in place at a sick bed or a musical soiree. This evening she sung one or



two German songs, then at Mrs. Merrill's request "Darby and Joan," and was rising with a look at the clock, when Mr. Merrill exclaimed, "Just one more, Miss Janet—that thing you rewrote the music for, just before we went away. It has been running in my head off and on ever since, and still part of it eludes me. You remember—the words began, "Pain's furnace heat."

Yes, Janet remembered—and she would rather have sung any song she knew. The music had meant so much to her, when she had composed it, with such sincerity as we delight to bestow upon the portrayal of grief and loss, in song or verse, when our lives are so filled with health and happiness that we play at sorrow by way of holiday. Yes, she had meant it; and with God's help she would mean it still—but to sing it tonight, then and there, seemed like kneeling in prayer on the public highway. But it seemed ungracious to refuse, and she sang it. The prelude was hardly ended, however, before the song carried her quite away from her surroundings, and she sang it for its own sake and worth.

"Pain's furnace heat within me quivers,  
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,  
And all my heart in anguish shivers  
And trembles at the fiery glow;  
And yet I whisper, 'As God will,'  
And in his hottest fire hold still."

Those familiar with the song will remember, there are three verses, the refrain slightly different in each, ending

"So I say trusting, 'As God will,'  
And in his mighty hand hold still."

Her nerves were tense with the suffering of the last twenty-four hours; and as the song proceeded, she passed into one of those exalted states that seem a foretaste of the time when we shall have done with our bodies altogether—a state so magnetic with intense feeling that it possessed her listeners as well as herself. Mr. Cartwright had, unnoticed by her, quietly changed his seat during the singing of the first verse to one almost on a line with the piano; and, as she ceased singing, and (still more out of the body than in it) suddenly half turned, she met his look—

a look as quick and unconscious as a flash of lightning on a moonless night, but revealing as much! There was a moment's stillness as she turned and rose, for, as I said, the spell that was upon her had imparted itself; but it was quickly followed by the commonplaces of thanks and leave takings, and Mr. Cartwright and herself were on their way home.

She knew, as one knows that New Orleans was first settled by the French, or any other fact of history, that Mrs. Merrill had helped her with her hat and cloak, and that she had promised not to forget the reading appointment for the next Friday evening; also that, walking home, they discussed a beautiful engraving of the elder Müller's, that hung in the parlor. But all of this seemed to be automatic beside the all-absorbing longing to get to her room and be alone; and it was a relief when they reached the house that Mr. Cartwright refused to come in, although her mother came into the hall to ask him. As the door closed behind him, however, she followed her mother into the library, determined that no selfish craving for solitude should interfere with the account which it was her custom to give her mother of evenings spent apart from her.

But that good woman hardly allowed her to seat herself before she tenderly hustled her off to bed, and she was again alone with her wretchedness. At least, that was the shape which, without wording it, the situation first took in her mind, as she seated herself to look back into the day. There was no doubt but that the proper thing in the premises, and the only thing in accord with her exalted resolutions of the night before, was either wretchedness, or a conquest of the weakness that caused it; but somehow, as she looked into her heart, she found she was not as miserable as it was proper to be—indeed, she began to suspect that she was most irrationally happy! Alas and alas for the blind boy and his tricks! He—against whom, twenty-four hours before, she had resolved to hold her heart an impregnable fortress—had caused its drawbridge to be lowered by a look!

## V.

It was the evening of the third day from this, and Mrs. Craig and Janet were entertaining visitors. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Pope there were two ordinary and very young men, and a young girl, Agnes Hoyt by name, a guest from the country, who was to pass the night. Janet was helping her to entertain the young men (one of whom was bashful and needed drawing out, and one of whom was not bashful and needed to be held a little in check), and was doing it with such skill that none of the three realized that she controlled the conversation, when the bell rang. She knew the pull, and the quick, firm step that preceded it, but she continued to listen with apparent absorption (being seated at the far end of the room with her back to the door), to the account of a baseball match, until her mother called, "Janet, Mr. Cartwright has come."

A week before, she would have given herself, without thought or reserve, to the delight of an evening's talk with the one person in all the world between whom and herself there was perfect understanding. Tonight, she lingered by her mother until she saw her launched upon a recital which claimed him for a listener, and then drew a little aside, with Mr. and Mrs. Pope, to discuss Sunday school interests. But while they spoke of methods of teaching, and discussed the need of a new singing book, she had as much ear for the conversation behind her as for the one in which she was engaged, so that she knew quite well that Mr. Cartwright was taking his leave before her mother's hand on her shoulder called her attention, and her mother's voice said, "Janet, dear, Mr. Cartwright is going."

How wearily the evening dragged after that! although within the hour, all their guests except Agnes had departed. But "we measure time by heart throbs," and some hours are longer than others. The conviction had for two days been gaining strength that it was all a mistake about Mr. Cartwright that night at the Merrills, and that the strange instant at the end of the song, when their

two souls had seemed to meet in mid air, had been but the reflex action of her own excited brain. Tonight, it settled into certainty—perhaps with no added reason apart from the laws of mental reaction; but, somehow, the dull pain at her heart had a merciless suggestion of permanence about it, and she felt too heavily humiliated at her own double fall to care to think.

When she entered her own room, the gas was burning dimly, and the moon, now at the full, was pouring a flood of light through the muslin curtains. As she closed the blinds, the town clock was giving the last of its heavy, sonorous strokes for eleven o'clock, and as the reverberation died, her ear caught the sound of a receding step, that quickened her breath. She listened an instant; then, angry with herself, closed the window, murmuring, "How weak and fantastic I have become, that each passer-by must set me in a flutter." She sighed heavily, and undressing without delay, lay and cried wearily till she fell asleep.

Breakfast was ended the following morning, though they still lingered at the table, when Mina brought in the mail—two letters for Janet, and one for Mrs. Craig. Janet still held hers unopened in her hand, as she listened to something Agnes was saying, when both were startled by an exclamation from Mrs. Craig: "Goodness gracious, Janet! I never was so beat. And after him telling me last night that he wasn't needed any longer on those buildings till next fall, but that he was going to set up here for himself! Just do listen to this."

Janet grew white, but sat quite still, while her mother read aloud:

*"Dear Mrs. Craig and Miss Janet:*

"It is with the deepest regret that I have to announce my sudden departure for New York. On my return last evening, I found that matters there demanded my immediate presence, and I shall be obliged to leave on the early train. This will, of course, make it impossible to say good-bye in person, and my pen must say it for me. The kindness that I have received from both of you has given the chief charm to my stay here, as it lends the chief pain to my departure. This last I feel the more, as it now looks probable that my stay in New York will be



permanent. We have known each other too well for it to need many words to convince you of my deep appreciation of all your goodness to me, and I remain

“Cordially and regretfully yours,  
“JOHN CARTWRIGHT.

“Wednesday, 5 o'clock, A. M.”

“I never *was* so beat!” This last, as though it were a part of the letter, as she banged that manuscript down upon the table. Then she saw Janet’s face; and with the quick perception born of a loving heart, partly divined the truth. Rising and extending her hand to draw Agnes from the table, she went on almost without pause: “Well, Agnes, we must get to work, if our friends *do* run off like thieves between dark and daylight! I’ll show you just how I mix the earth for my slips, and then either Janet or I’ll go shopping with you. You’ve got more’n you can do to get done between now and dinner, anyhow.” This, as they left the room.

A half hour later, while Agnes prepared for the street, she opened Janet’s door, and said: “I guess, dear, you’d rather I’d go with Agnes, wouldn’t you? I’ve got to do some trading myself, anyway.”

Janet was sitting as white and still as she had sat at table, but she answered quietly, “Thank you, dear mother—I *would* rather, if you don’t mind.”

Their eyes met for a moment, and there was a world of gratitude in Janet’s, and of anxious love in her mother’s, but neither spoke; and with a kiss and a caressing hand on her daughter’s head, Mrs. Craig was gone.

That night, when the house was still, Janet stole across the hall to her mother’s room.

“Are you asleep, mother? I should like to sleep with you tonight.” Then, with her mother’s arm about her, she said: “It is better we should never talk of it, mother dear, but I am glad you know.” With those words the tears came—first a storm, then her sobs grew more and more gentle, till at last she fell asleep on the same gentle breast that had sheltered her helpless infancy.

From that night the subject was never opened between them but once, when, about two weeks after the events just related, a let-

ter came from Mr. Cartwright, addressed as before, on the outside to Mrs. Craig and within to both of them, announcing at once his safe arrival in New York, and his engagement, with the reason for his silence on the subject when with them. When this letter was handed Mrs. Craig, and she recognized the writing upon the envelope, her simple heart filled with hope that it contained something that somehow was to set things right. But her face fell and hardened as she read, and with the only bitter words Janet ever heard her speak, handed the letter to her and stalked grimly from the room.

Except this letter, no word of or from Mr. Cartwright ever came again, and their lives moved on, outwardly at least, as they did before they had known him. With this difference, perhaps, that Janet was, if possible, more unceasingly busy, and more tenderly alive to suffering of every kind in others. Mrs. Craig was anxious that she should go away for the summer, but to this she would not consent. She was too wise to attempt to run away from her suffering. “No, mother,” she said, “I am best here, where I can keep busy.” And so they stayed, and three months wore quietly away, leaving at least peace and cheerfulness, if not positive happiness.

## VI.

WHEN John Cartwright had turned from Mrs. Craig’s steps that evening in the early spring, he was in a frame of mind new to his experience; a strange, disappointed restlessness that he failed, or perhaps did not try, to understand. As he walked on, ill at ease with himself and at odds with the world, he suddenly remembered that it was his usual day for writing to his little sweetheart. Thankful for this small oasis of something definite in his desert of unrest, he hastened on, in order to write and post the letter before he slept. As I said, he did not try to understand himself or his mood as he opened his desk to write; but somehow, he seemed impelled to more fervor of expression than was customary with him, and an odd sort of pitiful tenderness seemed to seize upon him

with each loving phrase that fell from his pen, which goaded him on to still more words. However, it was finally ended and addressed to "Miss Lillian Moore, New York City," and it being too late for the carrier's collection, he took it to the office himself, that it should not miss the early morning mail.

There were two routes, equally near. One led by Mrs. Craig's; he took it. The parlors were still lighted, and the windows of Janet's room also showed a dim light. Mina had lit the gas and turned it low in Mrs. Craig's room, too, and her windows also fronted upon the street; but, somehow, he did not observe them. He returned as he came, and the town clock was striking eleven as he neared the house. He was walking absentmindedly, and did not consciously notice that the lower windows were now dark, or realize that his eye was upon one of Janet's, till it suddenly flew up, and Janet herself leaned out into the moonlight. What a strange leap his heart gave! and with what a sickening thud it fell back again! Poor man! He didn't—he *wouldn't*—know what was the matter, but walked on swiftly, and like a school boy detected looking off his books, fell, as it were, to studying with fiercer assiduity. He summoned up each witching change in the witching face whose picture lay upon his heart. There were no communings of mind with mind or soul with soul to recall, for there never had been any; but he felt her little hand fluttering again in his, and saw her sweet blue eyes, in all the charm of their upturned beauty; refusing to know that the tenderness of each memory was deepened by the faint stirrings of remorse in disguise.

Late into the night he sat, with the pitiful little bit of pasteboard that held her image in his hand, recalling the childish sweetness of the original, and looking forward to the days to come, when Undine should have found her soul. But alas! these visions of the blue-eyed woman that was to be grew more and more strangely like a brown-eyed woman that already was—and as the hours wore painfully away, he at last gave up the battle, and with a groan let the terrible truth

smite him to the earth. What was Janet's struggle of the week before to his now? If maidenly modesty had given the sting to the whip with which she had lashed herself, manly pride and a Christian's remorse gave untold poignancy to his shame and sorrow. His own broken life seemed to sink into insignificance before his broken faith. For though he never wavered a moment in his determination to keep his faith, he knew it was already broken, and at the best could only be mended. Rallying himself at length to action, he found one thing becoming plain: he must not see Janet again—to do so now would be a conscious treachery. "I will go by the early train to New York," he said, "and put my heart within the sphere of her to whom it is pledged." To see a duty plainly with John Cartwright was to do it; and six o'clock found his trunk packed, and a number of letters, business and otherwise, in his hand, to mail as he went to the train. An hour later he was whirling away, Eastward bound. Of course, he had not slept. It had been a long night.

When our heroine discovered that she had given her heart unasked, we did her the justice of throwing her folly into the perspective of explanatory antecedents. Perhaps we owe equal justice to our hero. We must go back a long way, but will try to get over the ground quickly. His father had died when he was six years old, and his training had, for the eight most important years of his boyhood, devolved upon his mother; and it could not have fallen into better hands—strong, wise, loving, positive and inspiring, rather than negative and fault-finding, she helped him to form a character at once self-reliant and self-sacrificing; and as firm to resist a known evil as to espouse a known good. When he was fourteen she had married Mr. Meigs, who would have shared the burden of his training had there been any to share; but by that time his life currents were already set, and only needed the deepening that maturer life would bring. Four years later, in the midst of John's first college year, Mr. Meigs died. His business interests, as well as the stocks in which his



wife's property had been invested, had been much injured by the war with the seceding States (then in its last year), and when the estate was settled, it was found that a very limited income, and one likely to grow less with each succeeding year, was left for Mrs. Meigs and her two children—for John's half-sister Alice was now nearly three years old. John stayed from college long enough after the funeral to see things set in their new channels, and then returned, with the one motive that ruled his life for the next twenty years firmly set, viz: to so prepare himself for life's work, and afterwards so address himself to it, as to stand in the stead of husband and father to the mother and little sister who must henceforth learn to lean on him.

While he was acquiring his education and profession, their income was eked out, on his part, by writing for the newspapers, and by Mrs. Meigs, who was an accomplished pianist, with music lessons. But this last was dispensed with at the earliest possible moment, for Mrs. Meigs was not strong; and it was a proud day when his business had so increased as to insure the advantages of a finished education to his sister, and a pleasant home to his mother for the rest of her life.

But all this, as may be imagined, left no room for life plans of his own, and it was only after his sister's marriage and departure for Europe, a year before our story opens, and his mother's death, six months later, that he was left at once free and desolate. He had for years attended his mother and sister in their intercourse with society, and had, of course, met many lovely women; but having once and for all, with his strong will, put marriage out of the question, he never allowed himself to become especially interested in any of them.

Little Lilian Moore was the daughter of a neighbor, and was, although six years younger than Alice, very fond of her. This devoted love for his sister had attracted John's kindly interest at first, and when his mother's death left him quite alone, his heart turned more readily to her, than to any one.

The rest followed. When they had been engaged but three weeks he went West, as we have seen; and supposing his heart to be already satisfied, he had left it quite unguarded. The friendship, which his sister's introduction had made intimate almost from the first, had been of so noble and elevated a kind as to leave his conscience absolutely asleep, as to any need to strengthen himself as against temptation. And so it befell as we have seen, and poor John Cartwright turned again to his childhood's home, to take up a burden heavier than life had yet given, and find such strength as might be granted to his striving life.

## VII.

It was an evening late in the following November. The clouds had hung dull and leaden all day, but it had been too cold to snow—although a single flake would now and then settle on the sidewalk, and stir as it was pushed by the cold air, till it lodged against a wall, or was trodden out like a spark by some passer's foot. It was one of those sullen days, when there was nothing that could be called a wind, but when the air had a quality of sunless cold that pierced to the marrow.

The change had been sudden from an unusually long stretch of balmy fall weather, and Janet had been busy all day, helping to hasten the preparations needed for the Aid Society, to meet the suffering that the sudden cold was sure to cause among the improvident poor. She was to leave home within the week, for a visit which was to last till after the holidays, with an old school friend, now married, and settled in Portland, Oregon, and the pressure of work incident to the season was added to, in her case, by the necessity of leaving her duties as a member of the visiting committee in such shape that her supply could assume them intelligently.

She was alone in the library—for Mrs. Craig had gone to watch the first half of the night with a sick neighbor—and was busy with memoranda and accounts; when the housemaid (not Mina, who had been married

the month before, but another named Laura) brought in a card. It was John Cartwright's. A sickening stillness seized her heart for an instant; then she gathered herself together, as only a woman can when she has to, and crossed the hall to the parlor, feeling grateful as she did so for the first time since Mina left that she was gone, for Mina would have known him, and given her no warning.

"Why, Mr. Cartwright," she exclaimed, as she entered, extending her hand as she spoke, "how glad I am to see you! you're like the genie in a fairy tale, in your sudden comings and goings!" This, with a simple cordiality and friendly warmth that would have deceived the very elect.

"And I am glad to be back," he responded, with a hearty grasp of the hand she offered: then, as Janet was about to seat herself, "Must we stay in here? or may we go into the library?" adding, as she smiled and led the way, "I experienced quite a shock in having any one but your pretty little Mina open the door for me; and being entertained in the parlor would make me fancy that she had run away with my old time rights."

"Yes," said Janet, "'a knight out of Spain' has stolen our good little maid, and mother and I miss her every hour. It is too bad mother is out this evening; she is gone to watch with a sick friend. She will be disappointed."

"I was just about to ask for her," he responded. "I am sorry not to see her, but I shall be here some weeks at least, and I shall come as I used, if you will let me. I am come back myself to attend to the work I expected to send my partner out for, when I left last Spring."

As he spoke the last words, Laura opened the door, and Mr. and Mrs. Merrill entered. The talk, of course, became general, and it was not very long before Janet's intended visit was alluded to. She was talking with Mr. Merrill at the time, but Mrs. Merrill noticed, and spoke of it afterward, that John Cartwright's face clouded as suddenly as a landscape dulls when a cloud passes before the sun. And Janet herself noticed a lack

of his usual ready grace in his expressions of regret. Also, from that moment on, his manner was somewhat distraught. The Merrills had intended remaining but a moment, having stopped on their way to a call elsewhere, to accept an invitation to dine with Mrs. Craig the next day; but the surprise of finding Mr. Cartwright, and the pleasant chat following, resulted in their remaining for the evening; and when they left, Mr. Cartwright left with them, accepting as he did so Janet's invitation to meet them at dinner the next day.

Imagine then her surprise, when, two minutes later, returning from getting a glass of water in the dining room, she found Laura again admitting him to the library.

"More objectionably like a genie than ever, I fear, Miss Janet," he exclaimed with a forced laugh.

"You have forgotten something?" she questioned by way of reply.

"No," he answered, "but I have been for the last half hour, while trying to support my end of the conversation with Mrs. Merrill, at the same time turning the pros and cons of a question which only shaped itself definitely after I reached the street, and I am returned to inflict the result on you."

Janet begged him to be seated, and resuming her own chair, said pleasantly she "hoped she could be of service to him."

"Thank you," he responded gravely, his pretense of gayety ended. "You will be surprised, Miss Janet, to learn that I have made this journey in my partner's stead, in order to acquaint you with certain facts which I preferred to communicate in person to writing them. I had not intended such abruptness, but as you go to Oregon the third day from this, and the days between will be busy, and the evenings engaged, as I gathered from your word with Mrs. Merrill at the door, I am forced to the alternative of unseemly haste, or the leaving undone that which I came to do. Miss Janet, you were very kind to me during my stay last winter, but I am about to test your kindness and to try it as I never have before, when I beg you to listen to that which I have to



say, and to trust me enough to hear me patiently to the end." He paused an instant, then with a look that seemed to compel consent, he continued, "Will you promise me this?"

Janet assented, trembling, she knew not why, and he began.

"You are aware of the sacred charge my dear mother and sister have been to me, for nearly twenty years; a charge, that while it lasted, of course quite precluded the thought of marriage for myself. This, however, never cost me a heartache, for until after my mother's death, I was never especially interested in any woman, and the young girl to whom I then became engaged seems almost too gravely named when so called. I left New York three weeks after our engagement, and coming here met a friend of my sister's, whom I was soon happy to count mine as well. As the weeks went by, and I knew her better, she more and more filled my ideal of what a woman should be. I felt with her, as I had never felt since I opened my heart to my mother in my boyhood, the assurance of sympathy and understanding. She always lifted me to my best self, helped me to revive my fading ideals, and strengthened my faith in God and my fellow-man. But in all that six months I never spoke to this dear friend of my own hopes and plans, for I was pledged not to do so—nor did I dream that they were endangered; until one terrible night, the one before I left, when a mere accident suddenly lifted the veil from my bewildered eyes, and I knew that my heart, starved for so many years, had fancied itself satisfied all too soon; and that, what in my infatuation I had thought friendship, was the one all-absorbing love of my life."

Janet, at the first, so soon as she had seen that he was to speak of himself, had shaded her eyes with her hand, resting her arm on the table, thinking he would speak more easily if she listened so. As he proceeded, her nails grew white with their pressure on her temples, but she had neither changed her position nor spoken, up to this point; now she rose, and exclaimed indignantly,

"Mr. Cartwright, are you beside yourself?

In the name of the absent woman whom you insult, and for myself, whom you insult more deeply, in supposing me capable of listening to you, I refuse to hear another word of this strange tale!"

He waited till she ceased speaking; then with a sort of gentle sternness said, "Your *promise*, Miss Janet. I wronged her bitterly all those months, but I do not wrong her now. Please be seated; for—pardon me—I insist that you hear me to the end."

Again there was that which compelled in his voice and look, and she sunk helplessly into her chair, and again shading her eyes, waited for the rest. He told of the long struggle of that night, and the weary journey that followed. Then, continuing, "I will not tire your patient ears," he said, "by recounting my efforts to force my inner life into conformity with my outer; but, believe me, they were as sincere as they were bitter! Immediately upon my return, I had urged our speedy marriage, hoping that my self conquest would be more assured in the quiet of my own home, and the constant society of that other life to which I had pledged my own, than in my unhomed restlessness. But Lily plead my promise to leave her to her mother for a year after our engagement, and her mother also claimed its fulfillment; and the wedding was finally set for even a later date than was originally intended, and was to have taken place this coming week—the delay being to secure the presence of a brother detained abroad.

"We all spent a part of the summer at Cape May, and soon after our return, in September, a handsome young captain in the army, a sort of cousin of Lily's, came to spend a month's furlough at Mrs. Moore's. He was a talented, fascinating fellow, only a few years older than Lily, and she never wearied of his companionship. They rode, walked, sung together. No thought of jealousy ever crossed my mind, but I often regretted that I lacked those lighter accomplishments that I now saw she so much enjoyed. The month slipped lightly away, for them, at least, and he returned to his regiment. Lily missed him sadly; she sel-

dom spoke of him, but she seemed often listless and absent. I did what I could to make it bright for her, often cutting my office hours short to ride with her, and not being able to sing myself, coaxed her the oftener to sing for me; and things went on as best they might.

"One evening, when it wanted but three weeks to our wedding day, she met me with traces of tears upon her face, which burst forth afresh as soon as she saw me. I tried to soothe her, but she slid from me to the ottoman at my feet, and there, between choking sobs, begged me to forgive her, and release her from her engagement; saying it would be wrong for her to keep it if she did not truly love me, and the fear that she did not had at length grown to certainty.

"I listened like one in a dream, dazed with the mixture of surprise, grateful relief, and angry solicitude for her, lest the gay young soldier had purposely tampered with a heart he had neither right nor wish to win for himself. But my own emotions were neither here nor there at the moment, for the strain of confession had been too much for Lily, and she was in danger of going off into violent hysterics. I quieted her, and then, little by little, the better to lessen her distress, led her to know that I myself had often feared we were not meant for each other, and that if it were so, it was best for us both that we should know it before it was too late. She gradually became comforted, and when I left, her tears were not only dried, but her face had lost the hunted look it had worn so many days.

"When I had time to think for myself, I was unspeakably grateful that whatever life might yet have to give or withhold, I was at least saved this great wrong—for once released from my pledge, my eyes were clearer to see that I should have done as great a wrong in keeping as in breaking it. And now I am here," rising and drawing a little nearer as he spoke, "not, Miss Janet, to ask tonight the question that I hope to ask by and by, for if I were so rash, I should deserve only the answer I dread. I had hoped in the coming weeks to bring you to

know more gracefully these things that I have been forced to thrust suddenly before you tonight; but I have spoken as I have, that you may know the whole truth, from my own lips, and think of me, perhaps, more kindly than would be possible if you heard half by hearsay and guessed the rest. And now I shall not see you again, except with others, till after your return, which I shall await. Good night"—and he was gone.

Janet had not moved since she seated herself at his bidding, and she did not move now, except to lean backward, while her hands dropped to her lap. She knew that a wonderful happiness had come to her—but she did not know why she felt so still and choked under it. She was trying to take it apart and look at it piece by piece, and to realize that it was really hers, when her mother's voice on the steps, bidding good night to some one who had brought her home, broke her reverie. She ran to the kitchen as the latch key turned in the door, and hastening back with all the morning's kindlings, was piling them on the dying coals on the grate, as her mother entered the room.

"Why, Janet, what did you sit up for?" was her first word; followed instantly with, "and you was that tired, poor dear, that you went to sleep in your chair and let the fire go out! Don't put any more of those kindlings on; I ain't the least bit cold—unless perhaps you're cold yourself; I shouldn't wonder but you was chilled through and through."

"O! no, I'm not," responded Janet, rising from her stooping posture before the grate. "How did you leave poor Mrs. Nicholas?"

"Better'n she's been since the doctor called her dangerous: but dear child," as her eye fell on Janet's face, "are you sick yourself? Your cheeks are as red as red, and your eyes like two stars! Does anything ail you?"

Janet had been swiftly revolving ever since she heard her mother's voice on the steps what it would be wisest to say to her, and with but the moment to think in, decided as we shall see.

"I'm not in the least ill, mother," she



said, "but I have had a surprise—who do you think has spent the evening here? Some one we have not seen since last March."

"Not Mr. Cartwright?" almost screamed Mrs. Craig.

"Yes, mother—Mr. Cartwright."

"Well, then," returned Mrs. Craig emphatically, "all I've got to say is, he'd better have stayed at home!"

"Dear mother," said Janet earnestly, "do you love me very much? And do you want to avoid making me very unhappy?"

The tears came to her mother's eyes. "You know I do," she said, choking, "and that's why I wish't he'd stayed at home."

"Yes, mother, I know," responded Janet, kissing her; "but he's coming to dinner with the Merrills tomorrow, and if you want to please me, you will treat him just as kindly as you always have. Remember, he knows nothing of our inner lives and thoughts, and we must not, by any change of manner, tell him of them."

"I suppose you're right," sighed poor Mrs. Craig, "and I'll try my best; maybe he won't come often after you're gone to Portland. How long's he going to be here, anyway?"

"About as long as I am gone, I think," answered Janet with a quiver in her voice, and the quick color which had begun to fade from her cheeks, again suffusing them; "but if you won't let me make any more fire, perhaps we had better go to bed—you must be very tired."

### VIII.

It had been arranged that Mrs. Merrill was to come soon after lunch the next day, and help Janet with some "last stitches" preparatory to her journey; and her presence, when Mr. Cartwright arrived a little in advance of Mr. Merrill, lessened the awkwardness of the meeting for both Mrs. Craig and Janet, and what little remained was soon dissipated by Mr. Cartwright himself, whose self-possession and pleasant ease were so perfect as to be contagious. Janet found herself almost wondering several times, if she

had not dreamed the interview of the night before—his manner, and especially his conduct toward herself was so absolutely free from anything to remind her of it. But she was sufficiently sure of it, to feel her heart swell with grateful pride as she listened to his share of the evening's talk—his wisdom and breadth of view, if matters of moment were being discussed; his ready wit and quick repartee, when these were displaced by lighter themes.

Dinner had been over but a few minutes, when Mrs. Craig surprised them all, Janet as much as their guests, by begging to be allowed to retire early, pleading fatigue from the night before.

"You see, I took my tea stronger'n common, so's to feel bright the first half of the night, and what did it do but keep me awake the last half too, so I didn't get my rest at either end!" She did not mention the reinforcement the tea had received, in the announcement of Mr. Cartwright's return to town.

As the door closed, Janet rose to follow her, saying as she did so, "I will see if mother is ill or only tired." Overtaking her on the stairs, she questioned her anxiously.

"No, dear," answered Mrs. Craig, a little quiver in her voice, "there's nothing ails me, and (I hope I may be forgiven) I'm not overly sleepy either. But seeing you two together is just more'n I can stand, seeing it don't help you any for me to stand it; so I just took a good excuse to go off to bed."

If Janet had needed anything to strengthen a resolution that had been gradually forming itself all day, she found it in this evidence of feeling on her mother's part. What that resolution was, we shall presently see.

There was no music that evening, Mrs. Merrill suggesting that it might disturb Mrs. Craig, and Janet letting it pass so, for she needed all her nerve, and in her then mood singing would have wasted it. At length the Merrills rose to go, and Mr. Cartwright rose to leave with them. Janet brought Mrs. Merrill's wraps; then, seizing the instant while Mr. Merrill was helping her with her

overshoes, she slipped to Mr. Cartwright's side, and said in a quick undertone. "Can you spare me a few minutes more?"

She hardly waited to hear his low spoken "Certainly," before she was again at Mrs. Merrill's side, bidding her good night. "This is not good-bye, you know," said Mr. Merrill. "We shall both run over a minute for that, the morning you leave. Good-night, Mr. Cartwright," to that gentleman, as he stood hat in hand beside Janet in the doorway. "Sorry your hotel doesn't lie in our direction."

As they reëntered the library Janet was very white, and she felt that her courage was deserting her. Fearing it would go entirely, she lost not a minute, but spoke, still standing, her hand resting on the mantel. John Cartwright, standing opposite, listened with a still, stern face; for it had come like a flash to his mind that Janet was about to end his suspense with some final hopeless word.

Her first utterance lent itself to this impression. "I should not be worthy of all you have suffered for me" she said, "if I allowed any weak petting of my own pride to prolong your pain." She paused an instant, somehow expecting some help from him; but instead, he simply said, "Well," in a constrained voice, and waited.

It was hard, but she would not retreat. Suddenly, flushing rosy red, she continued, "You forget, Mr. Cartwright, that in those six months we were so much together I did not know about Miss Moore"—then, with a quick upward look, "perhaps we have both suffered long enough?"

What a wonderful light came into John's face then! "Do you mean that, Janet?" he said; then quick as thought his arms were closed about her, the long year's strain was ended, and she was crying like a child.

Perhaps this is the place to stop, but we do not wish to leave our heroine in tears, even though they be happy ones, and we will add a few words more.

It was late, as you may guess—we will not say how late—when John returned to his hotel. Janet had supposed her mother was asleep, but she met her on the stairs, with a

wrapper over her night dress, and very much awake.

"Well, Janet Craig! if that man don't beat all I ever did see!" she cried indignantly, "and he with a sweetheart at home! I wonder what she'd say to his keeping you up till this hour!" She continued to spend her wrath in similar expressions, till they reached her room. Just how Janet told her all there was to tell she never knew, for Mrs. Craig got hold of the main fact first, and was hopelessly confused in threading the labyrinth that led to it; however, she got it all at last, between laughing and crying, and was as unselfishly happy as ever a mother was in the prospect of parting with an only daughter.

"But you're not to part with me," said Janet, when her mother made use of that expression. "John says," blushing prettily over the familiar appellation, "that the opening for a branch business here is as good as it was six months ago, and he will settle here as soon as he can arrange matters in New York." This was all that was needed to complete Mrs. Craig's satisfaction, and it was a happy pair of women that kissed each other "good night" in the wee sma' hours of the early morning.

John was very jealous of the Oregon visit, but the best that could be done now was to shorten it, which Janet agreed to do; and their hearts were so overflowing with thankful joy, that the few weeks' separation could be easily borne. It was well, though, that her usual habits of promptness had led her to complete her preparations before the last day, for he left her very little time for them then—and the next morning he was on hand in time to join them at their early breakfast, before accompanying them to the train. When they reached it, Janet felt it was almost worth the separation, to see the care and forethought with which he provided for her comfort on the journey. And Mrs. Craig was fairly bursting with maternal pride, as she noted the ill disguised curiosity of the lady who was to be Janet's traveling companion, whom they met already waiting at the station, and whose amazement reached its height when John followed Mrs. Craig's tear-



ful farewell with one indicating such right of possession as to leave her no longer in doubt as to the situation.

Janet came home in time for Christmas, and John did not leave for New York till after the holidays. "Holy days" they were, indeed, and happy days for them both.

Early in March he returned, and the wedding was near the end of the same month. Just such a day as that other the year before, whose close revealed Janet's heart to itself. It was a quiet morning wedding, and in the

afternoon they drove into the country, the same drive they had taken that other day.

Their "wedding tour," Janet called it, for there was no conventional wedding journey, a custom which both disliked; only a fitting to new conditions in the dear old home — Mrs. Craig's—for they could not think of leaving her alone, and were to live there.

This was all this last Spring, and if you are interested to trace their lives further, you must find their home, and do so for yourself.

*Henrietta R. Eliot.*

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### THE UNDERTOW.

Ripples of laughter on the beach,  
Wave after wave of careless speech;  
An undercurrent of sober thought,  
With many a hidden meaning fraught.  
Lightly they talk, but unconfessed  
A thorn is hid in his tortured breast:  
A womanly maiden will make no sign:  
"This pearl of pearls will never be mine."

Ropes of sand are feeble and slack,  
Yet hold the surging ocean back:  
And decorous manner, fair pretense,  
Are making another strong defense.  
She sings him many a gay refrain  
With but one thought in her busy brain:  
"He goes tomorrow I heard them say.  
He does not love me, he will not stay."

Meeting them while the sunset burned,  
Something told me the tide had turned.  
I think neither will ever know  
How near the treacherous undertow  
Came to sweeping them far apart.  
Now, with joy in each trusting heart,  
No thought of fear, no fear of wrong,  
When love's full tide is deep and strong.

*Anna S. Reed.*

## A MOQUI INDIAN FETE.

NINETY miles north of the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad, in Arizona, an elevated mesa or table land rises abruptly from the level of an extended valley, and forms a prominent land mark for miles around. The crest of the singular formation is rarely over thirty or forty feet wide, and in places is barely six feet from edge to edge. The sides present a mass of yellow-hued rocks tumbled together in wildest confusion, while huge boulders, some of them as large as ordinary churches, hang suspended against the abruptly rising slopes. By their side are deep gorges, which open their dark depths as though anxious to engulf all who climb along their edge, and which render the narrow foot-path leading to the mesa's top full of danger to one unaccustomed to such narrow and perilous trails.

Approaching the mesa, which one sees clearly outlined against the deep blue of an Arizona sky long before he is within reach of it, there seems little possibility of ever making the ascent. For six hundred feet the huge body of almost solid rock rises above the valley surrounding it, and from the crest of the formidable barrier to its base the fall is so abrupt that a stone would rarely strike an impediment on its downward course. The mesa extends for miles in a direction that is nearly due east and west, but is broken, at irregular intervals, by deep cuts, such as a wall might have after sustaining the cannonading of an attacking force.

But not only because of its natural peculiarities is this elevation of general interest. It is, in fact, only one of many such creations in Arizona. Go where he will in the northern portion of the Territory, one will find isolated rocks of ever varying size and color, which seem to have been suddenly shot into sight from unknown regions far beneath the surface of the ground. Whether they were forced into daylight by some terrible convulsion of a now spent force, or were formed by the action of water or time, is a much

vexed question. Coronado, the Spaniard, noticed the castle-like formations peculiar to the southwest as long ago as 1540, when he and his followers were searching for the "Seven Cities of Cibola"; and how long they had been in existence before that time is known only to the Creator.

And so, because of the superabundance of isolated mesas in Arizona, this particular one, which extends through the center of a long, wide valley that reaches from Southern Utah nearly to the line of the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad, would not attract the attention it does, were it not for the Indian villages that repose on its crest, which are inhabited today by the ancient Moqui (Moki) tribe. When and why the Moquis selected such an isolated height for their home is an enigma. Some, who have made it their business to investigate the matter, say the site was chosen at a time when Arizona was covered with water, and the mesa was a bit of land against which the sea waves dashed. Others, considering themselves equally competent judges, say that the Moquis were originally a warlike people and built their villages on this practically inaccessible place, in order that they might the more easily withstand the attacks of their many foes. But if one tries to discover the reason for everything in Arizona that is strange and enigmatical, he will find his enjoyment of nature and things sadly interfered with. It is always more or less indicative of wisdom not to inquire too earnestly into the cause of many of the present realities met with; and in Arizona, where the eccentricities of nature, at least, are particularly abundant, there should be unusual forbearance. The fact that there is this Indian settlement on the top of a rough, rocky mesa is sufficiently interesting to satisfy even the most devoted student of the curious and unusual. There certainly seems today no valid reason for the selection of such an isolated place; and



whether there ever was is a question, and always will be, unless a key is found to the confusing mythological history of the Moqui race.

Who the Moquis are, where they originally came from, and to whom they are related, are questions more easily asked than answered. That they are an ancient people, however, is a fact that is indisputably evident; and their present villages, whether four or ten centuries old, are unmistakably of great antiquity. Coronado, or one of his confreres, visited the present settlements in 1540, and the description of the village which he or his lieutenants wrote might be copied today without fear of giving a wrong impression. The changes in the past three and a half centuries have been but immaterial. Neither the habits of the people nor the general appearance of the village have been altered. Time may possibly have gathered to another world some of the older inhabitants of the place, and has very likely destroyed certain of the ladders that are used by the people in getting into and out of their houses. But even these changes have been too gradual to be really noticed, and many of the natives of the present time have a sufficiently mummified appearance, as they sit curled up in the sunny corners, to suggest that they were living when Coronado visited the pueblo, or that they might serve as rivals to the human forms dug from beneath the shadow of the Pyramids. As for the ladders, which reach to otherwise inaccessible roofs and into dimly lighted interiors, they have an air that plainly speaks of a mellow and ripe old age.

The most marked changes wrought by passing years are in the dress of the people. None are blessed with a superabundance of clothing, to be sure; but still the shirts and trousers worn by the men are made of American cotton goods, and it is not an unusual sight to see the cabalistic letters "U. S. I. D." painted in black letters across a blanket that hangs gracefully around the haughty form of an honored chief. And the presence of these letters, standing, as they do, for "United States Indian Department," recalls to one's mind the fact that changes have

really come, after all, and that today the Moquis are wards of the United States government. And speaking of this fact of wardship recalls another, which is that government is a most careful guardian of its western red children. Not only has it given the Moquis a reservation, whose area is nearly equal to that of the State of Massachusetts, in which they have supreme liberty, and where they can raise the sheep, goats, and horses which add so materially to collective and individual wealth, but it gives from time to time most valuable presents to the Moquis—presents that are undoubtedly useful, in some instances, but which appear to the casual observer, who sees them in the hands of the Moqui, to have been suggested by wholesale dealers who had difficulty in otherwise disposing of their surplus stock. For instance, the unoffending Moquis were one year deluged with improved cooking stoves. As the gentle recipients had no chimneys to their houses, and were not provided with pamphlets descriptive of the uses of their new gifts, the stoves missed their vocation, as it were, and were relegated in time to obscure corners of the village, where they quietly repose today, rusty and forsaken, and utilized by the thrifty Moqui as receptacles of whatever he pleases to put into them. Another year came a cargo of pewter castors, with gorgeous salt, vinegar, oil, and pepper cruets made of pressed glass. Again the Moqui, grateful but perplexed, banished the articles of which he knew not the use into corners, or threw them over the edge of the mesa, after discovering that the pewter was a base metal and could not be utilized as are silver dollars, which the Indians melt and make over into ornaments for the person. Then came wagons, useful to the Indiana farmer, but utterly valueless to a Moqui, who always rides, and who never had a harness with which he could fasten his horses to the vehicle. Later still came an army of ploughs, which the Moqui must have eyed with increasing satisfaction, when he realized that he had no fields that would bear cultivation.

And yet the Moquis have never been known to hurl the good old saying of Lao-

coön, "*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*," at the government, but continue to treat all white men visiting their villages with the utmost consideration, and evince the liveliest interest in the "great father" at Washington, whom they have never openly accused, whatever they may have thought, of being a most peculiar bestower of utterly worthless gifts.

Of all the Indian villages of the southwest, those of the Moquis are by far the most picturesque. There are seven of them, all together, and all are perched on the very tops of high mesas, which are separated by a few miles of open country, but which are all in sight of any one of the towns. The settlement that is best known, and that is more often visited, consists of three villages, built in close proximity to one another, and appearing from a distance like groups of swallow-nests settled upon the top of an abruptly rising cliff. The second mesa also contains three distinct villages; while the third has only one town, in which, however, there is the largest population and greater primitiveness of habits among the people. The tribe numbers about 2,500 souls, as nearly as can be estimated, and is comparatively wealthy. The property of the people consists of large herds of sheep and flocks of goats, which feed upon the nutritious grasses of the reservation.

The villages are composed of small square huts, built of stone, and covered with heavy beams, which support a layer of earth; and the houses are piled together, one on top of the other, with exactly the same irregularity with which a child would make a pile of blocks. Some of the residences are built directly on the edge of the cliff, while others face an inner plaza or court. There are usually three tiers of houses, rising with many angles almost to a point, and ladders lead from roof to roof. The interior of the homes is far more comfortable than one expects to find, after gazing at the dull-hued exteriors. They are dimly lighted, to be sure, and low studded, but are scrupulously neat and delightfully cool. What light there is comes through the open doorway, which may be in the side or in the roof of the abode. The floor is of adobe, carefully swept, and

the walls of the same material are painted white. The rule of one room to a house is rarely broken, and an entire family lives in an apartment that seems, to a stranger, hardly large enough for a single person.

Still practising their ancient forms of religion, the people lead quiet and uneventful lives, and cling tenaciously to the customs of centuries ago. Meal is made by grinding the corn between heavy stones, and bread is cooked by burying the dough in hot ashes. The women are the hardest workers. They are often exceedingly handsome, having fully developed figures, large lustrous eyes, and complexions that give evidence of perfect health. They dress in gowns made of calico, that reach just below the knee and cover the upper portion of the body, and they are apparently modest. Children wear no clothes until they are seven or eight years of age, but play about the village in absolute nakedness. Taken as a whole, the Moquis are a picturesque people. They are supposed to be able to read the hieroglyphics on their ancient pottery. Self supporting, and having a form of government that is strictly their own, that has not changed for centuries, they have so far adopted but few of the customs of civilization, and continue to live their primitive and interesting life.

The shortest route from the Atlantic & Pacific railway to the Moqui village, is from the town of Holbrook. But the road from that point leads for ninety miles through a country that is but little settled, where the water supply for man or beast is exceedingly limited. Another route, and one far more practicable, extends from Navajo Springs, a station on the railroad about two hundred miles west of Albuquerque, through the Navajo reservation, and from there in a northwesterly direction to Moqui. The distance necessary by this route is one hundred and twenty miles, and the road in places is far from being easy. The scene is not particularly attractive, there being a sameness to it that renders the trip one of unvaried monotony, and the accommodations met with en route are, with only two exceptions, composed of what nature alone gives. The first



night, after a long, hard pull of thirty miles, we camped and slept in the open air; and the second night did the same, going to sleep rolled up in blankets, and having but little water with which to quench our thirst after the long and dusty ride.

Our first hours of comfort were had at Ganado, a leading post and ranch house located on the Navajo Reservation. The several buildings occupy an elevated bit of ground rising from a shallow, winding stream, and command an extended view of a broad valley surrounded by high mountains, and filled with isolated rocks of various colors, shapes, and sizes. For an hour or more before reaching the post, the road led down the quick slope of a minor ridge of sage-grown hills, upon the sides of which were flocks of sheep and herds of goats belonging to the Navajos. At intervals, as we rode slowly along, we came upon parties of Indians, mounted on shaggy little ponies, who greeted us with broad smiles, and trotted along by our side. The August sun by this time was beating furiously upon us, and the heat caused beads of perspiration to roll down the faces of the Indians. At the ranch house, however, was a refreshing shade, in the enjoyment of which we passed a couple of hours, before pushing onward again to the Moqui Reservation, which joins that of the Navajo.

The latter tribe is the largest in the Southwest. They own large herds, and are self-supporting. Their huts are scattered over the vast area of the reservation, and are always isolated, no two of them being in the same place. They are roughly made, and consist of one large room, in which the entire family lives. The men are inveterate smokers and traders. At the post where we rested there were a score or more bucks gathered about the office, buying whatever happened to please them, and enjoying life as much as women do when on a shopping expedition. They were all well mounted, and, having sold their wool, were flush with ready money. While the men traded, the women sat outside the store, and tended the babies that had been brought along.

The Navajo dress is quaintly picturesque.

That of the men consists of a cotton shirt and trousers, with home-made leggins decorated with buttons made from silver dollars, and quite elaborately worked. The women wear short shirts and cotton skirts, or cheap calico. Like their husbands, they ride astride their ponies, and forego any head-dress except a bit of red cloth tied around the forehead. The Indians are a quiet race, and are expert manufacturers of blankets, many of which are made to order, and cost from \$150 to \$200. The work is all done by hand, and the dyes and wool are home productions. The woolen blankets are used for saddle protectors, but the larger ones are utilized for matting and other purposes. As silversmiths, the Navajos have long enjoyed considerable reputation. The rings, bracelets, and buckles which they make out of silver dollars are often exceedingly well worked and engraved. As for the blankets, they are widely famous, and are eagerly purchased by collectors of the strange and curious. They are of various colors, are finely woven, and very durable. I was fortunate enough to obtain a good supply during the few hours we were at the post, buying directly from the owners, and having my choice of the dozen that were offered me.

On the evening preceding the day when we were to reach Moqui, we arrived at Kearns's Cañon, and found shelter for the night at the residence of Mr. Kearns, who has built a small house for himself in the picturesque cañon, while busy exploring the various ruins and Indian mounds near by.

Up with the sun the next day, and driving out of the cañon into the open, undulating country, far beyond which could be seen the pale blue heights of the San Francisco range, we saw at last, a dozen miles away, the commanding mesas on which rest the villages of the Moquis. In time we reached the base of the rocky mound, and made our camp in the shadow of a grove of peach trees, which the Indians had cultivated around one of their springs of water. Gathered about us were the children of the village, who had come down the mesa's side to view the new arrivals and beg tobacco; while near at hand

began the narrow trail that led upward to where the town stood, peering down upon us from its proud height.

Leaving our team in charge of an Indian, we began the toilsome ascent, the undertaking taxing our muscles to the utmost, and the sun sending its hot rays upon us with terrific fury. As we proceeded, the view grew in grandeur and extent. For miles the country, now far below us, stretched away to hazy distances. Here rose bluish peaks of forest-covered mountains, more than a hundred miles away; there flocks of sheep, tiny specks upon the ground, were feeding on the yellow grasses. In one direction were the mountains of Utah, so far away as to be barely visible; in others were pinnacles of red-hued rock, leaping abruptly from the vast levels round about them. And when at last we gained the summit and entered the village, we seemed to have come upon another world. Quaintly dressed figures strode past us; oddly built houses surrounded us; the air was full of a fragrance indicative of great age somewhere; and naked children stared at us from various corners.

As the day advanced, signs of unusual excitement were present everywhere. Women were seen fastening up their long hair in peculiar forms; men appeared with hideously painted faces; maidens were met with dressed in bright red blankets, and with their faces thickly powdered. For the day was that on which was to be celebrated the famous snake-dance of the Moquis, a ceremony whose origin is lost in the shadows of antiquity, and the purport of which is one of the mysteries of the day.

No other dance by any other race of Indians is the equal of this in weirdness. Taking place only once in two years, and indulged in by no other people, it is a relic of barbarism that excites the wonder of every beholder. The snakes used are caught during the four days preceding the fête, and do not have even their fangs removed. The reptiles are of different species, and are not injured during the time they are so carelessly handled by the men. There is a belief among the Moquis that a snake is their friend,

and in some way connected with their existence. The dance is thought by some to be a religious ceremony, and by others a form of exhibition, gotten up by an order resembling that of the Odd Fellows or Masons. Whether it is a prayer or an exhibition, however, is really known by the Indians alone. That the men are bitten is evident; that they do not suffer from the effect is also evident; and the fact is probably due to a secret knowledge of how to prepare the dancers for their ordeal, so that they are safe from the sting of even the most venomous reptile. It was to see the snake-dance that I made the long, hard journey.

Whiling away the day at the village, we moved, just before sundown, to an open bit of ground lying between the walls of the nearest houses and the edge of the mesa. In the center of the little enclosure stood a pillar of rock, old and gray, and near by were low, flat housetops, on which were gathered a crowd of natives, gaily dressed, and filled with excitement, to watch the coming dance. The snakes during the day had been confined within an *estufa*, or council chamber—a well-like cave with a narrow entrance—but were now placed in bags, and secreted within a bower made of cottonwood boughs, set up near the rock. As daylight began to fade, the scene grew still more picturesque, and the excitement more intense. At last, when every housetop was covered, and scores of oddly dressed people were grouped about the small enclosure, the dance began.

Emerging from a near *estufa* a party of fifteen nearly naked, and fantastically painted savages, bearing rattles in their one hand and a basket of sacred meal in the other, filed rapidly into view, and began a march around the square. Moving four times about the stone, and rattling their rattles as they moved, they formed in line before the bower containing the snakes, and began a weird song and dance, keeping time to the strange music by gently moving their bodies back and forth, and by raising the feet a few inches from the ground and replacing them in the same spot. Each man wore a sort of tunic, reaching from the waist nearly to the



knee, and a string of antelope hoofs tied around his ankles. A few wore fox-skins, reaching nearly to the ground. During the dance, a second party of nearly sixty men appeared, dressed as their predecessors were, but with their faces and bodies more heavily painted, and bearing in their hands long wands made of eagle feathers. These marched in single file, with a peculiar halting step and with bowed heads, around the stone pillar. They were the snake men. Ranging themselves after a time in long line, and facing the members of the first party, they all began to chant and dance to the accompaniment of rattles, and of a sound like the hissing of snakes, made by moving the eagle feather wands rapidly through the air. As the song continued the dancers grew more and more excited, and began the more violently to move their naked and now perspiring bodies.

At last an aged man stepped before the snake bower and uttered a petition, at the end of which the members of the second band made a simultaneous rush for the snakes concealed within, and soon emerged, each bearing in his mouth and held firmly between his teeth, a hissing, twisting, biting snake. With these they marched once more round and round the circle, while maidens sprinkled them with meal, and the people indulged in shouts of approval. It was a sight to make one's blood run cold—a disgusting, revolting spectacle, in which man lowered

himself to the level of a reptile. At times a snake would coil himself around his captor's neck, and have to be uncoiled by main force; again it would fasten cruel fangs into the dancer's cheek, and would not let go until twisted from its hold.

For several minutes the wild gambols continued, until there was a mixture of excited men, and frightened, fighting snakes; while above the din made by the performers and spectators rose the high-pitched chant of those who continued their peculiar dance. And then, at a signal, each man cast his snake into a common pile, until a heap of writhing forms was made. Another signal, and the dancers reached into the hideous mass, and pulled therefrom each a snake, with which they ran rapidly down the steep trail of the mesa.

Away they went, and we, gathered on the house-tops, soon saw them far below where we stood, scattering their burdens on the ground and setting them free from their captivity. The ceremony was now ended, and already daylight had faded away. As we rode off across the valley the moon came out, and by its light we saw, looming up against the western sky, the huge, high cliff on which live the people who play with snakes and live in oddly fashioned homes. For another two years the Moqui snakes will crawl about the country undisturbed; and then they will once again be caught and held between the teeth of their savage captors.

*Edwards Roberts.*

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## ASCENT OF MOUNT TACOMA.

THE Cascade range of mountains in Washington Territory is, without doubt, the wildest and most inaccessible region within the boundaries of the United States. Clothed with forests, whose fallen tree trunks lock together to form a continuous stockade, almost impenetrable to man or beast, furrowed by deep cañons and roaring torrents, it rises peak on peak from the valleys of the Columbia and Puget Sound to the line of perpetu-

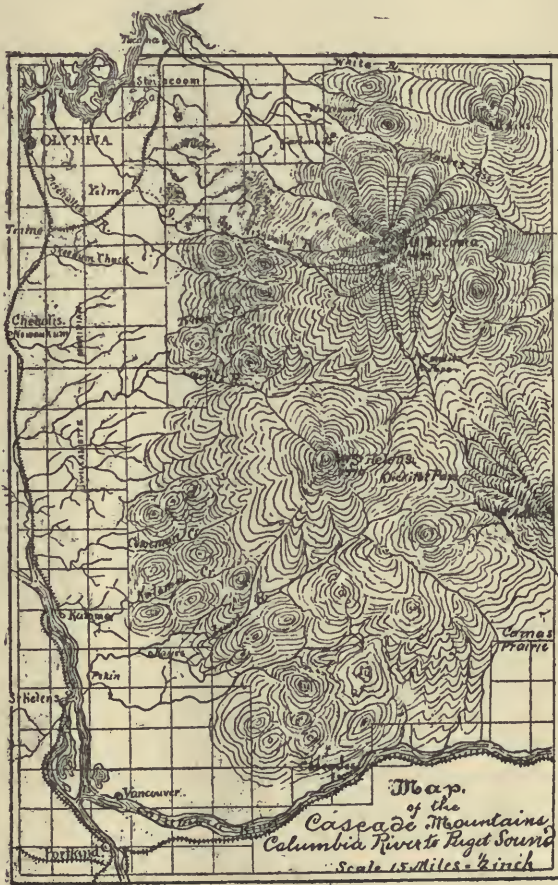
al snow, above which tower the culminating points of Mount Saint Helens, Mount Adams, Mount Rainier and Mount Baker. Highest, grandest, and most inaccessible of all these is Mount Rainier, or Tacoma, the home of the only living glaciers of which the American citizen can boast, if there be left out of account a few insignificant ice fields on one of the peaks of the Sierra Nevada of California, scarcely worthy the name of glacier,

when compared with the majestic ice rivers of Tacoma.

As a mountain climber of some experience, I had long felt the ambition to try the difficulties of Tacoma. The spice of danger is very pungent for the moment, but it leaves a delicious after-taste ; and having achieved

continent to Mount Blanc, the Jungfrau, or the Matterhorn ; and to it I turned with that eagerness which can best be appreciated by those who have been infected with the same sort of ambition.

As an additional incentive, there seemed really no well authenticated records of more



the summits of a number of western peaks, among them Mounts Whitney, Shasta, Lyell, Dana, Hood, Pike's Peak, Lassen's Butte, and, last though not least, a mountain in the Sierra Nevada named by John Muir and myself the "California Matterhorn." I had experienced in none of them except the latter such a real sample of looking destruction in the face as the Swiss climbers seem to number among their everyday experiences. If all accounts were true, Mount Tacoma could afford the only parallel on this

than one ascent having ever been made—that of General Hazzard Stevens, in 1870. Previous to that ascent, Gen. A. V. Kautz, then a subaltern officer in the army, made the attempt, and doubtless reached a point near the summit ; but as he himself modestly says, he reached only "what may be called the top," though "there were points higher yet." This was in 1857. A most interesting and quaintly humorous account of his attempt was recently given in lecture form by the gallant general, who, as a lieutenant,



braved the yellowjacket wasps and mosquitoes in the then unexplored approaches to the mountain, and frightened his Indian guide by defying the Great Spirit, Ta-ho-ma, by an invasion of his stormy home.

Following the ascent of Stevens and his brave companion, P. B. Van Trump, an essay was made by Mr. Emmons, of Clarence King's geological survey; but his description of Crater Peak is dismissed as being inadequate, he having discovered but one crater where there are two, and it is therefore surmised that he may have stopped short of the topmost peak. At all events, whether General Kautz or Mr. Emmons succeeded in reaching the top or not, it is quite certain that Mount Tacoma is not within the beaten route of tourist travel; for with the three exceptions mentioned no other white men, so far as known, had ever made the attempt to ascend it, until the writer and his staunch comrades planted their flag upon its icy crest, August 17, 1884.

Arriving at Portland, Oregon, in July, I learned by accident, and quite to my surprise, that a trail had been opened from Wilkeson station to the glaciers at the base of the mountain on the north side, and that the ascent to the summit could be made in one day. Wilkeson is the terminus of a narrow gauge railroad from Puget Sound to some coal mines, and thither I repaired without delay. I found that an excellent road had been opened through the forest some fifteen miles, ending abruptly at the foot of the grand glacier, miles in width, that pours down the northern face of the mountain. A glance was sufficient to demonstrate the impossibility of ascending the mountain on the northern and western sides, and that my information had been incorrect. I felt well repaid for the trip, however, as it brought me face to face with the most stupendous field of ice that my imagination could have conceived, and spread out before my eyes the whole mountain from base to summit.

Retracing my route by rail to Yelm Prairie, I resumed a search begun a year or two before to find Mr. Van Trump, who had accompanied General Stevens, in his memora-

ble ascent fourteen years ago. My efforts were rewarded with success, and together we persuaded James Longmire, the hardy pioneer who had piloted the former party through the woods to the base of the mountain, to accompany us on another ascent. He agreed to do so if we could wait a fortnight, until he could gather his harvest—a condition which was gladly accepted.

I spent the interval very pleasantly at the Canadian metropolis of Victoria, albeit with some impatience, and gladly welcomed the letter that announced that the harvesting was over, and all was ready for the ascent.

Returning at once to Yelm Prairie, we soon completed our arrangements. Our party was increased by the addition of a fourth member—Mr. W. C. Ewing, of Ohio—and on the 10th of August we saddled our horses, packed blankets, provisions, and cooking utensils on the back of a faithful beast, and plunged into the forest.

The trip was regarded by all the neighborhood as foolhardy, if not absolutely impossible. We were told that there was no vestige of a trail, and it was generally predicted that we should be obliged to return before reaching the foot of the mountain. Mrs. Longmire was quite pathetic in her appeals to her husband to abandon the trip, and clung to him, saying, "Jim, you jest shaan't go." But Jim's mind was made up to go, and with true Western determination he could be deterred by nothing after the resolve was once formed. Just before starting, we were told that a party of old woodsmen, among them Mr. Packwood, who located the old Cowlitz trail, which we proposed to try to follow, had returned a few days before, after one day's attempt to penetrate the forest, and had reported it impassable. With these numerous discouragements, we were quite prepared for the five days of toil and struggle that followed before reaching the mountain's base.

Crossing the Nisqually within an hour after leaving Yelm Prairie, we took advantage of a fair wagon road for twenty-five miles, gradually ascending to an altitude of eighteen hundred feet, and terminating abruptly

at Mishawl Prairie, where we passed the night, the welcome guests of Henry, a Klickitat Indian, who had renounced allegiance to his tribe, adopted the dress and manners of living of the whites, married three buxom squaws, and settled down as a prosperous farmer. He had preëmpted a quarter section of land, fenced it, erected several good log buildings, and planted his land to wheat and vegetables, which appeared as thrifty and prosperous as any of the farms of the white settlers we had seen. Henry was skilled in woodcraft, and we needed his services to guide us to the mountain. For the moderate consideration of two dollars a day, he agreed to take us by the most direct route to the highest point that could be reached by horses, there to remain in charge of the animals while we went forward on foot. The negotiation was carried on in Chinook by Longmire, whose long residence among the Indians had given him great fluency in the strange jargon, and the eloquent gestures and contortions so essential to its interpretation. Henry knew of the circuitous route which General Stevens had followed, and was confident he could take us by a way thirty miles shorter. Of this Longmire expressed doubts, but all agreed to follow our guide until we were convinced that he was in error.

On the following morning, the 11th, we were early in the saddle, and trouble began almost immediately. The woods were on fire around us, and we occasionally found ourselves hemmed in by flame and blinding smoke; smouldering trunks lay across the trail, and half-burned stumps left treacherous pitfalls in our way.

Nests of yellowjackets were met with every few hundred yards, their revengeful inmates swarming out upon us with relentless fury. The horses were stung to frenzy, and snorted, kicked, and finally stampeded in reckless madness, until brought to a standstill by a barrier of logs, where they crowded together, trembling with terror. Nor was this a temporary experience, but was repeated at intervals of ten minutes throughout the day. We were thus in constant danger of having our brains dashed out against the

trees by the maddened beasts. The pack animals seemed to suffer most, and kicked off their packs with charming regularity about every hour.

By dint of a vigorous use of the axe in clearing the trail, we reached the Mishawl River, a distance of five miles, in four hours. The Mishawl is a clear, sparkling stream, rising in a range of mountains to the northwest of Mount Tacoma, and betraying by its purity that its birthplace was in crystal springs uncontaminated by glaciers. Four hours more of vigorous work took us six miles further, to a small brook running into the Nisqually, and by nightfall we had traversed seventeen miles from Mishawl Prairie, and gladly pitched our camp on a grassy bar of the main Nisqually.

We all needed rest and refreshing sleep, but were denied either, for no sooner had we unpacked our animals than we were assailed by myriads of small black gnats and ravenous mosquitoes. The gnats were simply irresistible; one could not breathe without inhaling them; they buried themselves in one's flesh, burning like so many coals of fire; they got into every article of food, without however, improving its flavor; they swam in the tea in such quantities that it became a nauseating *purée* of gnat, and in fact made life quite unendurable; while the mosquitoes stung and poisoned every exposed portion of our bodies. We anointed ourselves with mud, buried our heads in our blankets, and tried to snatch a little sleep, but all to no purpose. The gnats crawled down our backs, filled our hair and ears, eyes and noses; and, in short, made us so utterly wretched that not one of us closed our eyes in slumber the whole night through. This was a poor preparation for the fatigues and hardships of the following day, but we were destined to suffer the same sleepless torture for some succeeding nights before escaping to the upper region of frost and snow.

As we proceeded on our third day's journey, the forest seemed to grow denser and more entangled with fallen tree trunks, as though arranged to form a fortified stockade.

The ax was our only weapon to enable us



to penetrate the barriers. Every few minutes the Indian pony in the lead would stir up a nest of yellowjackets, and away he would dash, Henry crying out at the top of his voice, "Soldiers! Hyack claterwar!" a warning to us to look out for the yellowjackets. Pushing ahead without stopping to rest, by 3 P.M. we reached Silver Creek, or Sakataish Creek, (Chinook for wild raspberry), some fifteen miles from our last camp, and shortly after 6 P. M. made camp for the night at Copper Creek, five miles further.

What with the painful stings of the wasps, and the burring attentions of the gnats, added to the ordinary fatigues of the day, our exhaustion was complete, and we craved for sleep with an intense longing. But the gnats were, if possible, more numerous than on the previous night, and we were again disappointed.

On the morning of the fourth day, Ewing's horse having become completely exhausted, we were obliged to turn it loose, and cache the saddle and bridle till our return. Our route still followed the foaming Nisqually, which we crossed and recrossed at frequent intervals throughout the day. At times we were forced by some impassable cliff or narrow gorge to leave the river, when we would cut our way through the forest around the obstruction, and return to the river channel, as affording fewer obstacles than the wooded mountain slopes, and greater freedom from the yellowjackets; albeit the crossings of the swift torrent were full of danger, on account of the moving mass of boulders carried along by the stream. Between 7 A. M. and 6 P. M. we succeeded in getting fifteen miles further on our way, and made our camp for the night near an extensive series of soda and iron springs of great variety, and most agreeable to the taste. Our barometer showed an altitude of 4750 feet, although we were scarcely conscious of having reached so great an elevation, as there was but little change in the character of the vegetation, or the temperature.

The black gnats never left us through the day, and were on hand in increasing numbers to partake of our supper, and cause us

another miserable, sleepless night. On the morning of the fifth day, a more haggard, gaunt, bleary-eyed company never sat down to a breakfast of bacon and beans. In feeling and appearance we were wretchedness personified.

Just as we were about mounting, for the day's journey, the pall of dense smoke that had overhung the whole country for two months lifted for a few moments, as if to revive our dejected spirits, giving us our first inspiring view of Mount Tacoma, standing out before us in clear outline, every detail distinctly marked, and bearing almost exactly northeast by compass from our position.

Our course now lay almost wholly in the rocky bed of the Nisqually River, crossing the stream with even greater frequency than the day before. Some four miles above the Soda Springs, Longmire pointed out a blaze on one of the trees, as the point where General Stevens and Van Trump had left the Nisqually for Bear Prairie in 1870. Bear Prairie lay a long distance to the south—twenty miles at least—and was only to be reached by crossing several high mountain ranges. To be sure, it gave easy access to the longest of the ridges, leading directly up to the summit of the mountain; but the way offered fresh obstacles—precipitous wooded mountains, without a trail and without water, except at long, parching intervals. As the mountain lay to the northeast, we were naturally averse to turning in the opposite direction, and were all the more ready to believe our redskin's assurance that we could continue directly up the Nisqually. To his guidance we therefore entrusted ourselves confidently, and at 11 A. M. had the satisfaction of arriving at the foot of the great Nisqually glacier, an abrupt wall of ice five hundred feet high, filling the whole valley from side to side. Here the river, born to maturity, springs like the Rhone from a dark blue cave in the ice. Our barometers marked altitude at this point of 5850 feet.

The last few miles of the ascent were exceedingly difficult and dangerous. The river bed was inclined at an angle of about

twenty degrees, and the ice-cold water reached to the bellies of the horses. Several times our pack animals were in imminent danger of losing their footing, and rolling over and over. The narrow gorge echoed with the roaring, rushing sound of the waters, and the clicking of the bowlders bumping against each other as they rolled down the stream. The water, soon as it left the glacier, was white with sand, ground up from the granite by the resistless forces constantly at work under the ice-river—a characteristic of all streams of glacial origin.

Crossing the stream to the south side for the last time, we unluckily pitched our luncheon bivouac over a nest of hornets—and not until the ponies had kicked themselves free of packs and other incumbrances, could we manage to secure them, and check an incipient stampede. The horses were by no means the only sufferers from this last vicious attack, as we were all badly stung, and carried the pain in swollen faces for the rest of the day.

On either side of the river, the sides of the ancient glacial moraines were precipitous for more than one thousand feet in height; the glacier in front of us was a wall; and it seemed at first sight that we had got into a box, from which the only way out was by the route we had come. Van Trump thought we should have gone by the old route by Bear Prairie; Longmire was dubious of the outcome; but Henry was perfectly serene, and shouldering the ax, proposed cutting a zigzag trail up the mountain, as he assured us most earnestly that he could take the horses to the top of the moraine.

While the remainder of the party were engineering the trail, I started a fire, and got the dinner under way, and then eagerly ran down to examine the glacier. Its face was not so abrupt a wall as it had appeared, and I found I could climb to the top of it without difficulty. Its width was about two hundred feet, and its height over four hundred feet, confined between polished walls of grayish white granite. The river welled up from the dark blue cave at its foot, milky white, and heavily charged with fine sand. At fre-

quent intervals quantities of large bowlders were hurled out, and went rolling down the steep cañon with a deafening noise like the roar of artillery. It was a most fascinating scene, and I left it with reluctance to return to my neglected culinary operations. The party had finished a trail in my absence, returned to camp, and finished the preparation of lunch.

Resaddling our animals, we succeeded in driving them up the trail with the greatest difficulty, and reached the top of the moraine after an hour and a half of toil and struggle. Continuing to ascend, we changed our course to due east, and in an hour emerged upon a beautiful plateau of gently rolling ground, where there was unfolded to our delighted eyes a superb panoramic view of Tacoma and all its southern and eastern approaches. The cañon of the Cowlitz, with its great glacier, lay to our right; the Nisqually glacier with its many tributaries to our left, and before us the long, sinuous, ragged ridge by which we knew lay our only hope of ascent. We were really only at the foot of the mountain, and thanks to Henry's sagacity had reached exactly the proper point, by the most direct and easiest possible route. Van Trump recognized his position and the route of approach which he and Stevens had followed from Bear Prairie, and realized the great distance that we had saved. Our way now led us through rich grassy meadows, with snow-banks jutting into them like headlands in an emerald ocean; delicate, fragrant flowers, of loveliest hue, were growing right up to the edges of the snow, and the whole scene was one of enchantment.

Across this meadow we rode for four miles, now floundering in snow, and at the next step rioting in a wilderness of flowers, coming finally to a steep, icy acclivity; ascending which, we came upon the last vestige of timber, a few stunted, gnarled, and storm-beaten balsam firs. A few steps away lay a little gem of a meadow, some fifty feet in diameter, almost surrounded by snow, with a pretty little rivulet of ice cold water trickling through it. The meadow was thickly strewn with large blue gentians, red castilleia, yel-



low polygonum, white erigeron daisy, white alpine phlox, yellow and white fritillaria, yellow artemisia, and a large, blue, composite flower, all of the most brilliant coloring imaginable. Here we made our final camp with our horses, and turned them loose to graze—although it seemed almost a sacrilege to see them trample and eat the dainty, gorgeously colored flowers. Our altitude here was 8200 feet, but none of us yet experienced any discomfort from the rarity of the air, or the chilliness of the atmosphere. The night was a grand one, compensating us for all the discomforts we had suffered in the lower regions. The moon shone full and clear, revealing all the landscape above and below us with startling distinctness. The long ridges of the mountains, running away to the east and south, with their barren, blackened crests cropping out above the snow; the Cowlitz winding away to the south like a silver thread in its narrow gorge, until lost in the heavy bank of smoke that had settled down some thousands of feet below us; while overtopping and overshadowing all rose the vast bulk of Mount Tacoma, glittering coldly in the moonlight.

No insects here disturbed our rest, and for the first time in several nights we slept soundly, not leaving our blankets until eight o'clock next morning, when we prepared for climbing in earnest. The saddle animals were turned loose, and the pack horses were lightly loaded with a pair of blankets for each man, provisions for two days, and a small bundle of firewood. We started at nine o'clock, bidding adieu to the last vestige of vegetation, and after ascending over four miles of snow, at times with great difficulty, at last came to a point the steepness of which forbade further progress with horses. We then unpacked them, and gave them into charge of the Indian, whom we instructed to kill some of the mountain sheep that we had seen before leaving camp.

Henry, who had not spoken a word the entire day, and had looked as blue as possible, here made a last persuasive appeal to Longmire not to persist in his foolish attempt to scale the mountain. For the rest

of us he did not seem to care, but on Longmire, as an old friend and neighbor, he wasted quite an amount of Chinook eloquence, to save him from what he considered certain death. He said we should never get back alive, if we succeeded in reaching the top; while if we were permitted to go part way by the spirit who dwelt at the summit, we should return maimed for life. He doubtless felt as he spoke, and parted from us in a most dejected frame of mind, as he turned to go back with the horses.

Shouldering our packs, which were apporportioned to give about twenty-five pounds to each, we traveled in an easterly direction, over the snow for about three miles, when we came to a narrow ridge of burnt and blackened rock, running north and south. All about us, to the right and to the left, were vast and terrible defiles, and before us, connected with the rock on which we stood by a steep and narrow neck, lay the last thin backbone of columnar basalt, leading directly to the summit dome of the leviathan of mountains. Beyond this point it was impossible to find a spot sufficiently level to lie down and pass the night, and as it was late in the afternoon we prepared to camp.

We lighted a fire with the few sticks of wood we brought, and prepared a place to sleep by throwing out the rocks, and making holes large enough for each to lie in. Our altitude here was about 11,300 feet; the wind was blowing strongly from the north-west; and the thermometer at sundown marked 34°. We felt this sudden change of temperature keenly, on account of the wind, and gladly wrapped ourselves in our blankets.

The brilliant moonlight and the singularly clear atmosphere rendered all surrounding objects as distinct as in daylight. The sea of smoke and vapor lay six thousand feet beneath us, and as we gazed out upon its white, level expanse, so calm and limitless, it required no effort of the imagination to fancy we were on an island in mid-ocean. Mounts Saint Helena, Adams, and Hood appeared like conical islands of crystal, serene and solitary, rising from the sea far to the south of us. At times, a puff of wind would

set the vapor in motion, tearing it in tatters, and rolling it up like a scroll, unveiling for a few moments the great valleys, and the vast expanse of forests, far below; and then the fog would roll back again, filling up the gaps evenly, as before.

Lying due west of us, some three miles away in an air line, was the largest glacier any of us had seen, with a length which we estimated at five miles, and a perpendicular depth of probably fifteen hundred feet. It was torn and rent with enormous fissures, the blue color of which we could clearly distinguish in the moonlight, even at so great a distance. The surface of the glacier was strewn with detached blocks or masses of ice, that appeared to have been upheaved and thrown out by some mighty power struggling underneath to escape. Some of these cubical blocks must have measured hundreds of feet in every dimension, and could be distinguished twenty miles away.

The noises all night from the grinding of the glaciers was terrific. Avalanches of snow and ice from the sides of the gorges fell with a sullen crash, and every puff of wind brought showers of stones from the tops of the crumbling cliffs to the glacier; while above all other sounds could be heard the deep boom of the bowlders rushing along the rock-bound channel underneath the glacier. The mountain seemed to be creaking and groaning, and one could almost fancy that at times it gave a mighty shudder, as if to free itself from its icy shackles.

No pen can picture the fascination of these weird sights and sounds. It was only after many hours that tired nature asserted herself, and closed the senses in sleep. We awoke next morning, the seventh day out, August 16, at four o'clock, pretty well rested, although we had suffered somewhat from the cold. As we opened our eyes, the prospect was forbidding. It was snowing and hailing briskly, and the mountain-top was hidden in fog. The wind had changed to the south-west, and all indications pointed to an imminent storm. Before we had time, however, to regret our ill-fortune, the wind shifted to the north-west, and in fifteen minutes the clouds were dissipated, and we were treated

to a clear, beautiful sunrise, and an unobstructed view of the mountain to its summit. Springing from our blankets, we soon had a fire started, breakfast prepared, and by five o'clock we were ready for the final ascent.

We hoped to be able to reach the summit and return to our lofty camp by nightfall; but still we feared the worst, and made what little preparation we could toward passing the night on the summit. It was out of the question to think of burdening ourselves with blankets, as they too much impeded our climbing, but we took a little food with us. Unfortunately, a bottle of alcohol, with which we expected to be able to make hot tea or soup on the summit, though carried by Van Trump with the greatest care, was broken at our last horse camp; and when that accident occurred, I threw aside as useless the spirit lamp, a tin cup, and a jar of Liebig's meat extract—not thinking of the possibility of our finding a natural steam-heating apparatus, and only having in view the necessity of lightening our load. Besides, we were certain that with so early a start from so high an altitude, we should be able to return to camp again that night. I carried one hundred feet of new manila rope; Van Trump, a hatchet and a six-foot flag-staff, hewn from a dead fir; Longmire, the whisky flask; and Mr. Ewing brought up the rear with the barometer.

Starting off briskly across some three hundred yards of hard snow, we were soon climbing a black ridge of loose rock, standing at an angle of forty degrees, and requiring most dextrous and active use of hands and feet. Two hundred feet of this sort of climbing inspired Mr. Ewing with the discovery that he preferred to return to camp and watch our attempt, so the barometer was transferred to Van Trump, and we left him behind. Ascending a few hundred feet further over the crumbling rocks, which were loosened by every step, we found ourselves forced by the increasing steepness of the ridge and the volleys of stones at short range, to the edge of the glacier. This was no better. The ice lay at a frightful angle—a single misstep would have hurled us thousands of feet. We were three hours cutting some



two hundred steps in the ice, a task of which we relieved each other at frequent intervals. At the end of that time we were again able to take to the rocky ridge, and held to it for over an hour, when we were forced to resume our ice-chopping at the edge of the glacier, and for some time we alternated between ice steps and steep and dangerous scrambling over the loosened rocks on the side of the adjacent ridge.

Ten o'clock brought us to the top of the highest ridge, and to a view of the point of its junction with the vast *mer de glace* that swept downward in an unbroken sheet from the summit of the mountain. Looking downward from here, the great Nisqually glacier appeared to be flowing directly below us, in a due southeast direction. The debris from the ridge on which we stood went down to meet it at an angle of nearly sixty degrees, occasionally breaking off in a sheer precipice, as the walls were exposed. The view in every direction was one of solitary grandeur.

A halt was here called, and a consultation took place as to the route by which we should proceed. Van Trump could scarcely recognize his surroundings, on account of the great changes that had taken place in the face of the landscape since his first ascent, but was under the impression that we must descend, and get upon the edge of the glacier upon its western side. I was not in favor of this, feeling confident it was practicable for us to follow the ridge, and from its terminus reach the head of the glacier. We determined to proceed as we were going. Climbing over alternate ice and rocks, we finally came to a point where the ridge diminishes to a thin, crumbling knife edge, running squarely against a huge, perpendicular precipice of rock, rising grandly one thousand feet above our heads, and standing sharply out from the main bulk of the mountain, a mighty landmark, distinguishable for many miles in every direction.

Unless we could succeed in crawling around the face of this precipice, all further progress was at an end, as there were nothing but yawning chasms below us on either side of the knife ridge, reaching down hundreds of feet to glaciers on both sides; and

to have scaled the face of the wall in front of us would have been as useless as it was impossible, for we should have been on an isolated rock, from which we should have had to descend again to proceed on our way. To add to our discomfiture, while we were deliberating, an avalanche of stones and dirt came over the cliff from its top, covering the head of the glacier, and loosening from the foot of the cliff tons of debris, which went booming down the icy slopes with a sound like the roar of thunder.

Feeling responsible for having brought the party into this perilous situation against Van Trump's inclination, I ran ahead as fast as I could, crawling on all fours over the dizzy knife edge, till I came squarely up against the cliff, where, to my great joy, I found a narrow ledge some four feet wide, on the face of the cliff, apparently leading around to the head of the Nisqually glacier. I shouted for my companions to follow, as the way was clear, and without waiting for them, crept on along the ledge some two hundred feet, where I found progress barred by an immense icicle, which had formed from dripping water from the top of the cliff. When the others came up with the hatchet, we soon cut a hole through the icicle, and in ten minutes more of sharp work, clinging in mid air to the side of the cliff with fingers and toes, and painfully crawling past critical points of danger, we were at the head of the glacier, which here became a steep gutter of green ice.

We had barely congratulated ourselves upon having safely run the gauntlet, when another furious shower of stones came over the cliff, falling but a few feet behind us, while a few came directly down the ice gutter, warning us that the sooner we were out of that locality, the better would be our chances for preserving whole limbs. There was no way for it but to follow up the gutter of ice; and for three quarters of an hour we experienced the severest and most perilous work of the ascent. Let the reader imagine the shady side of the steepest gothic roof he has ever seen, covered with hard, slippery ice, unsoftened by the sun, and prolonged for hundreds of feet above, and thousands of feet below, and he will have a fair idea of

the situation. Every step had to be carefully selected and well chopped out of the ice. The consequences of a slip here may be readily imagined; it meant a swift slide of a thousand feet or more into the yawning jaws of a beautiful green and blue crevasse, which we had admired from the knife-edge ridge.

Laboriously and slowly carving our way up the gutter, at twelve o'clock we reached the broad stretch of billowy snow that swept unbroken to the summit, apparently within easy reach. For hours we had been looking forward to this snow-field, with pleasant anticipation of rest and relief from hard climbing. We expected to make rapid headway, and reckoned on skipping along to the summit in a few moments; but, on the contrary, we found it about the most fatiguing part of the day's work. The snow was frozen into ice-waves, running across the face of the mountain, and resembled a heavy chop sea, solidified and set up at a considerable angle—the hollows being three feet deep, hard and slippery, and the crests so softened by the sun as to make sure footing impossible. Every few moments we would fall down into the hollows, thoroughly spent and exhausted, or by a mis-step would find ourselves forcibly seated astride the ridges. After a time, we tried a new method. The man in the lead would leap upon the crest of the snow ridge, and pack the snow with his feet before the others followed, and in this way we made better progress. Every few minutes the rear man would take his turn in the lead, and by a short period of extra exertion prepared the little platforms on the snow crests to give sure footing for the others to follow. Taking frequent pauses for rest, we finally surmounted this wearisome portion of our journey, and at three o'clock P. M. we stood upon the bare rim of the eastern crater of the middle summit, with the upper edge of the crater only a few hundred yards away, and about one hundred feet higher.

Thus far on our ascent, the mountain had sheltered us from a furious gale of wind blowing from the north, which here assailed us with such force that with the greatest difficulty we accomplished the remainder of the distance, and at 3.30 P. M. planted our

flag on the topmost crest, in the face of the bitterly cold blast.

The view was inexpressibly grand and comprehensive, although the whole landscape, below an altitude of five thousand feet, was swallowed up in a sea of vapor, leaving the higher mountains standing out like islands, as we had seen them the night before. An occasional gust of wind would tear open the veil for a few moments, exposing to momentary view the precipitous cañons and crags for thousands of feet down the mountain's sides. We seemed to be floating in a dark blue ocean, having no connection with the earth below, and the mountain appeared to rest gently upon its encompassing clouds.

The narrow ridge upon which we stood was the dividing line between two craters, nearly circular, opening out to the east and to the west, their rims inclining from each other at an angle of about fifteen degrees. The western crater, the larger of the two, was some four hundred yards in diameter, and filled with snow up to within sixty feet of its rocky edges. Occasional small jets of steam, issuing from the base of its ragged walls, gave evidence of former volcanic activity. We could look down into the other and slightly smaller crater, also, whose rocky walls, like those of its neighbor, stood out bare and distinct above the snow throughout their entire periphery. Jets of steam were rising from this one also at various places.

By the time we had explored both craters, another hour had passed, and all thought of descending the mountain that night had to be abandoned. Indeed, had we turned back the moment we reached the top, it would have been impossible, before the darkness overtook us, to pass under the perilous cliff, where even now we could see showers of stones flying down to the glacier below; and the attempt must have proven fatal. The only thing that could be done was to seek some sheltered nook, and pass the night as best we could.

To pass the time till dark, a suggestion was made to scale the north peak of the mountain, about a mile away; but the steadily increasing wind admonished us that we had better not run the risk of being blown



over the narrow ridge by which lay our only path to the peak.

After a long search, Van Trump finally found the ice-cave where General Stevens and himself had found shelter for the night in 1870; but alas! the roof had melted away, leaving only a circular well in the ice some six or eight feet in depth, and about eighteen feet in diameter. From a small and irregular hole in the center issued a scalding jet of steam about the size of one's little finger, around which still remained the loose rocks piled up by the last tenants of this rude hostelry.

Rebuilding the low wall to enclose a space large enough for their bodies to lie in, Longmire and Van Trump stowed themselves away inside the wall and on either side of the steam jet; while with hatchet and alpenstock I leveled off the stones for a short path, some seven feet long, inside the cave, and prepared to pass the night pacing to and fro to keep from freezing, preferring this weary exercise to scalding myself with the steam, which had already saturated the clothing of my companions. It was a dreary outlook for the night, as the thermometer soon fell to twenty degrees Fahrenheit, and the wind howled, and roared, and poured down into our ice-walled cave, upon our unprotected heads, with a fury that made us long for the warm blankets we left in camp. I succeeded in keeping tolerably comfortable till midnight on my feet; but finally, overcome by drowsiness, and after repeated falls and bruises on the sharp rocks, was obliged to join my comrades around the "register."

Notwithstanding the discomfort and misery of our situation, one could not but take note of the weird beauty of the night, and the brilliant prismatic effects of the full moon, directly over our heads, shining from a cloudless sky upon the blue ice-walls of our cavern. Not even the ice-palace of Montreal, illuminated with myriads of electric lights, could rival in beauty the wonderful colors displayed in our fairy grotto by moonlight.

The long night at last wore away, and by morning we were fairly cooked by the steam. We could face it but a few moments, at a time, and when we turned around, our cloth-

ing was instantly frozen to sheets of ice. The monotony and discomfort of this procedure may be imagined without further elaboration.

At six the next morning, August 17th, we shivered about the steam jet, and discussed plans for the descent. The thermometer indicated sixteen degrees, and the wind was blowing at the rate of one hundred miles an hour, and shifting to the southwest, with strong indications of snow. I make this statement of the velocity of the wind with some degree of positiveness, as I once walked up Mount Washington in the face of a gale that was registered at one hundred and five miles per hour when I reached the signal station at the summit, and I could therefore judge of the effects of such a gale.

Dreading a storm, we decided not to wait for the wind to subside, and at 7 A. M. left our friendly steam jet and started on the descent. Scarcely were we outside the cavern before our clothing was frozen solid, and we were hurled with great violence upon our faces. Staggering and crawling along upon our hands and feet, we managed to reach the western rim of the large crater, where we found a partial shelter from the force of the gale behind some large rocks, which allowed us to take our breath—but so benumbed with cold as to be scarcely able to grasp our alpenstocks. We discussed the route by which we should return to the east slope of the mountain. One favored crossing the large crater and scaling its opposite wall, but the terrible wind raked it fore and aft, and we must have perished in the attempt. While the others hesitated, I set the example, and, gathering all my strength, started at my best speed along the rim of the crater.

I had not gone one hundred feet before I fell among the rocks, completely exhausted and benumbed. The others followed. Longmire also fell heavily, receiving severe cuts and bruises before reaching me. We continued crawling along slowly and painfully, a few feet at a time, all the while clinging to the rocks for dear life, to prevent being blown away by the gale, until at 9 A. M. we got around sufficiently under the lee of the mountain to be out of the wind, and

reached the billowy snow-field that had so wearied and vexed us on the ascent.

Following our trail of the day before, we sprang from crest to crest with accelerating pace, momentarily cheered by the fast increasing warmth of the sun. Ten o'clock brought us to the ice gutter at the head of the glacier, where we used the rope to good advantage. Two of us were lowered the rope's length at a time, while the last man lowered himself by doubling the rope over projecting knobs of ice, and so getting down half the rope's length at a time. The high cliff was passed safely, although volleys of rocks fell on our path immediately after we had gone by.

Twelve o'clock found us half way down the burnt ridge, and within half an hour of camp, when we missed the trail, and wandered over a labyrinth of crumbling rocks for two hours, before we reached our bivouac, where we found Ewing, who was becoming very uneasy at our protracted absence. His little fire of two sticks served to give us a cup of hot tea, which, together with bread and butter, we devoured with the appetites of famished wolves, as we had eaten nothing in the two days of our absence. Food seemed so distasteful on the mountain-top, doubtless owing to our exhausted condition, that, though abundantly provided, we were unable to masticate it. Nature deals harshly in every way with those who have the hardihood to investigate her secrets, not alone in throwing obstacles in the way, but in the preparation of all the conditions of swift and easy destruction.

At three P. M. we resumed the downward march, and almost instantly were enveloped in a dense fog, which seemed to come from nowhere, but to form about us out of a clear sky. Luckily, the sun had not quite obliterated our tracks in the snow, and by the closest attention we groped our way down the mountain. Otherwise, we might have wandered all night, or taken a plunge to the Nisqually or the Cowlitz glaciers, by a slight deviation to the right or to the left. When we came upon the horse tracks, we had a plainer trail, and by five P. M. reached our camp at the snow line.

An unbroken stillness and solitude reigned

in camp. Neither Henry nor the horse could be seen or heard. The tent was found more carefully stretched than when the party left it, a trench had been dug about it, the provisions and camp equipage had been piled and covered in the center of the tent, and at either end a scarecrow, or rather scare-wolf, had been improvised—the large, fresh tracks of a wolf had been noticed on the snow not far from camp. All these preparations indicated that the Indian had made a movement not on the programme of the white man. Later in the evening, after much whooping and several revolver shots by one of the party, who had gone some distance down the slope, Henry made his appearance, and proceeded to explain—with a preliminary ejaculation of his relief from a grave responsibility. He had concluded that the party had been lost on the mountain, and he had put their house (tent) in order, removed the horses to good pasturage below, had moved his "ictas" (personal effects) to that point, provided himself with a few days' rations, and on the morrow had intended to start for home, to relate to their friends the supposed tragic fate of the mountaineers. It had been sad and mournful business for him, but his joy at our return was as genuine as his surprise, and we doubted if he really believed that we had reached the top at all.

The next morning, August 18th, there came a flurry of snow that inclined us to lie abed, and it was not till nine o'clock that we were once more under way, in full force, with blankets and all our effects packed on our horses. We adhered to the route by which we had come, and during the four succeeding days of travel encountered but a repetition of the experiences already described; a renewal of the plague of gnats and mosquitoes by night, with a running accompaniment of yellowjackets by day. When the nests of these warm-footed little insects are stationed at intervals of one hundred yards on the trail, travel becomes lively and spirited; and when trod upon, they become an incentive to "cayuse" locomotion superior to whip or spur.

The expedition was eminently successful in all that its projectors had planned, with



one exception—the southern peak was not climbed, owing to lack of time the first day, and the furious gale blowing on the second, which prevented an attempt, had we been so disposed. That peak, I believe, is still virgin soil, and may tempt the ambition of some future climber. When one has once reached the middle peak, it is only a matter of two or three hours to ascend it, provided the wind is not blowing a hurricane, as we found it. It is undoubtedly inaccessible, except by way of the middle peak.

There are indications of abundant mountain sheep on Mount Tacoma. The party obtained a view of a flock of twenty-five or thirty of them on the ascent, a long way to their right, passing from the snow to a ridge of rock, from the high comb of which they paused to view the intruding climbers. The writer has often seen them on Mount Whitney and other Californian peaks, always at high altitudes, and of the same appearance as those of Tacoma, with large curved horns and shaggy coats, very shy and most difficult to approach. Their feeding grounds are below the snow line, and they only seek the higher snowfields and precipitous rocks to escape their natural enemies. No signs of them were seen on Tacoma higher than eleven thousand feet. Our uppermost camp on the mountain was about eleven thousand

feet above sea level, and was found to be the extreme limit of organic life. Among the rocks there was a little moss, a few blades of mountain grass, and a species of saxifrage; beyond this point not a vestige of animal or vegetable life, nor a fossil of either—nothing but igneous rocks, snow, and profound solitude. Since the time, ages gone by, that nature upheaved the mountain from the primal waters, the only living things the wastes of snow and rock there have known, are doubtless the few human beings who have planted weary feet upon its summit.

The achievement was a great satisfaction to all of us—to Van Trump, because it vindicated his former claims to the distinction, upon which doubts had been cast in the neighborhood; to Longmire, because it gave him renewed pride in his manly vigor which sixty winters of hardship had in no wise undermined; and to the writer, because he realized that all other mountain climbing in which he had indulged was as boys' play compared to the ascent of this—the king of all the mountains of the United States.

The name of Rainier is being gradually supplanted by the Indian appellation of Tacoma (pronounced Tachoma, with the Germantutural sound to the *ach*), a name not only more appropriate on account of its antiquity, but to be preferred on account of its euphony.

*George Bailey.*

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#### IN LOVE'S GARDEN.

WITHIN the pleasant pastures where I feed,  
 Love blooms alway and blossoms bear their seed:  
 Thistle nor thorn is suffered there to grow.  
 Then blow, O every blossom! bud and blow;  
 Bear blissful fruit; drop seed from blossoms blown;  
 Spring, bud and blossom evermore, love-sown.

What if betimes the fond heart maketh moan,  
 And the unbidden tear begins to flow?  
 Happy my lot—thrice happy lot indeed!  
 Full well I know that if I bleed, I bleed  
 For thy sweet sake, O Love! Full well I know  
 I bleed and suffer for thy sake alone.

*Charles Warren Stoddard.*

## CHATA AND CHINITA.

## A NOVEL OF MEXICAN LIFE.

## X.

ONE day Pedro Sanchez, half sleeping half meditating, as he sat on the stone bench beneath the hanging serpents that garnished the vestibule of Tres Hermanos, thought he saw a ghost upon the stairs which from one corner of the wide patio into which he had glanced, led to the upper floor. An apparition of Doña Feliz, he thought, had passed up them; and with ready superstition he decided in his own mind that some evil had befallen her in her journeyings. He was so disturbed with this idea that a few moments later, as her son Don Rafael passed through the vestibule, he ventured to stop him and tell him what he had seen; whereat Don Rafael burst into a loud laugh.

"What, do you not know," he said "that my mother has returned? Ah, I remember you were at mass this morning. She came over from the post house on donkey back—a wonderful woman is my mother; but she knew we had need of her, and she came none too soon. I let her in myself"; and Don Rafael hastened to his own apartments, where it was understood Doña Rita, his wife, hourly awaited the pangs of motherhood, and left Pedro gazing after him in open-mouthed astonishment.

In the first place, nothing had been heard of the probability of the return of Doña Feliz. In the second, the manner of her return was unprecedented. She was a woman of some consequence at the hacienda. It was an almost incredible thing, that under any circumstances she should arrive unexpectedly at the diligence post, and ride a league upon a donkey's back, like the wife of a *peon*. And thirdly, it was a miracle that he, Pedro, had himself gone to mass that morning, and that discovering his absence from the gate Don Rafael had himself performed his func-

tions, and had not soundly rated him for his unseasonable devotion; for Don Rafael was not a man to confound the claims of spiritual and secular duties.

Pedro Sanchez did not put the matter to himself in precisely these words, nevertheless it haunted and puzzled him, and kept him in an unusual state of abstraction—which perhaps accounted for the fact that later in the day, just at high noon, when the men were afield, and the women busy in their huts, and Pedro had ample leisure for his siesta, he was suddenly aroused by a voice that seemed to fall from the skies. Springing to his feet, he almost struck against a powerful black horse, which was reined in the doorway; and dazzled by the sun, and confused by the unexpected encounter, he gazed into the face of a man who was bending towards him, his broad hat pushed back from a mass of coal black hair, his white teeth exposed by the laugh that lighted up his whole face, as he exclaimed!

"Here, *hermano*, here is a good handful for thee! I found it on the road yonder. Caramba! my horse nearly stepped on it! Do people in these parts scatter such seeds about? I fancy the crop would be poor if they did, and I saw a good growth of *chicos* in the village yonder. Well, well! I have no use for such treasure! I freely bestow it on thee"; and with a dextrous movement the stranger placed a bundle, wrapped in a tattered reboso, in the hands of the astounded Pedro, and without waiting question or thanks, whichever he might have expected, put spurs to his horse, and galloped across the dusty plain.

Twice that day had Pedro Sanchez been left open-mouthed. Almost unconscious of what he did, he stood there watching the cloud of dust in which the horse and rider disappeared, until he felt himself pulled by



the sleeve, and a sharp voice asked: "Por Dios, *Tío*, what have you there? Ay, Santo Niño! it is a child!"

A faint cry from the bundle confirmed these words; a tiny pink fist thrust out, gave assurance to the eyes.

Pedro Gomez, strong man as he was, trembled in every limb, and sank on a seat breathless; but even in his agitation, he resisted the efforts of his niece to unwrap the child.

"Let go," he said, "I will myself look at this gift the saints have sent me."

With trembling hands he undid its wrappings. It was crying lustily; red, grimacing, struggling, it was still a pretty child—a girl only a few days old. Around its neck, under the little dress of white linen, was a silken cord. Pedro drew it forth, certain of what he should find. Florencia pounced upon the blue reliquary eagerly. "Let us open it," she said; "perhaps we shall find something to tell us where the babe comes from, and whose it is."

"Nonsense," said Pedro decidedly, "what should we find in a reliquary but scraps of paper scribbled with prayers; and who would open a reliquary?"

Florencia looked down abashed, for she was a good daughter of the church, and had been taught to reverence such things.

"No, no, girl; run to the village and bring a woman who can nourish this starving creature"; and as the girl flew to execute her commission, Pedro completed his examination of the child.

It was clothed in linen, finer than rancheros use even in their gala attire, and the red flannel, with white spots, called bayeta, was of the softest to be procured; but beyond this there was nothing to indicate the class to which the child belonged. Upon a slip of paper pinned to its bosom, was written the name *María Dolores* (what more natural than that such a child should bear the name of, and be placed under the protection of, the Mother of Sorrows?), and upon the reverse "*Señora Doña Isabel Garcia.*" Was this to commend the waif to the care or attention of that powerful lady? Pedro chose to think it a warning against her. "What,

place the bird before the hawk?" With a grim smile he thrust the paper into his bosom. *Doña Isabel* was he knew not where; later would be time enough to think of her; meanwhile, here were all the women and children, all the old men, and halt and lame of the village, trooping up to see this waif, which in such an unusual manner had been dropped into the gate-keeper's horny palms.

Some of the women laughed; all the men joked Pedro when they saw the child, though a yellow nimbus of hair around its head, and the fineness of its clothing, puzzled them.

Pedro had hastily thrust the slip of paper into his breast, scarce knowing why he did so; for though some instinct, as powerful as though it were a living voice that spoke, urged him to secrete the child, to rush away with it into the fastnesses of the mountains, rather than to render it to *Doña Isabel*, he did not doubt for a moment that she herself had provided for its mysterious appearance at the hacienda, that it might be received as a waif, and cared for by *Doña Feliz* as her representative.

These thoughts flashed through his mind, and he heard again *Herlinda's* despairing cry: "Watch for my child! Protect it! protect it!" Was it possible that she had actually known that this disposition would be made of her child? Involuntarily his arms closed round it, and he clasped it to his broad breast, looking defiantly around.

"Tush, Pedro, give it to me!" cried one stout matron, longing to take the little creature to her motherly breast. "What know you of nursing infants? A drop of mother's milk would be more welcome to it than all thy dry hugs. Ah, here comes the *Señor Administrador*," and the crowd opened to admit the passage of *Don Rafael*, who, attracted by the commotion, had hastened to the spot in no small anger, ordering the crowd to disperse; but he was greeted with an incomprehensible chorus, of which he only heard the one word "baby," and exclaimed in indignation:

"And is this the way to show your delight, when the poor woman is at the point of death, perhaps? Get you gone, and it

will be time enough to make this hubbub when it comes."

The women burst out laughing, the men grinned from ear to ear, and the children fell into ecstasies of delight. Don Rafael was naturally thinking of the expected addition to his own family, and was enraged at what he supposed a premature manifestation of sympathy. Pedro alone was grave, and stepping back, pointed to the infant, which was now quiet upon the bosom of Refugio, her volunteer nurse. "This is the child they speak of, Señor," he said, and in a few words related the manner in which it had been delivered to him.

If he had expected to see any consciousness or confusion upon the face of Don Rafael, he must certainly have been disappointed, for there was simply the frankest and most perfect amazement, as he turned to the woman, who had stepped out a little from the crowd, and held the infant towards him. He saw at a glance that it was no Indian child—the whiteness of its skin, the fineness of its garments, above all the yellow nimbus of hair, already curling in tiny rings around the little head, struck him with wonder. He crossed himself, and ejaculated a pious "Heaven help us!" and touched the child's cheek with the tip of his finger, and turned its face from its nurse's dusky breast, in a very genuine amaze, which Pedro watched jealously. The child cried sleepily, and nestled under the reboso which the woman drew over it, hushing it in her arms, murmuring caressingly, as her own child tugged at her skirts, "There, there, sleep, *niñita*, sleep; nothing shall harm thee; sleep, *Chinita*, sleep!"

But the little waif—whose soft curls had suggested the pet name—was not yet to slumber; for at that moment Doña Feliz appeared. Pedro noticed as she crossed the court yard she was extremely pale. Some of the women rushed towards her with voluble accounts of the beauty of the child, and the fineness of its garments. She smiled wearily, and turned from them to look at the child. A flush spread over her face as she examined it, not reddening but deepening

its clear olive tint. She looked at Rafael searchingly, at Pedro questioningly. He muttered over his thrice told tale. "Was there no word, no paper?" she said, but waited for no answer. "This is no plebeian child, Rafael. What shall we do with it? Doña Isabel is not here, perhaps will not be here for years!"

There was a buzz of astonishment, for this was the first intimation of Doña Isabel's intended length of absence. In the midst of it, Pedro had taken the sleeping child from Refugio's somewhat reluctant arm, and wrapping it in a reboso taken from his niece's shoulders, had laid it on the sheepskin in the alcove in which he usually slept. This tacit appropriation perhaps settled the fate of the infant; still Doña Feliz looked at her son uneasily, and he rubbed his hands in perplexity. "Of all the days in the year for a babe like this to be left here," he said, "when, the Saints willing, I am to have one of my own! No, no, mother, Rita would never consent."

"Consent to what?" she answered, almost testily. "What, because this foundling chances to be white, would you have your wife adopt it as her own, when after so many years of prayer, Heaven has sent her a child? No, no, Rafael, it would be madness!"

"There is no need," interpolated Pedro, with a half savage eagerness, and with a look which, strangely combined of indignation and relief, should have struck dumb the woman who thus to the mind of the gatekeeper was revealed as the incarnation of deceit. "There is no need. I will keep the child; 'without father or mother or a dog to bark for me,' who can care for it better? Here are Refugio, and Teresa, and Francisca, will nurse it for me. It will want for nothing." A chorus of voices answered him. "We will all be its mother."—"Give it to me when it cries, and I will nurse it."—"The Saints will reward thee, Pedro!"—in the midst of which, in answer to a call from above, Doña Feliz hastened away, saying, "Nothing could be better for the present. Come, Rafael, you are wanted—I will write to Doña Isabel, Pedro; she will doubtless do something when



you are tired of it. There is, for example, the *hospicio* at G—.”

Pedro gazed after her blankly. In spite of that momentary flush on the face, Doña Feliz had seemed as open as the day. He never ceased thereafter to look upon her in indignant admiration and fear. Her slightest word was like a spell upon him. Pedro was of a mind to propitiate demons, rather than worship angels. There was something demoniacal to his mind, in this Doña Feliz.

Half an hour after she had ascended the stairs, and the idlers had dispersed to chatter over this event, leaving the new-found babe to its needed slumber, the woman who acted the part of midwife to Doña Rita ran down to the gate where Pedro and his niece were standing, to tell them that there was a babe, a girl, born to the wife of the Administrador. A boy, who was lounging near, rushed off to ring the church bell, for this was a long-wished-for event; but before the first stroke fell on the air, the voice of Doña Feliz was heard from the window: “*Silencio! Silencio!* there are two. No bells, no bells!”

Two! Doña Rita still in peril! The midwife rushed back to her post. The door was locked, and there was a momentary delay in opening it. “Where have you been,” said Doña Feliz severely, “almost a half an hour away?”

The woman stared at her in amaze—the time had flown! Yes, there was the evidence, a second infant in the lap of Doña Feliz, puny, wizened. She dressed it quickly, asking no assistance, ordering the woman sharply to the side of Doña Rita.

“A thousand pities,” said Don Rafael as he looked at it, “it is not a boy!” Then as the thought struck him, he laughed softly: “Ay, perhaps it is for luck—instead of the three kings, we have the three *Marias*.”

Doña Rita had heard something of the foundling, and smiled faintly. “Thank God they were not all born of one mother,” she said. “Ay! give me my first born here,” and with the tiny creature resting upon her arm, and the second presently lying near, Doña Rita sank to sleep.

## XI.

THOUGH the three *Marias*, as Don Rafael had called them, thus entered upon life, or at least into that of the hacienda of Tres Hermanos, almost simultaneously, except at their baptism they found nothing in common. On that occasion, a few days later than that of which we have written, the aged priest, in the name of the Trinity, severally blessed Florentina, Carlota, and Dolores, prefixing to each name, as is customary, that of the virgin Queen of Heaven; but as they left the church, their paths separated as widely as their stations differed. Dolores, for whom in vain—were it designed to subdue or chasten her—was chosen so sad a name, was taken to the dusky little hut, a few rods from the gate, that was, when he chose to claim it, Pedro’s home; and there, cared for by his niece, Florencia, with an-uncertain and somewhat fractious tenderness, and nourished at the breast of whomsoever happened to be at hand, she passed through babyhood, losing her prettiness with the golden tinge of her hair, and as she grew older, looking with wide opened eyes out from a tangle of dark elf-locks, which explained the survival of her baby pet name, Chinita, or “little curly one.”

Meanwhile, the two children at the great house were seldom seen below stairs, so cherished and guarded was their infancy. Carlota grew a sturdy, robust little creature, with straight brown hair, drawn back, as soon as its length would permit, into two tight braids, from her clear olive temples, leaving prominent the straight dark eye-brows that defined her low forehead; and long curling lashes shaded her large brown eyes—true Mexican eyes, in which the vivacity of the Spaniard and the dreamy indolence of the Aztec mingled, producing in youth a bewitching expression, perhaps unequalled in any other admixture of races. She had, too, the full cheeks, of which, later in life, the bones would be proved too high, and the slightly prominent formation of jaw, where the lips, too full for beauty, closed over perfect teeth of dazzling whiteness. Carlota was

indeed a beauty, according to the standard of her country; and Florentina so closely followed the same type, that she should have been the same, but there was a certain lack of vividness in her coloring, that beside her sister gave her the appearance of but a reflected light. Carlota was strong, vivid, dominant; Florentina, sweet, unobtrusive, spirituelle—though they had no such fine word at Tres Hermanos for a quality they recognized, but could not classify; and so it came about, as time went on, and Carlota romped and played, and was scolded and kissed, reprovved and admired, that Florentina grew like a fragrant plant in the corner of a garden, receiving, it is true, its due meed of dew and sunshine, but unnoticed, either for praise or blame, except when some chance passer-by should breathe its sweet perfume, and glance down in wonder, as sometimes they did at Florentina. In the family, ignoring the fine name they had chosen for her, they called her little “snub-nose,” Chata, not reproachfully, but with the caressing accent that renders the nicknames of the Spanish untranslatable in any other tongue.

So time passed on until the children were four years old. The little China made her home at the gateway, rather than at the hut with Florencia, who by this time had married and had children of her own, and indeed, felt no slight jealousy at the open preference her uncle showed for his foundling; for Pedro was a man of no vices, and his food and clothing cost him little, so in some by-corner a goodly hoard of medios and pesos were accumulating, doubtless, for the ultimate benefit of the tiny witch, who clambered on his knees, pulled his hair, ate the choicest bits from his basin, unreprovved; who thrust out her foot or her tongue at any of the rancheros who spoke to her, or with equally little reason fondled and kissed them; and who at the sight of the Administrador, or clerk, or Doña Feliz, shrank beneath Pedro's striped jorongo, peeping out from its folds with half terrified, half defiant eyes, which softened into admiration as Doña Rita and her children passed by.

They used to look at her with wonder,

too, she was so different from the score or more of half naked, brown little figures that lolled on the sand or in the doorways of the huts, or crept in to mass, to stare at them with wide-opened black eyes. They used to pass these, very conscious of their stiffly starched pink skirts, their shining rebosos, and thin little slippers of colored satin. But though this wild little elf, crouching by Pedro's side, was as dirty and as unkempt as the other rancho children, they vaguely felt that she was a creature to talk to, to play with, not to dazzle with Sunday finery—for even so young do minds begin to reason.

As for Chinita, after the rare occasions when she saw the children of the Administrador, she tormented Pedro with questions: “What sort of a *choza* did they live in? What did they eat? Where did their pretty pink dresses come from?”

This latter question Pedro answered by sending, by the first woman who went to the next village, for a wonderful flowered muslin, in which, to her immense delight, Chinita, for a day, glittered like a rainbow, but which the dust and grime soon reduced to a level with the more somber tatters in which she usually appeared. When these were at their worst, Doña Feliz sometimes stopped a moment to look at her and throw a reproving glance at Pedro, but she never spoke to him of the child, either for good or ill.

One day, however—it was the day, they remembered afterward, on which the Padre Francisco celebrated mass for the last time—the two little girls, accompanied by their mother and followed by their nurse, went to the church, in new frocks of deep purple, most wonderful to see. Chinita could not keep her eyes off them, though Carlota frowned majestically, drawing her black eyebrows together, and even slyly shaking a finger, half covered with little rings of tinsel and bright-colored stones. But the other child, the little Chata, covertly smiled at her, as she half guiltily turned her gaze from the saint before whose shrine she was kneeling; and that smile had so much of kindness, curiosity, invitation in it, that Chinita on



the instant formed a desperate resolution, and determined at once to carry it through.

Now it had happened that from her earliest infancy, Pedro had forbidden her to be taken, or later to go, into the court upon which the apartments of the Administrador opened. Every where else; even into the stables, where the horses and mules, for all Pedro's confidence, might have kicked or trodden her; to the court yard where the duck pond was; to the kitchen, where more than once she had stumbled over a pot of boiling *frijoles*; anywhere, everywhere, but to the small court which lay just back of the principal and most extensive one. How often had Chinita crossed this one, and in the very act of peeping through the doorway of the second, had been snatched back by Pedro, and carried kicking and screaming, tugging at his black hair and beard, back to the snake-hung vestibule, to be terrified by some grim tale into submission; or had even been shut up in the hut to nurse Florencia's baby—if nursing it could be called, where the heavy, fat lump of infant mortality was set upon the ragged skirt of the other rebellious infant, to pin her to her mother earth. Florencia perhaps resented this mode of punishment more than either of the victims, for they began with screams, and generally ended by amicably falling asleep—the straight coarse locks of the little Indian mingling with the brown curls—still tinged with gold, and reddened at the tips by the sun—of the fairer skinned girl.

Upon this day, Chinita in her small mind resolved there should be no loitering at the doorway; and scarcely had the two demure little maidens passed into the inner court, and followed their mother up the stairway, when she darted in and looked eagerly around. There was nothing terrible there at all—an open door upon the lower floor, showing the brick floor of a dining-room, where a long table set for a meal stood; a boy was moving about in sandaled feet, making ready for the mid-day *almuerzo*, or early dinner. There was a great earthen jar of water sunk a little in the floor of a far corner, and some chairs scattered about. A pic-

ture of the Virgin of Guadalupe, under which was a small vessel of holy water, met her eyes as she glanced in. She turned away disappointed, and went to another door, that of a sitting-room, as bare and uninviting as the dining room, but with an altar at one end, above which stood a figure of Mary, with the infant Jesus in her arms. Even the saints in the church were not so gorgeous as this. Chinita gazed in admiration and delight; if she could have taken the waxen babe from the mother's arms, she would have sat down then and there in utter absorption and forgetfulness: as it was, she crossed herself, and ran out among the flower pots in the court-yard, and anxiously looked up. Yes, there, leaning over the railings of the corridor were those she sought. At sight of her Carlota screamed with delight, her budding aristocratic scruples yielding at once to the charms of novelty. Chata waved her hand and smiled, both running eagerly to descend the stairs, and grasp their new play-fellow.

"What is your name?" asked both in a breath. "Why are you always with Pedro, at the gate? Who is your mother; and why have you got such funny hair? Who combs it for you? Doesn't it hurt?"

Chinita answered this last question with a rueful grimace, at the same time putting one dirty little finger on Carlota's coral necklace—a liberty which that damsel resented with a sharp slap, which was instantly returned with interest, much to Carlota's surprise and Chata's dismay.

At the cry which Carlota uttered, following it up with sobs and lamentations, both Doña Feliz and Doña Rita appeared. Carlota flew to her mother. "Oh, the naughty cat! the bad, wicked girl! she scratched me; she slapped me!" she cried, between her sobs.

Chata followed her sister, still keeping Chinita's hand, which she had caught in the fray. "Poor Carlota! poor *hermanita*," she said, pityingly, "but, *Mamacita*, just look where 'Lota slapped the poor little China," and she softly smoothed the cheek which Chinita sullenly strove to turn away.

"Why, it is that wretched little foundling of Pedro's!" cried Doña Rita indignantly, as she wiped Carlota's streaming cheeks. "Get you gone, you fierce little tigress! Chata, let go her hand; she will scratch you; she may bite you next."

"Oh no," cooed Chata, quite in the ear of the ragged little fury beside her; while Doña Feliz, who had been silent, placed her fingers under the chin of the little waif, and lifted her face to her gaze. "Be not angry at a children's quarrel," she said; "they will be all the better friends for it later."

"But I don't want them to be friends," cried Doña Rita, though the absolute separation of class rendered possible and common intimate association, which would neither detract from the dignity of her own children, nor arouse emulation in the other; "a wild, savage little fox. No, no, my lamb, she shall not come near thee again."

But the mother's lamb was of another mind, for suddenly she stopped crying, pulled the new comer's ragged skirt, and said, shortly, "Come along, I'll show you my little fishes"; and in another moment, to Doña Rita's amazement and Doña Feliz's quiet amusement, the three children were leaning together, chatting and laughing, over the edge of the stone basin in the center of the court.

In the midst of their play, a sudden fancy seized Doña Feliz. Catching up a towel that lay at hand, she half playfully, half commandingly caught the elf-like child, and washed her face. What a smooth, soft skin, what delicately pencilled brows appeared! how red was the bow of that perfect little mouth! Doña Rita sighed for very envy; Doña Feliz held the little face in her hands, and looked at it intently. But Chinita, already rebellious at the water and towel, absolutely resented this; and, in spite of the cries of the children, she broke away, and ran from the court-yard, arriving breathless to crouch down at the knees of Pedro, and to cover herself with the grimy folds of his blanket.

Little by little he drew from her what had passed. He did not scold or punish her that day. But an hour later, Doña Feliz

caught sight of the child, and wondered how it had been possible for her to get her face so dirty in so short a time. While she had been telling her adventures, not without indignant tears, Pedro had been drawing his grimy fingers over her cheeks; it was his way of resenting Doña Feliz's interference, curiosity, interest, whatever it was. But he did not forbid Chinita to go to the court; and when after some days of hesitation, anger, and irresistible attraction, she found her way thither, she wore on her neck a string of coral beads which made Carlota cry out with envy, and which Chata regarded with wide-eyed and solemn admiration.

## XII.

THE acquaintance thus unpromisingly begun grew apace. At first, Chinita's visits were as infrequent as Pedro's watchfulness and Doña Rita's antipathy to the foundling could render them, although neither openly interfered; Pedro, for reasons best known to himself, and Doña Rita out of respect to her mother-in-law, who, she saw, in her unemonstrative and quiet way seemed inclined to regard the child with an interest differing from that with which she favored the children of the herdsmen and laborers. She seldom gave her anything, even in the way of sweets, with which on special festival days she sometimes regaled the others; but in the chill days of the rainy season, or when the norther blew, she it was who chid her if she ran barefooted across the courts, or left her shoulders and head uncovered; and she who set the children all to string wonderful beads of amber, and red, and yellow, placing the painted gourd which contained them close to the *brasero* of glowing coals, so that the shivering child might benefit by its warmth.

Not that the child was neglected, according to the customs of Pedro's people—indeed, he was lavish to her of all sorts of rural finery. But, where all children ran barefoot, where none wore more clothing than a chemise, a couple of skirts, and the inevitable reboso, and in a clime where this was usually more than sufficient for protection, i



did not occur either to Florencia or Pedro to provide more against those few bitter days, when it seemed quite natural to shiver, perhaps grow ill, and to mutter against the *mal tiempo*; and so, often enough, the infant he would have given his life to shelter had run a thousand risks of wind and weather, which custom had inured her to, and a robust constitution defied.

Still the child was glad of the shelter and warmth, and at first in the bad weather went to the Administrador's for them, as much as from the attraction which Carlota's spiteful fondness and Chata's soft friendliness offered; and so it chanced that she was suffered to go and come as the dogs did, sometimes caressed, sometimes greeted with a sharp word, often enough unnoticed, except by Chata, who looked for her each day, never forgetting to put in her pocket a tiny bit of the *dulce* she had been given at dinner, or a handful of nuts. These offerings of affection often proved efficacious in soothing the irritation caused by Carlota's uncertain moods. Yet it was to Carlota that this perverse little creature attached herself; with her she romped, and chased butterflies in the garden; with her she laughed and quarrelled; and Chata looked on the two with a precocious benignity pretty to see, leaning, often enough, upon Doña Feliz's lap, and with a quaint little way she had, smoothing down with one little finger the tip of the tiny nose, which obstinately turned skyward, giving just the suggestion of sauciness to features which, otherwise, would have been inane uncharacteristic.

Doña Rita was of opinion, that all that was necessary in the education of girls was, to teach them to hem so neatly that the stitches should not show in the finest cambric, and to make conserves of various sorts; adding by way of accomplishment, instruction in the drawing of threads, and the working of *randitas* in many and quaint designs, or the modeling of fruits and figures in wax, to be used in the wonderful display of the *nacimiento* at Christmas.

But Doña Feliz, much as she esteemed accomplishments, considered them of inferior

value to the arts of reading and writing, which she had herself acquired with infinite difficulty, and the pain of disobedience to well-loved parents.

Reading and writing, according to Feliz's father, were inventions of the arch-enemy, dangerous to men, and fatal to the weaker sex. What could a woman use writing for, but to correspond with lovers? when she should only know of the existence of such beings when one was presented as her future husband, by a wise and discreet father. What could a woman desire to read but her prayers? and those she should know by heart. In vain, therefore, had been Feliz's appeal to be taught to read and write. So she and the Señorita Isabel had puzzled out the forbidden lore together, both copying portions of stolen letters, or the crabbed manuscripts in which special prayers to patron saints were written, and thus acquiring an exquisite calligraphy, learning the meanings of words, as they noticed them appear and reappear in the copies of prayers they knew by heart. By a similar process the art of reading printing was acquired—all in secret, all with trembling and fear. Isabel, much assisted by Feliz, who was older and had sooner begun her task, had successfully concealed her knowledge until it could be revealed with safety; and great was the indignation and surprise of Feliz's father when on her wedding day the bride took up the pen and signed her marriage contract, instead of affixing the decorous cross which had been expected of her—and her husband, too, was perhaps not overpleased to find himself the husband of a wife of such high acquirements.

But these acquirements, added to her natural penetration, had been powerful factors in her life. Her husband had been weak and inefficient, yet had through her retained throughout his life the management of the Garcia estates; in which he had been succeeded by his son, a man of more character, which perhaps the preponderating influence of his mother as much overshadowed, as it had sustained and lent a deceptive brilliancy to that of his father, who, like many a man who goes to his grave respected and admired,

had shone from a reflected light as unsuspected and unappreciated as it was unobtrusive and unflinching.

Doña Feliz had all her life, in her quiet, self-assured way, ruled in her household—in her husband's time because he had accepted her opinions and acted upon them, unconscious that they were not his own. Now by her son she was deferred to from the habitual respect a Mexican yields to his mother, and from the steadfast admiration with which from infancy he had recognized her talents. Thus, it is not an exaggeration to say that Don Rafael, whatever might have been his temptations to do otherwise, invariably identified himself in thought as well as act with the mother to whom he felt he owed all that was strong, or fortunate, or to be desired, not only in his station, but in mind or person. Therefore, it was not to be expected that when Doña Rita complained to him that his mother made Carlota cry by keeping her poring over the mysteries of the alphabet, and that Chata inked her fingers and frocks over vain endeavors to form the bow-letters at a required angle, and that both would be better employed with the needle, that he would interfere. And indeed, he thought it a pretty sight, when he came upon his mother seated in her low chair, with the two sisters before her, Carlota's mouth forming a fluted circle as she ejaculated, "Oh!" in a desperate attempt at "O," and Chata following the lines painfully with one fat forefinger, her eyes almost touching the book—no dainty primer with prettily colored pictures, but a certain red bound volume of "Cartas de Una Madre," containing advice and admonition as alarming as the long and abstruse words in which they were conveyed.

With all her inattention and impatience, Carlota learned her tasks with a rapidity which roused the pride of her mother's heart; but Chata, in those early years, stumbled woefully on the road to learning. At lesson time Chinita, not a whit less grimy than of old, used to hasten to crouch down behind her victimized little patroness, and sometimes whisper impatiently in her ear, sometimes give her a sly tweak of the hair, when her

impatience grew beyond bounds, and sometimes vociferate the word with startling force and suddenness; until one day it occurred to Doña Feliz, who had made no effort to teach her anything, and had often been oblivious of her very presence, that this little elf-locked rancherita was her aptest pupil. That day, when the others unwillingly seated themselves to their copy books, she watched her, and saw her write the words she had set them upon the brick floor with a piece of charcoal taken from the kitchen, then covertly wipe them off with the hem of her skirt.

Doña Feliz was touched. Here was a child of five doing what she herself at fifteen had painfully acquired. She did not pause to think that what with her had been the result of deep thought, was here but parrot-like though effective imitation. She took away the charcoal from the child's blackened fingers, bade her stand at the table, and gave her pen and ink.

That day Chinita flew rather than ran across the court, leaving Carlota and Chata astounded and offended that she would not play, and thrust into Pedro's hand a piece of dirty paper covered with cabalistic characters. She had confided to him before that she could read, had even once spelled out to him a scrap of printed paper which had come in his way, amazing him by her knowledge; but now that she could write, a veritable superstitious awe of this elfish child befell him.

That evening Pedro stole into the church, and lighted two long candles before the image of the Virgin. Were they an offering of thanks for a miracle performed, or a bribe against evil? The man went back to his post thoughtful, his breast swelling with pride, his head bowed in apprehension. He never had heard that those the gods love die young, yet something of such a fear oppressed him—though as he found her in flagrant disgrace with Florencia, because she had drank the last drop of *atole* the woman had saved for her uncle's supper, he had reasonable ground for believing that the healthful perversity of her animal spirits and moral nature might counteract the malefic effect



of mental precocity ; and as he was thirsty that night, so might have been interpreted the muttered "*Vaya un chasco*," with which he looked into the empty olla, and swallowed his dry tortillas and goat-milk cheese.

"Ay ! but Florencia is cross to poor Chinita," whispered this astute little damsel, seizing the opportunity to creep up behind him when he was not looking, and stealing a brown arm around his neck, interposing her shock of curls between his mouth, and the morsel he destined for it. "Who has poor Chinita to love her but Pedro, good Pedro?" And so Pedro's anger was charmed away, even as he thought evil might be turned from her by the faint glow of the two feeble candles he had lighted. Were her coaxing ways as evanescent, as little to be relied on, as their flicker? Ay, Chinita !

### XIII.

THESE few years, the flight of which has been thus briefly noted, had wrought a subtle change in the appearance of Tres Hermanos, as well as in the life of its inhabitants. Gradually there came over it that almost indescribable suggestion of absenteeism which falls upon a dwelling when there is death within, and which is wholly different from the careless untidiness of a house temporarily closed. True, there was movement still at Tres Hermanos—people came and went, the fields were tilled, the herds of horses roamed upon the hillside, the cattle lowed in the pastures, the village wore its accustomed appearance of squalid plenty, the children played at every doorway, the same numbers of heavily-laden mules passed in at the house-gates, the granaries were as richly stored—and yet, even to the casual observer there was a lack. At first, one would attribute it wholly to the pile of deserted buildings to the west. No smoke ever issued from the tall stack ; the lizards ran unmolested upon the walls, which already had crumbled in a place or two, affording entrance to a few adventurous goats, which browsed upon the herbage that sprang up in the court, and even around the great stones in the reduc-

tion sheds. But, turning the eyes from these, there was something desolate in the appearance of the great house itself. The upper windows opening upon the country were always closed—dust gathered in the balcony where Doña Isabel had been wont to stand, and a rose, which had long striven against neglect, waved its long tendrils disconsolately in the evening breeze. Some one pathetically calls a closed window the dropped eyelid of a house, and so seemed those barred shutters of cedar, upon which beat the last rays of the setting sun.

In one far corner there was a little balcony with its high, iron railing ; and behind it, scarce reaching to its top, stood two children on tip-toe, looking with wide eyes upon the glory of the purpling mountains, and then with mundane curiosity dropping them upon the more homely attractions within hearing as well as sight. And upon one special afternoon in October these chanced to be of a somewhat unusual character, for across the plain rode one of those predatory bands, which, in those wild days when civil war seemed to become the normal state of Mexico, and peace a myth, sprang up like magic even in the most isolated regions—the arid mountains and the fertile plains alike furnishing their quota of material, which blindly, ignorantly, but for that none the less furiously, became sacrifices to the ambition of a score or more contesting chiefs. Yet, amid the cupidity, unscrupulousness, and barbarity of these chiefs still lingered the spirit of liberty, which, though drenched in blood, bound down by ecclesiastical as well as military despotism, was yet to rise triumphant, perhaps, after its years of long struggle, stronger, purer, holier than the world before has known it.

But license rather than liberty seemed to animate those wild spirits, who, invigorated after a long day's march by the sight of a halting place, urged their steeds with wild shouts, and blows with the flat side of their *machetes* or sabres, as well as with applications from their clanking spurs, across the plain, where, scattered at intervals, might be seen the laggards of the party, chiefly wo-

men, on mule or donkey back, with their cooking implements hanging from the panniers on which they squatted in security and comfort, nursing their babies, or quieting the more fractious older children, as the animals they rode jogged quietly on, or broke into the *paso* at their own wills.

It was a cause of great excitement and delight to the children in the balcony to see the soldiers, most of them still arrayed in their *ranchero* dress of buff leather, but some of them resplendent in blue and red cloth, with stripes of gilt upon their arms and caps, stop at the huts along the principal street or lane of the village, and laughingly take possession, bidding Trinita, and Francisca, and Florencia, and the rest of them, to go or stay as it pleased them. Some of the women were frightened and began to cry and bewail, and others found acquaintances among the new arrivals; and there was much laughing and talking, in the midst of which two personages who appeared to be the leaders of the party, and who were followed by a dozen or more companions and servants, rode up to the hacienda gates, where one, scarcely pausing for an answer from the astonished Pedro, whom he saluted by name, rode into the court-yard, whither he was followed by the gatekeeper, who, with stoical calm, yet evident amazement, saluted him as Don Vicente; and as he held his stirrup as he dismounted, added in a low voice:

"The saints defend us, Don Vicente. The sight of you is like rain in May—it will bless the whole year! Heaven grant your followers leave untouched the *cosecha* of new maize. Don Rafael would go out of his senses if it were broached and trampled on by this rabble—begging your Grace's pardon a thousand times!"

Don Vicente, as the young man was called, laughed as he stamped his feet on the brick pavement, until his spurs and the chains and buttons on his riding suit clanked again—though he looked half sadly, half furtively around.

"Have no fear, Pedro *mio*, the men have their orders. The General, José Ramirez, is not to be trifled with"; and he glanced at

his companion, a man older than himself, but still in the prime of life, who had also dismounted and was shaking hands, with many polite expressions upon his pleasure at meeting Don Rafael Gomez, the courageous and prudent administrator of Tres Hermanos.

These compliments were returned with rather pallid lips by Don Rafael; who, however, upon being recognized by Don Vicente, who advanced to embrace him, regained his composure with the rapidity natural to a man who, having fancied himself in some peril, finds himself under the protection of a powerful and generous patron. He hastened in the name of Doña Isabel to place everything the hacienda contained at the disposal of the visitors, making a mental reservation of the new maize, and sundry fine horses that happened to be in the *corrales*.

Chinita, who had pushed her way through the crowd of children and half-grown idlers that had been attracted to the court, and were gazing in silent and open mouthed wonderment and admiration at the imposing personage called the General José Ramirez, was so absorbed in the contemplation of his half military, half equestrian bravery of *chappararas* of stamped leather trimmed with silver buttons, wide felt hat gorgeous with gold and silver cords and lace, his epauleted jacket, his scarlet *faja* bristling with silver handled pistols and stiletto, that she took no heed when a servant came to lead away the charger upon which the object of her admiration had been mounted, and so narrowly escaped being knocked down and trampled upon.

"*Cuidado imbecile!*" cried Don Vicente, as he sprang forward and clutched the child by the arm, drawing her out of danger, while a score of voices, his master's perhaps the most indifferent among them, reiterated epithets of abuse to the servant and admonition to the child. In the midst of the commotion, Don Rafael conducted the two officers to rooms which were hastily assigned them.

As they disappeared, Chinita's eyes followed them. She was not especially grateful for her escape—it was not the first time she had been snatched from beneath the feet



of a restive horse; the incident was natural enough to her, and perhaps for this reason her rescuer was not specially interesting to her. Somewhat to her disgust, an hour later, when she had managed to steal unobserved into the supper room, where she crouched in a corner, she saw Carlota and Chata from their seats at their mother's side regarding him with amiable smiles—Carlota with infantile coquetry, drooping her long lashes demurely over her soft, dreamy black eyes, and Chata, with her orbs of a nondescript gray, frankly though coyly taking in every detail of his face and dress; while they averted themselves as if startled or repelled by the dark countenance of his companion. It might have been thought that Doña Feliz shared their dread, for more than once she looked at him with an expression of perplexity and aversion, as he lightly entertained Doña Rita with an account of his family and his own exploits—topics strangely chosen for a Mexican, but which seemed natural rather than egotistical when lightly and wittily expatiated upon by this gay soldier of fortune.

Meanwhile, Don Vicente Gonzales was talking in a low voice to Don Rafael. He ate little, and drank only a little water mixed with *vino tinto*, of which Don Rafael and Don José drank freely, growing more talkative as the evening advanced; and at last, as the ladies rose from the table, and Doña Rita went with the children to the upper rooms, the two walked away together to inspect the horses, and talk of the grand reforms initiated by Comonfort, which so far had only filled the country with discontent and bloodshed. The poison of personal ambition was working in him slowly—as it had done more rapidly in his renowned predecessor, Santa Anna—the change from the patriot to the demagogue. He who had talked, and worked, and fought for the liberties of Mexico, dallied with the chains he should have broken.

The great hacienda of Tres Hermanos, surrounded by its giant mountains, had heard but an echo of the loud debate, the clangor of arms, the triumphant march of Santa Anna, the tread of the armies that surrounded him, and drained the resources of the people and the coffers of the clergy, and intimidated

and oppressed the landowners and merchants. All this had been almost unheard in that isolated spot. Yet as the acclamations welcoming the man whom all classes, in spite of his recent defeats by foreign arms, looked to as a deliverer, changed to execrations of the tyrant, a sordid murmur rose on the air. Even the laborers in the field felt the oppression of the coming storm. Their hearts quaked; they knew not what an hour or a day might bring forth. As one of the historians of Mexico says of Santa Anna:

“On his lips had been heard the words of brotherhood and reconciliation. The majority had believed in them, because they thought that in the solitude of exile, the experience of years and the spectacle of his afflicted country must have purified and instructed the man. It is impossible to say whether his was hypocrisy or a flash of good faith; but certain it is he deceived those who believed, and silenced those who had no faith in his words, and none can imagine the days of distress and mourning which followed.

“His term of office was to last a year; his promises were to redeem his nation from the yoke of slavery; to announce a code of wise and just measures, which should insure its happiness and prosperity. A hopeless task, perhaps, in the midst of a nation distracted by years of foreign and civil wars; but at least an attempt was possible. But when once the sweets of power were tasted, all sense of honor and patriotism was lost in the intoxication of personal ambition. Beguiled by promises of protection of their interests, so often and so violently assailed by the liberal and conservative parties, the clergy and their adherents, in all parts of the Republic, secured the passage of an act, which declared him perpetual ruler, with the title of Serene Highness, with his will as his only law, and his caprices his only standard.”

Those not lost in the inconceivable stupor which the deadly upas in their midst cast far and near, opened wide eyes of amaze. A trumpet cry rang through the land—Liberals and Conservatives, even the less bigoted of the Clerical party, sprang to arms. The entire nation, grieving and re-

duced to misery by the loss of ninety thousand men, dragged from their homes to support the pomp and power of the tyrant, to become a prey upon the land, and upon the helpless families of whom they should naturally have been the support, refused long to be dazzled by the spectacle of military pomp, or to be beguiled by the *fiestas* and processions which, in every town and village, made the administration one that appeared a prolonged carnival and madness. These continued insults to the public misery; the daily proscriptions of men who dared to raise the voice or write a line against the Dictator or his senseless policy; the oppressions of the army; the cold, cruel, implacable espionage, which made life unendurable, wrought quickly their inevitable consequences among a people that was accustomed to disorder and revolutions, and that, in its blind, irrational way longed for liberty. Disgust and detestation of the dictatorship became general. As suddenly as it had sprung into being, it was met and crushed. Rebellions sprang up on every hand; the populace rose in mass; the statues of Santa Anna were thrown down in the streets; his portraits were stoned; the houses of his adherents sacked, their carriages destroyed. The useless fury culminated in the practical measure of the promulgation of the plan of Ayutla, which condemned to perpetual exile the ambitious demagogue who had disappointed and betrayed all parties, mocking with cruel levity his country's woes, and declared for the establishment of a Republic, based upon the broadest platform of civil rights. Gomez Farias gave form to this act; but Ignacio Comonfort became its soul when he proclaimed it in Acapulco, and in the almost inaccessible recesses of the South raised the standard of rebellion, which, rapidly extending throughout the land, hurled from its pedestal the idol of clay, which, for a brief moment, had been taken for gold, to place in its stead the new favorite.

Then another exile returned to his country, heralded by neither trumpets nor acclamations. Calm, astute, watchful, he took his place amidst the revolutionary forces; but without seeming effort, from a follower be-

came a leader—the brain that was to develop from the imperfect plan of Ayutla liberties more daring and precious than men had learned to dream of to that hour. Comonfort became the figure towards which all eyes turned, but behind him stood the quiet, insignificant Indian, Benito Juárez, shaping the destinies of those who ignored or despised him.

Comonfort was daring, impulsive, utterly devoid of physical fear; a man of action, prone to plunge into difficulties, ready to compromise where he could not fight. Finding himself in triumphant opposition to the clergy, he recklessly attacked their most cherished institutions; to open a passage for his troops, he threw down their finest convent; to pay his soldiery, he levied upon their treasures. Yet he trembled before their denunciations, and one day sending the bishop into exile, the next, cowered before the meanest priest who threatened him with the Virgin's ire. The terrors of excommunication unnerved him. Scared by his own audacity; unable to quell the storm he had roused; viewing with dismay the reaction that his ill-considered boldness had created in the minds of a people dominated by ghostly fears, even while they groaned under the material oppressions of priestcraft; led beyond his depth by unscrupulous counselors, or by those who like Juárez had ideas beyond the epoch in which he lived—Comonfort, while he maintained a kingly state, looked forth upon the new aspect of distraction his country wore, and vainly sought a method to evoke order from chaos. But he who had dared all physical dangers shrank before a revolution of sentiment. His vacillating demeanor—above all his conciliations of the clergy whom he had so short a time before defied—awoke distrust on every hand.

Such was the political aspect, so far as known at Tres Hermanos, upon the eve when the first straggling band of soldiery crossed the peaceful valley, and its doors opened to receive the first of those armed quests, which in the near future were to become so numerous and so dreaded.

*Louise Palmer Heaven.*



## BEER-DRINKING IN GERMANY.

IN the American mind, a German is always associated with beer, as fish is with water, and not without reason; for Germany can fairly be said to be run with beer power. The minutest details of the social and private life of the people reflect beer everywhere, as a *sine qua non* accompanying and characterizing them.

Were we to account for the extensive beer-drinking of the Germans, we might say that the reason they drink beer rather than wine is because they are too far north to cultivate the grape, and because beer can, in all countries, be made more economically than wine—a circumstance which, in Germany, where there is such lack of the products of the soil, is of the first consequence. The Germans, moreover, being slow in their tastes and movements, require a pleasure to be slow and of long duration to get any good of it. If they drink wine, it would have to be in such small quantities and so quickly drunk that it would be all down before they could taste it. Being of a phlegmatic temperament, they like also to lie around in a sort of tortoise stupor, for which purpose it suits them to be always full, which they could not be with wine or brandy, without interfering with their beloved composure. The reason they drink at all so extensively, lies in the two additional facts that they must often content themselves with unpalatable food, in which extremity the poorer classes can, with a glass of beer, swallow their dry crusts; and that in the public life which they lead, and of which I shall presently speak, beer serves as a socializer, stimulating them just enough to drive off reserve, and make them enjoy themselves in common. The custom of beer-drinking is, moreover, an ancient one; so that, to the present Germans, it is a custom handed down. As early as Tacitus, the people of ancient Germania brewed a drink from barley *in modo vim*, as he says, which is the lineal ancestor of our present lager beer.

Beer-drinking, also, hangs well together with the *ensemble* of German customs, which is always a matter of importance in determining the prevalence of a custom.

But whatever may be the causes, the fact is that the Germans do drink immense quantities of beer. All of them drink it, and drink it nearly all the time. They drink it irrespective of class, age, sex, or character. The rich drink it because they can get nothing better; and the poor, because they can get nothing cheaper. The rich, it is true, often drink wine, especially in South Germany, and along the Rhine; but even where wine is equally abundant and cheap, all classes drink also much beer—beer being national, and wine sectional. The women drink it as well as the men, and the children as well as the women, and they drink it without privacy or fear of the result. Beer is drunk, too, by all sorts of conscientious characters. Nobody in Germany makes any moral distinctions on beer. Clergymen, theological students, monks, and whatever may be better or worse than these, are in no wise exceptions to the general rule, but are often known for the quantities they drink. I once asked a man in Berlin if there was *anybody* in the city who did not drink beer. He thought there was not: and another whom I asked whether there was any water drunk in Germany, saw nothing strange in the question, but answered naively: "Yes, there is considerable drunk," and told me of a woman in Stolp (in Pomerania), who never drinks beer. I was amused recently in looking over a list of drinks in a German dictionary, when far down the list I saw *water*, which was put in the same category with the several kinds of wine and beer.

The quantities of beer that are drunk are no less remarkable than the universality of the drinkers. On a festive occasion one often drinks during an evening a dozen pint glasses, and does not think he is immoderate. On other occasions four or five glasses

are thought barely respectable. In Prague and Munich, where the glasses, or mugs, hold about a quart, it is common to drink three or four of these, if one does not stint himself. Frequently, however, they complain that "the beer is a little weak—yes, a little weak," and they must drink more. Often, while one is putting down his eighth mug, he will talk to you gravely about moderation, and explain that he is no great lover of beer, but could leave off drinking at any moment. The Germans think you cannot drink too much beer, capacity being the measure of sufficiency. While they acknowledge the liability to excess in everything else, they often insist, like the Pennsylvania farmer, that while too much whisky is too much, too much beer is "shoost right." At all events, each one thinks that he is moderate (and he who drinks most is most convinced of this), and does not trouble himself about others. A German's idea of moderation is a puzzle to Americans. One being asked how much beer one can drink, replied, "Vell, I sometimes trinks forty glasses in one evening; but if one will make a hog of himself, he can, of course, trink much more." It is related upon newspaper authority that an American having offered to bet a German in Munich that the latter could not drink a hundred glasses in one day, was told to come around the next day. When, on the next day, he appeared, the German accepted the wager, and swallowed the hundred glasses. Upon being asked why he did not accept the bet the day before, he replied, "I wanted to first try to see whether I could do it."

Beer drinking is the business common to every other business of the Germans. When one eats, he must have beer to drink with his food. When not eating, he must have beer *because* he is not eating. When alone, he must have beer to keep him company; when in company, he must have beer as a bond of conversation. When friends meet, they drink a welcome; when they part, they drink good bye; and not unfrequently, when absent, they drink in remembrance of each other.

This extensive beer-drinking gives rise to

many concomitants in the business and customs of the Germans. Besides the saloons and saloon life, of which I shall speak presently, there are many ways of supplying the *occasional* demands for beer. At the opera it is common to pass it around between the acts. At the railroad stations it is the principal refreshment, the whole floor of the depot being covered with chairs and tables, where you can sit and drink while waiting for trains. Boys and girls carry beer through the cars, as they carry newspapers and fruit in America. At a fair or parade there is always a large number of hucksters, who, whatever else they have, have always beer. In every grocery store beer is as common an article of trade as sugar, and it is commonly found on the family table. In the villages where the country people live—for there are no separate farmhouses—there is always a beer center, where they assemble at every season of leisure. In a field where peasants are working, you will always see beer bottles somewhere near at hand; or, if there are several working together, you will likely see a keg; or, if there are several more, a barrel. In the cities, in passing a squad of laborers eating their dinner in the streets, you will see each one sitting with a sausage in his hand and a beer bottle between his knees. Who that has spent any time in Berlin does not recall the coachman standing by his cab with his glass of white beer? or the shop-girl carrying a glass to some comrade who cannot leave her place? It is not uncommon, on entering a store, to see the salesman with a glass of beer at his side while measuring cloth, or the professional man with a glass on his desk. On the market stands may be seen, every few steps, the half-filled beer glass where the fruit women and butchers are dealing out their wares.

The indications of beer are seen all around, perpetually reminding one of its universal reign. At the outskirts of every city, great brew-houses are pointed out to travelers as among the public buildings, in which the people take great pride. In every set of furniture in Germany are found the different beer glasses, which are as well known as the



salt-cellar or pepper-box is with us, and which correspond to the different varieties of beer—brown beer glasses, white beer glasses, Werdershes beer glasses, Bavarian beer glasses, etc. In the Royal Palace, at Berlin, where the great gold and silver sets of the Prussian kings are shown to tourists, are to be seen, among others, their mammoth beer mugs. Those of Frederic the Great and of Frederic William I. (with which he used to drink with his smoking companions), are as large as an ordinary feeding bucket.

A woman going to the store for petroleum or molasses, usually has a beer-bottle to carry it in. The vinegar-jug of the Germans is also an old beer-bottle. In short, the beer-bottle is a common article of household convenience. As a feminine weapon of warfare, it takes the place of the broom-stick in this country—usually an empty bottle, but sometimes a full one. Of the trash hauled out from the cellars and streets of a German city, the chief component is broken beer-bottles. At every hour of the day, one can see wagons going around to the houses to get the empty bottles, or to replace them with filled ones. Of the teams seen in the street, a large proportion have either barrels or bottles. The beer-wagons are of a specified kind in Germany, and are recognized as readily as a dray is with us. I have only to let my memory loose, when they rush upon it from all the street corners. Who has not, in the crowded streets of Berlin or Vienna, been almost run over by a beer-wagon?

Having so much to do with beer, they have let it find its way into other uses besides drinking, though this is looked upon somewhat as a sacrilege. It is not uncommon in Germany to find beer soup of a great many kinds; also beer *schale*, mulled beer, and other warm beer drinks. They have also derived various uses from the malt, yeast, and other articles of its manufacture, as malt sugar, malt chocolate, and malt extract. Beer has also found its way into their names, as Biermann, Bierfreund, Bierknecht, Bierlieb, and Bierlob, which recur frequently; also into their medicines and old wives' cures. There is hardly a disease but may, according to some-

body, be cured by beer. I heard a woman once maintain that beer-drinking is good for corns. And conversely, water, as a rival of beer, whether as a beverage or a medicine, is proportionally depreciated. It fairly makes a German gripe and hold his stomach to suggest water-drinking for any purpose. Nearly all the peculiar ills of America he attributes to ice-water. An old toper, recently replying to a temperance lecture, said: "If cold water rusts the nails on the soles of your shoes, what effect must it have on the coats of your stomach?"

As may be naturally supposed, beer has worked its way into the customs of the Germans in many ways. It is common for the people to take their meals in the beer houses, often whole families together, where they can, besides having their beer convenient, get their food as cheap as they can prepare it at home; so that public eating has almost superseded the family table. Home meals, where they are retained, are nothing like the social cheer they are in America, where every man, however poor, sits with his family around a common board. In Germany, each one in the morning drinks his coffee alone, and when it suits him to get up. So with supper. When not taken at the restaurant, it is eaten cheerlessly, alone, as we would a "piece," and consists commonly of a sandwich and glass of beer. Dinner is a simple affair if served in the family, and is often taken by each one alone. Boarding-houses are almost unknown, the beer-houses having driven them out of the great German empire. A stranger, if not at a hotel, takes a room with a private family, where his breakfast (or coffee, rather) is served in his room, while his other meals are taken at the saloon, where he can get beer with them. In the hotels, there are not usually tables set; but the guest pays for his lodging only, and eats at the restaurant, where he can also drink.

With this state of things there are, of course, many restaurants in Germany. In Berlin alone there are over six thousand, there being more restaurant-keepers than any other class, except tailors and shoemakers. These restaurants are of all kinds, some serv-

ing breakfast, some supper, and others all the meals. They are for all classes, too; some for the most wealthy and delicate, others to suit the laboring men, and some even for beggars. A restaurant, besides furnishing everything in the way of drink and food, and besides furnishing this at all times of the day and much of the night, furnishes also many conveniences to amuse and attract the people. Every restaurant is at the same time a reading-room, where the principal dailies are furnished; for few families take the newspapers at home. In the restaurant are also chess boards, billiard tables, and often concerts and theatrical performances. In short, home, with its people and comforts, is turned out into the restaurant, and yet in such a way that, though beer supplants home life, it does not leave ungratified those wants which are commonly satisfied at home.

But the eating is not the principal thing at one of a German's meals. He would rather have dry bread and cheese, with a glass of beer, than the richest repast without beer. One never sees water on the table at a German restaurant, nor is there anything to drink from at the public pumps and fountains. A German would laugh at the ridiculousness of such an inutility. It is so generally understood, when one goes to dinner, that he wants beer, that it is brought to him without his asking for it, and is commonly reckoned in the price of the meal. An American friend of mine eating at a German restaurant was asked what kind of beer he would have. "No beer," he replied.

"Will you have wine, then?" was the next question.

"No, nothing but water."

"Water!" replied the waiter; "that is to wash with."

I once heard a beggar, in recounting his hardships, say, "I have drunk nothing but water since yesterday morning."

Besides the regular saloons, and often in connection with them, are great beer-gardens, which, besides being places for drinking and eating, are also places of recreation and pleasure-seeking, and as such are equipped for every variety of amusement. Some of

these gardens are quite magnificent, being often large enough to accommodate many thousands. They generally occupy the most beautiful parts of the city, or else high places from which there is a fine prospect. The terraced hills and river banks are largely appropriated for them, where one can see on a summer evening, or Sunday afternoon, great crowds of finely dressed ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, and even nurses with children, all in their appropriate amusements. The outskirts of Berlin, Dresden, Prague, and Vienna are all spotted with these gardens, many of which are laid off in beautiful flower-beds, with bowers, pavilions, and fountains, decorated with statuary, and illumined at night with fire works. The words beer-garden and park are almost synonymous in the German language; and nearly every excursion made by the Germans is to some distant beer garden.

The beer saloons and gardens are the favorite places for nearly all gatherings. Students have their literary unions and scientific discussions there, the members sitting around the tables with their glasses. Drinking is often the chief exercise, he being a leader among them who can drink most. Musical associations invariably meet in beer saloons; also benevolent and even religious bodies. It would seem strange to an American to attend a missionary meeting, as I have done, in a lager beer saloon, and see the grave evangelists proposing gospel measures while emptying their glasses. I have heard announcements from the pulpit of religious meetings to be held in grog shops. They would hold their prayer meetings there, if there were such things; for beer has about quenched out all religious fervor in Germany. Political meetings are always held in the saloons, as being the only place where a crowd can be got together. Elections are invariably held there, and they are the convenient place of assembling for every other purpose. During a public excitement, the people gather in them to talk it over, as on the outbreak of the Franco-German war, when all Berlin was collected, not in the streets as they would have been in New York or Chicago, but in



the beer saloons, to read and hear the news.

It is common to arrange the theaters and concerts so as to accommodate the beer-drinking propensities of the people. I have said that theatrical performances and concerts are frequently given in restaurants. But not only has the restaurant drawn the theaters to it, but the theaters have also drawn the restaurants to them. In many theaters the whole pit and all the galleries are covered with tables and chairs; so that the people can drink their beer and eat their meals during the performances, and chat between the acts. Women may be seen at such places with their knitting, and children with their playthings; so that through beer, the theater has been transformed into a home. Many theaters have beer-gardens attached to them, where open-air performances are given, and where, on summer evenings, concerts are held previous to the theatrical performances inside. A theater or concert-house in Germany is accordingly a large establishment, the audience room being only one of many apartments. Kitchen, private dining halls, confectionery saloons, bar, billiard-rooms—all come in for a place, much as in an American church.

It will be seen that the whole social system in Germany is affected by beer-drinking, which, among other results, has led in a remarkable degree to the publicizing of their private life. A man in Germany does not love his privacy, but his society; not his family so exclusively, but his saloon companions. There is less of that confidence and satisfaction with which one in America gives himself up to his wife and children, or to enjoyment at home; but he takes them with him to the saloon, where they all give themselves up, with others, to a common enjoyment. They do not, at such times, feel discommoded by the strangers present; but every stranger becomes another friend in the company; for in Germany, familiarity does not consist in the degree of acquaintance, but in the number of persons present. This accounts for the German's sociableness, and for his reputation for friendliness. The first time he meets you, he is about as friendly as he ever

becomes, for then he unites the arts of politeness to the natural expression of his good-nature. It accounts, too, for his remarkable capacity to enjoy things in common; as parks, gardens, and promenades. An American, in order to enjoy anything, wants it to be his own. But a German will make it his own, if he only has somebody else to share the enjoyment with.

The people, I say, do not live at home, and have no strong home feelings. They find home a tedious place, for which, like the French, they have no name in their language. They have a "house" or lodgings, but if they should translate our word "home," with all its tenderness, they would have to say "fatherland." Not the individual, but the whole found an interest; not the family, but a saloonful is the unit of society. Even in their courtship there is nothing of the privacy of Americans. A young man, instead of repairing to the lady's home to spend a few hours in the parlor, takes her—if he may be alone with her at all—to the beer garden or theater, and there courts and often caresses her in the presence of hundreds of others.

The question naturally arises, What are the effects of this extensive beer-drinking on German character? We have often been assured by Germans that there is not as much drunkenness in the Fatherland as in America. Certain it is that not every one who drinks is a drunkard, as is apt to be the case with us. There are genuine cases in Germany of successful moderate drinkers.

I am only partially prepared, however, to admit that drunkenness is no more common there than in America. Drunkenness is an indefinite term anywhere, and still more indefinite if we take a German's interpretation of it. Half-drunk seems to be the natural state with him. Zero in his thermometer, or the normal line between drunk and sober, is at about six glasses; so that when a German is here, and merely in good humor, he thinks nothing is the matter with him. But even when he gets beyond this, a German never knows when he is drunk. But when he is so drunk that he knows nothing else, he knows that he is not drunk. A whole party

will get drunk and swear, not only each one that he is not drunk, but that none of the rest are. "You are no more (hic) drunk," they will say, "than (hic) I. Beer never makes (hic) anybody drunk." Their testimony ought not to go for much in this matter.

But when they *are* drunk, they are not as bad as other people; whether it be that they are naturally more good, or that drunkenness is not the specific which raises the devil in their case. An American when drunk will swear or break windows; an Irishman wants to fight; but a German is only in good humor, and insists on doing you some favor. A party of them when drunk are the most friendly set that can be found on the globe. And as a drunken man is so good in Germany, everybody is inclined to be good to the drunken man. As often as one is found on the street, there are found half a dozen men to pick him up, and carry him along till he gets home or gets sober. At the funeral of the politician Waldeck, I noticed a drunken man who seemed to have more consideration shown him than anybody in the procession, everybody about him being interested in preventing him from falling. He himself appeared to be one of the most serious in the crowd; and his state of intoxication, although he could scarcely walk, did not seem to the people to be unbecoming the occasion. Later, in the same procession, I saw six men carrying, by all fours, another serious mourner. No policeman in Germany would think of arresting a man for drunkenness, much less of putting him in the guard-house; it would be their duty rather to prevent the teams from running over him. Drunkenness is in no respect looked upon as a crime, any more than is the toothache. And since drunkenness does not make one mean, it is thought not to be in any way immoral. It does not interfere with one's religion, as it does in America. I once saw a drunken man crossing the great stone bridge at Prague. He was so drunk that he could scarcely walk. As he passed the large crucifix, where it is customary to raise one's hat, he did not think of omitting this duty merely because he was drunk. He tried three times to get

off his hat; and when he finally got it off, he could not get it on again at all. When I last saw him, he had yet three statues of saints to pass; and I am satisfied that before all of them he staggered through his devotions. At Thereseinstadt I heard a drunken man declaiming with great indignation against the lack of spiritual godliness in that neighborhood. He was also horrified at the state of things in America, where some one had told him the people were mostly skeptics. In the Walhalla, or heaven of ancient German mythology, the good people passed the time mainly in a big spree. The god Thor is represented in an old poem as regaling the gods and heroes with beer and sauer kraut; and in some of the early religious rites, beer and other strong drink were freely used as a stimulant to devotion. I heard the American Consul at Carlsruhe say, that he once asked a German Doctor of Divinity, who was having his baggage examined, whether he had anything subject to duty. The divine replied: "No; I have nothing but some theological books and a barrel of whisky."

Contrary to what we might expect, so much drinking among the Germans does not give them correspondingly great appetites. They do not thirst and burn for drink as ardently as do Americans; and when absent from their beer, they tell us they have no thought of it—though they are rarely long enough absent to know their attachment to it. In the army, where one must often do with as little as a quart a day, they do not show great signs of suffering or discontent. They can also leave off at any number of glasses, and are not, as in America, hurried on to excess whenever they commence to drink. Though a German's capacity is for twenty glasses or more, he does not ordinarily drink more than three or four at a time, and seems to be as well satisfied as with a large number. There is no calculating, when you see a German drinking, that he is going to get on a spree, as is the case with an American; but sprees are rare, and are then the result of friendship or circumstances, rather than of appetite. A German enjoys



the drinking rather than the effects, and does not, like the American, divide his time into two periods, one of getting drunk, and the other of getting sober; but he drinks all the time, even if he has but little to drink (he then takes smaller swallows, and takes them slower). It is with him an enjoyment somewhat like smoking. No German goes to a counter, like the Irishman, to call for a drink, quaff it, and then go. He sits down and takes his time to it, conversing with those in the bar-room; or if there is nobody else there, he talks with the bar-keeper. His drinking serves his purpose of social enjoyment as well as satisfies his appetite, wherein, as I have said, is the peculiar suitability of beer over every other drink for the German character. Some years ago, in Berlin, some one thought to set up what he called an American bar, where among other drinks he furnished soda water. Imagine, if you can, a German quick enough to drink a glass of our soda water! Instead of following the American fashion, the Germans would sit and stir it half an hour, and then suck it up with a straw. To take a drink means in Germany to take a seat, a talk, a smoke, and often something to eat, in which they consume, besides the beer, tobacco, and victuals, also several hours. The time a German spends at his drinking is a great part of the day, so that he generally puts it off—except the between-glasses—till the evening, when he can have his leisure to it. He takes more time to the drinking, and not so much to the “drunk.”

A question may arise: How is it with the thirst and physical capacity to drink so continually? A German does not drink because he is dry. Dryness is his natural state, and is perpetual, so that he can drink at any time. A German is a sort of salty character. Beer, besides, does not greatly interfere with the thirst. The Germans, indeed, do not drink to *quench* the thirst, but to *satisfy* it; and they often satisfy it by increasing it. They frequently enlarge their capacity, too, by eating old herring, strong cheese, and other thirst-creating relishes, which are sold—not given away, as here—in every saloon.

Among the effects of beer on the Germans, I might mention that they are generally fat and good-natured. Being commonly full, their abdomens have learned to stay expanded, even when they have nothing in them. For no one can say, looking at their big, bow-windowed fronts, that it is eating that makes the Germans fat, or that their fatness is substantial; for they half starve themselves, and by drinking themselves full make themselves feel satisfied, and look so. But, not to dwell on these physical effects, herein lies greatly the cause of their capacity for enjoyment. This very fatness and jolliness leads them to a life amid amusement, to the end of life and money. One who thinks twenty cents too much to pay for a dinner, will not grudge thirty for beer or a theater ticket. Some will fast a whole month to have money to spend in an Easter jollification—which is one cause of Lent observances. Few will lay up of the pleasure money anything to become rich on; and however poor one is, he never feels too poor to spare something for public enjoyment. They wonder at the Americans, who are so anxious to make money, when they know so little how to use it. A German can get more fun out of the same expense than any other people. Amusements in Germany, accordingly, take a higher rank than in America, and usually flower into the arts, particularly music, for they drink with an accompaniment, as well as sing. In one instance, their amusements aspire to supplant religion—in the Turner societies—which are the unbelievers' church, and a fair substitute for the social life of our American churches.

Germans on coming to America, and Americans on returning from Germany, often insist that the Germans have better customs in these respects than we, and that, as Americans, we have need of a national drink of some such temper as they, to prevent us from taking something stronger. It is thought, too, that the present social, and, to some extent, civil, ban laid on drinking, not only does not keep the people from drinking, but tends to make a special class of drunkards by drawing a line, to be recognized by so-

ciety, between those who drink and those who do not. By excluding the drinkers from respectability, it so far throws them outside a social restraint, so that, being abandoned to the low society of the grog-shops, many become inebriates who might otherwise remain moderate drinkers.

The difference between the two nationalities, however, has a peculiar bearing in this matter. The character of the Germans is the opposite of the Americans, in their ability to resist the calls of appetite and the tendency to excess; so that while the Germans can drink with reasonable safety, total abstinence is, for us, the only alternative of general dissipation. A German can stop anywhere along the scale of intoxication, and feel about equally satisfied. He can drink every hour, or every day, or every ten days, and feel much the same. His extensive practice in beer-drinking has made him versatile in his beer customs, and his appetite is accommodating in its demands. We find something similar in the Irish, who, though whisky makes them drunk (which is more the property of the whisky than of the Irish), are not generally made drunkards by it; for they can abstain for weeks and months without special craving; and they can drink every day a little without wanting more. But every American who gets drunk at all is liable to become a habitual drunkard, and no one can trust himself to drinking occasionally or drinking a little. One drink will be followed by many drinks, one drunk by many drunks, a little by more, and, generally, by too much. An American will always have his fill, whether it be in drinking, eating, religion, ambition, wealth, temperance habits, or abstract ideas. He can't rest at that half-way state which characterizes other peoples, but invariably runs to extremes. An American's safety, therefore, consists, not in moderation, but in abstinence. This must be not only from whisky, but also from beer, which is a sort of half-way drink that leads to whisky, or else to excess in itself. The fun of drinking does not commence in America till one gets past moderation. As a harmless indulgence it

is distasteful, and only as a danger is it pleasure.

There is also a difference in our climate and soil, which besides having something to do with making the peculiar appetite and nervous sensibility of the Americans, effects also a difference in the natural products and processes of fermentation. The wines of America are peculiarly intoxicating. The whisky is more violent than in any other country, and even calls out the curses of the Irishmen. Our beer is by no means as mild as that of the Fatherland. About the first objection that Germans have to America, after the one that there is not much beer, is that the beer is so bad. German beer would not satisfy an American beer-drinker; and our beer makes even Germans drunk. Germans in America often become unwilling inebriates, who, if they had German beers, might remain sober. At home the Germans do not drink one kind of beer, like Americans, but many, some of which are as harmless as soda water. To enter a saloon there and call for beer, would be like entering a restaurant and calling for victuals. There are as many kinds of beer in Germany as of sausage. The Americans have adopted the worst of these, and further spoiled it by excessive strengthening.

Another matter that leaves little occasion for drinking in America, is the fact that we all have enough to eat and of good quality, whereas, the Germans often drink in order to wash down food that is no more palatable than medicine. If Europeans had such rich breakfasts and dinners as we, they would not care for anything to drink with them. We often hear the claim that beer is, in itself, nourishing; so that, by drinking beer, they do not need so much solid food (whence beer is sometimes called "liquid bread"). But this claim is not worthy of consideration. To yield as much nourishment as a five-cent loaf requires one hundred glasses. One could drink himself drunk a dozen times before he could eat himself full on the same nourishment. Beer serves them rather in making out with the quality of their food than with the quantity; for with a glass of



beer they can swallow almost anything. True, they do not eat as much as we, but it is because they drink themselves full, and so feel satisfied for the moment; but they soon get hungry again, and so must eat nearly all the time, or, at least, keep filling themselves with something. The beer, like the negro's watermelon, is very good for fullness, but very poor for satisfaction. It gives one a swell, without keeping up the inflation long enough for any practical purpose. There is accordingly much suffering from insufficiency of food, notwithstanding the Germans eat four times a day. Their stomachs are in a chronic state of collapse, notwithstanding their periodical balloon-like distension.

Americans have also homes and a home society, which the Germans have not. They more generally marry, and marry earlier, so that, not having so many bachelors, they have learned to enjoy themselves with their families and near friends; so that they do not need to go to the saloons to spend the time. We could not imitate German public life, so as to get its advantages, and at the same time cultivate our peculiar home life. For the whole question of adopting beer-drinking in America hangs together with the adoption of the other customs of Germany; and the problem is whether, on the whole, we are ready to part with our American customs for the German customs; or whether it would not be better for the Germans, on coming here, to *Americanize* themselves, and help build up our peculiar western civiliza-

tion. What few customs we have touching drink are peculiarly bad, as treating and free-lunching, which stimulate to drinking beyond desire, and train novices to be tipplers; and it would only be a developing of these customs in their present badness, if we were to become a drinking nation, and not necessarily an improvement of them with their greater increase. Whereas, in Germany, drinking is for the pleasure of the drinkers, here it is rather for the profit of the sellers; so that in Germany, there is less drinking where it is not wanted, and so, less development of appetite against taste. These facts, together with our constitutional tendency to excess, make the German customs, when transplanted to America, specially deplorable. While we can do many things better than Europeans, we can never learn to drink as well. They can drink morally and even religiously, and they observe a sort of æstheticism in their drinking habits; but the Americans, after taking up drinking at a point where it has ceased to be a virtue, push it beyond all precedents as a vice. A Frenchman once remarked to me, in commenting on the fact that the French drink wine, the Germans beer, and the Americans whisky, that "Wine makes you feel gay; beer makes you like a hog; and whisky makes you say 'tam.'" Now, American drinking, which drops the æsthetic and moral, is mostly a combination of hog and "tam." German beer-drinking furnishes us, on the whole, an example of advantages to which we can never attain, and of evils which we can only transcend.

*Austin Bierbower.*

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#### AN OBSERVATION IN NATURAL HISTORY.

Why does the mermaid carry a mirror,  
Smiling and beckoning over the sea;  
Singing her song of "Tirra, lirra,  
Come, O mariner, come to me!"

Not for her own face—she recks not of fashion;  
Toward the fond sailor-boy holds she the glass:  
That is her secret—not on his passion,  
Just on his vanity works the sly lass.

*A. M.*

## VERSAILLES—PAST AND PRESENT. —

To no place better than to Versailles can apply the words "How are the mighty fallen!" And the traveler of the present day, well-read in the details of the splendid court of the Louis, the gorgeous fêtes, the opulence and magnificence that distinguished this royal residence above all others during the latter part of the seventeenth century and almost all the eighteenth, must feel here most keenly the vicissitudes of history.

True, the gigantic palace erected by the Roi-Soleil still stands. The unrivalled park still offers its manifold attractions to the admiration of the world; the *grandes eaux* play on the first Sunday of every summer month; but the principle that caused all these marvels to arise out of the solitude of the primitive Versailles has disappeared forever. They remain, and the city that had its existence from them remains—but as some beautiful body preserved by the embalmer's art, after the soul that animated it has passed away.

In the quiet provincial town of today, where even the busiest commercial streets seem half asleep, so little life is there, the casual visitor sees but little to recall the mighty past. But as time goes by, one begins to love the dead-and-alive old place; and in delving into the records of past centuries, many a brilliant scene is reconstructed, many a quaint anecdote recalled, which give life to the lifeless city and people it anew.

Perhaps the quietest corner of quiet Versailles is the suburb of Montreuil, a separate village until the reign of Louis XVI, and now one of the three quarters of the town, the others being Saint Louis and Notre Dame. Here we have lived for a considerable period, as quietly as though a thousand leagues were between us and the modern Babylon. For some time we remained in the pleasing illusion that this was the famous place whose name brings such pleasant thoughts to the

hot and dusty Parisian, when, during sultry August days, he hears the cry of the market women: "*Pêches de Montreuil! Pêches de Montreuil!*" But the sad reality has since forced itself upon our conviction: Montreuil les Pêches lies on the other side of Paris, and our village has no epithet whatever to distinguish it from its homonyms.

We indulge in delicious peaches, nevertheless; not the fat, luscious, blooming fruit that welcomes the American returning in summer to his native land, but as the French saying hath it: "*Quand on n'a pas ce qu'on aime, il faut aimer ce qu'on a.*" Have we not existed for years without the baked beans and brown bread which made our Sunday mornings happy in our childhood?

It is indeed a healthy quarter, where we have thus buried ourselves. Our neighbor, the old gardener, is hale and hearty, in spite of his eighty years, and resents so well withal any intrusion on his rights, or what he considers as such, that we suspect him of having imbibed in his youth revolutionary principles, and indulged in the "Rights of Man," by Thomas Paine. He is indeed French, in his natural politeness and gallantry, however. "Behold, mademoiselle," said this gray-headed sinner the other day, as he presented the youngest of our party with some dahlias as old-fashioned as himself, "the young ladies must be taken care of; and, indeed, I remember that I loved them much when young myself; but it is long ago, that; oh, indeed, yes, very long ago!"

At Montreuil we find one of the most touching souvenirs of the Bourbon race. Madame Elizabeth possessed here a country house, presented to her by her unfortunate brother, Louis XVI, in 1781. Surrounded by her ladies in waiting, she passed her time in profitable reading, conversation with her companions, music, and above all, in doing good. She was the providence of the poor of the district, until the fatal events of Oc-



tober, 1789, tore her from her rustic retreat, and forced her to leave Versailles forever. Strange working of fatality! The purest and best of the Bourbons expiating on the scaffold the follies of their ancestors! The sins of the father are indeed visited upon the children. This country seat of Madame Elizabeth still exists in the Rue du Bon-Conseil, near the imposing Avenue de Paris.

Our quarter celebrated its annual fête but recently, the pretext being the anniversary of Saint Symphorianus, patron of the parish church. The poor saint was but little heard of, however. Perhaps to be exact, I should say not at all; for the triumphal car which promenaded through the principal streets by torchlight at the close of the festivities, was surmounted by a person representing one of the greatest of Versailles celebrities—Hoche, youngest of Republican generals, whose brilliant career was cut short at the age of twenty-nine. "He lived to attain glory; but too short a time for his country's need," was the inscription on the hero's cenotaph, when the sad news of his death had reached his native place, and a formal funeral ceremony took place in his honor. He was born in the Saint Louis quarter, in a simple bourgeois house of the Rue Satory, which on the day of his funeral was covered with sable hangings and adorned with tri-colored flags. The heart of the brave soldier is placed in a chapel of the church of Notre Dame, where a few lines recall his memory and that of his wife, who survived her husband through sixty-two long years of widowhood.

Another son of Versailles who attained distinction in military affairs is less spoken of now-a-days. No street bears his name, no statue of him, either in bronze or in marble, decorates a public square. The too celebrated Marshal Bazaine first saw the light of day (to use a consecrated expression) in a handsome house, the number nine of that Boulevard de la Reine, so well known to all strangers as leading from the railway station to the great and little Trianons. By a strange coincidence, the veteran's native place saw the close of his career; the long and celebrated trial, so well presided over by the Duc

d'Aumale, where all the impassioned eloquence of Lachaud could not arrest the death sentence. Every one knows how this sentence was commuted to perpetual imprisonment in a fortress, and how a woman's devotion and a most romantic night escape ended the celebrity of him who was once the favorite soldier of France. Bazaine now lives quietly in Madrid, where he has recently published a book, tending to defend his conduct in the sad war of 1870-'71.

But to turn from this sullied record to a brighter and purer one; let us walk a few steps from the house of Bazaine to the Rue des Reservoirs, which forms, with the Boulevard de la Reine, the center of the strangers' quarter of Versailles. At the corner of the Rue de la Paroisse, in that old fashioned house dating from before the revolution, was born almost eighty years ago a man whose name is constantly before the public, and to whom his most ardent opponents cannot deny an indefatigable energy and a most wonderful inventive genius. This man is the Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, the deviser of the Suez and Panama canals; the father of ten charming children, of whom the greater part, bare-armed and bare-legged, are constantly to be seen at Paris, surrounding their father like a brood of chickens; on horseback at the Bois; at mass at the Madeleine; at the circus; at the Champs Elysées; everywhere. Last year a marble slab, commemorating the birth of Monsieur de Lesseps, was placed on the house; the inevitable speeches were made, the inevitable banquet took place, and the inevitable crowd stupidly gazed for hours at the plaque and its short inscription long after the ceremony had come to an end.

While here, on the well known Rue des Reservoirs we can see, opposite the ugly theatre which the Sarah Bernhardt of that day, Mademoiselle Montausien, founded before the revolution, the house where died La Bruyère, the celebrated author of "Les Caractères," of whose life and death so little is known, but who left an immortal monument, *aere perennius*, in a book destined to hold the first rank among French classics—

the site of the house, rather, for little now remains of the stately mansion of the Prince de Condé, where La Bruyère lived as tutor of the prince's children. Like all the dwelling houses of the reign of Louis XIV, this one consisted of but two stories and a mansard roof. The great king, wishing to maintain his supremacy in all things, had ordered that no construction in his new city should surpass a certain height. Thus, from his superb palace on the hill, he obtained an unbroken view over the entire neighborhood.

Under his reign, the population of Versailles consisted of the small shop keepers, lacqueys, and hangers on of every description who surround a court. That their intelligence and *savoir vivre* left something to be desired, may be gleaned from the following anecdote, which Narbonne, chief of the police, relates in his diary:

On the occasion of the birth of the Duke of Burgundy, eldest son of the Dauphin, and eventual heir to the throne, in 1682, the *narguillers* of the parish church (a term best translated into Protestant English by the name vestrymen), as representatives of the *bourgeoisie* of Versailles, desired to be admitted to present their congratulations to his Majesty, Louis the Fourteenth. Their request was granted by the Governor of the town, Bontemps; and on the day and hour named, the aforesaid high functionary ushered them into the presence of the King. The sight of royalty in all its splendor was too much for a certain grocer of the party, Colette by name, who, giving vent to his loyalty at the expense of etiquette, intoned in a magnificent bass voice, the words of the Catholic service, "*Domine, salvum fac regem*"; to which his colleagues replied immediately, "*Et exaudi nos in die quâ invocaverimus te.*" This was a little too much for the gravity of even the most serene of monarchs, and Louis XIV could not refrain from a hearty burst of laughter, in which the courtiers naturally joined. As for the unfortunate vestrymen, they were hustled out of the royal presence by the indignant governor, who considered himself responsible for their peculiar behavior. They were henceforward

probably kept at a distance, for we do not hear of them again, until the return of the young king, Louis XV, to Versailles, after an absence of some years, in 1722. The inhabitants of the town naturally wished to compliment his Majesty on what to them seemed a most sensible proceeding, as they had greatly suffered from the absence of the Court at Vincennes and Paris. Bontemps was no longer in office, but had been succeeded by Blouin, like his predecessor first *valet de chambre* of the King. Every precaution was taken to ensure the good behavior of the delegation, and while the young monarch entered in solemn state the city of his predecessor, and stopped on his way to say a prayer at the Royal Chapel before ascending to his apartment, Blouin shut the vestrymen up in a small ante-chamber, with instructions to await there the hour of the interview. The hour came. The king was ready. Blouin opened the door and announced, "*Messieurs les Bourgeois de Versailles*"; but no one was forthcoming! They had dispersed in every direction to admire the pomp of the royal cortège, and when next they applied for permission to congratulate his Majesty, Blouin refused, declaring he had had enough of them.

These royalist sentiments of the Versaillists had sadly changed, however, when the revolution began. The quarter of Notre Dame was especially noted for its radical principles, and in 1793 a proposition to change the name of the town to that of "Cradle of Liberty" came very near being accepted, as it was approved at first by twelve of the thirteen sections into which the city was then divided. These changes in the names of everything which could possibly recall the past remind one of the Rue Saint Denis, at Paris, reduced to Rue Nis by the radical coachman who carried out to the letter the suppression of Saints, and of the syllable "de" as indicating nobility;—or of the Marquis de Saint Cyr, who found himself by the non-existence of the words Marquis, de, Saint, and Cyr (*Sire*), plain Citoyen Blank, or the man without a name.

If we come back to the Rue des Reser-



voirs, and follow it up the hill, we pass the famous *hôtel*, originally constructed for Madame de Pompadour. In the great palace court at the end of the street, we find ourselves face to face with the mighty pile. What a host of memories come over one on this spot! All the thousand details of one of the most interesting and best studied epochs in the world's history flood one's mind. Standing at the foot of the equestrian statue of Louis XIV, before us is the well known palace front, where the red brick edifice of Louis XIII is enclosed in the huge building of his son, like a ruby set in a broad ring of gold; behind us, the court narrowing down to the Place d'Armes, and lined with the colossal marble statues of the statesmen and heroes of ancient and modern France; and beyond the Place, the wide expanse of the Avenue de Paris, with its quadruple line of splendid trees, worthy approach to such a royal residence.

At the left, where now stands the brick wing, called Aile des Ministres, was in the olden time the ancient castle of Versailles, whose feudal masters became extinct centuries ago. Possessed successively by the Soisy and Gondi families, already a ruin in the reign of Henry IV, it was destroyed by order of Louis XIII, when after numerous acquisitions, he became owner of nearly the entire commune.

It is not the purpose of this little sketch to treat of the great events called to mind by the former palace of the French kings, now a museum dedicated to "All the Glories of France"; but rather to say a few words of the less known Versailles, of the memories evoked by her quiet life and streets of the present day, left one side by the onward march of progress, like some New England village, half lost under its beautiful avenues of elms. The brilliant court of Louis XIV, and the corrupt one of his successor; the beginning of the frightful tragedy of the Revolution, when the principle of absolute monarchy finally succumbed before the people; and in our own times, the proclamation of the new German Empire—all these epochs and events so intimately connected with

Versailles need to be treated of seriously, in a serious work.

But cross the palace court and descend the hill into the little Rue de la Bibliothèque, lined with edifices of the last two centuries, and at what is now the town library you will find a building filled with interest for every American. In the central hall of what was then the *Ministre des Affaires Etrangères*, was signed, on the 6th of February, 1778, the treaty by which France acknowledged our independence; and four years later, on the 3d of September, 1783, the second treaty, which brought our Revolutionary War to a close, and definitely sanctioned the independence of the United States of America.

On the same street is the Military Hospital, formerly the Grand Commune, an immense outbuilding of the palace, containing no less than one thousand different rooms, and a population of fifteen hundred souls. On the ground floor were installed the kitchens of the king, and the offices of all the functionaries connected with the royal table. This installation could have been no small affair, when one remembers the unbending etiquette of the Versailles court, necessitating an unheard-of number of employees, and the celebrated Bourbon appetite, faithfully transmitted from generation to generation. We hear of Louis XIV, when forced to diet by order of Fagen, his chief medical adviser, contenting himself with four wings, four breasts, and as many legs, or drumsticks, of chicken. His unfortunate descendant, Louis XVI, arrested at Varennes in his attempted flight, indulged, before he was brought back to Paris, in as hearty a meal as in happier days at his palace, or at Trianon; and the last representative of the elder branch, Henri, Comte de Chambord, but a year ago laid in his last resting place, inherited this ancestral trait, with many other more agreeable ones.

In this quarter of the town, the site of the primitive village of Versailles, before Louis XIII's taste for hunting had brought him to the once solitary spot, is the well known Salle du Jeu de Paume, or the Tennis Court, where the deputies of the Third Estate, find-

ing their ordinary place of reunion closed by royal orders, met on the 20th of June, 1789, and solemnly swore never to separate until they had established a constitution on a firm and definite basis. After passing through a variety of phases, and having served under Louis Philippe as a studio, where Horace Vernet painted his most celebrated pictures, the old Tennis Court has recently been converted into a Revolutionary Museum, and was opened not three years ago with a great expenditure of ministerial eloquence.

In this old quarter of Saint Louis, where little is to be seen interesting in the quiet streets, save here and there some graceful iron balcony of the last century, or picturesque courtyard vaguely seen from the sidewalk, lived once upon a time Blaizot, the librarian of Louis XVI. That monarch charged Blaizot to collect for him all the scandalous and malicious libels, the attacks of every sort against his person or government; and the poor librarian fulfilled so well the king's decrees, that the police, getting wind of the fact, and naturally supposing that he bought up the libels to sell them again, arrested him. He was on the point of being thrown into the Bastille without a trial, but fortunately Louis XVI heard of the affair, and ordered him to be immediately released. The Minister of Justice of that day was greatly astonished, to hear for whom the documents in question had been collected by the unfortunate librarian; but the king asked him, "How can you expect me to judge exactly of the state of public opinion, if I only listen to the courtiers who surround me, and who consider it their duty to keep from me every thing but flattery?" The house of Blaizot, bearing the number 9 of the Rue Satory, is still occupied by the principal librarian of the town.

On the same street is the entrance to the former cemetery of Saint Louis, where reposes Ducis, a poet who enjoyed a great celebrity during the latter part of the eighteenth century, and who, born at Versailles, lived, died, and was buried there. Ducis was elected to succeed Voltaire at the Academie Française, in 1779, and is best known for

his adaptations in French verse of the most celebrated of Shakspeare's tragedies. Nothing is more amusing to an Anglo-Saxon admirer of the greatest of English poets, than to read the adaptations of Ducis, and the prefaces that accompany them, and to see what the grandest monuments of our literature have become in the hands of the Versailles. The amiable writer, in his introduction to his Othello, excuses himself for having entirely suppressed the personage of Iago, as being too shocking a character for a French audience to support on the stage. At the end of the piece, Othello stabs Hedelmone (Desdemona), that manner of disposing of his wife being considered as less repugnant than smothering. As Iago has disappeared from the tragedy of Othello, so in Macbeth, Banquo has been suppressed, and his celebrated ghost is replaced with good effect by the specter of Duncan. Before the curtain falls, Macbeth has confessed his crime, and piously retires to a cloister; while Lady Macbeth (who figures under the name of Frédégonde), after having stabbed her own son, mistaking him for Malcolm, is left to drag out a weary existence, bereft of husband and of offspring. Not to prolong our examples, King Lear marries Cordelia, euphoniouly called Helmonde, to Edgar, who has changed his origin and become the son of Kent, in lieu of Gloster; and the close of the piece shows him in a green and happy old age, surrounded by loving and dutiful descendants. Hamlet à la Française is a pearl, and runs thus: Claudius, first prince of the blood, has poisoned the King of Denmark, with the complicity of his Queen, whom he has loved since early youth, but who is prevented by remorse from marrying the criminal after the death of her husband. The young king, Hamlet, informed in sleep of the foul deed by the specter of his father, becomes nearly insane, and neglects the preparations for his pending coronation, to think of nothing but his vengeance. He therefore abandons the daughter of Claudius, Ophelia, whom he loves, and finally kills the traitor, who had incited a dangerous riot. His father thus avenged, his mother having



laid violent hands upon herself, and Ophelia disappeared, Hamlet is left to reign alone, although to him life is worse than death.

It is indeed a change to pass from the honest Ducis to one of the most infamous souvenirs of the life of Louis xv ; but near the resting place of the pious poet, is the house so well known in the last century as the Parc aux Cerfs. Le Roi, in his interesting history of Versailles, places this house on the Rue Saint Médéric ; but Vatel, who contradicts Le Roi whenever the occasion presents (they were intimate friends), inclines to the Rue d'Anjou. It seems a waste of time to search the truth in such an affair, except to say that the importance of the Parc aux Cerfs (which, by the bye, derived its name from the quarter where it was situated, originally a deer park under Louis XIII) has been greatly exaggerated. The conduct of Louis xv was bad enough, without any addition whatsoever being necessary. His follies and disreputable life did more to discredit the principle of absolute monarchy than even the unjust and impolitic measures of his ministers ; and the mild virtues of his successor were not sufficient to restore the prestige of royalty, sapped at its basis during the greater part of a reign of nine and fifty years. "This state of affairs will last as long as I do," was a remark often made by this unworthy son of Saint Louis, whom an incurable ennuï reduced to every imaginable expedient for killing time, such as opening the private correspondence of the capital, and amusing himself with the news contained therein. Public affairs were entirely neglected ; and "when his Majesty attends the council of ministers," writes Madame de Tencin to the Duc de Richelieu, "he affects a most complete indifference for all serious matters, and signs everything without questioning." Associating so much with his inferiors, the king contracted from their intimacy expressions that sounded strangely, coming from the lips of a sovereign. Unlike his predecessor, he affected a great horror of the society of men of letters, and read but little himself. His want of heart was proverbial. When the body of Madame de Pompadour

was carried from the palace to her grave, on a stormy April day, the King, watching the funeral procession from his window, is said to have exclaimed : "The Marchioness has a bad day for her journey." But with Madame de Pompadour's successor, Madame du Barry, the monarchy reached its lowest ebb. When not at the chateau itself, as was generally the case, la Du Barry had a superb mansion on the wide Avenue de Paris. This residence was bought for her in 1772, and singularly beautified at her expense. Today it has indeed changed, for one of the numerous regiments now stationed at Versailles is quartered there. But the entrance is left intact, as sculptured by Leconte over one hundred years ago. Of the two colossal figures supporting the shield above the door, a reclining one, generally called Flora, is supposed by her latest historian, Vatel, to represent Madame du Barry herself. Following the modern system of whitewashing doubtful historical characters, Monsieur Vatel has made of the favorite a more or less estimable personage, who had, certainly, her failings (as we all have), and was, perhaps, not over-careful of her reputation, but who, at least, had her heart in its right place. But whatever may have been the private virtues of the last royal mistress, she is certainly not one of the most attractive historical characters called to mind by Versailles and its monuments.

From her former house, if we cross diagonally the wide avenue, so quiet in its rural solitude, unbroken save by a passing tramway for Paris, or by a detachment of sturdy *artilleurs*, (the delight of the rare ragamuffins of the place), we come to another building of the past, now, also, barracks for a part of the garrison. Under the kings, it was devoted to the administration of the *menus plaisirs*, or lesser amusements of the Court, and the name is kept today. This elastic term comprised not only tennis, battledore and shuttlecock, and other games of a similar nature, but the concerts and theatrical representations given at the palace, which were very numerous. The pleasures of the chase, which all the Bourbons followed with such

zest, were counted among the *grands plaisirs* and, indeed, they played an important part in the royal existence of those times. In Dangeau's celebrated diary, "Le Roi court le cerf";—"Monseigneur alla course le loup";—"Les Princes ont été à la chasse"; are phrases which recur continually. Louis XVI was so addicted to hunting, that on the days when he was debarred from his favorite pastime, he wrote in his journal—"Rien"—as on learning the death of his mother-in-law;—"Rien . . . Mort de l' Impératrice Marie Thérèse." To return to the Caserne des Menus Plaisirs, the chief historical interest connected with the edifice is the celebrated opening of the Etats Généraux in 1789, which took place with all the pomp displayed by the old French court, in a large hall, destroyed under the Consulate.

Up the beautiful Avenue de Paris came, on the afternoon of the fifth of October, 1789, the hideous populace of the capital, six or seven thousand women, according to the accounts of the time, all armed. Every imaginable weapon was comprised in their arsenal, from excellent guns and pistols down to pitchforks, spades, and broomsticks! The next day the Revolution was triumphant. The royal family, forced to appease the people by all possible measures, left their dear Versailles, never again to behold it; and since that fateful day, the poor uncrowned city belongs only to the past, whose glories have forever departed and left her desolate. This truth has been so felt by all the governments that have followed each other in rapid succession since the crash of the Revolution, that not one of them has definitely thought of taking up its abode in the ex-royal city. The passing activity, resulting from the presence of the National Assembly of 1871, was fictitious, and arose from the peculiar state of affairs caused by the long and disastrous war, and by the Commune. As soon as a good excuse was found for running back to Paris, senators, deputies, ministers, all rushed, *à qui mieux mieux*. Napoleon at one time talked vaguely of inhabiting the palace, but the expense of a complete restoration caused him to relinquish immediately any such pro-

ject. Under the last kings of the elder branch, Louis XVIII and Charles X, the poor, deserted chateau remained empty, with the Damocles sword of destruction ever pending. At last Louis-Philippe founded with his own private means the Museum, which the strangers of today visit and admire, more or less, according to their interest in historical matters. Under the Second Empire and the Third Republic, Versailles has seen rare festivities in honor of some foreign celebrity, such as the *fête de nuit*, witnessed by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert in 1855; or the ball given by the Maréchal de MacMahon, during the Exposition of 1878, when the great halls of Louis XIV were taken by storm by a crowd of invited guests of every social rank, and when a few of the unprincipled ones profited by the confusion in the cloak room, and appeared in bright array for some time after.

So beautiful are the great trees that shade the pedestrian of today in the grass-grown alleys of the Avenue de Paris, that it seems difficult to believe that their predecessors were all mercilessly cut down in 1793, by order of the representatives of the people, delegated by the Convention to govern the department of Seine et Oise. Such is the fact, however, and the decree ordering this profanation, begins thus: "Convinced by the necessity of turning to public use all objects destined originally to the luxury of our late tyrants, Article First: The trees of the avenues of Versailles shall be cut down." Trees were replanted, however, in 1799. That strange period of the Revolution, when side by side with noble aspirations, the worst passions of humanity gave themselves full play, has imprinted indelible marks on the city of the Bourbons.

When one desires to indulge in that almost superhuman felicity, so dear to all Frenchmen, and indeed to all those who have lived some length of time in France, pass half an hour reading one's newspaper and sipping the contents of one's *demi-tasse* or *petit-verre* at the café, where should one go but to Amaury's, located on the Rue de la Pompe? In that quiet establishment were



once heard the thundering eloquence of Mirabeau, the colder accents of Robespierre. There met the principal members of the Third Estate. What changes! A few sleepy old gentlemen, who have come to Versailles to live, or rather to die, in peace, and now and then a commercial traveler, gay bird of passage, on his way to some more enterprising and animated town, form the clientèle of the café of to-day.

Amoury's is not far distant from the Place d'Armes, where, facing the Château, are the immense royal stables, which, like the constellations of the Bears, are known as the Greater and the Lesser. In the *manège* of the former building were given many brilliant fêtes; as in February, 1745, when the Dauphin, son of Louis xv, married the Infanta Marie Thérèse of Spain. The ballet of "La Princesse de Navarre," for which Voltaire wrote the libretto, and Rousseau composed the music, was at this time represented before the King and Court with great success, and was followed by a brilliant ball, at which fifteen hundred bottles of wine were consumed. The royal stables have suffered the same fate as so many other monuments of the town, and are now barracks. Soldiers, soldiers, everywhere! The red trowsersed *pion-pion*, or *lignard*, and the quieter dressed *artilleur*, form with the very aged and the very young the population of modern Versailles. The connecting link between grandparents and grand-children seems wanting, and although we have often studied the problem, we have never been able to explain the non-existence of middle-aged people in the town. Titian, however, would find many a model for the first and last of his three ages of mankind; notably, in the lonely English garden of the Petit Trianon, one of the gems of Versailles. Every traveler, in visiting Versailles, has spent at least a moment in this famed spot, under the shade of its great oak and beech trees. That this garden, hallowed by the most touching memory of Marie Antoinette, has been preserved to us as it now is—that we can go there and gather violets in the spring, search for four leaved clovers through the summer and autumn, and drink

in all the freshness of its rustic beauty—we owe these blessings to one of those humble heroes whose almost unknown names deserve to go down to remote posterity. This man was the gardener of Trianon, Antoine Richard, and this is how the story runs:

Louis xv, in the midst of his moral degradation, kept intact certain refined tastes. He was greatly interested in botany, and in the latter years of his reign charged an expert horticulturist, Claude Richard by name, with the direction of a botanical garden, founded near his summer palace of Trianon. Here Richard introduced many rare trees, since his time acclimated not only in France but in the rest of Europe, but which, until then, were entirely unknown. In this beneficent work he was aided by his son Antoine, who, in extended journeys, discovered many curious specimens of foreign flora, and carefully brought them back to Versailles; and who, in the course of time, succeeded his father in his charge. After the death of the old king, vast changes took place in the garden, whose strictly botanical character disappeared, and which then began to take its present form. Many of the rarer trees were kept, however, and still exist. On the borders of the pond sprang up a mock village, where Marie Antoinette and her little circle disguised themselves as peasants, and forgot for a while the burdensome etiquette of the Versailles court. The village still remains—its picturesque châteaux almost covered with the scrawls of the Philistines whose unknown names are inscribed with pen, pencil, chalk, or diamond over the most celebrated monuments of the Old World. During all these changes, Antoine Richard lived on quietly; fulfilled faithfully the duties of his charge; and took no heed of the gathering storm of the Revolution, which broke with such terrible force over the whole of France. Then it was that Delacroix, the fierce representative of the people, declared, when visiting the palace, in the inflated language of the time, "*Il faut que la charrue passe ici.*" Then Trianon and its gardens were also doomed, and then Richard showed the force of his character. By his numerous petitions, by

his talented memorials, tending to prove the utility of keeping intact the treasures of the garden, he finally saved it from destruction. But Trianon was let as a place of public amusement, and the sylvan haunts of the beautiful queen were frequented during several years by the same class who, until very recently, were the ornament of Mabille. Richard lost his place, but none of his energy, and from his retreat helped to save the world-renowned park from the same doom that had threatened Trianon. Like other celebrated men, he died in abject poverty, forgotten by his ungrateful contemporaries; and today, out of the many hundred who enjoy one of the finest royal parks of which Europe can boast, but very few have heard even the name of Antoine Richard.

Among the numerous statues that adorn the avenues in every direction (generally modern copies of some antique subject), one group near the Tapis Vert happened to attract our attention, and we exerted our ingenuity to discover what story it represented. A woman, mortally wounded, sinks at the feet of a man, who, with a grand gesture of despair, plunges a poniard to the hilt into his own breast—nothing more. It has since proved to be Arria and Pætus, but at the time we were ignorant of the fact, probably through some defect in our classical education. Addressing ourselves to one of the old military guardians of the park, we received from him the following astonishing information: "What the statue represents, gentlemen? but certainly. Behold what it is! A senator of Rome (a city in Italy, gentlemen) had betrayed his country to Austria. For the dreadful deed he was imprisoned then in Venice. There his wife came to him, a poniard concealed in her sleeve. She kills herself before his eyes, saying: 'Lo, *mon ami*, it hurts not; go thou and do likewise.' Upon which, as you see, gentlemen, he cuts his throat. 'Tis an antique story; a Roman one, gentlemen, and very noble. Indeed, yes, a fine action! But we do not such things now-a-days. At your service, gentlemen—always at your service." The

old soldier had evidently mixed souvenirs of his Italian campaign of 1859 with some vague idea of the original story, which had produced the curious tale just cited. We pursued our historical investigations no further on that day, and contented ourselves with admiring the beauties of nature; artificial, perhaps, but so beautifully artificial!

Le Nôtre, who designed all the gardens of Louis XIV, was one of the noblest figures of the time, and always retained the confidence and esteem of his royal employer. He lived to the ripe old age of eighty-seven, and the last year of his life visited the King at Marley. Louis XIV presented him with a rolling chair like his own, and as they were propelled along the terrace, Le Nôtre exclaimed: "Oh, my poor father, if you could but see your son, a humble gardener, by the side of the greatest monarch upon earth, how happy I should be"! His taste in gardening was copied everywhere—in England as in Spain, in Germany as in Italy—and remained triumphant until the introduction of the so-called English style, toward the close of the eighteenth century. Although decried, and considered old fashioned as long ago as the reign of Louis XV, it has merits and beauties of its own, which one cannot deny.

The most beautiful moment in the Park is at sunset in late spring, or in early summer. On the terrace overlooking the wide expanse of woods and waters, we see the sun, emblem of the Great King, "le Roi Soleil," still gilding with its last rays the magnificent scene. Before us, beneath the Basins of Latona and of Apollo, and the far-famed Tapis Vert, stretches out the great canal; and still beyond, shining in the golden light of dying day, that vast extent of flat country, losing itself finally in the horizon seemingly without end, and which as children we used to think must have been so arranged expressly to give Louis XIV a view worthy of his palace and of himself. Yet a few moments, and the scene changes. The sun sinks to rest; the last twilight glow passes away, and the park, the palace, the town, seem suddenly what they really are; deserted, sad, and dead.

*Arthur Hazen Chase.*



## THREE SONNETS IN MEMORIAM.

## I.

## DESPAIR.—THE ABYSS.

OH dread abyss, narrow, but dark and deep,  
 Still baffling all that man may do or dare  
 To read the secrets of thy jealous care,  
 The mystery that thy shuddering caverns keep!  
 Above thy cruel mouth the earth, I heap,  
 Hiding my treasure like a miser there.  
 My hollow, doubting voice I lift in prayer;  
 With ghastly lips, I say, "'Tis but a sleep,  
 And I shall find my loved one freed from sorrow,  
 Glowing with youth and love ineffable."  
 Oh fool, the only sure thing thou canst borrow  
 From coming years is death, thou knowest well.  
 Yet even this is gain. Then hail each morrow  
 That brings thee nearer to the self-same cell.

## II.

## QUESTIONING.

BENEATH the leafless trees alone I stand,  
 Where we two stood in June. Oh loved one, where  
 Are now the radiant hopes that filled the air,  
 Circling around us swiftly like a band  
 Of smiling sisters, clasping hand in hand?  
 Dearer to me than all their visions fair  
 This chill December night, so thou wert there.  
 And hast thou sought with them some better land?  
  
 Would heaven be darkened for one form the less  
 From the bright throng who in His love rejoice?  
 From the celestial choir could not one voice,  
 Sweeter than all the rest, be spared to bless  
 My solitude? Say, dost thou sleep alone,  
 Voiceless, beneath the unrelenting stone?

## III.

## CONSOLATION.

ALONE? Ah, no: beneath the earth's fair crust  
 Assemble all the beautiful and good  
 Whose memory transfigures womanhood;  
 And kingly men are there, the brave, the just;

How sweet to mingle with that sacred dust!  
 Standing tonight where we so oft have stood,  
 Their fragrance fills the silent solitude,  
 Sweet flowers of human love, and hope, and trust.

Where'er thou art, oh sister of my soul,  
 Treading with gleaming feet the streets of gold,  
 Or softly mingling with the forest mold,  
 Swift years shall bear me to the self-same goal;  
 Our radiant heads in the same aureole,  
 Or the same flower-roots thrill our ashes cold.

*E. L. Huggins.*

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### SOME JAPANESE FOLK-LORE.

THE ancient superstitions that have so largely controlled the mind of Japan, are giving way under the enlightenment of science and contact with foreign nations. Yet there are still many interesting national characteristics to be found in fireside story, proverb, and mythology. From their tale of the creation—a beautiful myth of the “art of love”—and the origin of the human race, down to their conception of the wind and thunder imps, nature is peopled with mysterious agencies, and life fraught with supernatural influences. Many times have I sat at night by the fire brazier, in a pleasant Japanese household, where pretty girls, growing lads, and rollicking babies gather about parents or grandmother, to listen to fairy tale or legend. The floor is strewn with toys, dolls, masks of Daruma, the snow-man, tops, pop-guns, devil in a band box, etc.; but as the stories reach their climax, all these are abandoned.

A familiar sight in front of Japanese temples is an immense figure of the “wind-imp” and another of the “thunder-cat.” The wind-imp has a huge bag of compressed air on his back. By holding one end, loosing it, or removing his hand from it, he may make the wind a gentle breeze, a tempest, or a tornado, at his pleasure. Travelers over long and tedious routes often have their faces bitten or torn by the wind-imp as he passes, though to them he is invisible.

The thunder-cat carries on his head five drums fastened together, with which he makes thunder. He often escapes from the cloud to the ground, doing terrible mischief. When a victim is killed by lightning, it is because the thunder-cat has leaped upon him.

Another of the supernatural beings who infest the earth is the kama-itachi, in the form of a weasel, who tears and lacerates the faces of human beings with a sharp, invisible, two-edged knife. If one slips on the pavement, or among the sharp pebbles of the garden paths, or up the mountain side—which, because of their awkward clogs, is of frequent occurrence—it is the kama-itachi that made him fall; and if cut, it is the imp's sharp knife that did it.

The lappa is another imaginary enemy, who appears to man in the water. He has the claws of a tortoise, and the body and head of a monkey. He delights to seize unwary victims, especially promising boys, who invade his kingdom.

In no country have I found such marvelously beautiful trees. Many of these are sacred, being dedicated to the gods. When surrounding shrines, they are especially valued. In the recent history of Japan, serious insurrections have been threatened, because certain trees, reverently regarded by the populace, had been removed by the local governors. A charming native family of my



acquaintance have often told me tales of trees shedding blood, when cut down, and of the woodman's being struck by sudden death for his rashness. Trees sometimes have an ill reputation, as being the abode of ghosts, or as possessing a strange fascination to attract men to hang themselves—several being often found hanging to the same tree.

The Japanese have a current belief that when man falls asleep, the soul leaves the body for rest or play. Therefore no one must be waked suddenly, or he may die before his soul can return. The dead are always placed with their feet to the south. Therefore people will not sleep in that position. I noticed with much interest a diagram of the points of the compass hung upon the ceilings of hotel sleeping-rooms, and the same in private dwellings, to aid the traveler or the unwary in avoiding this ill-omened position.

Certain days are very unlucky. Seeds will not sprout if sown on such days. On one of these, the head must not be washed or the hair will become red, a color of which they have a great horror, as pertaining to evil spirits and bad men—such as English snobs. Indeed, any color of hair but the blackest black is intolerable.

Children must never measure their height, nor place any burden upon the head, or they will be stunted, and for a man to be undersized (according to their standard) is a grief and misfortune. Before an eclipse of the sun or moon, wells are carefully covered to prevent poison falling into them from the sky. A devil is supposed to stand between an angry husband and wife. Children are taught that if they tell a lie, an imp will pull out their tongues, which exerts a most wholesome restraint. When a deformed child is born, its parents are charged with some special sin.

When small-pox appears in a neighborhood, parents place a notice upon the front of their house, saying the children are away from home. People who have lost children resort to similar devices to protect those that remain. One of these is to give them names of an opposite sex in order to deceive the spir-

its. Here is an illustration: A man received notice that his eldest son, Bumosuku—a name belonging to males—having reached military age, should undergo a medical examination prior to enlistment in the service. The father hastened to the ward office, and explained that Bumosuku was a daughter, though registered as a male. Doubting the man's veracity, the official closely questioned him, and it was found that, having lost two daughters when very young, he had been driven to this expedient to keep the last alive.

Some of the current fireside tales are very amusing, and I never wondered at the wide-eyed astonishment of the children. The story is sure to begin with that familiar phrase dear to the heart of childhood in many lands, "Once upon a time." Once upon a time one of the great genie warriors mourned because he could not find anybody brave and strong enough to fight with him; so he determined to find a ghoul to slay. One of these mysterious creatures was frequently seen lurking near his palace. So he sent out his retainer to kill it. This retainer was almost as strong as his master, and was glad enough to show that he was not afraid of the ghoul. As soon as he went outside the palace gate, he was seized by the helmet; but the brave servant caught the ghoul's arm and cut it off with his sword. The creature was so frightened that he ran away, leaving his arm and claws to the genie warrior for a trophy. By-and-bye an old woman came to see this trophy, expressing great admiration of the retainer's valor. He was always kind to old women and children, so he good-naturedly opened the box to his visitor's gaze; when, lo and behold! she snatched the limb and flew off with it, up through the chimney, for she was nothing else than the hideous ghoul herself, when she rose to the roof.

Once there was a crab who found a crumb of rice-cake. Just then a monkey met him, and offered to exchange a persimmon seed for the cake, to which the good-natured crab agreed. The monkey ate up his portion, while the crab went to his hole in the hill and planted his persimmon seed in the

garden. Soon a fine tree appeared, and the crab was happy enough over his bargain. He used to sit on the balcony of his house, and watch the fruit grow and ripen with great delight. But one unlucky day the monkey came to see him, and begged for some fruit, offering to climb the tree to get it. The crab, being a very polite fellow, quietly consented, but requested his visitor to throw down some persimmons to him also. But the deceitful scamp filled his pocket and ate the best fruit, stoning the crab meanwhile with the seeds. The crab, inwardly raging, determined to teach that monkey, but shrewdly pretending to regard this treatment as a joke, challenged the monkey to descend headforemost. Vain of his abilities, he accepted the challenge, and began his descent. The fruit, of course, rolled out of his pockets, and the crab was ready to seize it, and then ran to his hole.

By-and-by, when the crab came out, the monkey gave him a thrashing. Sore and smarting with his injuries, the crab called in the aid of his friend, a rice-mortar, who was passing by, with his apprentices, a sea-weed, an egg, and a wasp. After listening to his pitiful tale, they agreed to punish the impertinent monkey. Proceeding to the house and finding him out, the sea-weed hid behind the door, the egg in the ashes, and the wasp in the closet, while the mortar stationed himself over the door. When the monkey returned and lighted his fire for tea, the egg burst and spattered his face, blinding and burning him. Starting for the well to cool his pain, he slipped on the sea-weed, the wasp flew out and stung him, and the rice-mortar tumbled down and crushed him. "*Wasn't that splendid?*" is the usual finale; while the moral to greedy or ungrateful children is pointed out in most approved fashion.

A long time ago, a shrewd but good-natured man, inured to poverty, took lodgings near an eating-house, where the appetizing odors of good food frequently pervaded his room. The place was celebrated for the excellence of its eels, fried in soy. As Kisaburo had a vivid imagination, he enjoyed the savory dish through his sense of smell with-

out expense, while eating his simple boiled rice. When the eel-frier heard this, he determined to charge the man for the smell of the eels, and called upon him with a bill. Kisaburo laughingly called his wife to bring the bag of money. After jingling it awhile, and merely touching it with the bill, he replaced it in a box, and carefully locked it up before his astonished caller, who cried out:

"Well, are you not going to pay me my money?"

"Why, surely not," was the reply: "You have charged me for the smell of your eels, and I have paid you with the sound of my money."

A very remarkable judge named Oka, who is known as the Solomon of Japan, was called upon to decide difficult questions and obscure cases, and was much revered for his sagacity. "Once upon a time," a poor young mother was compelled to go out to service, and bargained with a woman to rear her child. After several years, having laid up some money, she demanded her child. But the woman refused to give it up, and claimed it as her own. In dismay, the mother appealed to the judge, who, in the absence of other testimony, ordered them each to take hold of an arm of the girl and pull, decreeing that the successful woman should have her. Afraid to disobey, the true mother tremblingly took a gentle hold, while the false claimant pulled with all her might. At the first cry of pain, the mother dropped the girl's hand, and although urged to continue the trial, firmly refused. The judge instantly charged the deceiver with her crime, because devoid of maternal feeling, and dismissing her in disgrace, gave the child to her mother amid the applause of every one.

The Rip Van Winkle story of Japan has many versions, and is frequently illustrated in picture book, on canvas screen, or carved in ivory or wooden ornaments. Its universal presence throughout Japan and China is a forcible comment on our English myth. The popular rendering is as follows: Years ago, a wood-chopper lived at the base of a majestic mountain. His name was Lu-wen, and he was very devout. One day, in wander-



ing about the thickly wooded hills, he lost his way; but having his ax with him as a companion, he was not alarmed, but gave himself up to enjoyment, contemplation, and devotion. Suddenly, a fox burst through the bushes with a crackling sound, and ran across his path into the thickets beyond. Starting in pursuit, he ran quite a distance, when he came upon an open space of greensward, where two beautiful ladies were sitting engaged in a game.

Amazed at the vision of loveliness in such a spot, he drew nearer and nearer, unknown to them, and watched the progress of their game. After a few minutes, as he supposed, he started to retrace his steps, but to his surprise his limbs were stiff, and his ax-handle fell to pieces. Stooping to pick up the fragments, he was astonished to find, instead of his usual smooth face, a heavy, long, white beard, covering face and bosom. Feeling of his head, he likewise found silken white hair floating in the breeze.

Wholly bewildered, he tottered down the mountain to his native village; but alas, the houses were filled with strangers, though the

streets were the same. The dogs were in an uproar over the stranger; the children trooped about him, laughing and teasing, while even the parents shook their heads over the ancient of years. But Lu-wen, in anguish and terror, called wildly for his wife, and children, and relatives. At last, an old woman was found, who said she was the seventh generation from a man named Lu-wen. On hearing this, the old man groaned aloud, and with streaming eyes retraced his steps to the mountain, where it is believed he joined the immortal hermits who inhabit those majestic hills.

Such are a few specimens of the stories that are strewn throughout the philosophy and mythology of Japanese literature, not alone for childhood, for "the world with its beard grown" delights in the same. Tales of elves, foxes, rabbits, monkeys, cats, and dogs, reared with all moral and religious training, who fall in love, marry, and live ever after happy and good, are the subjects of many books, which, retouched in the telling by vivid imaginations, glow with color and charm.

*Helen N. S. Thompson.*

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## THE BUILDING OF A STATE:—IX. THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

### I.

THE growth of a great library is always worth study, for every library of importance presents characteristics of its own, and becomes at last what one may almost term a living organism, developed according to laws of its own, and proceeding along definite lines of progress. Libraries, like universities, bear the impress of their founders' views long after those founders have passed away. Yale is not more different from Harvard than the Boston Free Library is different from the Astor or the Peabody. The "atmosphere of a library" is something that all persons feel without being able to define. Some libraries build upon the principle of

gathering in with slow and costly care the gems of bibliography, the treasures of the antiquarian, the precious "first editions" and rarities of literature. Some are homes of exact and patient scholarship, and men come to them from across half a continent to examine the desired authority, and to forge the missing link in a long chain of argument or discovery. Some are gardens of fiction and haunts of the restless novel-reader, ever hungry and ever unsatisfied. Some are peculiarly for the middle classes, and minister to all their intellectual needs. But no American library covers the entire field, and none are mere collections of books. The oak was in the acorn, the library lay hid in its far-off and slow beginnings. True,

it may change, as its scope grows larger, and its *clientèle* more educated; but even its changes are simply natural developments.

The question with a library, as with an individual, is simply one of persistence, or as we may term it, vitality. One lives, gaining strength from adverse circumstances, and growing braver in the face of danger; another shivers in the first storm-wind, and bows to fate, and yields up its dominion. The map of the United States is dotted close with thriving towns and villages—countless thousands of them—but the dead villages and towns outnumber the live ones a hundred-fold and more. Lost towns lie in the heart of the Maine woods, and in the mining counties of California. The life has ebbed away from them; it leaves them stranded on the rocks. Now, that is the way with libraries; ten are started for one that really lives and grows; and the exact reason why the one distances its competitors evades the laws of mathematics.

It is an interesting story that is here to be told—a story of growth and steady development, in the midst of this great city. A few earnest, and not over-wealthy young men, meeting in San Francisco thirty-two years ago, began an organization whose influence for good has been steadily extending ever since. They founded a library whose membership is now over 2700, and which contains 42,000 remarkably well chosen books, covering almost the entire range of modern literature, history, art and science. Lectures to the youth of this city, classes in drawing and industrial art, and an annual fair, held in a spacious pavilion, in the heart of the city, have been a few of the beneficent results of their work. The more we study their aims, the more we realize that they possessed the true creative spirit and endowed their enterprise with sturdy vitality.

The libraries of a city, even in its maturity, are an excellent index to its civilization: what a testimony then to the character of the pioneers of this city is borne by the faith in educational influences, the good sense, the foresight, and the public spirit, that could plan the work of the Mechanics' Institute in

the very first years of the city, in the midst, of the confusion of the gold period, and carry it through the day of small things. By what efforts and through what vicissitudes this has been accomplished, the following account—drawn from the various reports of the society, the information possessed by the secretary and librarian, and the personal recollections of some of the pioneers of the enterprise—will give the reader an idea.

## II.

THIRTY TWO years ago—or, to be more exact, on Monday evening, December 11th, 1854, scarcely six years after the village of Yerba Buena had started upon its growth into the city of San Francisco, a knot of men came together in the tax collector's office, in the old City Hall building, on Kearny Street, to carry out the plan previously talked over, of organizing a Mechanics' Institute for San Francisco. Among those present were Mr. George K. Gluyas, who presided, Mr. Roderick Matheson, who acted as secretary, and Messrs. H. E. Carlton, John S. Williams, E. T. Steen, and Benjamin F. Haywood, who were appointed a committee, with the acting president and secretary, to draft a constitution and by-laws.

The above proceedings were published in all of the city papers, and favorable comments were made upon the move to establish a library.

The next meeting was held in the chambers of the Board of Aldermen, on Wednesday evening, January 3, 1855, Mr. Gluyas in the chair. Mr. B. F. Haywood then reported a plan for raising funds as follows: We, the undersigned, being desirous of establishing a Mechanics' Institute in the city of San Francisco, and for furthering the same, do hereby agree to pay the respective sums set opposite our names, to be taken in the stock of the Institute at twenty-five dollars per share. And we further agree to be governed by such constitution and by-laws as the majority of subscribers may adopt; provided, nevertheless, that no subscriber shall be entitled to vote until ten per cent. of the amount



of his subscription shall have been paid to the chairman of the meeting. It is also further understood and agreed, that these subscriptions shall not be binding until the sum of ten thousand dollars shall have been subscribed."

This report was adopted, and a committee of sixteen appointed to procure subscribers. The names of the committee were: B. F. Haywood, Peter Donahue, M. C. Elliot, J. C. Lane, S. H. Williams, W. Stein, W. La Roche, W. Dennis, Geo. Cofran, C. H. Gough, J. F. Seaman, Mr. Purkett, J. S. Williams, W. Howard, S. C. Bugbee and G. H. Hossefross.

Of the four hundred shares that must be disposed of, one hundred and thirteen were subscribed for on the spot, among the members of the meeting, which then adjourned to the call of the president.

Three weeks later, January 24, another meeting was held, Mr. Gluyas still presiding. Mr. Haywood, of the committee of sixteen, reported that two hundred and sixty-five shares of stock, equivalent to \$16,625, were now taken; and during the evening this amount was increased to two hundred and seventy-two shares, \$6,800.

At the next meeting, two weeks later (Feb. 8th), the committee was able to report that the entire \$10,000 of stock had been subscribed for. Gratified by this successful first step, the meeting passed a motion of congratulation to the committee, and authorized it to collect ten per cent. of the amount, and give receipts for the same.

At this same meeting, Messrs. Haywood, Purkett, and La Roche were appointed a committee to prepare a constitution. The chair also reported that Colonel Baker, Dr. P. W. Gibbons, and the Rev. Mr. Wyatt had volunteered to deliver a course of lectures for the benefit of the proposed Institute.

The encouraging readiness with which the \$10,000 had been subscribed was evidently not equaled by the readiness to pay over the money, for when, on February 21st, the next meeting was held, the committee could report only \$187.50 collected of the \$1,000 they were authorized to collect. At this

meeting, Mr. Piper and Mr. S. C. Bugbee were added to the committee on constitution.

On March 1st, the committee on constitution presented a draft of a constitution. It was discussed at considerable length, and finally referred back to the committee.

On March 6th, another meeting was held, at which the committee again reported the constitution, and it was considered article by article, and finally adopted as a whole. The secretary was then instructed to advertise for twenty days in two papers, that an election for officers and trustees for the ensuing year would be held under it on March 29th.

Up to this date, the money receipts from the stock subscription amounted to \$347.50.

On March 29th, 1855, in accordance with the notice which had for the previous twenty days been given through the public press, the subscribers to the stock of the Institute met at the chambers of the Board of Aldermen, to elect officers. Benj. Haywood was chosen president; Gardner Elliott, S. H. Williams, John C. Macredy, Geo. Cofran, Jas. Ballentine, Eli Cook, and S. C. Bugbee, directors.

On April 5th a committee, consisting of Messrs. Bugbee, Williams, and Dexter, was appointed to draft by-laws for the Institute, as well as other committees on ways, means, and accounts; library, reading-room, and buildings; books and donations; lectures; and charter. Mr. C. Root was made temporary librarian.

At this meeting the first books that the Institute owned were presented by Mr. S. C. Bugbee. They consisted of a copy of the Bible, the Constitution of the United States, an Encyclopedia of Architecture, and Curtis on Conveyancing. Subsequently, two of these—the Bible and the Constitution—were stolen from the rooms; which would seem to indicate a much greater interest in religion and constitutional law at that early day than the community displays at present.

On April 12th the library of the Institute was increased to six books by Mr. H. A. Miller, who presented to it a compendium of the United States Census of 1850, and "Exploration of the Valley of the Amazon," by Lieu-

tenant Gibbon. At this meeting the committee on by-laws reported rules for the government of the Institute, which were adopted.

On May 1st Mr. F. Boyd laid before the board a design for a seal, which he offered to have engraved and to present to the Institute. His offer was accepted, and the engraving was done by J. W. Tucker.

At a meeting on June 21st the secretary was instructed to write to similar institutions in the Eastern States, informing them of the organization of the Mechanics' Institute, and soliciting such exchanges of books and scientific apparatus as they might be willing to give.

July 2d, Mr. Brooks, the Treasurer, having resigned, Mr. C. H. Gough was elected to fill the vacancy. S. C. Bugbee, Trustee, and Mr. LaRoche, Corresponding Secretary, having moved from the State, R. B. Williams and H. F. Williams were elected in their places.

The treasurer's report at this date showed that money still came in slowly. \$476 had been received; but as the expenses of the Institute had scarcely begun, only \$122.50 had been paid out, leaving a balance on hand of \$353.50. At this meeting, however, the committee on buildings reported that they had leased a room for \$25 a month. This room (which was leased from Sam Brannan) was Room 10, in the fourth story of the Express Building, at the corner of California and Montgomery Streets. The committee reported that they would soon have it fitted up in a suitable manner for present needs.

The library received at this meeting the gift of thirty-nine volumes of United States documents and reports, from Hon. J. A. McDougall. This made only forty-five books in all thus far; but so considerable an accession were the thirty-nine volumes in proportion to what had gone before, that it was ordered that a gilt frame be purchased for the lithographic likeness of Mr. McDougall, and that the same be hung in the room of the Institute. This was the first picture owned by the Institute. Books, it must be remembered, in those early days, were by no means so abundant as now, nor so easily pro-

cured. The books brought with them by the pioneers were their few most valued ones; while those imported by booksellers were still in no great numbers, and no one had yet accumulated on his hands the quantity of old and more or less unprized volumes which gathers little by little in private houses, and other nooks, after some years; so that a gift of books was a really considerable thing at that time.

The committee on books now felt that it would soon be necessary to have a bookcase for the forty-five volumes and their coming reinforcements. They also urged upon the Board the importance of having a reading room, supplied with the periodicals of the day.

A circular for general distribution was prepared at this time, from which the following is a quotation:

"To those who have experienced the advantages, and can therefore duly appreciate the value, of such institutions, it can scarcely be deemed necessary to argue its general usefulness. But to the mechanics of San Francisco, who are here from every State of the American Union and most European States, widely separated from the wholesome influences of home, with but few places of innocent amusement to which to resort, such an association as this has become almost a necessity."

In order to increase interest in helping the Institute, it was ordered, July 17th, that all donations to the Institute be acknowledged through the city papers. A member also suggested that two or three city papers be left at the rooms to be filed and preserved for future reference; and out of this suggestion grew the present extensive reading rooms.

At this meeting the advisability of lighting the rooms with gas was discussed, and it was decided to be impracticable on account of the expense. One of the bills that was approved at one of the meetings about this time, was of two dollars for candles. So close was the economy, and so careful and small the beginnings, to which the founders of the Institute were willing to devote their time and



attention; and to the fact that they, active business men, at a time of great lavishness and carelessness in the money affairs of this community, did not despise such minute care and small achievements, nor drop the thing, discouraged, is due the continued existence and final success of their enterprise.

On July 31st, Mr. Root, who had been appointed librarian, having failed to qualify, P. B. Dexter, the secretary, was elected and installed the first librarian of the Institute.

Meanwhile, now that steady though small expenses were going on, the continued lack of money became an increasingly serious matter, and on August 21st it was decided to take more active measures than heretofore toward making the institution a success. An energetic effort was to be made to collect the money due from previous subscriptions, and new subscription lists were to be prepared—the surplus funds to be invested in books and periodicals. On August 28th, Miss Sarah B. Warren added two volumes to the small collection, the first donated by a lady. (The writer has not been able to learn the titles of these books.) In September the second installment of ten per cent. of the amount subscribed was ordered to be called in and collected.

On September 12th, the first financial statement of the Institute was given. It showed that four hundred shares of stock had been subscribed for by 194 persons, of whom 136 had paid, upon 269 shares of stock, the first installment of ten per cent.; and Thomas H. Selby had paid in full for one share. Total amount paid in, \$695. After deducting bills paid and payable, a balance on hand of \$125 remained.

There were various changes in the officials of the library during this first and most difficult year. Henry F. Williams, Charles H. Gough, and R. R. Williams filled vacancies on the board, and October 3d, Mr. Haywood, the President, having resigned, John Sime, Vice President, succeeded to that office. Mr. Haywood went East, and carried with him credentials enabling him to receive contributions and urge the claims of the Institute. He visited many libraries, and a large num-

ber of honorary memberships were created, chiefly among journalists in the Atlantic States. Among the signers to Mr. Haywood's letter of introduction were James Van Ness, then Mayor, C. K. Garrison, S. P. Webb, and C. J. Benham, Ex-Mayors; and Drexel, Sather & Church, Sanders & Brenham, Lucas, Turner & Co., and William T. Sherman, leading bankers of the city.

It really seemed at this date as if it were time to do something in regard to the library if it was to succeed, for the total number of books was but seventy-five, and most of these were government reports. October 16th a volume of sermons was donated, and for some time thereafter the library department was at a standstill.

Colonel E. D. Baker was one of the earliest friends of the Institute, and he delivered a lecture in its behalf on the evening of November 2d, in Musical Hall, on Bush Street, below Montgomery. December 11th General Van Voorhees delivered the second lecture, and February 7th, 1856, General J. A. McDougall gave the third of the course.

The minutes of this hard first year are full of significant minutiae. The year's "expenses for candles" were thirteen dollars. Financial difficulties continued, and when the year's accounts were brought out twenty-one dollars ahead, there was great rejoicing among the faithful few.

During the winter of '55-'56, a debating club was organized, and well attended by young men.

When the second annual election was held, March 5th, 1856, sixty-eight votes were cast, and Roderick Matheson was elected president. The annual report, then read by Mr. Sime, the retiring president, showed the result of the work done. Total receipts were \$1,106.86; total disbursements, \$1,085.37. Two hundred and eighty-two persons had joined the Institute, but only one hundred and fifteen had paid assessments on stock, and only ninety-two had paid quarterly dues. The institution was struggling with the problem of how to collect its assets. Its library consisted by this time of four hundred and eight-seven volumes, of little general interest.

The reading rooms were in the fourth story, and difficult of access. An earnest appeal was made to the mechanics of this city to join the association, and a committee was appointed to solicit subscriptions for the purchase of a building lot. The legislature was also petitioned to grant an appropriation of \$5,000 for this purpose. A mechanics' lien law having been introduced, its provisions were approved, and its passage recommended by the members.

Sometime in May of this year, a lot, one-half of fifty-vara, on the north-east corner of Pine and Leidesdorff streets, was offered for sale at \$25,000, payable in ten years. The Institute greatly desired this lot, and talked of purchasing it, but the price was too high. Mr. Russ then offered to sell it a lot on the north side of Bush Street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets, 78.6 x 137.6 feet, for \$11,500, to be paid in ten years, with interest at ten per cent. This also was impossible, however; and matters remained as they were till May 13th, when new rooms were obtained on California street, between Montgomery and Sansome, from Mr. Polhemus, at a rent of \$75 a month, and a portion was sublet for \$30.

This May, Colonel Warren, then owner of the California "Farmer," addressed the Institute, urging it to unite with the State Agricultural Society in their proposed exhibition. In the end, this proved a most important suggestion, for the result of the part taken by the Institute in the exhibition that fall gave a direction to its activity the year after, which was fraught with beneficial consequences.

The financial statement for the quarter ending with June, made by Mr. William McKibben, showed that the total receipts had been \$525, the expenses \$606—a deficit of \$81. This it was proposed to meet by a course of lectures, the price of tickets to be fifty cents each. A long circular, setting forth the aims and hopes of the Institute, and urging readers to join, was then issued, and ordered to be extensively circulated.

In spite of all these efforts, on July 30th

the secretary and librarian, Mr. P. B. Dexter, laid before the Board a statement as follows: That it was painfully evident to him that the Institute could not any longer afford to pay his salary; and that he therefore requested the Board to pass a resolution that from and after the present month it should cease; and that he would give his services gratuitously until he could make other arrangements. It is needless to say that his request was at once complied with, and the thanks of the Board voted, and an anxious discussion entered upon as to ways and means to relieve the institution from its financial embarrassment.

Not to go into these details further, at the close of July, when Mr. Matheson resigned, and Mr. Elliott took his place as president, the debts of the Institute were about seven hundred dollars, and the political and mining excitements of the time had withdrawn the attention of the public from its purposes and necessities more completely than before. It was difficult to know where to look for any field for new efforts in its behalf. At this point, however, very efficient help came from a new direction, which put a final end to these early anxieties. Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne tendered a benefit to the Institute. The theater was filled to overflowing, and \$1029.50 were realized, after paying all expenses. This more than paid the debts of the Institute, restored its credit, and set it free to enter upon a career of comparative prosperity.

### III.

IN March, 1857, when the third annual election took place, John Sime was elected President. By this time plans for a building had been discussed, and it had been decided to hold an Industrial Fair in September. Circulars had been sent throughout the State, inviting mechanics, manufacturers, miners, artists, agriculturists, and all producers, to co-operate in the display. In the previous October the Institute had made an exhibit at the State Fair, held that year in San Jose, and their success encouraged this more important attempt.

The balance in the treasury was at this



time only about three hundred dollars, and the effort to hold a large Mechanics' Fair must certainly be called audacious. With three hundred dollars behind them, however, the managers organized and accomplished the fair. The pavilion then erected covered 20,000 square feet of ground, and was built upon James Lick's property, bounded by Post, Sutter, and Montgomery Streets. The plan was a Greek cross, with a dome ninety feet in diameter. The use of the site was donated, the architects gave their services, and all the daily journals aided the work with an enthusiasm never since surpassed. Edward Pollock wrote the opening poem, in praise of the "Genius of Mechanic Art."

"She waves her hand—the seas are white  
With ships impatient in their flight.  
Her finger traces—and its course  
Is followed by the iron horse.  
All shapes are facile at her nod,  
From the rude cabin logs and sod,  
To temples of the living God."

Nahl made the design for the silver and bronze medals, and Albert Küner executed the dies. Britton & Rey designed and lithographed the diplomas. Both medals and diplomas attracted attention abroad, because of their fitness and artistic beauty.

There were 941 exhibits made. A study of these shows that many of the largest and most successful industries of the present time were already taking root on the coast. The California Mills were making printing paper; California woods were being worked up into furniture; Folsom granite and Suisun onyx were in the market. Eugene Delessert, of San Jose, exhibited beet root sugar—the first made in California; and the subject was considered so important that a special report was made upon it.

Among the prominent men of the time, who acted as judges in the various departments, were James Lick, Francis Blake, E. W. Church, James Ballentine, J. H. Titcomb, Charles Main, Ira P. Rankin, A. B. Forbes, R. E. Cole, Frederick Billings, Henry Gibbons, H. Channing Beals, Samuel A. Chapin, L. B. Benchley, Louis Blanding, Wm. F. Herrick, Thos. O. Larkin, Alex. G. Abell, John Center, and J. Mora Moss.

The California Horticultural Society had its first annual exhibit at the same time, and under the auspices of the Mechanics' Institute, fifty-eight exhibits were represented. Captain F. W. Macondray, of this city, was president, and Rev. O. C. Wheeler was secretary of the society. The former exhibited sixteen varieties of grapes raised under glass at San Mateo. Long reports were made upon grapes and wines. A white wine, of the vintage of 1842, grown by Don Luis Vignes, of Los Angeles, received honorable mention. Sainsevain Bros., Kohler & Frohling, and General M. G. Vallejo took premiums for wine.

When the fair was over, it was found that the total receipts were \$22,347.68, and the total expenditures were \$17,969.20. The receipts of one day were donated to the orphan asylums of the City. Counting in the available assets, in the shape of building and fixtures, the Institute cleared \$8,268.48 by the enterprise.

The third annual report, of March 5th, 1858, reviewed this most successful Mechanics' Fair, and showed that the library had, besides its ordinary balance on hand of \$203.42, the sum of \$3,413.41 remaining from the profits of the fair. More than a thousand dollars had been spent for new books. The library rooms were now on Montgomery Street, between California and Sacramento, where they remained until 1861.

It was decided to hold another exhibition in the autumn of 1858. But the Fraser River excitement greatly lessened the receipts this time, and the profits of the fair were but \$1,972. The same pavilion was used, but two additions were found necessary. James A. Banks delivered the opening address.

#### IV.

THE Institute seemed to have now reached a reasonable degree of prosperity. But the most exciting events of its history were during the ten years following the two successful exhibitions that have been here described. The third fair, held in 1860, in a new pavilion built on the Lick House Block, was a very

disastrous failure. There were dissensions and ill-advised expenditures, so that a loss of fifteen or eighteen thousand dollars is said to have been incurred. It is impossible to state it exactly, for no tabulated statement or official documents of any kind for this third exhibition can be found in the printed reports.

The condition of affairs now seemed almost hopeless. The foothold that had been gained by the patient devotion of officers and members during the five previous years was apparently lost. Matters went from bad to worse, in spite of lenient creditors and close economy, until February, 1863, when urgent appeals were made through the public press, for support from those engaged in mechanical and other pursuits.

The Institute had so gained the confidence of the business men of the community, that these appeals met with generous responses; and in October, 1863, the Institute's new building, on California Street (No. 529), was opened for the library. The debt still due consisted of two mortgages, one for \$6,000, the other for \$2,500, the latter soon to fall due. The business men of San Francisco were so pleased with the Institute, on account of its sound action on the currency question (it will be noticed that these years of its depression were coincident with the war-period), that they donated the amount required to pay off this mortgage. Professors Brewer and Whitney, and Rev. T. Starr King delivered a course of lectures in the Institute's behalf, and the net proceeds were \$1,000.

The fair of 1864 was held in a new pavilion, upon Union Square. Joseph Britton was president, A. S. Hallidie, vice-president, E. Nunan, treasurer, William Patton, corresponding secretary, and P. B. Dexter, recording secretary. The sum of \$10,000 was raised in the form of a loan, to be repaid without interest from the proceeds of the fair. The committee at first had wished to secure the use of the old plaza, "considering Union Square on the outskirts of the city," but the authorities refused to allow this. Could the members of this committee have

clambered over the high sand hills to where the pavilion is now located, they would have found it impossible to believe that the growth of a century could carry the center of population so far west.

The pavilion, of which P. J. O'Connor was architect, and donated his services, covered a space, when completed, of over fifty-five thousand square feet, and was crowded with products of the Pacific Coast. Hon. John Conness delivered an eloquent and patriotic opening address, September 3, in the new music hall. The famous Sanitary Cheese, made by Steele Brothers, of Santa Cruz, and weighing three thousand, nine hundred and thirty-six pounds, was on exhibition as a "side show."

The total receipts of this fair were \$51,879.55, and the net profits proved to be \$2,841.91. But the building, which had cost \$21,968.46, belonged to the Institute for use another season. After the fair had closed, October 1st, such accounts of the excessive drouth in parts of Southern California reached the city that the pavilion was re-opened for October 3d, and the receipts, amounting to \$1,368, were donated to the relief committee.

The fifth Mechanics' Fair — Charles M. Plum President of the Institute — opened August 10th, 1865. Frank M. Pixley delivered the address, in which he urged continued effort to encourage the immigration of working men and women, and the development of home manufactures. "Half the money risked and lost by our people," he said, "in their wild excitement for new diggings, from the time of Gold Bluff to the last expedition in search of lost treasure on Cocos Island, would have given us a railroad through every valley in the State."

This fair of '65 was especially interesting because of the famous Prevost display of silkworms and cocoons. Prevost had been making silk for several years, and raised over one hundred thousand cocoons yearly, at his home near San Jose. A "mulberry fever" prevailed for some time, and large plantations were established by many persons, who however soon discovered that the high price of



labor was an almost insuperable difficulty, in the way of profitable sericulture.

The Pioneer Woolen Mills, established in 1859, and employing over six hundred persons, were awarded the "Institute Gold Medal," the first ever given. F. F. Low, H. W. Halleck, H. P. Coon, and J. M. Eckfeldt constituted the committee for awarding this important prize.

When the accounts for this fair came to be balanced, it was found that the entire debt of the Institute had been wiped out, leaving a balance of \$10,000 to its credit. Within the next three years, however, this gain was lost, and the Institute again in debt.

About 1868, the members seemed to realize that there was a future before the society, and extraordinary efforts were made to put the Mechanics' Institute on a firm footing, and remove from it the incubus of debt as well as the disadvantages of lack of unity. A. S. Hallidie was then President of the Institute. A long struggle to change its constitution, so as to do away with the stockholder system, and adopt the more democratic plan of making each member a voter, had resulted in the complete success of the reformers. A comparatively small group of business men, determined to build up the Library and Institute for the public benefit, holding it as a trust, and not as private property, were able to impress their views upon the majority.

The election of 1868, by which this was accomplished, was a most exciting and extraordinary one. Huge posters were stuck all over the town. The press was full of the subject. Moreover, meetings were held, and at the election, almost every member in good standing went to the polls. After the close of the polls, and as soon as the vote was declared in favor of the new régime, the whistles of the foundries in the city sent up a shriek and howl of jubilation, which well nigh gave the early sleepers the nightmare.

In the same year, the Mechanics' Institute having decided to hold another industrial fair, and needing money to erect a building, the city gave the use of Union Square, and her citizens subscribed a loan of \$25,000 for

the purpose. The policy of the Institute was thus settled, to use its fairs only as a means of making money for the far more important library, with its reading rooms and educational departments.

The purchase of the Post street property—where the library is now situated—marked the turn of the tide. Some of the far-sighted members of the Institute desired at the time to buy clear through to Market Street; but the struggle to secure a move from 529 California Street was all that could be done at the time. Among the directors of 1868 were Abner Doble, Henry L. Davis, D. R. Coleman, Horace D. Dunn, Joseph R. Wilcox, and H. J. Holmes.

A new pavilion was now built on Union Square at a cost of almost \$30,000, and covering a floor area of some 73,000 square feet. Honorable Newton Booth delivered the opening address. The seventh industrial fair was held in 1869, and Irving M. Scott was the speaker. These two fairs, held in the same building, should be considered together. Ramie and ramie culture was as much a feature of both, as silk culture had been of a previous one.

Owing to the erection of the library building on Post Street, the Institute was some \$50,000 in debt before the seventh fair. Every effort was therefore made by the directors and members to reduce the expenses. "No free tickets" was the cry, and, as several times before in financial need, each officer and member bought his own ticket. There were volunteers for work at the pavilion, and business men who had spent all day in their offices were nightly in the fair building at work.

Indeed, the whole history of the growth of the Institute shows an amount of sacrifice to public good, on the part of business men, that it would be difficult to parallel in any other city. There was a resolve to "make the thing go, somehow." When times were hard, the directors saved clerk hire and watchmen's wages by doing the work themselves; and many are the stories told by the jolly old pioneers of the Institute about the rare frolics held in the old pavilion, the jokes

they played on each other, the pleasant bonds of friendship close-knit during the careful and painstaking struggle to economize every penny and utilize every force, and so win deserved success.

The net gain upon these two fairs, the sixth and seventh, was \$25,000. It was now evident that the cost of a temporary building was fatal to the true idea of the Institute. It cost too much for labor, and was too much work to superintend. Either a long lease must be had, or ground must be purchased and a permanent building erected. Between 1856 and 1869 the Institute had spent \$108,000 in temporary buildings, of which ninety per cent. was dead loss. So soon as this impressive fact was recognized, the best men of the Institute began to work on the problem, but its full solution was delayed for some years.

In 1874, the Institute, having removed its building from Union Square some three years previously, decided to hold another and grander exhibition, and obtained the use of two 100-vara lots (275 by 550 feet), for the payment of taxes and street improvements, from Mr. Andrew McCreery. In order to enable it to put up a building adapted to the scheme, the citizens were called on, and in four days over fifty thousand dollars were borrowed, without interest. The building and fittings cost one hundred and six thousand dollars; the officers gave their personal notes for the difference; and in order to protect the Mechanics' Institute from any possible loss, in case of non-success, organized a separate body, called the Board of Managers of the Industrial Exhibition. But the people of San Francisco rallied to their support, and in that year the receipts were eighty-five thousand dollars. The enthusiasm did not die out, for the following year the receipts were a little under one hundred thousand dollars, and although the magnitude of the undertaking was so great, for the times, that many predicted failure, in 1878 the Mechanics' Institute was free from debt, with a splendid library, in a fine, three-story building on Post Street, and the magnificent pavilion building, five hundred and fifty feet by two

hundred feet in size, was entirely unencumbered.

But this was not sufficient. The popularity of the Industrial Fairs—held by the Institute had steadily grown, until all the members now saw, as some had foreseen for some years, the necessity of owning the land on which they could erect a permanent Exhibition Building. But the great cost of a site of sufficient size, and with a sufficiently central location, made them hesitate about plunging again into debt—from which they had but just been released, after so many years of earnest and self-sacrificing labor. But the facts that over \$200,000 had now been expended in the construction of temporary buildings, and that centrally located property was becoming more and more valuable every year—induced the members at a special meeting, December 15, 1880, to purchase a block of land opposite the new City Hall, and bounded by Larkin, Grove, Hayes, and Polk streets, paying therefor the sum of \$175,000, which was raised by mortgages. Seven fairs in all were held in this building, and the profits paid for the pavilion, and also added \$60,483 to the Institute's treasury. The twentieth fair, held last year, showed receipts of \$49,175.15, and expenditures of \$27,468.20, or a profit of \$21,706.95; and the twenty-first, which opens this month, is expected to be one of the most successful fairs ever held under the auspices of the Institute.

## V.

THE library whose beginning with four donated volumes has already been noted, contained some nine hundred volumes in 1858, ten thousand volumes in 1868, thirty thousand volumes in 1878, and has forty-two thousand volumes at the present time. If the profits of the annual fair continue as large as of late years, the library can soon be made one of the great reference libraries of the country, without in any respect lessening its general usefulness and popularity. It has a number of rare and costly works, worthy of mention. Sometime in 1856, Messrs.



Barry & Patten gave the library a copy of Murphy's Arabian Antiquities, in two volumes, of which two copies only are said to exist in the United States, and which was originally furnished to subscribers at one hundred guineas each. Between 1868 and 1878 the Institute purchased a set of the transactions of the Royal Philosophical Society of Great Britain. The library also contains full sets of Curtis's Botanical Magazine, *Annales des Mines*, *Pagendorff Annalen*—all full sets, besides such sets as *Engineering*, *Engineer*, *Notes and Queries*, *Mechanics' Magazine*, *Builder*, *London Art Journal*, and a large number of very valuable and rare books of reference upon subjects relating to the mechanic arts, invention, travel and history.

The invaluable set of British Patent Office Reports were secured after two applications and refusals—but a third application, made by Mr. A. S. Hallidie, then President of the Institute, unknown to the directory or members because considered almost hopeless, was successful. These reports occupy the greater portion of a large room in the Institute Building. The Mechanics' Institute by this means became the official depository of the British Patent Office Reports, and it has also succeeded in becoming the official depository of the United States Patent Reports, as well as of the Reports of Victoria and New South Wales, Australia.

The Institute library is remarkably rich in books of reference pertaining to the arts and sciences, and in this particular excels any other library on the coast, and probably any library of its size and age in the United States.

The only bequest ever made to the library was that of ten thousand dollars from James Lick, for scientific books. It has been paid over by the Lick Trustees, but has not yet been spent.

In the efficiency and devotion of the officers of the Institute—all business men of the highest standing—the secret of its success can be discovered. Each successive board has been composed of worthy and able citizens, and it would be impossible to single out any for praise. A. S. Hallidie's long term of extraordinarily devoted and efficient service was succeeded by Irving M. Scott's

energetic management (during 1878 and 1879); while in 1880, P. B. Cornwall assumed office, and the great growth of the Institute in recent years is largely due to his admirable tact, and to the business ability of himself and his efficient boards of directors. The present board of the Institute is composed of the following business men of the city, many of whom have been trustees of the Institute for many years: P. B. Cornwall, President; David Kerr, Vice-President; J. A. Bauer, Treasurer; W. P. Stout, Secretary; James Spiers, Corresponding Secretary; C. Waterhouse, D. A. Macdonald, George Spaulding, C. F. Bassett, J. R. Wilcox, Geo. H. Hopps, Byron Jackson, J. J. Mahoney, John Mallon, Trustees; J. H. Culver, Assistant Secretary; J. H. Gilmore, Superintendent.

Mr. Horace Wilson has been chief librarian since 1878, and the popularity of the library is largely due to his judicious choice and arrangement of books.

The Institute has been a part of the history of the State ever since its small beginnings. Leading men, ignoring sect and party, have laid its foundations and built its walls. Some of the best men of the coast have delivered its annual addresses, and its bound volumes of reports contain an immense mass of useful information relating to the arts and sciences, and to the industrial and agricultural growth of California. Its free evening classes in mechanical drawing, free-hand and perspective, geometry and trigonometry, and Spanish, are designed to lead to the final establishment of a polytechnic school of arts. Some day there will be room for designs, models, collections of woods and minerals, classes in wood-carving, metal work, and various branches of higher industrial art. We can safely leave the future of the Institute in the hands of the business men of San Francisco. It has depended on no millionaire's endowment or State gifts; it has not entered politics; its officers (except the librarians and the assistant secretary) serve without salary. It deserves twice its present membership, and a new library building with shelf room for one hundred thousand volumes.

## RECENT FICTION.—I.

OUTSIDE of translations, there are perhaps among recent novels a smaller number than usual worthy of attention. Among those of the present quarter, *In the Old Palazzo*,<sup>1</sup> *The Crack of Doom*,<sup>2</sup> *Pomegranate Seed*,<sup>3</sup> *Like Lucifer*,<sup>4</sup> and *Her Own Doing*,<sup>5</sup> have all a family resemblance—though the last named is only a novelette, in the Harper's Handy Series, while the others are Franklin Square issues, and of regulation length. *The Crack of Doom* has some originality and a good deal of brightness; and had the author been able to cut away more completely from the conventionalities of the English society novel, he might have produced a really noteworthy book. The story is ingenious, the thread on which it hangs—viz., the approach of a comet to the earth—original, and the intrigues with stock-market, love, and society, of an adventurer, personating an imaginary Austrian count, are raised to the dignity of a psychological study by the happy thought of developing imposture into monomania. The conversations among scientific and literary people are real and bright—such talk as does actually go on among them, instead of such as does duty for it in most novels; indeed, the conversation is enough above the level of the book to cause surprise. Bits, too, occur of neat observations and phrase, such as: "Father and daughter went on for a little, catching at each other's words and ideas in that pleasant domestic vein in which a little wit is made to go a long way by a mutual disposition to be pleased with small profits, if the returns are quick." The story is, however, padded with stock characters, especially women, who talk and

act unreal enough. The other four novels mentioned are altogether, as *The Crack of Doom* is in part, commonplace. *Pomegranate Seed* makes some pretense to deal in Polish and Nihilist plotters and Irish land-leaguers, but obviously from the merest hearsay, and only to supply incident; the others have no individual qualities, but are free from serious deficiencies in intelligence or good taste.

*Foreordained*<sup>6</sup> and *A Den of Thieves*,<sup>7</sup> are scarcely properly classed as fiction at all, the one being a tract upon proper preparation for maternity—quite minute in its directions, and by no means without good sense; and the other a tract upon temperance reform, differing from a typical Sunday school book only by a freer admission of love affairs. *The Death of Hewfik Pasha*<sup>8</sup> is not so absolutely without any literary value as these, but it has very little. It is an old-fashioned romance of sensational love and adventure, but it is not ill-bred, and is written in a straightforward, somewhat stilted, but not disagreeable style, free from solecisms—except the somewhat surprising statement that the hero was guarded by "a drawn scabbard."

Dr. William Hammond persists in the field of fiction, and has lately published, in conjunction with Clara Lanza, a collection of short stories,<sup>9</sup> devoted to the eccentric and morbid. They are not absolute failures, like the novels of the same author, but neither are they really successful. They are readable, and each one, as the reader comes to it, seems about to be entertaining and in-

<sup>6</sup> *Foreordained: A Story of Heredity.* New York: Fowler & Wells Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>7</sup> *A Den of Thieves, or The Lay Reader of St. Mark's.* By Mary Cruger. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1886.

<sup>8</sup> *The Death of Hewfik Pasha.* New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Phillips & Hunt.

<sup>9</sup> *Tales of Eccentric Life.* By William A. Hammond and Clara Lanza. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by William Doney.

<sup>1</sup> *In the Old Palazzo.* By Gertrude Ford. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1886.

<sup>2</sup> *The Crack of Doom.* By William Minto. New York: Harper & Bros. 1886.

<sup>3</sup> *Pomegranate Seed.* New York: Harper & Brothers. 1886.

<sup>4</sup> *Like Lucifer.* By Denzil Vane. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1886.

<sup>5</sup> *Her Own Doing.* By W. E. Norris. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1886.



genious; but when read proves disappointing, either trivial or labored. They are artificially whimsical, rather than ingenious. Still, when so great a number of short stories is continually published by periodicals, and—human invention being limited—so much monotony prevails among these, it is something to achieve novelty in one, even though it be not of high order.

*The Story of Don Miff*<sup>1</sup> is a somewhat exasperating novel, which it has pleased the author to construct after a fashion of his own, and a tedious and confusing fashion. It consists chiefly of digressions—deliberate digressions, most of them humorously intended—digressions within digressions, interludes, in which the fictitious author develops his own personality or chaffs with the other characters of the story, comments on the matter or manner of the book, outbursts of political opinion. All this, as we have implied, is not unconsciously done, but is the deliberate plan upon which the story is constructed, something as Dr. Holmes weaves a thread of narrative in with his breakfast-table reflections—and we need hardly say that Dr. Holmes is not a safe model for most writers to follow. Mr. Dabney is a devoted Virginian, and explains, in several of his digressions, that his chief object in the story is to describe the old Virginian life before the war, to which he looks back with longing and affection—while conceding that it stood on an impossible foundation, and was bound to pass away sooner or later. The trait in the Virginian society of those days which he desires most strongly to bring out, is its union of aristocratic refinement with perfect unconventionality; and one of the young ladies is avowedly a type designed to show how “Virginia girls could be gay without being indiscreet, joyous, yet not loud, unconventional, yet full of real dignity.” That the wild romps and free drinking of the men, the giggling, chaffing, and incessant talk of lovers among the girls, will produce

<sup>1</sup> *The Story of Don Miff*, as told by his friend, John Bouche Whacker. *A Symphony of Life*. Edited by Virginius Dabney. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Company. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Joseph A. Hoffmann.

the intended pleasant impression upon any reader who has not himself affectionate memories connected with old Virginia, is highly improbable. The most unpleasant trait in the book is the jocose view of love and marriage, which are regarded as inexhaustible subjects for drollery, from teasing a child of four about “her sweetheart” upward. This is, of course, a trait not peculiar to *Don Miff*, nor in any way novel; but the society in which it is most familiar nowadays, is that of an inferior order. The romps, the jests, the love-making, of *Don Miff*, based upon this jocose view, can be found scarcely caricatured below stairs many an evening when the family above stairs is indulgent or absent. It is a perplexing thing in Southern novels that this second-rate quality coexists with so much refinement and intelligence. *Don Miff* is abundantly sprinkled with these qualities throughout, and with a very neat humor, sufficiently in contrast with his humor when girls or courtship are in question. One quotation gives a very fair idea of the best manner of the book:

It was, indeed, . . . the settled conviction of the Protestants of Virginia at that day, that all Catholics were as surely destined to the bottomless pit as the very heathen who had never so much as heard a whisper of the glad tidings. (My Catholic friends often complained to me of this bigotry. For my part, I hardly knew whether to laugh or to weep, when I remembered that they had made precisely the same arrangements for my Protestant acquaintance.)

*Cut: A Story of West Point*<sup>2</sup> is by the author of “A Model Wife” already reviewed in the *OVERLAND*. It is perhaps a better book than its predecessor, but that is not saying a great deal. It is a rather unpleasant story, with the sentimental moral that it is a man’s duty to ruin his whole life, rather than act counter to a conscientious scruple of his grandmother, which his own conscience does not second. The contradiction in terms of a West Point cadet promising not to fight, makes the motive still more inadequate to the behavior. There is spirit and

<sup>2</sup> *Cut: A Story of West Point*. By J. I. Cervus. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Jos. A. Hoffmann.

reality, however, in the descriptions of West Point cadet life, and the rapid sketch of war experiences and reunions of old classmates after the war is attractive and interesting.

Mrs. Helen Campbell, whose "Mrs. Herndon's Income" was lately reviewed by the *OVERLAND*, gives the results of another and somewhat different research into the needs of the poor. in *Miss Melinda's Opportunity*<sup>2</sup>—a short, bright story, to show how shop-girls can set up coöperative housekeeping, and how likely they will be to fall in with rich old ladies, anxious to find out what to do with their money, to help them. We fear the part about the rich old lady will not come true, but it helps out the story as a story, and does not injure it as a tract, for the coöperative housekeeping would have succeeded without help—did succeed without help, in fact, for the rich old lady's money went to extending the experiment, not to helping the pioneers in it. Indeed, her part of the story is also a tract, addressed to a different class—to the rich, to point out the admirable field for beneficence in that class which Stewart so colossally failed to benefit, through profound ignorance of their needs. That sensible working women want no charity, and know better than anyone else what their own needs are, and that they cannot be helped by the wholesale, but in small numbers and through personal acquaintance, are points Mrs. Campbell tries especially to bring out—emphasizing them by making the old lady so childlike and indecisive that she is wax in the hands of the girls themselves, when it comes to planning the practical means of making her money useful. But whether the old lady appears or not, it remains true that the girls can get on without her; that the plan outlined by Mrs. Campbell, by which the right sort of working girls can get some degree of home privacy, home comfort, and home spirit, without more cost than in the dreary boarding houses, and with perfect independence, is an entirely practicable one.

The great difficulty, as in all other plans for bettering people's condition, is, that the majority of working girls, like the majority of every other class, are not the right sort to do these things. Modest, energetic, sensible girls, appreciative of pretty homes and of Emerson and Ruskin, handy and capable, do not stand behind every counter. Mrs. Campbell has, indeed, not taken her pioneers in the experiment from behind the counter, but from somewhat more exclusive positions—book-keeping, telegraphing, etc.

Two American novels, decidedly of the better class, are *Not in the Prospectus*<sup>3</sup> and *Justina*.<sup>4</sup> The first one of these is in Houghton, Mifflin & Co's paper-covered summer series; the other in the No Name series—both series that have selected a high average of fiction.

*Not in the Prospectus* has no especial mission, but is simply a story; and a pretty and refined one—unless it be considered a mission to warn the unwary against the great European tourist excursions. The experiences of the tourist party are doubtless a little caricatured, and Mr. Messer likewise; but on the whole, the lively account of both is doubtless a warning well worth heeding by the fastidious. *Justina* has a moral. It is a study of that delicate, but evidently attractive, question to the pens of women—the extent to which the obligation of marriage is binding, on account of the legal tie, when for any reason the moral claim of husband or wife has ceased to exist. Possibly it was the experience of Mr. Lewes and George Eliot, and the solution of the difficulty chosen by them, that has drawn the attention of novelists in this direction. Miss Woolson's latest novel turns on this question—What must lovers do when separated by a marriage tie that has no sacredness outside of its legal force?—and decides that it is their duty to absolutely renounce each other; decides, many will think, most

<sup>2</sup> *Not in the Prospectus*. By Parke Danforth. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

<sup>3</sup> *Justina*. No Name series. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1886.

<sup>1</sup> *Miss Melinda's Opportunity*. By Helen Campbell. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1886.



rightly. Others will think that a woman's duty, not only to herself and her lover, but to society, demands that where the way is perfectly open, through just divorce, she should exchange the false form of marriage for true marriage. The author of *Justina*, with some daring, yet with perfect purity, takes it as the straightforward and common-sense view, that where a third person stands legally between the hands of lovers, yet for any reason has forfeited the right to interpose between their hearts, the situation should be accepted just as it stands—the legal barrier respected, the freedom for avowed friendship and affection taken. Justina and Rolfe "lived it out" to the end as avowed lovers, setting no limits to their exchange of affection, and accepting the restrictions of ordinary friendship in their intercourse. The relation is noble, and is told with dignity and nobility in the story. Whether it would be in life wise or practicable, is another thing. It involves a secrecy, or even duplicity, hurtful to dignity and confusing to the moral sense; it might be carried out, with even some degree of happiness, by the woman, but it is questionable whether the situation would be tolerable to the man. Passing by this main point, we must add that the social background of the study is very well drawn, refined and intelligent. The life and manners of wealthy and somewhat cosmopolitan people of intellect and station, in an aristocratic New England village, the tranquil charm of the place, the serenity and sweetness of manners, the influences that produce, as their final and typical result, such a "nice girl" as Mary Beverly—all these are well caught.

*Constance of Acadia*<sup>6</sup> is the first of a series of historical romances, which are to describe old colonial life in America. Constance was the Huguenot wife of Charles La Tour, lord-lieutenant of Acadia, about the middle of the seventeenth century. The design of this able and high-minded woman was to make Acadia a Huguenot colony, in

order to build up a French Protestant power, based on something such principles as those of New England, which might, in time, become a nation. She is a striking and beautiful figure, but otherwise we cannot call the book a success as a novel. It is in that capacity confused and dim, and quite without any narrative flow. Regarded as a historical study, it is interesting and suggestive; but to appreciate it as such would require a considerable knowledge of Acadian colonial history, and only a specialist in that history could properly criticize it. So thoroughly are the lines of fact and fiction confused, that it is quite impossible for the reader who is not a specialist, to know whether he is being solemnly mocked with make-believe historic notes, the story counterfeiting history with an air more innocent than Mr. Hale's in his realistic sketches, or whether he is reading what is really a history, to which a thin film of fiction has been added. To many readers, certainly, the interest of the book is thus lost; it may affect others differently, and there is much intelligence, insight, humor, and good writing in it.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson has lately published two romances, *Prince Otto* and *Kidnapped*.<sup>7</sup> They are pure romances, intended only to excite and entertain—and yet about *Prince Otto* a sort of moral clings, in the miseries of both Prince and Princess on their throne with discord, and their happiness, as commoners, with love. It is, take it all in all, a rather tender and romantic tale; and take it in detail, a sprightly and entertainingly humorous one. Nothing could be more demurely amusing than situation after situation. The encounters between the English tourist and the Prince and Princess are especially good. The contents of *Kidnapped* are well enough foreshadowed by the subtitle: "Being memoirs of the adventures of David Balfour in the year 1751; how he was Kidnapped and cast away: his sufferings in

<sup>1</sup> *Constance of Acadia*. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.

<sup>2</sup> *Prince Otto*. A Romance. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.

<sup>3</sup> *Kidnapped*. By Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1886.

a Desert Isle ; his journey in the wild Highlands ; his acquaintance with Allan Breck Stewart, and other notorious Highland Jacobites ; with all that he suffered at the hands of his Uncle, Ebenezer Balfour, of Shaws, falsely so called." It is, in fact, as

gentlemanly and entertaining a book of adventure as could well be written, and is intended, perhaps, particularly for boys. It is worth notice, in passing, that Mr. Stevenson, or his publishers, decline to be led into the unpleasant dictionary spelling, "kidnaped."

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## ETC.

THE new president of Yale College, in his recent inaugural address, said that it would be his policy to develop the college into a university, largely by drawing together the different affiliated schools into more organic relations. President Holden, in his inaugural address at Berkeley last June, expressed a like intention. The organic relations between the classical and literary college and the scientific and technical schools at Berkeley, are already as intimate as they could possibly be made—so intimate as even to create confusion between their really quite divergent functions and motives. But the affiliation of the special schools in the city—Law, Medicine, Pharmacy, and Dentistry—has been scarcely more than nominal. Since President Holden's arrival, several quiet steps have been taken, in such ways as the meeting of faculties, to draw the departments closer together ; and the way having been thus prepared, a more obvious advance has been made in the establishment of matriculation requirements for the law school. The requirements are by no means severe—about the amount of preparation given by any high school ; in fact, we believe they are the same as those asked for matriculation to the literary course at Berkeley—and even from this, concessions are to be made for a year or two in the matter of Latin. It impresses us as a very wise and reasonable arrangement. A college education cannot be exacted—ought not to be exacted—of every law student, wise though the custom is that exerts a moral influence in favor of it. But certainly it is not proper that young lads fresh from the grammar schools, or elder men who have not the enterprise to give themselves a preparation beyond that of a grammar school, should fill up the seats at lectures and examinations that should be adapted to mature and trained minds. An instructor can hardly make his lectures profitable to college-bred men unless he makes them unintelligible to schoolboys.

MATRICULATION requirements for a law school are rare. The usual custom is to require in a general way such evidences of proper preparation as shall satisfy the authorities. Not half a dozen law schools in the country require a specific matriculation. Neither Harvard, Yale, Columbia, or Michigan formally exact

as high a one as our school now does. But in these older institutions the tradition in favor of college preparation for the study of law is usually so strong that the necessity of a matriculation has not been imperative. Here, however, the tradition was breaking down ; only a small minority of the students were college-bred, and a very large number had the merest schoolboy education. The decree that this year cuts off such from the law school will save an enormous waste of time and boys, sending into respectable trades or other work many who were planning a short cut into a feeble attempt at professional life, and inducing others to continue their school days through the high school. The matriculation is to be at Berkeley, which will emphasize the status of the law school as a department of the university. It places it, to be sure, somewhat in the position of an undergraduate department, but there will be many influences to remind the public that it is properly a post-graduate one. We hope and believe that we shall see similar reforms extending to the other special schools, removing the now existing danger of their being taken advantage of as refuges for the indolent.

### Dr. Royce's "California."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OVERLAND MONTHLY :

Your August number contains what seems to me an unjust criticism of Dr. Royce's "California," summed up in conclusion, that "both as literature and as history, it is, on the whole, a failure." Will you grant an admirer of that work space for a few lines of dissent ?

It is to the author's treatment of the Frémont episode that your critic chiefly objects, as follows : "He contrives, without any direct charges, to convey the idea that there was something discreditable in Frémont's purposes and doings, and that this character was in consequence of some private letter from Senator Benton to Frémont, which letter is not given, but only presumed. Whatever the character or actions of men, to imagine the contents of a private letter, and then base charges on them, is not the way to make attacks and write history."

This is not a fair statement of Dr. Royce's position. He has attempted to show that the revolt of



1846 was not due to either of the causes that have been assigned to it—namely, the protection of American settlers from Mexican attack, or secret instructions from the administration at Washington. His “charges,” if slightly veiled in the courtesies deemed due to one who had made most courteous misrepresentations to him, are, on the whole, “direct” enough, to the effect that Frémont, in bringing about the Bear Flag revolt, simply disobeyed the orders of the government, and that he has since given false testimony respecting the purport of those orders and the motives of his action. To substantiate the charge, Royce produces the original instructions, with other documentary evidence, and makes an elaborate argument on every phase of the matter; presenting, however, fully and fairly, all that Frémont has to say in his own defense. The Benton letter, the purport of which is not “presumed” or “imagined,” but “given,” from Frémont’s own version, is not made the basis of any charge, but is rather cited in behalf of the accused, as transferring to another, in part, the responsibility for disobedience.

Now Frémont’s reputation as an officer and a man may not perhaps be worth the space devoted to this subject; but can the same be said respecting the reputation of the government? For forty years the nation has rested under the imputation of dishonorable action in connection with the acquisition of California. For the same period a radically false version of the Bear Flag revolt in most of its phases has been accepted. Is it un-American, or a waste of space, or unworthy the historical toil and talent, to defend his country’s good name, to put the responsibility where it belongs, to correct an error of long standing?

Of course, it would be entirely in order for your critic to show, if he can, that Dr. Royce has not established his position; to note the weak points, if any such there are, in his evidence or his logic; to point out neglected sources, or cite opposing testimony; but he attempts none of these things, and does not even express an opinion that the author’s reasoning on the main issue is not conclusive. Except in giving what seems to me a careless misrepresentation of one of its phases, he is content to ignore the whole matter, being mainly concerned with the “sermonizing reproof of Americans” which he finds in the book.

Plan and style and method of treatment are matters of taste and opinion. Those of Dr. Royce, which to me seem for the most part admirable, your critic finds objectionable and disagreeable, and his right to express his disapproval cannot be questioned. May he legitimately stop there, and condemn the book because of that disapproval? Has history no value as a record of facts? Are truth and accuracy such unimportant elements in a history, that they may be ignored in the criticism of it by a leading literary magazine? Is the manner so very much more vital than the matter?

In any case, whatever may be your solution of

these conundrums, please permit one who has spent many years in the study of early Pacific Coast annals to put on record, for whatever it may be worth, his opinion that Dr. Royce’s book, “both as literature and as history,” is exactly what was to be expected from the author’s reputation as a writer and student, a very perfect piece of work, beyond all comparison superior in matter and manner to any other treatment of the subject extant.

Yours respectfully,

*Henry L. Oak.*

SAN FRANCISCO, July 27, 1886.

#### “Personal Recollections of the Vigilance Committee.”

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OVERLAND MONTHLY :

Doctor Ayres, in his “Personal Recollections of the Vigilance Committee,” published in the August number of the OVERLAND, mentions the Law and Order meeting held on the Plaza, Monday, June 2d, 1856. As he says, the meeting had been advertised in every possible way, and no exertion or expense had been spared to bring together numbers enough to show an overwhelming public sentiment against what was termed the usurpation and tyranny of the Vigilance Committee. It was hoped that it would open the way for the military force to crush that body. As Doctor Ayres also says, the Vigilance Committee and their friends were requested to remain outside the plaza fence, and so it was easy to see how many Law and Order people responded to the call.

At two o’clock, the time for the meeting, I went to the plaza to see and hear from the outside. Taking my stand close to the plaza fence, half way between Clay and Washington Streets, I had a good view of all that occurred. I found the streets outside of the fence packed with people. All the balconies and roofs of buildings around the plaza were covered with people. They were a good-humored crowd, and quite inclined to cheer on the slightest occasion.

Inside of the plaza fence there were a few people gathered around the speaker’s stand, built close by the flag-staff. Doctor Ayres says there may have been two hundred and fifty people there. Possibly; but there did not seem to be so many when one compared the little group with the thousands outside.

There was a good deal of delay, and the wonder was why so few of the boasted numbers of the Law and Order party appeared. And the further wonder was, if no more than these came, what they would undertake to do. By and by several men mounted the rostrum, and seemed to effect an organization, amid the laughter and constant cheering of the crowds outside. There were attempts at violent speaking, as one could see from the gesticulations of the speakers, but what was said could not be heard.

Finally, Colonel E. D. Baker mounted the stand. Everybody knew Colonel Baker. He faced the

multitude, and they cheered. He shook his head, and stroked back his gray locks, and gesticulated for silence; but they would not hear him, and continued to cheer.

Never before had San Francisco's favorite orator been received in that way. People had been accustomed to crowd around him, wherever he was to speak, by night or by day, eager to listen. But now not a word would they hear. He had been associated with others in the defense of Cora, the murderer, before the courts. Cora had been taken from the jail by the Vigilance Committee and hanged. And now the air rang with the continuous cry from many thousands of voices, and from all sides, "Cora!" "Cora!" "Cora!" and not one word would they hear from Colonel Baker.

At this moment a bright thought struck somebody

on the platform. The box was opened, and the large United States flag was brought out. At the sight of it the cheering rose higher. The flag was made fast to its cord, and began to rise. And as it rose, the cheering rose, too. But as it went home to its place at the top of the flag-staff, and the breeze filled out its shining folds, the fastening parted, and the flag came sailing gracefully down to the ground!

Then the cheering rose to a perfect roar, continuing without cessation, and Colonel Baker gave it up. The meeting dispersed. And the outside people went away, saying, "The United States flag refused to wave over such a crowd as that of the Law and Order party." From that time the back-bone of the opposition to the Vigilance Committee was broken.

*S. H. Willey.*

BENICIA, August, 1886.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

### Studies in Shakspeare.<sup>1</sup>

Here are thirteen "Studies." One, divided into three, is "On Reading Shakspeare"; four are entitled "Narrative Analysis"; four, "Miscellanies"; two, "Expositors." Like most Shakspeareans (pray, what's the reason?) Grant White was always dogmatic, often intolerant, sometimes grievously unfair; but he is always incisive, always sincere, and sometimes eloquent. His great learning and his deep insight light up whatever dramatic subject he discusses, and often a profound or bright observation starts the reader on a train of fruitful thought. But he is too fond of paradox and of superlatives, too careless of the moral or immoral tendency of his exaggerations; as when he says, "Women thoroughly unchaste are often enchantingly modest; women chaste as she-dragons are often ungraciously immodest."

He assumes that a large part of one's leisure should be given to Shakspeare. Doubtless the average reader might do worse. A few great works, thoroughly "chewed and digested," would be better food than that with which the omnivorous million gorge and stupefy themselves. But *how* to read Shakspeare? White, without appearing aware of the fact, gives exactly the same advice that Sam Johnson gave in 1765, viz: to read rapidly at first, no matter in what order, the bare text for the story alone, skipping all difficulties, ignoring all comments and criticisms. "Don't read *mine*," he says of notes. After one, or better, two or three such hasty readings, he would have the reader begin a *study* of the plays in the order of

<sup>1</sup> Studies in Shakspeare. By Richard Grant White. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

Hamlet's Note-Book. By Wm. D. O'Connor. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

their production, making three periods, early, middle, and later; and he minutely marks out the course, with good reasons and suggestions interspersed—attending to the language, construction, thought, and feeling—a critical study, but "not wasting much time in beating one's head against difficulties." He advises to steer clear of Shakspeare clubs, and shun editions that point out beauties in Shakspeare. Especially must one avoid all German commentators. "Like the western diver," says White, "they go down deeper, and stay down longer than other critics, but like him too, come up muddier."

The four "Narrative Analyses" follow, and never have we seen the stories of Macbeth, Hamlet, Othello, and As You Like It, more exquisitely told. Some of his running comments will startle. Of Lady Macbeth he says, "A woman without tenderness, and without the capacity of devotion, and withal, able, crafty, and ambitious, is the most unscrupulous and remorseless creature under the canopy of heaven"; of Macbeth, "He was weighted in the race of ambition with scruples, the heaviest of all clogs on those who make success the end and goal of all living"; of the witches, "It is possible that they were the disguised agents of a faction inimical to Duncan"; of Cassio, "Around him, the most admirable, the most lovable, and the most beautiful figure in the story, all its events revolve"; of Rosalind, "She had not only wit, which not a few women have, but humor, which is the possession of very few women indeed." We note an occasional carelessness of construction; as, "He sought to win the affections of his brother's wife, she [sic] who was," etc.; or of fact, as in stating that the ghost in Hamlet on its appearance to Horatio, "neither spoke nor made a sign," whereas, "It lifted up its head," etc.



The four "Miscellanies" are all marked by White's dogmatism and his hyperboles, but also by his insight and his pungency; as "Rosalind, the most charming, the most captivating of all Shakespeare's women, one only, the peerless Imogene, excepted"; "Cordelia, with all her gentle loveliness . . . had one great fault . . . pride"; "To give Lear's sea-monster a name and a form, is to drag him down from the higher regions of poetry into the plain prose of natural history"; "Have we not the famous showman's assurance that hippopotamus is derived from *hippo*, a river, and *potamus*, a horse?" "Distrust the man whose peculiar faculty or chief desire is to make friends"; "Shakespeare meant Iago for a most attractive, popular, good-natured, charming, selfish, cold-blooded, and utterly unscrupulous scoundrel."

Under "Expositors," he takes up Dyce's (2d) edition of Shakspeare, the Cambridge edition by Clarke & Wright, and Walker's "Critical Examination of the Text," but gives his chief attention, sixty-three pages, to Schmidt's Shakespeare Lexicon—spicy readings and sound criticism for the most part, but far too sweeping and savage. He points out many mistakes, but we know by experience that the Lexicon is nevertheless useful, and we are sure it needs but such a revision as Mr. Joseph Crosby or Mr. Wm. J. Rolfe might give, to make it, as Dr. Edward Dowden has already characterized it, "invaluable."

We have reserved comment on White's "Bacon-Shakespeare Craze," the first of the "Miscellanies," in order that we might consider it in connection with Mr. O'Connor's "Hamlet's Note-Book." The latter is a clever work of seventy-eight pages. It begins with a manly and eloquent condemnation of the injustice and cruelty sometimes wrought by critics in intercepting a book of signal merit, giving it a bad name in advance, hindering and perhaps absolutely preventing its recognition by the public. We sympathize with his angry disgust, and his disposition to have the whole reviewing system "blown into limbo," if such outrages are an essential feature of it. He shows that White's treatment of Mrs. Pott's "*Promus* of . . . Bacon" in the "Atlantic Monthly," now reprinted as "The Bacon-Shakespeare Craze," certainly transcends the limits of courtesy, and probably did the lady a great wrong. Mr. O'Connor himself, we regret to say, loses his temper in his chivalrous championship of Mrs. Potts, and mars his interesting pages with violent vituperation of the dead reviewer. But he had great provocation, and on the question whether Bacon wrote the plays, he shows conclusively that many of the "*Promus*" jottings at which White jeers are not entirely irrelevant, and that others, which White ignores, do tend in some degree to establish the Baconian theory.

A fundamental assumption in Mrs. Pott's work, according to Mr. O'Connor, is that certain "relations exist between the *Promus* of Bacon and the plays of Shakespeare, and not between the *Promus*

of Bacon and the work of any other writer." But does the conclusion follow? A scrap-book may be many years a-making; the memoranda—parallels, resemblances, identities, peculiarities common to the *Promus* and the plays—might all have been noted down by Bacon, year after year, as he lighted on them. He had "taken all knowledge to be his province"; of course he would read the brightest dramas of the age, and might naturally jot down what seemed strikingly suggestive. Again, the Earl of Essex was the ardent friend of Bacon and of the Earl of Southampton, the latter being Shakspeare's great friend and patron. What more probable than that Bacon and Shakspeare should meet, and conversations ensue between them, like the supposed one charmingly given in Blackwood's Magazine some fifty years ago? Such interviews and mutual admiration might account for "the relations between the *Promus* and the plays."

Mr. O'Connor does not attempt to refute the argument drawn from the resemblances between the sonnets and the plays. Ignoring that argument, and attaching no importance to the inscription, *Shakspeare's Sonnets*, on the title-page, he propounds and ingeniously supports a new theory as to the authorship of the sonnets, viz: that W. H., "the onlie begetter of these ensuing sonnets," was Walter Raleigh! But the inference from resemblances is strong that the pen which wrote the one wrote the other. So Bacon wrote Shakspeare's plays, and Raleigh wrote Shakspeare's sonnets! Pray, who wrote Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis" and his "Rape of Lucrece"? Henry Wriothesley? Would Mr. O'Connor have Shakspeare say to Bacon as to the plays, and to Raleigh as to the sonnets, what he says to Wriothesley as to the two too youthful poems, "What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted, yours"? Let us, since it is the fashion, propound a more reasonable theory—one which will reconcile all differences. As Mæcenas, by his encouragement and patronage, was the begetter of certain brilliant odes of Horace; and as Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Philip Sidney, and Lord Grey were similarly begetters of some of Spenser's poems; and as the Quaker Elwood was the begetter of "Paradise Regained," "For you put it into my head while at Chalfont," says Milton to him; so Raleigh, perchance at the Mermaid Club of his own founding, might, by encouragement and patronage, have started Shakspeare in his work of writing sonnets, and so been rightfully called the "begetter" of them. Other sonnets, some, perhaps, written for Southampton, some for the Earl of Pembroke, some for "William Himself," might naturally enough be grouped with them for publication in 1609. Mr. O'Connor asserts that Raleigh was capable of writing the sonnets, for he wrote the "Soul's Errand." But the sonnets are vastly superior, and there is no certainty as to the authorship of the "Soul's Errand."

Mr. O'Connor easily refutes White's denial of humor and poetic imagination to Bacon. What Bacon lacked was sentiment and fire. Mr. O'Connor believes all the wretched traditions. He ridicules the Stratford bust as that of "a fat fellow, sturdy, comely, fresh-colored, blobber-cheeked, no neck, a mouth full of tongue, a ten-per-center's forehead, the funniest perky little nose, a length of upper lip which is a deformity," etc. Alas for Beecher and Ingersoll, whom the first half-dozen items describe! The tongue could, at least, speak for itself, if we may believe old Fuller; the forehead was better than Goldsmith's, the nose than that of Socrates, the upper lip not longer than Scott's. "He brought his children up in complete ignorance," says Mr. O'Connor. But the epitaph on his daughter Susanna, whom he made joint-executor of his will, reads "Witty above her sex. . . . Something of Shakespeare was in that"!

"He had no books," says Mr. O'Connor; "because he mentions none in his will!" For a like reason, some future essayist will deny that Goldwin Smith ever owned a volume, the professor having given his whole library to Cornell University. "All the rest of my goods, chattels," etc., may cover a library. So reads Shakspeare's will. "He died of a fever, the result of a drunken orgy at Stratford with some congenial toss-pots," says Mr. O'Connor. It is Vicar Ward that told this story scores of years after Shakspeare's death, and the precise words are, "Shakspeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson had a merry-meeting, and, it seems, drank too hard; for Shakspeare died of a fever then contracted." So the "toss-pots" were two: one, the learned and gifted Drayton, afterwards poet-laureate; and the other, Bacon's warm friend Jonson, to whom, says Mr. O'Connor, Bacon entrusted all his secrets! Mr. O'Connor quotes Jonson as saying that Bacon "hath filled all numbers"; but the context shows that he is speaking of eloquence rather than poetry. Mr. O'Connor stoutly affirms that Jonson knew all about Bacon, and was in all his secrets. Well, nobody doubts Jonson's intimacy with Shakspeare, and here is a little of what he says of Shakspeare, not Bacon, in his "Discoveries": "I loved the man and do honor his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any." Stout Ben would not, as others did, *idolize* any man. Again, Ben says of him:

"While I confess thy writings to be such,  
As neither man nor muse can praise too much."

Of Shakspeare's wit, Ben writes under one of the portraits:

"Oh, could he [the engraver] but have drawn his wit,  
As well in brass as he hath hit  
His face, the print would then surpass  
All that was ever writ in brass."

From the encomium written by Jonson and prefixed to the first folio edition of the plays, every reader will recall the following among kindred [lines addressed to Shakspeare:

"Soul of the age!"

The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!"

"How far thou didst our Lily outshine,

Or sporting Kyd, or Marlow's mighty line;

And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,"  
etc.

"He was not of an age, but for all time!"

Now will Mr. O'Connor tell us which writer, Bacon or Shakspeare, Ben Jonson was writing about so enthusiastically in all these and many similar verses? If Bacon, how dared Ben tell him he had "small Latin and less Greek"? If Shakspeare, how dared he and why should he, in 1623, exaggerate so outrageously the wit, the art, and the genius of Mr. O'Connor's "fat fellow," the "blobber-cheeked," bookless, drunken "toss-pot," seven years dead?

#### Madame Roland.<sup>1</sup>

THE commendation of this little volume is, that it is written in a pleasant, readable style, by a person who had acquired a good knowledge of the leading causes and circumstances of the French Revolution, who had imbibed the spirit of its advocates and promoters, and admires the subject of her writing, whom she designates as the Inspirer and "Héroïne of the Revolution—the Gironde." The fault of it seems to be, that she takes for granted in the reader an almost equal familiarity with the details which would appear to be the very things to be set down in a biography. The impression upon the reader is that the chief object of the writer is to make a readable book, as if the style of the presentation was of greater importance than the accumulation of all the facts obtainable about the subject of the volume. We conceive, however, that the biography of Madame Roland will be that which will present more fully and particularly a narration of facts in a plain and simple form of narrative, rather than in that of this volume which too frequently attempts to copy the French style of narration, with its abrupt antitheses and startling conclusions.

Madame Roland was born in 1754, the year of the birth of Louis XVI. "She was never taught to read, but had mastered that accomplishment at the mature age of four." So states the author, and the phrasing appears French. A little after she was seven years old she was "deeply versed in the Bible, as well as in the Psalter." At nine, "Plutarch became a landmark in the life of Manon Phlipon (the maiden name of Madame Roland). She carried the volume about with her everywhere; she absorbed its contents; she took it to church with her. This was in Lent, 1763, when she was barely nine. Without knowing it, she became a Republican, and would often weep at not being a native of Sparta or of Rome. Henceforth Manon was ripe for the Revolution." Ripe at nine! But pretty soon she took

<sup>1</sup> Madame Roland. By Mathilde Blind. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.



up "Telemachus" and "Jerusalem Delivered," and then Voltaire, becoming "deeply engrossed in 'Candide.'" At eighteen she was quoted as expressing herself like a philosopher. When a little later she had "nascent doubts" in matters of religion, and her confessor was "anxious to reëstablish her shaken faith, he lent her a number of works by the champions of Christianity. The curious part of the transaction was, that on learning the names of the authors attacked in these controversial writings, she took care to procure them also, and thus came to read Diderot, D'Alembert, Raynal's 'Système de la Nature,' passing in course of time through many intellectual stages, in which she was in turn Jansenist, stoic, sceptic, atheist, and deist," landing at last in agnosticism.

Endowed with much beauty, she was sought by many lovers; but accepted none until her twenty-sixth year, when she married M. Roland, an austere man, more than twenty years her senior, to whom she was not drawn by the passion of love, but "charmed by the felicity of his judgment, the interest of his conversation, and the variety of his accomplishments." He was of Republican sentiments, and when in 1791 he was sent from Lyons as extraordinary deputy to the National Assembly, Madame Roland took great interest in and frequently attended the sittings of that body. Her house, near Pont Neuf, became the center of a most advanced political group, among whom were Brissot, Robespierre, Pétion, and Buzot.

The story of her influence, her work in politics, her imprisonment, ending with the guillotine, was brief. It all ended on the 9th of September, 1793. But before that time, and most marked in its expression, came the inevitable experience of the woman, beautiful, passionate, and intelligent. Working by the side of her husband, absorbed in the progress of political events, she was faithful and obedient to him, who was by nature exacting in his sovereignty. "She never ceased to honor and esteem 'the virtuous Roland'; she was devoted to him as a daughter, she says; but that love—which he had never awakened in her—which her powerful organization could not escape, seized hold of her in the stormiest days of the Revolution, to raise as fierce a storm in her heart, and shake the fabric of her life to its foundations." On the 31st of May she was arrested as a suspect, and thrown into prison. She had found in Buzot "a man who answered to her ideal by the courage, purity, and elevation of his nature, and who, while reciprocating her passion, recognized as fully as she did herself the inviolability of previous ties." This fact of her life has but recently come to light from four letters written by her to Buzot during her imprisonment, which were found "in November, 1863, when they were sold among a bundle of time-yellowed papers . . . for fifty francs." She bore her captivity the more easily, because "it left her free to love her friend unrestrictedly." In one of

the letters she writes him thus: "Tell me, do you know a greater gain than that of rising superior to adversity and death, and of finding something in your heart capable of sweetening and embellishing existence to its latest breath? Tell me, did anything ever give you this experience more fully than the knowledge of our mutual attachment, in spite of the contradictions of society and the horrors of oppression? . . . I will not gainsay, that I am indebted to it for being pleased with captivity. Proud of persecution, at a time when virtue and character are proscribed, I would have borne it with dignity even apart from you; but you endear it to me. The wicked think to crush me with their chains. Madmen! What care I, whether I am here or there? Does not my heart go with me everywhere, and is it not in prison that I am free to follow its dictates? . . . The moment in which I gloried most in existence, when I felt most keenly the exaltation of soul which dares all dangers and rejoices in facing them, was the one in which I entered the Bastille, to which the executioners have sent me. . . . It seemed to give me an occasion of serving Roland by the firmness with which I could bear witness, and it seemed sweet to be of some use to him; while, at the same time, my seclusion left me more entirely yours. I should like to sacrifice my life to him, that I might have the right of giving my last breath to you alone." Buzot was at this time proscribed, and they never met again. Her last letter to him was written on the 7th of July. After that date, Buzot lost his last ray of comfort in the cessation of all intercourse with her. Mingled with expressions of the tenderest affection, she inspires him to continue in his attempts toward attaining freedom for France. "Persevere in your generous efforts, serve your country, save your liberty," she writes. "Every one of your actions is a delight to me, and your conduct makes my triumph. . . . Oh, you who are as dear as you deserve to be, temper the impatience which torments you! In thinking of my fetters, remember also what I owe to them."

#### Life and Letters of Joel Barlow.<sup>1</sup>

FEW are the people today that try to read the "Columbiad," and fewer still those that can read it, if they try. It puzzles us of the present not a little, to see why the Europe and America of a century ago called Barlow a "child of genius," and gravely debated whether the "Columbiad" or the "Iliad" were the greater epic. It is by reading the work of Barlow and his contemporaries that the mind arrives at a proper appreciation of the great service that Wordsworth did to English literature; for one and all of the writers of that day were bond-slaves to the idea—almost to the word—elegance. Elegance of thought, elegance of diction, these were the chief

<sup>1</sup> Life and Letters of Joel Barlow. By Charles Burr Todd. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

things sought for in letters; and poetry must wear the stiff brocades and adopt the formal motion of the minuet, to the absolute abandonment of anything that savored of nature or grace.

Yet Barlow was not worse than his contemporaries, and, had he lived in another age, might have left work that would always make his name famous. Indeed, in the rare occasions where he allowed his native sense to have full play, he did write verses that were really good. Of these the "Hasty Pudding" is the best example.

So much for the poet: and Mr. Todd deserves credit for showing that Mr. Barlow was much more than a poet—that he was a statesman, a philosopher, and, more than all, a philanthropist. His claim to these titles is not generally known, and few even of the larger histories of the United States make mention of the services on which they are based. These are in part the Algerine mission, when he left the comfort, wealth, and leisure of his Parisian life to conduct a most delicate and hazardous negotiation with the Dey of Algiers. It was delicate, because of the capricious and deceitful nature of a despot, whose sole revenue lay in piratical wars; and hazardous, because it involved a stay for many months in a city given over to the horrors of the plague. The mission was a complete success—though often on the brink of failure, because of the delay of the American government and its agents in keeping their promises—and Barlow had the satisfaction of releasing many hundred of his fellow men from the most hopeless and terrible slavery. Once again his country demanded the sacrifice of the hard-earned leisure that he prized even more from his advancing age. Napoleon, in his hatred of England, was placing more arbitrary restrictions on the commerce of all nations, and a difficult bit of diplomacy was required to preserve American interests. Barlow was known and honored in France, and he was the most available man for the mission. Accordingly, he crossed the ocean once more, though with a heavy heart. The negotiation was almost complete, when the Russian campaign began. If Barlow would meet the Emperor at Wilna in Poland, the treaty would be signed. The traveling carriage, his only lodging for many a stormy night, was prepared, and he reached Wilna after many hardships. Just then the battle of Beresina was fought, and Napoleon was in full flight for France. The ambassador's carriage turned southward again, amid a cold that ranged far below zero, and in a few days Barlow lay dead of inflammation of the lungs in the little Polish village of Zarniarca, surely a martyr to his love of country.

The reader of Barlow's life is in good company. Noah Webster was his classmate and correspondent. One meets with Washington, Lafayette, and Greene. Fulton was his protégé, and lived in his house while the famous experiments were made, being dubbed with the pet name "Toots." Jefferson was

a close friend in later years, and many a letter on political and philosophical matters passed between the worthies.

One more point ought to be mentioned, even in a brief review. It is well for Americans to read such books, for they will find in them-ground for hope. Party rancor and party spirit often run high, and we sigh for the good old days when men loved their country, "when none were for a party, and all were for the state." Such an idea is based on an imperfect knowledge; for nothing can be more fierce and more unscrupulous than the partisanship of the early days of the Republic. The Federalists could see no merit in Barlow's services, and subjected him to the worst abuse because he was a Republican. We, surely, are not growing worse in this respect.

### India Revisited.

HERE should be a rare treat—a book on India, a land offering in its teeming millions of many races and many religions, in its wondrous ruins and crowded antiquities, and in the grandeur and luxuriance of its natural aspects, a fitting field for the exercise of descriptive genius and trained skill; a book written by the Englishman who, of all his nation, has done most to make that land understood by the western world.

There seem to be two sides to Edwin Arnold's literary work—the one, that of the scholar deeply versed in Oriental lore, learned and lofty; the other that of the professional newspaper man, whose language is used for show, and whose opinions are not really merchandise, but yet apt to lean to the side of popularity or gain.

These two styles are strangely mingled in the present book. One moment you are listening to the learned pundit, as he expounds the deep things of philosophy and of theosophy; and again you are wondering how much a puff of that sort would cost. Mr. Arnold's journey in India was almost a triumphal progress. Everywhere he was received and fêted by English magistrates, and by native princes, and by learned priests, both Buddhist and Moslem. His view of cities was obtained from the howdah of the Rajah's elephant, or from the deck of the Resident's or the Viceroy's launch. Perhaps this is sufficient reason for the rose-colored aspect of everything, and makes every native ruler kind and just, a father governing a model state, and every English governor noble and wise, the idol of his people. Even the cobra is gentle in Mr. Arnold's eyes—knows the fearful power of his bite, and is reluctant to use it. The author recognizes this quality in his book, and apologizes for it in his epilogue. It is none the less a serious defect, diminishing the reader's confidence in the insight or the frankness of the author. Remembering that the mutiny was only thirty years

<sup>1</sup> *India Revisited*. By Edwin Arnold. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1886.



ago, and that the fierce hatred that caused it was not quenched by the merciless revenge that followed its quelling, and knowing that a very large force of troops, forty thousand in one camp, is necessary to hold India, it is impossible to believe that nothing of the seamy side of affairs is to be seen by a man of penetration.

Many of the descriptions in the book are worthy of the subjects and of the author—those of Ambèr, the Taj Mahal, and of the Nautchnees are examples. The suttee—or sati, as Mr. Arnold spells it—he pictures in a most poetic light, making it the utmost act of loving devotion that a good wife could do, and he rather laments that the custom is no longer permitted.

It remains to speak of the verse that is scattered through the book, original, and translated from oriental sources. In these Mr. Arnold, the poet, is supreme, and Mr. Arnold, the newspaper man, is forgotten. Of the longer, the best are "The Rajput Nurse" and "The Snake and the Baby"; while of the shorter, this from a Sikh poem is sufficient to show how much the verse adds to the charm of the book:

The beautiful blue of the sky is the Guru of Man ;  
 And his Father the Water white ;  
 And his Mother the broad-browed earth, with her bountiful span ;  
 And the sweet-bosomed Night  
 Is the black nurse, who lulls him to sleep, with the stars  
 in her ears :  
 And the strong-striding Day  
 Is the Hamal, with glittering turban and putta, who  
 bears  
 The children to play.

#### Briefer Notice.

*Household Remedies*<sup>1</sup> is not, as the title might lead one to suppose, a "doctor's book," and inasmuch as it does not suggest the giving of medicine by ignorant people, it cannot be so dangerous as they are. It is, in substance, a prescription of pure air, of exercise to the point of fatigue, and of vegetable food, or sometimes fasting, as remedies for every known disease. Although the writer goes to such extremes as to recommend trusting to these alone in pneumonia, and to attribute the ravages of yellow fever in Memphis to meat-eating, his errors are doubtless in the right direction. He affects the use of uncommon words, but writes, in the main, clearly enough. The pages show numerous evidences of careless proof-reading.—*Unwise Laws*,<sup>2</sup> as its subtitle indicates, is "a consideration of the operations of a protective tariff upon industry, commerce, and so-

ciety." It is neither a treatise for the thoroughly informed economist, nor for the popular mind, but it is in substance and style adapted to thoughtful and intelligent general readers. It is not weighted with statistics and figures, but its arguments are, in the main, well backed up with data and clearly reasoned. As to the origin of these laws, the writer does not express himself with entire fairness to New England in implying that, in securing these laws, she displayed an unpatriotic readiness to sacrifice the rest of the country to her own interests. There is no reason to doubt that the New England manufacturers, when they worked for such laws as they had found advantageous to themselves, did not question that they would be advantageous to every one. Mr. Blair's principal point is, that the effect of our tariff system is to alternately stimulate and depress the business of the country. First (we summarize his statement), there is, by the help of the tax, an immense profit in some line of manufacture. Capital rushes in, and in a few years much more is made of that article than can be consumed at home. As the same kind of laws are, meanwhile, at work on other lines of goods, there comes a general crash, and we have "hard times." Mills are stopped, furnaces blown out, mines closed—all but the strongest and best situated; and so, in time, though the purchasing power of the country has been very much weakened by the working-men having no money to buy with (also by their strikes against the reductions of wages), the surplus goods are gradually used up, and we begin again an apparently healthy and prosperous period. But soon the crash comes again. We cannot send our goods abroad, because the market is new to us, and also because our laws make the general cost of production too high for us to be able to compete. The author argues, also, that much of the speculative disposition of the present business man of America is due to the general uncertainty of markets and prices; he sees that some men have made stupendous fortunes on the great fluctuations of pork, we will say, so he tries pork, and, nine times out of ten, fails. He also holds that the actual money loss to the country from forcing capital and labor into branches of manufacture that are not really profitable, is very great. He frankly admits that there would be a great deal of inconvenience and loss should we abandon our import duties, or even should we change their rate materially; some lines of manufactures would have to be abandoned, and expensive machinery would be lost; but he urges that this is no reason for continuing in a false position; the lines that would lose more by a reduction to an *ad valorem* duty of say twenty-five per cent., are the very ones that are causing the country an annual loss of millions of dollars, by producing goods that were better produced elsewhere, thus drawing capital and labor from really paying lines. The book is certainly worth reading by intelligent people, on either side of the question, who wish to study into the workings of our present laws on tariff.

<sup>1</sup> Household Remedies for the Prevalent Disorders of the Human Organism. By Felix L. Oswald, M. D. New York: Fowler & Wells. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>2</sup> Unwise Laws. By Lewis H. Blair. Questions of the Day Series, New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

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THE HEREDITARY BARN.

THE old Joslin farm is on the road from Fairport to Penobscot, near the head of the Northern Bay. It is a ragged and hilly piece of upland, yielding good grass, and capable of great possibilities in the way of potatoes. But the Joslins never did stick to farming as a sole means of getting a living. The old-fashioned, gambrel-roofed house, mossy as to roof, and dark red as to its front, overlooked the Northern Bay; and it was a pretty dull time when at least one coaster could not be seen, lazily creeping up to Penobscot with the tide in her favor; or it may have been a hay-sloop that dropped down, equally lazy, with the ebb. And it was a part of the domestic economy of the farmers of the bay, that a goodly share of the winter's provisions should consist of codfish, caught on the Grand Banks by some younger member of the family, or "traded for" by the head of the house with some more adventurous neighbor. The population of the region around the Dotian Shore and the head of the Northern Bay is largely amphibious. Fishing, coasting, and kindred seamanlike pursuits fill up the chinks of the dull life of the tillers of the soil.

It is not an inspiring landscape that the eyes of the Joslins were used to look on from the door-stone of their ancient homestead.

From the little pinched-up flower garden, where marigolds, hollyhocks, love-lies-bleeding, and China asters disputed the starved ground with balm, sweet marjoram, and mother-wort, the land sloped steeply off to the bluff overhanging the river. A tidy rail-fence skirted the lower edge of the place, and the Penobscot road, yellow with golden rod and ox-eyed daisies in autumn, and gullied with heavy rains in spring, crept along under the fence, half-hidden from the house and dangerously near the crumbling bluff of the river bank.

From the house, overlooking road and bluff, the eye fell on a long and narrow bay, or estuary, from the broader bay of Penobscot. The farther shore was well-wooded, and the somber spruces and firs, never very cheerful, were black and mournful indeed in winter. The waters of the bay were never vexed by many keels, and the few farming settlements on the farther side of the water were so hidden by the woods that one might almost fancy it an untrodden wilderness, if it were not for the glimpses given, here and there, of bits of ploughed land. Beyond the woods that rose upwards from the shore, was the serrated range of the Mount Desert hills, blue and cold in the eastern sky; and



further to the north, the honest face of Blue Hill, rugged and seamy, reposed against the horizon. The picture might have been transferred to canvas, and shown to a northern traveler as a view of a Norwegian fiord, so dark and cold and stern was it.

The red-fronted house looked unwinkingly on the scene from two Lutheran windows in its roof, and an open woodshed, that terminated in a hen-house, stretched itself from the house almost over to a big barn, black with age, but substantial, and more suggestive of wealth and comfort than even the old farmhouse itself. It was a well-shingled and glass-windowed barn, ample with its hay-mows and stalls for cattle, and even affording refuge for colonies of barn-swallows that built their mud-nests under its hospitable eaves. It had a homely look—that time-blackened barn; but far up in the northern gable an eye-shaped aperture for the martens which nested among the rafters within, looked over the head of the bay with a fixed and sinister stare. Seen from the road, at the height of a summer noon, when all hands were in the fields, and the cat kept house on the sun-drenched window-sill, the place seemed forlorn and lonely. It might have been a lost farm—a farm dropped by accident by some giant peddler passing that way with a load of buildings and fences for sale.

Very gloomy and poverty-stricken did the Joslin place appear to old man Joslin, in the winter of 1807, when, an embargo having been declared by the United States government, a blight fell on every industry of the New England seaboard States. There was Elkanah Joslin's hay waiting to be sold and shipped; in the cellar were fifty bushels of good sound potatoes, that would rot before a customer could be found for them. And even the five shares which Elkanah owned in the "John and Eliza" were worthless as so much driftwood; and there was the schooner "eating her head off," as the farmer sourly expressed it, in Portland harbor, idle and useless as long as the embargo lasted. Smuggling from the Provinces was the only thriving industry in the time of the embargo; but Elkanah Joslin was an uncompromising

church-member. He would sooner starve than break the law of the land.

"'Pears to me that there ain't no sort of use tryin' to make a cent, nowdays," said Elkanah, complainingly. He sat down heavily on the blue-painted settle that shut off the draught from the door, and drawing back from the fire his lumbering and leaden feet, gazed moodily at his loosely-locked hands, that rested between his knees. "'Tain't no use," he repeated.

Brisk Marm Joslin, having carefully boxed the ears of young Amzi, who was filching an apple from the wooden bowl she held in her lap, said, as she added one more to the heap of peeled fruit, "Wal, Elkanah, you are the beatenest critter to git diskerriged in no time that I almost ever saw. It's morally sartin that the dimbargo will be declared off airy in the spring. We've got enough in the house to last us through till the frost comes out o' the ground; hogs to kill, a calf comin' in in March, and clothes fit to kerry us through. Land sake, alive! what does the man want? the hull airth?"

Old man Joslin made no reply, except in a long-drawn sigh that seemed to come up laboriously from the very depths of his home-spun garments. He looked fixedly at his worn and stubby finger-nails and toil-worn hands, and his watery blue eyes filled with unaccustomed moisture as he revolved in his mind the desolateness and the poverty of his lot. It was true that he had enough to eat and drink for himself and his; but it irked him to think he had properties lying idle, deteriorating with disuse, and liable to perish utterly. Besides, Jotham, his eldest and his hope, had come home from Boston with a hacking cough, and the doctor said that it looked as if he might go into a decline. Most of the Philbricks—Marm Joslin was a Philbrick—had gone off in declines; so Elkanah sat and brooded over his troubles until the short December day was ended, and the twilight came quickly around the gambrel-roofed house, investing its sombreness with a yet deeper melancholy, and leaving all the outer landscape vague and weird in the ghostliness of the approaching winter night.

Old Elkanah rose stiffly, resting his horny hand on the top of the settle, to help bring his rusty frame into a perpendicular. Saying, "Guess I'll tend to the critters," he shambled out of the end door, and was lost in the shadows of the barn. Her bowl of apples pared, Marm Joslin also rose, but with a quick alertness strikingly in contrast with the movements of her husband, wiped her hands, pulled out the tea-table with a prodigious clatter, and began laying the cloth. But, pausing in her work for a moment, before she lighted the whale-oil lamp that stood on the mantelpiece, she went to the window, and watched the drooping form of Elkanah as he plodded towards the barn.

"Poor Elkanah," she sighed to herself; "he don't look like the spry young feller he was forty year ago." Then she paused, as if recalling the memory of the young Elkanah who had courted her in Prospect, before the British evacuated Fairport, and while the colonists were not certain whether they were to be citizens of a republic or subjects of a king.

"But he is the beatenest critter," she murmured impatiently. Then she lighted her lamp, set the bowls and pewter trenchers in due order on the board, hung the samp-kettle over the rising blaze, and briskly forwarded preparations for supper.

Meanwhile, old man Joslin slouched into the big barn, and hearing Jotham's hacking cough in the hay-mow, mildly said: "You'd better go into the house, Jotham; I expect your ma wants you, for she's nigh out of firewood. I'll tend to the stock, and when Cal'line gits back from school (and it's nigh time), you tell her she needn't bother about the milkin'. I'll tend to that."

Jotham, lean, long, and lank, slid down from the hay-mow, coughed his acquiescence in the plan laid out by his father, and went into the house, from whose keeping-room windows now streamed forth a ruddy light.

Elkanah watched the youth as he went across the dabbled snow. Then, leaning in the barn-door, he gazed with dry and glassy eyes upward to the wintry sky, across which masses of cloud were driven. He marked

the pale white moon, riding as if frightened in the flying scud that hurried by. He looked with unconcern at the twinkling light of the sloop at anchor in the bay; and he thought to himself that she must have an icy berth over there under the lee of Orphan Island. Then, his face growing pale and ghastly as he turned from the dim and lonesome night-light reflected from the snow, Elkanah felt his way along the familiar boarding of the barn, reached over and took from the cow-stall a halter that hung there, mounted to the hay-mow, threw himself upon his knees as if in silent prayer, climbed painfully and with many a half-uttered groan to the beam that crossed the barn from eaves to eaves, made fast one end of the rope around that timber, slipped the noose over his head, fitted it carefully around his neck, and, with firm-set lip, swung himself off into space.

The news that Elkanah Joslin had hanged himself in his barn traveled around the head of the bay in the most leisurely manner. The discovery of Elkanah was not made by the family until some hours had passed. When Caroline came home from her distant school-teaching, she had taken the milking pails and had gone directly to the barn. Not seeing or hearing her father, she stood in the barn-floor, and cried "Oh, I say, Pa!" but there was no response; and it did not occur to the mind of this healthy and honest young woman that there was anything fearsome or weird in the utter stillness and darkness of the place. Only the champing of the cows at their feed and the occasional grunt of the swine that were housed beneath the barn, disturbed the silence of the hour. So, tucking up her skirts, and singing a fragment of a camp-meeting hymn, like any modern farmer's girl, she went to work milking the three cows, one after the other.

Her mother, however, when Caroline returned with her brimming pails to the house, was more uneasy. Turning it over in her mind, she calculated that Pa had gone down the road a piece, to mend the fence where one of Robinson's cattle—Robinson's cattle were always straying up from their place—had broken through and had got at the fod-



der. She wondered what possessed him to go out on such an errand so late at night. He had had all day for that job. And she postponed taking up the supper, until Amzi, who was the youngest, and enjoyed his privileges as the spoiled child, made so great ado that she was fain to "dish up."

It was unusual for the head of the house to be absent from the evening meal. Jotham sighed as he looked at his father's empty chair. Caroline chatted about her day's experience in school. Amzi noisily absorbed mush-and-milk and fried mush deluged with New Orleans molasses, enjoying himself very much. The mother looked anxiously out of the window from where she sat, expecting to see the bent form of her husband trudge by on his way to the end door. But he never came. It was late in the night when Caroline went flying down the road to Captain Robinson's, with her white lips too tremulous to tell the doleful tidings to the frightened old man, who came and looked out at her as she pounded her small fists against the window-panes of his bed-room. He was speedily joined by Mrs. Robinson, also just awakened from her early sleep. Thence the news was carried up to Watson's by Will Robinson, the Captain's burly son. And Sally Watson, before she ran down to comfort her bereaved friend Caroline, fled, trembling with cold and fear, still further up the road to the Sellers' place, woke up the family, and besought Jim Sellers to go with her down to the Joslins. It was commonly reported in the neighborhood that Jim was keeping company with Sally Watson.

And so it came to pass that by two o'clock in the morning a small, but excited group of neighbors was assembled in the keeping-room of the Joslin place, each new recruit coming in with silent and cautious tread, as if afraid of waking the dead man, who lay in the best room on the other side of the front entry. The tea things were taken up and put away by the first woman who came in. The family, in their terrified search for Elkanah, had let the supper-table stand untouched, after they rose to look for the missing man.

In those primitive days there was very little

ceremony observed in the disposal of the dead. Before a week had passed, the snow was blowing dryly over the hillock of icy clods that marked the spot where the mortal part of the owner of the farm had been laid, just outside of the tillable land, where, with New England thrift, the family burying ground had been fenced off. The suicide was a nine days' wonder in the settlement; yet Elkanah was not readily forgotten, for, after that night, the few incidents in the uneventful history of the community were dated from the time "when Elkanah Joslin hung himself."

Ten years afterwards, that is to say, in 1817, after "the last war" was over, and peace had returned to the distracted country, the sluggish surface of life around the head of the Northern Bay was once more stirred to its depths by the story that sped from lip to lip. Jotham Joslin had hanged himself from the very identical beam from which his father swung ten years before. Yet it was not altogether surprising that Jotham, hopeless of life, brooding over his father's tragic end, and struggling hard to keep up his drooping spirits, should have finally succumbed to the depressing influence of the big barn in which he spent so much of his time. There was much sympathetic comment on Jotham's provocations. Some murmured that it was mighty queer that two professors should have thus flown in the face of Providence. For Jotham was a consistent church-member, as his father had been. Others said that the son was certain sure to go in the way his father went. "Sorter runs in the fam'ly," the aged captain down the road remarked.

Very soon the people began to say that the Joslin barn was haunted. Not that anybody had ever seen or heard anything supernatural about that time-stained building. It was an honest looking and commonplace barn. It even had two glass windows in it, which in those times and in those parts was an uncommon architectural vanity in a barn. But the neighborhood, with common consent, decided that it ought to be haunted, if any building ever should have been. And

passers-by began to notice that the diamond-shaped opening in the gable next the road had a peculiarly wicked and sinister expression. "Looks like an evil eye," was what one of the Penobscoot men said. And the remark was popularly approved.

It was in 1825 that Amzi Joslin, after having gone down to Ellsworth on a prolonged spree, returned home one hot August night, and without entering the house, softly let himself into the barn by the back entrance, and hanged himself from the now historic timber that crossed the edge of the hay-mow. Amzi had buried his mother and his sister in the stony plot where his father and Jotham reposed under the gloomy and scanty turf. He was lonely, and his complaining wife and sickly baby did not lighten the morbidity of his life. He had taken to drink, as many another poor fool does, hoping that in this he might drown his sorrows, none of which was very weighty or very unique.

"It's a sickly, pindling little critter," said the neighbors, of Amzi's only baby—Amzi junior. "'Twont live to grow up. It's likely that it'll be the last of the Joslins in these parts."

But the infant Amzi lived to disappoint the croaking prophets by coming to manhood, a hale, blithesome, and strapping young fellow. There was no trace of morbidity in the youthful Amzi's disposition. And when he married, and his buxom wife—an importation from Deer Isle—bore him a quiver-full of happy, hearty children, the old folks who had predicted the dying out of the Joslins slunk away to their appropriate burying-grounds, leaving the Joslins in contented possession of the homestead.

Nevertheless, the barn, with its tragic recollections clinging around it, stood, a perpetual reminder of the fateful ending of the career of three of the Joslins. Amzi often stood and looked at the fatal beam with a curious feeling of inquiry in his heart. If he had not been of a cheerful and sunny disposition, he would have dwelt with misgivings on the possibility of his, at last, coming to end his days on that timber. The thought sometimes flashed through his mind,

but was quickly put away. Younger members of the family, to whom the gossips of the region had dutifully told the tale of the haunted barn, snatched a fearful joy in peering upwards to the tragical beam in the darkness of the winter night, imagining that they saw a ghostly ancestor hanging there. But the young Joslins, as a rule, avoided being in the barn alone after dark. Amzi never forgot what had happened there; and he often thought, as he plodded about his work in the cow-bay, or in the mow, that it would be a mercy if the old barn should be struck by lightning, and burn to the ground. It was a sort of reminder, so he thought, to the children that might come after him. They would think of the three men who had taken violent hands against their own lives in that ancestral barn. He even asked himself if it were possible, that, in his old age, with mental faculties dimmed and life a burden by reason of infirmities, he might not be enticed to his doom by the evil influences of the place.

But Amzi Joslin lived to a good old age, and died as a Christian should, in his own bed, surrounded by wife and children. All but one. His oldest son, Rufus, went before his father. The unhappy Rufus, inheriting a strain of the "old Joslin blood," as the old women said, followed after the ill example of Elkanah, Jotham, and the first Amzi. No need for us to tell how the good man wept over the sorrowful tragedy of the young life snuffed out so needlessly, untimely. The old man aged swiftly after this happened, and not a few of the community roundabout began to shake their heads, and whisper that old Amzi would go the way of the other self-destroyers. But the farmer lived on patiently and trustfully, dying, as we have said, at a good old age and in a Christian manner.

In 188—, after more than one generation of Joslins had come and gone, the old barn had acquired a name and repute throughout the region altogether unenviable. It is not necessary nor desirable to tell here how two other men of the Joslin family, as they grew up and were old enough to take in the full significance of the doleful story of their an-



cestral barn, became fixed in their belief that other suicides must follow. Suffice to say that, in course of years, but at long intervals, the historic timber across the hay-mow bore evil fruit twice more. Something ailed the place, men said. There were strange lights about the farm o' nights. Sobs and whispering murmurs drifted down from the uplands on the wild March winds, or sighed in the snow-squalls that whirled around the place as the December gales came on apace.

No wonder that strangers, passing along the road, stopped and looked curiously at the barn, whose tragedy had been told by so many country firesides and in so many solitary wayside inns. It was the custom for every passenger along the road to turn his head and look at the old barn, now black with age, hoary with the gray lichens that clung to its roof, and still winking with its single evil eye in the gable. And when the Blue Hill stage drove that way, as it did when the upper road was heavy with the winter's snow, the passengers all craned their necks from the side of the wagon, and stared at the Joslin barn as long as it was in sight.

These things annoyed Mrs. Joslin, widow of Stephen, who had died in an honest and respectable manner. She knew that Stephen had worried a good deal over the *felo de se* of his father, and that he had had a fight within himself to keep back from the path which had brought so many Joslins to the fatal beam. She knew that her Stephen had sometimes thought that the evil one was in that barn, and that he pursued him, the eldest representative of the Joslin name, continually suggesting that this was the way out of the world for him. And so, although her husband had never yielded to these wicked thoughts, she had the family history so burned into her very soul, that it fretted her to see the gossiping people of the neighborhood whispering and nodding their wise heads among themselves. "If I was a Joslin, instead of a Gardner," she would say, "I just believe that these everlasting tattle-tales would drive me to hanging myself."

Not so thought Charlie, the widow's handsome and only son. Charlie was a prime

favorite through all the country side. None so stalwart and lithe as he. To see him swinging his scythe as he strode down the mowing-field with rhythmic step, leveling a mighty swath, was as good as a heroic poem on canvas. His melodious voice resounded like a trumpet when he called to his oxen, or chanted a rural ditty as he came from afield, hearty and fresh as if he had not passed a long and toilsome day at the plough or with the hay-rake. And many a country lass, never quite unmindful of the tragic story of the old barn, forgot it all when she looked into Charlie Joslin's brown and handsome face. His dancing blue eyes, full of fun, and mild with the light of a cheery disposition, sent the tell-tale blush to many a coy young maiden's cheek, as she "passed the time o' day" with the young and thriving heir-apparent of the Joslin place.

But of all the girls that looked with a little thrill of rapture after Charlie's lithe and graceful figure, and marked the crisp brightness of his wavy hair, none seemed to have the power to long arrest his roving eye. It was a pity, too, the neighbors said, that Charlie should put off marrying. There was no knowing what might happen. The Joslins were a cur'ous family. There had been many mighty sing'lar things happening at the Joslin place. And Charlie was the last of the name. If he should live to be an old bachelor, he might get a twist into his mind, just as so many of the Joslins had afore him. Not that Charlie was the least bit tetchèd. He was as sound as a dollar. But there's no telling. And the wise ones shook their heads apprehensively.

If any of these croakings reached Charlie's ears, he gave them no heed. To him the blowing of the wind, or the fluttering of the swallows under the eaves of the old barn, were just as worthy of a second thought as the idle gossip he heard among his mates, about the spell that so many thought rested on the Joslin farm. It was a wholesome place, he thought. The sun poured down its fullness, ripening the early harvest apples that hung in the dark green leaves of the little orchard, yellowing the grain that rose and

fell in the upper field to the wanton-straying wind from the head of the bay, and giving the thick grass in the mowing-field a more intense emerald, day by day. It was a cheerful place, withal, in spite of the dark frown of the historic barn, and the evil eye that twinkled in its gable end. The hollyhocks and sunflowers drank in and yielded again, with a rapturous gladness of life, the warm sunshine and the languorous summer air. The very bees that kept up their murmurous song, as they filled themselves among the clover tops, and hied to the warm hives at the edge of the meadow, buzzed a cheery and satisfied hymn of peace and comfort. There was no room in Charlie's merry heart for foreboding of dark shadows of what might be to come. And if the thought of what had gone before ever crossed his mind, it was when, sinking into the tranquil slumbers of healthy and careless youth, he whispered to his inmost self that the jocund world was too good to leave.

Nevertheless, Master Charlie would not hear to any suggestion that the barn should be torn down. There were timorous spirits in the vicinity, who regarded the ancestral barn as a blot on the landscape, a rallying point, perhaps, for the phantoms and hobgoblins of the air and earth. It is in the semi-farming and seafaring life of a region like that around the head of the Northern Bay, that one must look for a sturdy survival of all the old English provincial traditions and superstitions. Here it is that one is told of death-warnings, omens, signs in the sky or on the waters, strange noises in the forest, charms, love potions, and occult devices of various sorts. No wonder that the ghost-dreading folk who passed the Joslin place, many times in the year, looked at the barn, in which so many tragedies had been enacted, as something quite too uncanny and unwholesome to be left standing; a standing invitation, so to speak, for the last of the Joslins to come in and hang himself. But the jovial master of the place would not listen to reason. He was not only sure that he wouldn't take the fatal leap from the traditional beam, but that nobody else ever would.

"He just thinks the world and all of that barn," grumbled one of the neighbors, surly Major Payne, who, having come home from the wars minus one leg and plus a pension, had set himself up as oracle of the Northern Bay and Penobscot country.

"No, he wouldn't have a single board taken off of that ere barn, 'cept it rotted off, for no money. I just think that Charlie Joslin considers that barn as a sort of ancestral tomb. So many of his relations have ended their days there, that it's got to be a sort of sacred place to him. It may be sacred to him, but it's an infernal nuisance to the rest of the neighborhood. And that's a fact."

But there was one member of the Joslin family who really did wish that Charlie would tear down the fateful barn; and that was Nelly Webber. Now Nelly was only a hired girl in the Joslin place. Local usage forbids that we should call her a servant. She was emphatically one of the family, as all native-born family-helps are in the region of which I am discoursing. The handmaid and the farm-hand are part and parcel with the household as long as they stay, sitting at the same board and respected as the children of the house, provided they are worthy of respect. They are, in fact, the children of other families whose social standing in the widely scattered community is as high as that in which they temporarily serve; and of such was Nelly Webber.

Nelly's head was well filled with a goodly assortment of ghostly and supernatural lore. She could tell the stage of the tide by the cat's eyes; knew the best time for pig-killing by the phase of the moon; had heard drowned men's voices in the tide-rips hailing each other; was certain of the quality of the hay crop when she had examined a bumble bee's nest, and found significance in every incident of daily routine, from the dropping of a dish-clout to the color of the hen that had stolen her nest away.

And yet Nelly was not a sour and cross old maid, who took a savage pleasure in revenging on her fellow-beings the disappointments of her own life. Nelly was a merry and winsome fresh-faced country girl, from



Blue Hill. She "lived out" because she did not like her step-mother, and because she had views in life that included the Normal School at Fairport, and the expenditure of more money than her second-wife-ridden father would allow her. Nevertheless, Nelly was strongly infected with superstitious notions; and she had a morbid aversion to the Joslin barn, and that aversion feebly extended to the Joslin family. But as her present engagement was the most eligible that had offered when she set out to "hoe her own row," as she was wont to express it, she waived the Joslin family ghosts, and accepted the situation with a lively sense of danger, which was not wholly without its charm to her adventurous spirit. And the cruel thing about all this was, that Charlie loved Nelly. It was a long time before this awful yet pride-compelling fact dawned on Nelly's mind. For the shrewd girl was well aware that Widow Joslin had other views for her only son, than a marriage with a portionless girl with a step-mother. Matilda Sellers, heir-presumptive to a farm on the other side of the river, and the ferry-right into the bargain, was a more eligible match for the handsome heir of all the Joslins.

It was in secret, and in fear of his mother's wrath, that Charlie carried on his wooing of the coy Nelly. Her birthday present from the young man was a "Friendship's Offering," gorgeously bound and gilt-edged, and bearing on its fly-leaf, in hastily penciled secrecy, "Keep this dark." Sly Master Charlie meant to win the consent of Nelly, and then, secure in the possession of her love, brave the opposition of his mother. But the fair maid was obdurate. She vowed and protested that she was "keeping company with no feller"; that she would "have nothing to do with beaux"; and that until she had been through at least one term of the Normal School, when she should be fit to teach, she would have nothing to do with love or lovers.

"You're a hard-hearted and calculating thing," said Charlie, regarding her with new admiration, kindled by her very refusal to listen to his suit. "You'd be a regular tearer

on a farm of your own. Gosh! how you'd make the help stand round!"

But compliments and hints were wasted on the matter-of-fact handmaid. She had laid out her career, and it did not include an early marriage with anybody, least of all with one of the haunted Joslins. So she shook her dancing curls at Master Charlie, and merrily defied him to come on with the allurement which he promised to add to those already set forth. The saucy beauty was a little pained, perhaps, to be obliged to say "no" to so handsome and likely a young fellow as Charlie. But Nelly had put her foot down, and when that remarkably well-shaped member was in an attitude of figurative determination, it was immovable. She loyally kept from the suspicious mother the secret that the young man had enjoined upon her; but she inwardly burned to let the gossips know that Charlie Joslin and the well-titled farm could be hers for the taking.

Nellie's obstinacy only strengthened the determination of the willful young man to win her heart. A more observant woman than Widow Joslin would have detected the courtship, vain as it was, that went on under her eyes. But she saw nothing. With a fierce repression, Charlie went about his round of homely tasks, laying out the work of the farm with a master's hand, and inspiring his helpers with his own cheery and lively temper, and enlivening the old place with his unfailing good-humor and blitheness. But the poor lad's heart was often heavy. Sometimes, when he caught a glimpse of the coldness that shone in Nelly's dark eyes, or was ravished anew by a sudden vision of her beauty, he made a half-choked excuse, and hurried away from the house, to forget his sorrows, if possible, in a long and impetuous walk over the wind-swept hills.

Many of the sharp-eyed women of the neighborhood noted Charlie's not unfrequent moodiness, fleeting though the clouds were on his sunny face. But they never suspected the cause of his disquiet. Even the loving vigilance of the mother failed to see that any serious grief moved the young man to behavior unusual; and nobody, not even the

cause of all this perturbation, could know the anguish with which the rejected suitor, bent on gaining a revocation that seemed hopeless, buried himself in the hay of that fatal mow, and communed savagely with his fate. If Nelly could, at such times, have seen the exceeding great sorrow of her lover, mayhap she would have been moved to relenting. More likely, she would have been confirmed in her dread of the suicidal Joslins.

But there was no fear of Charlie. He contemplated his future with unclouded eyes, and his wholesome nature, hard though his lot might be, could not play tentatively on the verge of self-destruction. Nothing short of a blow that would be heavy enough to overturn his reason, could tempt the light-hearted Charlie to take a desperate step. And he yet had hope. He believed that Nelly was only trying him. She knew that he had a right to look higher for a wife. She would run no risks of dissatisfaction after marriage. She would not risk any possibility of having a difference in fortune "thrown up at her" when it should be too late to retrace her steps. And without taking so low a view of the case, Charlie revolved all these things in his heart, listening ever to the siren that sung of distant but possible bliss.

Master Charlie had a rude awakening. It was in haying time, and the last load had that afternoon been hauled into the barn, and pitched to lofts and mows. The day's work was done, and silence and peace reigned over the Joslin homestead, save where the heir of the farm lightly leaned at the window and talked with the girl who stood dawdling within the keeping-room. The widow had gone down the road to visit a sick neighbor. The tired farm-hands had sought their unusually early rest. Only Nelly and her persistent lover were left to whisper together in the fast gathering darkness. Great masses of black cloud were rolling up in the westward, and a greenish crepuscular light was filtered over the opposite shore of the Northern Bay, suggesting a thunder-storm and a summer rain.

No matter; the hay was all under cover,

and everything was made trim and snug for any change that might come in the weather. But this was not in Charlie's mind, as he stood there pleading by turns, and by turns bantering the sorely beset young girl. He would not take "no" for an answer, he said, and so he foolishly rushed on to his fate.

"I should think you might give a man a decided answer," he said, half pettishly.

The girl's eyes flashed in the deepening gloom as she tartly replied. "What do you want for an answer, Charlie Joslin?" she cried, with rising anger. "Haven't I told you fifty times that I wouldn't have you, nor any other man, for that matter? And what's more, I wouldn't marry a Joslin if he was to get down on his bended knees; and you know the reason why. So there, now!"

Master Charlie had got his answer. He went away half stunned, for the first time realizing in the cruel speech of the girl the depth that separated her from him. The flash of lightning that suddenly illumined the darkness in the western sky was not more vivid than the beam of light that had laid bare to the young man's mental vision the utter hopelessness of his lot. And, the face of nature changed to his eyes that looked without seeing, he stumbled aimlessly and with sluggish step down through the orchard, whose fragrant fruit was brushed by his beautiful bare head as he passed beneath.

Big drops of rain were falling when Charlie, having mounted the highest upland swale on the farm, turned aimlessly and made his weary way back to the homestead. Reaching it, he hesitated to go in, stood wondering which way he should next turn, to be rid of the nightmare that pressed him down, and then wandered away again into the darkness like a lost man.

The Widow Joslin was scant of breath when she came hurrying home, scolding because the chamber windows were not closed, although there was a smart shower coming over, and because Charlie had not come down the road after her, and she an old woman poking home in the dark. The rain fell in such sheets as it falls in a New England thunder shower, or in the tropics, with



a whirring and seething sound. The widow was always fidgety in a thunder-storm; her brother had been killed by lightning, and she never could abide thunder from that day to this. And she went complainingly to the rear of the house to make all fast, for the rain was pelting on the western windows.

"Land sakes alive!" she screamed. "What a flash and crash! I just believe that that struck somewheres nigh here. Did you ever, Nelly?" and the frightened woman began to drag out a feather-bed, by way of shield from the electric storm.

Just then, Nelly, whose face was away from the windows, saw a bright red light on the opposite wall of the room. She quickly turned her head, and, with a throbbing heart, cried, "Oh, Mis' Joslin, the barn's all afire!" The fated hour for that ancestral edifice had come. It had been struck by lightning.

The widow Joslin's fright vanished at the awful sight of the haunted barn in flames. With something like calmness, she looked, and only said, "I calculate that Charlie is out there fighting the fire."

The two women snatched up such outer coverings as came to hand, and, while the widow went to the stair-door to waken the men with her shrill call, Nelly rushed out into the rain, crying "Fire!" with all her small might. It was needless. The bright flames flashed far and wide the signal of a great calamity. The neighbors ran breathlessly to the rescue, bearing the few buckets that formed the only appliance for extinguishing fires that the region boasted. It was too late to save the haunted barn. Possibly, the men worked with less enthusiasm than they would have if the structure had been more highly valued in their eyes. They contented themselves with trying to save the house. The barn with its rich store of hay and grain, and with the goodly stock of horses therein, must go.

There was something awesome in the sight. A fire in the country is always more terrible than in the city. The flames are uncontrollable. The best that can be done, usually, is to confine the destruction to the building in which it has seated itself. But this fire raged

on, while the rain fell hissing into the red ruin which it could not check. The thunderous artillery of the sky never ceased its booming volleys, as the leaping fires sprang upward into the inky blackness of the night. And as the country folk saw the charred framework of the old barn stand out with startling distinctness in the lurid light, they shivered to think of the tragedies that had taken place under the roof now flying from its place in red cinders, and had crept along that square stick of timber now blazing and crumbling before their eyes.

Were those fiery ghosts, or only shuddering flames, that went so swiftly off to the eastward, momentarily lighting up the gloom into which they vanished? Was that a cloud of burning hay that was hurled upward by the eddying draft of air? or was it some dreadful shape, some image of a dead and gone Joslin, hurrying away to a new rendezvous? and the fatal beam, would it never burn quite through and drop, an accursed thing? Nelly Webber wept as she looked; wept, she knew not why. And her lively imagination saw dreadful things innumerable in the burning of the barn. And when the reddened skeleton fell in with a crash, and the volleying tumult of smoke and flame ascended on high, a suppressed shout that might have been a mighty sigh, and was very like a cheer, went up from the awestricken throng huddled on the rain-drenched slope before the house.

But where was the masterful Charlie while all this ruin was being wrought? The widow missed his voice cheering on the men. The men, even as they hurried about their arduous work, whispered ominously among themselves. And when the fire had died down, the other buildings saved, the horrible brightness quenched in an angry and sullen glare, and the widow had time to recover something of her scattered carefulness for other things than the ruined barn, she cried, with motherly anguish, "Where is that boy?"

Vain cry! If the flaming herald of disaster that had alarmed the country from Fairport to Blue Hill, and had lighted the sky so redly that the people fifteen miles away

thought that the town at the port had been laid in ashes, had not warned homeward the absent heir of the Joslin place, of what avail was his mother's feeble call?

He never came. For days, until late into the autumn, when the sumachs burned on the hillside like live coals, and the maples flamed yellowly against the black spruces on Orphan Island, the sympathetic neighbors hunted for the lost Charlie. With chilly dread of finding him, they dragged the Northern Bay, or they searched the tangled bushes that skirted in dense growths the bluff shores. Wherever a man could have fallen in a sudden faint or in an unwary moment, they looked.

Even in the ashes of the barn, now reduced to only a heap of almost impalpable powder, did they furtively pursue their quest. The uncontrolled fire had licked up everything so clean, that scarcely a cinder was left of the vast and massive frame-work of the barn, that had been built with so much care, and had seen so much sorrow. Here and there, however, the larger bones of the poor dumb creatures that had perished in the famous fire, were found bleached and half calcined by the fierceness of the heat that had

raged around them. And one day, Hiram Grindle, holding up with an awe-struck face, as he rose from a rummage among the ashes, a fragment of ivory whiteness, said: "I swan to man! That's a human critter's bone!"

Then Obadiah Mullet, taking it from him, cast his eyes about him, and whispered to his mate: "This is just where the edge of the hay-mow must have been. Supposin' that a man had flung himself from that beam on the night of the fire—" but Obadiah did not finish his sentence. The suggestion was too awful.

"He was the seventh and the last," said Hiram. And a tear glittered in his honest eyes.

"Never mind; let's say nothin' about it. Perhaps we are mistaken; there's no tellin'." So, with a mighty effort, the two men shouldered over the tottering wall that bounded the pit, which had been a subway beneath the barn, and in which the relics lay in a heap. The stone-work fell in with a great clatter, and a cloud of dust and ashes rose like a column over the wreck. And under this tumult of masonry now lay forever hidden whatever of mystery remained of the hereditary barn.

*Noah Brooks*

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#### AT DAWN.

NIGHT shadows fly. The air is crisp and sweet  
 With orange fragrance. Golden apples gird  
 The waxen whiteness of new buds, just stirred  
 By zephyr's finger. See him, winging fleet  
 To where the roses at the house-roof meet,—  
 That feathered joy; the jocund mocking-bird!  
 Such songs ecstatic day hath never heard,  
 Rippling across wide fields of springing wheat.  
 And still she lingers, loth to rise and fold  
 The curtaining mist from off the mountain snows;  
 Flushing with pink the granite gray and old,  
 Ere low she stoops to paint yon opening rose.  
 Now from pale clouds the pearl tints fade away,  
 The garden lies in morning's garish ray!

*Sylvia Lawson Covey.*



## IN AN EAST OAKLAND BROOK.

"You mustn't *ever* let one of them big white dragon-flies come near you," said a little girl to me, impressively, "for, don't you know, they've got a needle and thread inside every one of them, an', if they catch you, they'll sew your ears up," and she looked at me in horror, with solemn childish eyes, at such an anticipated calamity.

"Yes," her little companion chimed in, "they'll sew your ears, an' eyes, an' nose, an' mouth up," and, having faithfully warned me, the little ones trotted up the bank and disappeared, leaving me to smile that the ancient prejudice against dragon-flies should find such firm advocates beside a California stream.

Meantime, from the depths of the brook beside me, my muddy cloth dredger brings up various larval and perfect forms of insect life. Great, sprawling, green larvæ of *Libellula* dragon-flies cling with their six legs to the dredger, and, to their indignation, are tumbled headlong into the pail that is to carry the findings home. Smaller larvæ, of another variety of dragon-fly, come up also. Occasionally, a *Ploteres*, one of the so-called "water spiders," that spend life in an eternal skate on top of the water, comes up in my dredger, gazes at me in surprise, and then skips back into the pool, to begin the everlasting skating-match with his brethren, and to watch for any unlucky yellow morsel of a lady-bug that may chance to fall from the overhanging grasses into the brook. Did Don Luis Peralta, half a century ago, when he gave this land to Antonio Maria, know what a multitude of living creatures he gave with it?

Now and then a black *Dytiscus*, an inch in length, tumbles clumsily from the dredger; and his smaller brethren abound. These *Dytiscidæ* are murderers at heart, as no one can doubt who has ever seen an earth-worm in their power. No sooner does an earth-worm fall into the water of the bottle

in which these beetles are confined, than one hungry *Dytiscus* will pounce on the unlucky creature. Another beetle, looking up from the bottom of the jar, will behold the prize to which his brother has fallen heir, and straightway, filled with covetousness, will rush upward through the water to pull the desired morsel away if possible. One beetle will tug in one direction, the other in another; they rush through the water, shaking their victim in perfect fury, till a person watching the battle might almost hear the first beetle squeak, "I will have it," and the other reply, "You shan't." And so the fight goes on, till one of the beetles conquers, and departs to enjoy the spoils of war.

Numbers of silvery beetles, the "water-boatmen," or *Notonectidæ*, are brought to the surface, wrathfully skipping around in the dredger, and sometimes nimbly hopping back into the brook just as they are about to be transferred to the pail. Well do I remember my amazement, one day during my first acquaintance with these beetles, when, having transferred my silvery treasures to a pan of water, I had sat down to watch them as they swam on their backs, and, suddenly, one, the prettiest of the number, having turned over, flew straight up into the air, passed my ear with a booming sound like that of an angry hornet, and sailed away above the apple trees, never to return. I have ever since retained a respect for the flying powers of *Notonectidæ*.

Woods says that, by holding one of these water-boatmen between the eye and the light, the progress of the air under the wing-cases as the air-bubble passes gradually forward to its exit at the bases of the elytra, can be perceived. All of the water-boatmen, however, that I have ever been acquainted with, have vigorously protested against being held in any position in which the air-bubble could be seen.

But my dredging is disturbed.

"What you catching? Fish?" demands a voice, and I look up to see the yellow head of an inquisitive fourteen-year-old youth peering over the bank. Evidently, he has been watching my performances for some time, unperceived.

"Water-beetles," and I hold up my pail to show the contents.

"What are they good for?" proceeds the utilitarian.

I hesitate a moment. Shall I tell him of the decaying leaves that these numerous pond-snails devour; of the yearly plague of frogs from which we are delivered by the disappearance of the juices of the polliwogs through the proboscides of these water-boatmen; of the multitudes of immature toads that meet their fate under the masks of these dragon-fly-larvæ? I excuse myself from this lecture on zoölogy, and make answer, "I take them home and keep them, and study their habits."

The boy eyes me suspiciously. Evidently, that answer is not satisfactory to his mind. He thinks I am trying to cover up some great secret, some profound mystery, that I object to his understanding.

He ponders over it for a while, and then a brilliant idea strikes him.

"Say," he proceeds, bending confidently over the fence, and peering down at me, "Say, do you make them things—them beetles—into medicine?"

No denial satisfies him. He eyes me unbelievably, and is evidently quite persuaded in his own mind that he has hit on the exact solution of the mystery. I am a concoctor of horrible drugs. I can read in his eyes, as he turns away, that I am henceforth to be classed by him with those Chinese medicos who are rumored to concoct Celestial medicine from horned toads and like crawling things.

Another large dragon-fly larva comes to the surface, accompanied by two or three polliwogs. I remember being present at the massacre of a small company of polliwogs by some dragon-fly larvæ. The cool deliberation with which one of those larvæ, in particular, would crawl cautiously up a stick in-

side of the bottle, and, holding on to the end, would wait there until one of these black, immature toads came within reach, was terrible. Nearer came the polliwog, wriggling happily through the water, all unconscious of danger; and the larva, throwing out its mask and drawing it back again over the mouth so suddenly that it was just perceptible, would take a bite out of the polliwog. The poor victim would go rushing on, and the larva, having disposed of one mouthful, would pat its head with one foot, as if to pack the first morsel safely in, and then would reach out and take another bite out of the next polliwog that came within reach, without reference at all to the fact that it was not the same polliwog to whom the first mouthful belonged. Meantime, the other dragon-fly larvæ on the bottom of the jar were taking their meals in much the same fashion. Such a sight gives one an idea of the multitudes of little tragedies that are enacted below the surface of ponds, by these ferocious looking larvæ and their victims.

But vengeance frequently overtakes the murderers. When the time draws nigh for moulting the skin and appearing with wings, then is the critical period of dragon-fly life. I recollect one wretch of a larva, who had spent his water life as a blood-thirsty tyrant over the smaller creatures; but when the time arrived for moulting, he did not bravely crawl up a stick out of the water, and, seizing the end of the stick with his six legs, proceed to make an opening in the upper part of his thorax, and come out of that improvised door, after the common manner of dragon-flies. He seemed to be in a very excited frame of mind, climbed the stick, tumbled off on the floor, and crawled vigorously around in all directions, evidently in great trouble. At last, after a half a day or more of such excited actions, he did manage to break a way through his casement, and come out; but, alas, he was never able to straighten out more than one of his four wings. The others remained immature or wrapped around his body, and all his efforts were unavailing. He died in the struggle, and the ants were his undertakers.



None of the smaller dragon-fly larvæ that I have ever seen make their entrance into the air-world, have had such trouble as the larger ones seem sometimes subject to. The moult is usually over, and the dragon-fly is ready for flight in an hour or two from the time of the beginning of the performance. It is easy to know when one of these larvæ is about to moult, since, for a day or so before this event, the larvæ are in the habit of crawling up the stick that is always left in the jar to serve as a sort of ladder, and staying near the surface of the water, occasionally putting their heads out into the air. It is an interesting sight to watch the dragon-fly, after moulting, when the wings are gradually being drawn out to their full size, the fine veinings slowly becoming more and more distinct, spots of green or blue, markings of brown and yellow, or shades of pink and straw-color are making their appearance, while the dragon-fly occasionally lifts one foot and passes it over its head, moving the joint of the neck and bobbing the head up and down, as if to be sure that it is securely fastened on, and has not become loose in the pulling off of that skin overcoat.

Once in a while a dragon-fly makes a mistake, and leaves one leg behind him in his haste to get out of his old dress; but there is no going back and looking in pockets for anything that may be missed. Such a dragon-fly is henceforth five-footed, and seems to suffer but little inconvenience from the lack of the sixth member, except that in crawling there appears to be an inclination to tip slightly toward the side that has not enough support.

The small dragon-fly larvæ seem to be of a somewhat mild disposition, and to them we owe a debt of gratitude, since they make a point of consuming as many mosquito-larvæ as can be obtained.

Woe is me! A piping voice cleaves the air.

"You catching fish?"

Verily, the nature of the small boy has not changed much since Woods wrote: "At the best of times the microscopic angler is sure to be beset with inquisitive boys of all

sizes, who cannot believe that any one can use a net in a pond except for the purpose of catching fish, and is therefore liable to have his sanity called in question, and his proceedings greatly disturbed." Woods goes on to give as a remedy for this evil the administration to the small boy of "soft-sawder and a few pence." Perhaps the California boy is not so avaricious as his English cousin. At least, I have usually found the first half of this prescription sufficient, without the administration of the second.

Truth compels me to state, however, that some of my small allies have assisted me with the not improbable hope that some little fish might come up with the beetles in the dredger, and that these fish might become the property of the boys, who are prone to have wild hopes of raising fish in tin cans—albeit such schemes usually end in the fish's living a few days on bread-crumbs, and then giving up the ghost.

But the small boy, when once enlisted in the work, becomes a most enthusiastic ally. In fact, he soon ceases to occupy that position, and becomes commander of the expedition himself. So very enthusiastic does he become at times, that he splashes around in such a manner as to impress even the most stupid of bugs with the idea that danger is near, and they consequently seek their hiding places with such rapidity that search after them is useless, in spite of the small boy's well-meant zeal. This individual is useful, however, in reaching for specimens, while standing in muddy places, or on precipitous declivities where a woman might find difficult footing. I owe at least one good specimen of a water-insect to a small boy's zeal—a fact that I have often thought of with compunction, inasmuch as, just before receiving the specimen, I had publicly reviled this same small boy as being one who intended to keep my dredger all day, and allow me no use of it whatever.

But the three bare-headed intruders who now plunge down the bank have urgent business on hand.

"What are you after?" I ask, by way of return catechism.

"Red-legs," responds one freckled urchin, making a dive into the brook, and on being questioned further, it appears that this is the name of a species of frog that the boys hope to sell for a fabulous sum to some mythical Frenchman. But no such frog appears, and they run on farther up the creek to continue their search.

Here and there, on the leaves or chips that float in the water, or on the grasses that hang into the stream, one finds clear, yellowish-white jelly drops, as big as dewdrops, or perhaps larger. To those who have kept these drops, and seen their final outcome, they are known as the eggs of the common pond-snail. Dear to my memory is the first little pond-snail that ever hatched in my own bottle of snail eggs. How eagerly from day to day I had gazed into the depths of the water in my bottle, hoping amidst the grains of sand and specks of leaves to see some movement indicating life, and how raptur-

ously, on the twenty-sixth day of my search, did I see through my microscope a motion of a little thing about half as big as a pin-head. The speck grew, and, behold, it had a wonderful little shell, and, at last, one day I scraped the clinging sand from the minute object, and the baby snail lay revealed, the three black whorls of its tiny shell as perfect as those of the biggest of the family.

There is a stir in the grass at the top of the cliff.

"What do you s'pose she's getting?" says one low voice.

"Fish, of course," answers another red-haired boy, contemptuously; and they pass on, leaving me to climb the bank and wend my way homeward, battling all the time with two or three obstreperous water-boatmen, which with buzzings of defiance are endeavoring to climb the sides of the pail, and take flight back to the brook from which I have just drawn them.

*Mary E. Bamford.*

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### FRED'S RELATIONS.

My resolution to visit the western city which was the scene of all my woe, was suddenly taken for business reasons. Before I left my native town I asked an old family friend, Judge Baker, for some letters of introduction, as I knew he held the pleasantest relations with many of the best people in my future home. Among others, he gave me a flattering letter to a certain Mrs. Cary, and as he bade me good-bye, he said:

"I hope you will learn to know the Carys well. They are a delightful family, and I am only sorry you will not see the son of the house, Fred, who has just gone to Europe on business. He is a fine fellow. I am almost as fond of Fred Cary as if he belonged to me."

This was my first introduction to a man who, though he has always remained to me nothing but a name, has been my invisible *bête noir*, exerting his baleful influence with a continuity of success as mortifying as it was resistless.

I reached my destination, looked about me, presented my letter to Mrs. Cary, and received an invitation to dinner. The family consisted of Mrs. Cary, who had been a widow for years, her widowed daughter, Mrs. Nichol, the absent Fred, and her youngest daughter, May, a charming girl of nineteen or twenty. Besides these, there were at the table a Miss Virginie de Rooda, a school friend visiting May, and Mrs. Nichol's two beautiful children, Conrad and Thyrsa, the first a pale, gentle child, far too small and delicate for his age; the latter a blooming, robust little girl, a year or two younger than her brother.

The conversation turned at first on Judge Baker, as a sort of link between us. I mentioned the very flattering terms in which he had spoken of Fred, and saw at once that I had scored a success.

"Mamma," said May, wreathed in delighted smiles, "did you hear how beautifully Judge Baker spoke of Fred?"



But she marred what I had made.

"I need no one to tell me Fred's value; and you should not, May," said Mrs. Cary with lofty pride. "Fred speaks for himself; he requires no one's praise."

"No, of course not," said May timidly; standing to her guns, however, as she added: "but I do think just the way he said it was lovely."

"I don't think the Judge meant to patronize Fred, mamma," put in Mrs. Nichol in a conciliatory tone; and serenity was restored to the ruffled surface by the magnanimous forgiveness of Judge Baker's indiscreet and presumptuous praise.

The dinner went on very smoothly after that, and as I was the only gentleman present, I followed the ladies immediately into the library. I am something of a connoisseur in books, and took great pleasure in examining their collection, which was large and valuable. I expressed special interest in a rare old edition of Spenser.

"Do you like that?" said May, with a deprecating smile. "Fred doesn't care for that at all." And then Mrs. Nichol came forward, to show me two or three volumes of which Fred was particularly fond.

Not feeling any profound interest in Fred's likes and dislikes, though I had discernment enough to suppress evidence of its lack, I asked if either May or Miss de Rooda sang.

"I used to take lessons in school, and people said I had a fine voice," May replied, "but it is heavy; and Fred dislikes what he calls my wails so much, that as I can't sing anything else, I gave it up altogether. Virginie has the same trouble."

"It's not so acute," said Miss de Rooda, laughing. "I'll sing for you, if May will find me some of her dirges."

"She will practice them even when Fred is at home," said May apologetically, as she arranged the music for her friend. "Are you fond of music?"

"Very," I replied. "I play the violin a great deal." May blushed and dropped her eyes, and made no answer.

When I called shortly afterwards, I found

no one at home but Mrs. Nichol. I was not sorry for that, as I have a predilection for widows—young and pretty ones—and she had rather effaced herself, I thought, in favor of May, on the evening of the dinner. I believe I have the faculty of inspiring confidence, and we grew rather intimate before my visit came to an end.

"You see, I was a very young girl at the time of my father's death," she remarked, "and Mr. Nichol was a great deal older than I. It was a great surprise to me that he should think of me in that way, but I could only feel grateful, because Fred was just of an age to miss a father's guidance and judgment; and Mr. Nichol never failed to justify the confidence I placed in him in that respect. My one consolation for my recent bereavement is, that Fred is old enough now to dispense with his advice and experience; and I am sure," she added, with tears in her sweet eyes, "that the knowledge that Fred was able to act without him made him reconciled to the idea of death, and leaving me and the children."

I could only look respectfully sympathetic.

My home while I was in the city was only a few doors beyond the Carys, and before many weeks went by, it became a habit for me to drop in and talk to them for many or few minutes on my way back from my business at the close of the day. I told myself that it was because they were all so cordial and informal; but all the while I knew that Mrs. Nichol was the attraction. By her own confession she had married the first time for the sake of giving a father, in the shape of an elderly brother-in-law, to that Jugger-naut of a Fred. Why should she not marry the second time a young, ardent lover, on whom the charm of her glowing summer would not be wasted as she had unselfishly wasted her spring? In short, why was I not a more fitting object of devotion than any brother, no matter how worthy?

These thoughts were uppermost in my mind as I watched Conrad and Thyrsa playing before the fire, while their lovely mother and Miss de Rooda sat on the floor beside

them, and May and I murmured about nothing at the other end of the long room.

"Why do you call that child the Corsair?" I said at last to May, as in response to that name he threw himself into Mrs. Nichol's lap.

"Oh, it was a joke of Fred's," she replied with animation. "Fred had the most intense admiration for Byron, and when we were all talking about naming the children, he suggested Conrad and Thyrsa. Mr. Nichol didn't mind."

I saw in my mind's eye, the departed Nichol venturing to dispute Fred's dictum; but May, unconscious of my mental attitude, continued:

"Poor little Conrad has always been so sickly that one day Fred said he thought the child's name was the best satire he ever heard, and he called him the Corsair, in fun. Of course, after that we all took it up."

"Of course," I echoed. It was rash, but May was guileless.

My next remark was made with trepidation.

"Don't think me heartless," I said, almost under my breath, "but have you ever speculated on your next brother-in-law?"

She looked at me in such blank astonishment that I felt forced to add more explicitly: "The man who might perhaps sometime replace Mr. Nichol in your sister's affections."

"Oh, no," said May, simply. "Fred has a bitter prejudice against widows marrying."

I left the house. In those few words I learned beyond question that my fortress was impregnable.

For several days after that I avoided the Carys, but habit was too strong for me, and before long I found myself in my old place. I devoted myself at first to Mrs. Cary, and found her, aside from the fixed idea that possessed all her household, a charming, cultivated woman, with original ideas that she was not afraid to express. But on the subject of her son, she, like the others, was hopeless.

"It is such a coincidence," she observed, during one of these talks, "that you should

have come home from Europe in the same ship my son Fred went out in. It almost seems as if there were some special bond between you."

My eyes fell on May, and it suddenly occurred to me that she would closely resemble her sister when she reached her age. Mrs. Nichol must have been just such a large, fair, quiet girl.

"Perhaps there may be," I said in answer to Mrs. Cary's observation. Then I added laughingly, by way of making conversation: "Is it not rather dangerous to let your son wander about the world as he does? What if he should bring you home a Mrs. Fred?"

"Fred will never marry while his mother and sisters are alive to make his home comfortable and happy," said Mrs. Cary with dignity. "It has been my aim to make Fred's home all that a man could ask for, and it would be impossible for him to bring in a strange element."

"But Miss May will perhaps do that very thing," I suggested, vexed for the moment that she should speak so lightly of sacrificing her daughter's youth and happiness to the family idol, be the victim never so willing.

"Yes, May will probably marry, but a daughter is never lost by marriage as a son is. A son-in-law is very easily absorbed into his wife's family," said Mrs. Cary oracularly. "I know Mr. Nichol was quite one of ourselves, always, and no blood-relation could have appreciated Fred's fine qualities more, or taken a more affectionate interest in making everything smooth and easy for him. I cannot help regretting every day that you have never known Fred."

As time went on, my eyes became more and more opened to the fact of May's loveliness, and for her sake I was daily growing reconciled to the prospect of entering the grinding bondage of being one of Fred's relations. But it was not wise to precipitate matters, and meanwhile I passed away the time by discussing irrelevant subjects, among others her friend, Miss de Rooda, who was making her an unconscionable visit. I had been in town five months, and I understood



that she had been with them as much longer before my arrival.

"What a little creature your friend is," I observed one day to May as Miss de Rooda left us.

"Yes," May answered pensively, "there is a great deal about Virginie that isn't quite right, according to our standard, much as I love her. Now, Fred likes tall, blonde, quiet women, and Virginie is so little and dark and restless. Then her name; Fred dislikes anything foreign so much. To be sure, she is a real American, because it was only her grandfather who came from Holland. When I was in school I thought her name was lovely, and I used to call myself Marie, but Fred disliked it so much when I came home that I soon went back to plain May. I have been trying to persuade Virginie to change her name to Virginia, but she says it is a family name, and she wouldn't alter it for anything. Even Fred calls her by it now."

"Bless my soul!" I thought, "what a concession!" but I only looked sympathetic and interested, and May pursued tranquilly:

"She has no parents, only a guardian, and when she came here to visit me she seemed so happy, that Fred said he should like to find her here when he came home from Europe. So, of course, we have kept her with us. After that I felt so much easier about having chosen her for my friend, because at first I had to depend on my own fancy for her, and I was always anxious about it."

It was not long after this conversation that I thought the time had come to enlighten May as to the state of my feelings, and find out hers in return. I bungled about it a little, perhaps—I have never learned to propose glibly; but I was not prepared for the utter surprise and consternation with which May received the idea I managed to convey.

"Don't you see yourself how impossible it is?" she cried. "It is not for myself alone that I have to think. You see I am not only taking a husband, but I am giving a brother as well to Fred, and he has never even seen you!"

"Well," I said, cheerfully, "what is to

prevent my starting for Europe tomorrow, and being inspected by your brother?"

"Oh, it would never do!" she wailed. "You are not a bit congenial; I feel it. And then you play the violin, and Fred has such a horror of musical men."

I saw now why May had been so embarrassed that first evening, when I mentioned my little accomplishment, and also why I had never been asked to play; an omission that had always surprised me a little, as both Mrs. Nichol and May played the piano passably well—well enough certainly to accompany the little reveries and cavatinas that one plays for one's friends. Indeed, Mrs. Nichol might have been a fine pianist but for a remark of Fred's that he did not care for instrumental music.

"My sister was so fortunate in that way," continued May. "She married a man that Fred thoroughly admired and respected, and he loved Fred. I could not think of engaging myself to any one that Fred had never seen. And then *you* have never seen *him*. As a stranger and a visitor, of course it is pleasant to tell you about him, but a real friend must know Fred. I have been hoping all along that you would meet him soon, so that you could become a real friend of ours, for we all like you so much because of Judge Baker. He is so fond of Fred."

I retired, a crushed man, but a firm resolution not to let May become aware of it took possession of me. I felt no anger towards her, poor child! It was not she who had refused me; it was that exasperating Fred. I determined that I would not permit His Invisibility to banish me from the house where my pleasantest hours had been spent, nor would I allow people to gossip about the sudden cessation of my visits, which had been of almost daily occurrence. Therefore I plucked up heart of grace, and began to lay desperate siege to Virginie de Rooda; at first as a pastime, afterwards from genuine interest. Here was a strong character. Here was a being who had been in the dangerous society of this human magnet for months, and who remained utterly unaffected by it. After having had Fred served up to me as

conversational side-dishes and *pièces de résistance*, day after day for so long, it was a positive relief to me to talk for an hour or two with this vivacious little black-eyed maiden, and never hear his name nor any of his deeds nor words.

At last I believed I was to be a happy man. Virginie evidently enjoyed and appreciated my society. May, bless her dear heart, resigned me to her friend without a single pang of wounded feeling. Virginie had only a guardian to consult, not an autocratic

brother. Mrs. Cary, I know, was planning what sort of a wedding to give her pretty protégée, and Mrs. Nichol began to consider whether she should wear lavender satin or white crape.

So with little fear of failure, I went gaily to my fate. Virginie blushed and looked the least in the world guilty: then she said airily: "Why, I can't marry you, because—not a soul knows it yet, and don't you tell for the world—I'm engaged to Fred Cary."

*Helen Lake.*

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#### THE WRITINGS OF LAURA BRIDGMAN.—I.

LAURA BRIDGMAN'S name is a household word; her education forty years ago was followed with the most eager and general interest, and her case has become a classic in psychological literature. To preface a short study of her writings with an account of her life and of the method of her education, may seem, to say the least, unnecessary. Still, current information is often inaccurate, and the psychological value of what she wrote depends so completely upon her condition before and after instruction, that a very brief review of the facts is here presented.

Laura Bridgman was born December 21st, 1829, into the family of a moral and respectable farmer of Hanover, New Hampshire. She inherited a rather sensitive nervous organization, the advantages and disadvantages of which are apparent in the record of her years of study in the Perkins Institute. She was born with her full quota of senses, but in her babyhood was subject to a nervous affection then known as "still fits," which for a time retarded her development. This, however, she outgrew in her first eighteen months, and from that time till she was two years old, she was considered a well child, and, under the circumstances, a bright one. She learned to talk a little, and knew a few of her letters. Just after her second birthday

she was taken sick with scarlet fever, and only after weeks of disease, and after two full years and more of feebleness, was her general health fairly reëstablished. The disease left her with hearing totally destroyed, and with sight so nearly in the same condition, that, though she continued for several years to distinguish light and darkness, and perhaps even to notice certain striking colors, she was found completely sightless, when, at about eight years of age, she was examined by Dr. S. G. Howe. Her senses of taste and smell were blunted, and touch alone of the five remained intact. By the use of this sense alone, or, we should say more truly, this undifferentiated complex of senses,<sup>1</sup> she began to renew her acquaintance with the world, to satisfy her growing hunger of mind, and to communicate by the simplest signs with those about her. Between her fifth and her eighth years she learned

<sup>1</sup> What is known to popular psychology as the single sense of touch, resolves itself upon more scientific examination into a complex of senses. Sensations of temperature, pressure, and muscular exertion, with others of a less distinct character, unite in it. It is the material, so to speak, from which the higher senses have been developed. In picturing Laura's defective condition, it is well to remember how wide was the range of experience to be gained through this so-called single sense—certainly wider than that to be gained through any other of the five.



something of tangible objects, something of the proprieties of conduct, to knit, to sew, to set the table, and to help a little about her home.

In her eighth year her case was brought to the notice of Doctor Howe, of the Perkins Institute for the Blind, and through his influence she was brought to Boston and placed in that institution in October, 1837. There her formal education began.<sup>1</sup> The first thing to be done was to come at a ready means of communication with her. Two ways were possible: the first, to develop the natural sign language, of which she already had the rudiments; the second, to teach her arbitrary language, using signs only while her knowledge of this was being established.

The second and more difficult way was chosen, as promising the larger results. Labels of raised letters were pasted on spoon, fork, or mug, and Laura was taught to associate the word-sign as a whole with the object that it represented. Next she was taught to form the word-sign from the simpler letter signs, by means of several sets of movable types, and a board in which they could be set up. The formation of words she quite readily learned, but weeks of steady work were necessary before she finally caught the meaning of it all. The manual signs of the mute alphabet were soon given her, the signs being made into her hand and followed by her fingers, and came to bear, perhaps, the same relation to the literal forms for her as the vocal sounds do for us. She learned at first only nouns, as the names of objects; later, verbs and adjectives of such actions and qualities as she could perceive. After a year she began to write, that is, to print, using a lead pencil and a grooved pasteboard under her paper to keep the lines, such as is commonly used by the blind. By degrees her vocabulary was increased by other parts of speech, by the inflectional forms of the

verbs, and by new classes of words, including some verbs of mental action, "remember," "forget," and the like. Her language study was continuous from the beginning to the end of her formal teaching. Early in her course she also began arithmetic.

In June, 1841, two years and eight months after her entrance into the institution, Miss Mary Swift (later Mrs. Mary Swift Lamson) became her teacher, and continued as such for four years—after the first year and a half, as her special teacher. In Laura's case the naturally close relation of teacher and pupil was made of necessity even closer; her teacher was with her almost constantly. She had to be told a thousand things that children with their eyes and ears learn for themselves. She had lessons on trades, lessons in the barn and the pantry, lessons on the materials necessary to furnish a room. She took long walks for exercise with her teacher, and filled the time of them full, whenever the ground would permit, with manual conversation on subjects about which she was curious. In the same direct and personal way she was taught morals and manners. A part of her teacher's work was to read to her, using the mute alphabet. In this way some of Abbott's stories were read, and other books of a similar nature. She went on with her arithmetical studies under Miss Swift, completing Colburn's Mental Arithmetic in a year, and working at written arithmetic with the ciphering board. She studied geography considerably, and began grammar and elementary physics.

From 1845 to 1850 Laura's teacher was Miss Wight. The work of the previous years was for the most part continued as before, but greater attention was given to her religious teaching. She studied history and physiology, and something of algebra and geometry, and gave more time to her correspondence. Miss Wight was her last special teacher, and at her departure Laura's formal education may fairly be said to have ended. With the exception of a short interval, her home has continued to be at the Perkins Institute.

Considering her difficulties, Laura Bridg-

<sup>1</sup> The best accounts of Laura Bridgman's education are to be found in Mrs. Lamson's book, "Life and Education of Laura Dewey Bridgman," and in Doctor Howe's Reports, from which she makes many extracts. The Reports are now, unfortunately, out of print, but it is probable that they, or some portions of them, will be republished in the near future.

man's attainments are phenomenal, but in her studying she has had as her ally a burning desire to learn. It has been said that in all her learning she probably never exceeded the tendency to spontaneous activity.

The detail of her education was executed by the faithful women that were her teachers, but to Dr. Howe belongs the credit of having devised the way, and, not only by supervision, but by actual work with her, of having helped her to what she is. It was his express desire that her religious instruction should be left to himself, and his plans were for such instruction as should lead one of her restricted experience by natural steps to a symmetrical Christian faith; but in this his wishes were not respected, and while nominally her sole religious instructor till she had been some time under Miss Wight's charge, he was not allowed to be so in fact.

The writings of Laura Bridgman are a journal, three autobiographical sketches, several so called poems, and numerous letters. The journal, with some intervals, covers a period of about ten years, 1841 to 1850. It consists of some forty or more thin manuscript books, of different shapes and sizes; some of the earlier being large folios, 14 x 10½ inches; the later, except the very last, uniformly smaller, 12½ x 9. The total number of pages, large and small, falls a little short of six hundred, and the whole, if set up in the type of the body of the *OVERLAND*, would cover about one hundred and ninety magazine pages. The matter of her record is at first only the routine of the institution, and the style, if style it may be called, very much that of a learner. The following are fair sample sentences of early date: "mary washed the many clothes." "i ate some cake good." "rogers taught me to talk good about all things very little." After she had acquired a greater facility of expression, the custom was for her to re-write each day in her journal what had been read to her the day before; and so, many pages are filled with rescripts of children's stories. So far her writing was nothing but school exercises;

it is only toward the very last that her entries come to have anything like maturity, and the interest of a personal diary. In these last books she records, besides the mere events of the day, an occasional bit of pleasantry, a play of fancy, her hopes and doubts of the future, and some evidence of her religious feeling. The manuscripts show the growth of her chirography from a sprawling and scarcely legible hand, to one of almost the clearness of print, a gradual increase in use of capital letters and punctuation, and an increasing mastery of language. On the whole, the journal cannot be said to contain much of interest to the general reader. In this respect the autobiographies are better. They deal exclusively with the interesting early portion of her life, for the most part with that before she came to Boston; and though they offer no new historical matter of any consequence, they have the peculiar interest of autobiography in a marked degree. In a most naive way they open to the reader her early home life, and throw light by their style of thought upon the peculiarities of her maturer mind. Mrs. Lamson quotes at some length from one of these sketches, but in the preparation of her book she did not have the best and fullest of the three, the better part of which appears below.

In making the following abbreviation of it, the aim has been to omit only repetitions and passages of little biographical and psychological moment, and to present the remainder as it stands in the manuscript, except in the following particulars: Laura's paragraphing and punctuation have been somewhat changed in the interest of clearness. Paragraphing, being a kind of spacial separation of ideas, might seem to be a thing to appeal directly to one whose single active sense was one so well suited to the perception of space relations, yet she makes the breaks in her manuscript rarely and without discrimination. The further liberty has been taken of rearranging the incidents of her narration, because, though following in general a chronological order, in the more detailed ordering of them she seems to follow mere suggestion. One or two of the com-



monest abbreviations, also, have been expanded.

The record begins with her attack of scarlet fever in 1832, and comes down to her visit to Mrs. Morton, her first teacher, in the winter of 1841. The sketch is dated by some hand other than Laura's, February 20th, 1854. If that date be correct, the author was at the time of writing a little more than twenty-four years old, and had been something over sixteen years at the Institute. Her style and her mastery of idiom, though more perfect than in her journal, except toward the very last, had not become finally fixed, and what is here found must not be taken as her highest attainment in these matters.

Errors of three kinds are to be expected in her writings: first, simple graphical errors, such as everyone makes, which are not surprising in the manuscript of one that could not revise what she had written, nor see the beginning of a sentence from the end; second, errors of simple ignorance, inexperience, or misinformation, arising from her misunderstanding of her teachers, or from a too general application of some of the rules of language; and third, errors resulting from mental peculiarity, if any such exist. Numerous examples of the first and second classes will be found in the following extracts:

“THE HISTORY OF MY LIFE.

“I should like to write down the earliest life extremely. I recollect very distinctly how my life elapsed since I was an Infant. But that I have had the vague recollection of my infancy. I was taken most perilously ill when I was 2 years and a half. I was attacked with the scarlet fever for three long weeks. My dearest Mother was so painfully apprehensive that there was great danger of my dying, for my sickness was so excessive. The Physician pronounced that I should not live much longer, my Mother had a watch over me in my great agony many nights. I was choked up for 7 weeks as I could not swallow a morsel of any sort of food, except I drank some crust coffee.

[Here “as” = “so that”; two or three times in one of the later books of her Journal she uses “as” somewhat similarly for “that.”] I was not conveyed out of the house for an instant for 5 months, till June or July. I was saturated with very bad sores on my chin and neck and on my lowest right leg and other parts of the body.

“As soon as I began to get a little better, it delighted my Mother very highly, who had been so gloomy watching me constantly. I used to recline in a very nice and comfortable cradle for a great number of months. I enjoyed myself so very much in lying in my nest. Many of different persons were very attentive and tender and patient to me whilst I resided with my Parents until I attained not exactly the eighth year.

“I fancied having a veil drawn along my poor head when ever I lay myself in the cradle. The light was so very brilliant and striking that I could not bear to see the reflection of the sun shine an instant once, because my tiny eyes were very weak and painful many months. [Referring probably to this “reflection”—*i. e.*, the sunshine on the floor—Laura says in the sketch quoted by Mrs. Lamson: “It was from ignorance of the fact that I imagined that the sun always shone beneath, through the floor in my mother's kitchen upon which I reflect with my eye, near her right window.”] It made the tears flow from my eyes like a heavy shower. I dropped down my head into my little hands as the ray of the light stung my eyelids like a sharpest needle or a wasp, my poor head and eyes continually tormented me so that I entered [in] to the snug bed chamber and staid there for a short time.”

“My Mother set me so cautiously in a chair and tugged the chair along the floors on the two hind feet of the chair from the bedroom to the kitchen. I fancied to have her draw me backward in the chair very much indeed. My poor feet were wrapped in a poultice, and I made a great effort in sauntering so leisurely across the floor. My Mother took hold of my cunning hands to assist in supporting me to walk so feebly; it gave me some difficulty. I was so very restless and

unwell that it gave her very great anxiety and trouble continually whilst in tending to me."

The house and its furniture naturally filled a large place in Laura's world; she writes:

"My Mother had a very nice and long, large pantry for many purposes, and a big sink room and two snug and close chambers and three very large and better chambers, but she had a bed in her best parlour and one in the sitting room. she never had a carpet spread on a single floor in her house, but she occupied [used] some rugs for the hearths in the parlour and sitting room only. She was so very [fru]gal and tidy and very clean in many respects. She furnished the whole house with much simpler furniture than some years since." "There used to be a small crevice in the narrow wall between two doors, through [which] the cat could crawl forward and backward. there was a little wooden curtain which suspended [hung] along over the hole in the wall to prevent the draughts from going through into the kitchen. I do not know whether the cat could determine to open the curtain with her paws when she chose to go through." "My Mother had a very long and small clock which stood from the ground to the top of the ceiling almost, in her south sitting room, in one of the corners of the room. I glanced at its weights and pendulum with much curiosity." Laura uses such words as "glance," "look," "see," etc., very frequently, for the getting of information by the sense of touch. "Before I was conducted to pearl st. Boston from my first region, my Father obtained a very tall and huge chest within several shelves [*i. e.*, with several shelves in it] for my Mother to put a great many large cheeses in. the chest had a folding door, erected with some crash cloth." "She had a good many very plain dishes. She has a very nice chest in her parlour, in which [are] contain[ed] many best dishes, etc. She always has a comical habit of having her big waiter stand over the shelf before the eyes of individuals." "I had two little cunning chairs, one of them was a rocking, and both of them were armed. the seats were changeable, made of cane; they last for ever. My dear grand Father

made them. I seated my self in the little rocking chair before [the] fire a great many mornings whilst my Mother was preparing breakfast which was absolutely essential to the family's lives. I enjoyed myself in rocking backward and forward constantly. My dearest friend Mr. Tenny gave me a thin tin plate with the edge printed in the blind alphabet. I occupied [used] it daily with much pleasure."

The family grindstone is described as follows:

"My Father had a large portion of a log hewn. there was a deep hollow in the center of the log, in which he poured water and there was a wheel so smooth. I used to turn it around in the pure water; it amused and delighted me very much to do it. I believe that it was for the purpose of sharpening my Mother's knives and such other things."

The business of the house was of unfailing interest to the little girl. She used to follow her mother about the house, and watch with her fingers what was going on. She mentions the picking of chickens, the baking, the making of candles and soap, and the boiling of potatoes for the pigs, and tells of trying to draw water from the well for her mother.

"I enjoyed myself in observing her spin and weave and wind yarns and doing other things exceedingly. She had a couple of carving [carding] boards which she meant to rub some very soft things some what like cotton woll with between them. She had a very huge and complex loom. I could not perform the labor; for it seemed too prodigious." "My Parents always built fires on the brick hearths in the grate places for a number of long years. They were never provided with matches or lamps or many other things then. I do not know how they cattivated [captivated] the flame of the fire by not using a match. they always took up tongs and pluck[ed] a spark of fire out of the grate place and lit a candle put in a brass stick." "My Mother used to put pieces of brown crust in a very hot fire and let them burn till they became consolidated rusk which I pulverized it by pounding it in a mortar. [Laura had forgotten the first clause of her



sentence while writing the last.] I liked it soaked in milk extremely for my best diet." "She used to have a square frame on which she wadded and quilted very many comforters. It attracted me very much to rush towards the frame, put above the head of chairs, and look at her work." "My Mother used to pound her clothes with a wooden shovel upon a slanting bench while washing. She never had any line for hanging her wet clothes upon, but she spread them on the snow and grass for many long years. She was so particular as to have all things look very snowy or clear always." "My Mother never was in the habit of scouring or cleansing her floors with her own hands within a cloth as of latter. she had a mow [mop] with some pieces of cloth sewed on one end which enabled her to wash the floors with less trouble and more expert[ness.] [I]t was much more convenient for her to have a mow than her poor hands. She never had a brush like what we use for sweeping bare floors. she had a broom combined with some split cane around to the bottom. my grand Father used to make a great many for her and others. My Mother knit many pairs of wollen gloves, etc., for her family. it was much cheaper for her to make them than to buy at a shop."

Laura tells how she used to amuse herself:

"I was very full of mischief and fun. I was in such high spirits generally. I would cling to my Mother so wildly and peevishly many times. I took hold of her legs or arms as she strode across the room. She acted so plain, as if it irritated her very much indeed. She scolded me sternly. I could not help feeling so cross and uneasy against her. I did not know any better. I never was taught to cultivate patience and mildness and placid[ity], until I came away from my blessed family at home." "My Mother had some very tiny books, which I loved to hold in my own little hands. I do not remember how the printed letters looked to my sight." Mrs. Bridgman says that the last word Laura said before her sickness was "book." "I had a man's large boot, which I called my

little baby. I enjoyed myself in playing with the artificial Baby very much. I never knew how to kiss my boot, nor any of my folks. I did not feel so solitary with a Baby as I should have felt if I had not [had] one. My Mother had some rags [of] which she purposed to make a doll for me. I never had a prettier doll than [that] which she only gave me in her home. I presume that there was not a good doll made for a sale in my native state of N. H. I liked my living Baby the cat much better than the boot." "Sometimes I took possession of a small room in the attic. I slept and sat there with some of my dear friends. I observed many different things in the garret, barrels containing grain and rye etc. and bags filled with flour wheat. I was very much alarmed by not finding a banister on the edge of the floor above the stairs." "I recollect most truly that I used to chop some little living beings in my Mother's mortar for my own amusement." [This seems quite improbable, but, if true, it may be taken, perhaps, as showing latent possibilities of cruelty in Laura which, had she remained uneducated, might have developed into that insensibility to suffering in others which is said to be common among untrained deaf-mutes.]

"I was very fond of picking fruit during the favorite Summer and Fall with different persons. I reached a great abundance of sour and sweet apples suspending [hanging] on the branches of the trees. [In retelling the story of Judas, Laura says: "He suspended himself."] I treaded over them with my feet. I went bare-footed many times sometimes. the green grass used to irritate my sensitive feet very badly. it amused me so much to ramble about on a carpet of the grass."

Laura probably uses the color adjective above not from recollection of the color, but from hearsay. It is even very likely that the grass which hurt her feet was not green at all, but that she "rambled about on" a stubble field.

Her early experiences with fire were some of them somewhat painful. The following must have happened quite early:

"A spark of coal snapped directly upon my neck, and the flame of fire spread over my chin from my neck, so [that] they re-joined together for some time as they were scorched so badly. there is the old scar remaining on my neck and chin."

"I loved to sport with the cat very much. One morning I was sitting in my little rocking chair before the fire. I stretched out my hand toward the old cat and drew her up to my side. I indulged myself in having a game with her. it was so cruel a sport for the poor living being. I was extremely indiscreet and ignorant. I rejected the poor creature into the hot fire. my Mother came rushing suddenly and rescued the cat from her danger. She seemed very impulsive with [for?] the insent [instant?] she shook and slapped me most sternly for my committing a sin against her dear cat. she punished me so severely that I could not endure the effect of it for a long time. [How severe this punishment really was may perhaps be judged from what she says later of Dr. Howe's punishment of her: "When I committed a sin in his sight he used to inflict a most severe punishment upon me by putting me in a closet or shak[ing] me gently.""] She held two of the cat's paws up for me to discern the mark of the flame of fire. my conscience told me at length that it was truly very wicked in me to have done a harm to her. It was very strange for the cat to go with the greatest fearful suspicion [suspicion]. she concealed herself so lucky [in] some [woods]. The old cat never brought her company to her oldest home since she was banished from our sight. I cannot ask her the reason why she never retraced her natural steps. I am positive that it must be reality of her death now. The favorite cat had not faith in us that we should treat her more kindly and tenderly again."

"Once I set a chair by the fire place; I was trying to reach the shelf to search for something. I drooped [dropped] my central gravity down and I scorched my stomach so terribly that it effectually made me very unwell and worrisome."

The larger animals were in these years a

mystery not unmixed with terror for Laura. She says:

"I took off my clean apron and threw it into the pig's sty for a joke. the ugly pig scrumped [scampered] out of the sty and rushed against me suddenly. he alarmed me exceedingly. my Mother was standing and watching with great rigor by my side. She defended me from the harm from the silly beast. I did not know [how] very dirty and filthy it was for me to do so."

"I was much discouraged [afraid] to see some persons obtain the warmest new milk from a cow. I was too much afraid of touching the beasts. But I was so carefully warned against the enormous creatures by my dear Mother and other kind persons. I was never sadly injured by a[ny] sort of beasts." "A huge beast was induced to go in my Mother's house frequently. he liked to ramble all over the house with a speed. I despised his fancy so much, but he would be obliging to run off. it tormented me sadly. I never like to see a large animal in any situation of [the] house, except cats and smallest creatures."

"I once was much alarmed to take a notice of a big bird which came flying so violently through the sink room. my Mother got out of patience and expelled the long necked bird so suddenly. I should imagine that it was a turkey, but I doubt entirely indeed."

"Once in the night as I was laid in bed in a solitude for a short time, in the snug room adjoining the kitchen, a large animal crept in and jumped upward on me. it terrified me [so] extremely that I could not enjoy my sleeping, unless some one would come and shuffle the unpleasant guest away from me. One night I was sleeping so sweetly with a most lovely mistree [mistress] in the identical room. a cunning and harmless cat came and got on my little head and roused me out of my [sleep.] the good mistress took out her hand and gave the sociable cat a violent blow that rendered her start off with great speed."

It has been said, and it seems to the writer with truth, that the two cases last mentioned were not real happenings, but dreams of animals in terms of touch.



The following are her childish experiences with death :

"My Father used to enter his kitchen bringing some killed animals in [It was customary for farmers to do their own butchering.], and deposited them on one of [the] sides of the room many times. as I perceived it, it make [made] me shudder with terror because I did not know what the matter was. I hated to approach the dead. One morning I went to take a short walk with my Mother. I went into a snug house for some time. they took me into a room where there was a coffin. I put my hand in the coffin and felt something so queer [The little girl was allowed great freedom of observation after her manner]; it frightened me unpleasantly. I found something dead wrapped in a silk h'd'k'f so carefully. It must have been a body that that [had] had vitality. I did not like to venture to examine the body for I was confounded. there stood some person on one side of the floor very calm, gazing upon the dead, and they touched its clouded eye and stroke[d] it as if the tears were shedding along his face."

Very many of the incidents here recorded must have been remembered by Laura as inexplicable sensations, the real meaning of which she had to learn from others after she could communicate with them.

Notwithstanding her condition, the social instinct has always been strong in Laura Bridgman. Very much of the record of this early time, even, has to do with people. Of her mother she says :

"My Mother used to have the privilege of going to church very many Sundays with my dear Father. I was very well contented and happy to be left at home many hours. Mother used to wear a very costly satin dress with a wide belt around her waist, on that occasion and she always had a cape to match her dress. She had a very original silk plush, drawn with many rows of wires. It was edged with a double and piped ruffle." "My Mother always was in the habit of wearing plain gold beads around her neck. I used to have some different from hers." "My Mother had never the privi-

lege of studying a Physology. she never knew that it would have been a very vast benefit for me to bathe in cold water in general. It was a compassion [pity] on her who was not able to have many books. she did not devote her time in reading or doing different and most profitable purposes. She lived most monotonously in her own domestic affairs in her household. She cooked and washed [and] ironed and doing such things so independently, she enjoyed her life exceedingly. Once She had a very thick and warm flannel dress, which she wore every intensely cold day in Winter. I was supplied with such a gown like hers. I had some cunning capes with a ruffle on the binding of the top of them. I admired them much on my neck. I was always so much attached to all little articles in my childhood." "My Mother was never fond of dressing gaudily. she never received a wedding ring from her Beau to wear on her left finger. She always was very tidy and nice and so orderly." "I once had a very tedious day. it made me feel very sad,—my dear mother lying in her own bed in her sitting room all day long. they would not admit me into her room at all, but expelled me out. my Mother had not been well. I felt so extremely sad and lonesome without going to see her a moment." "My Mother could not spell a single word to me with her fingers wishing me good night, nor good morning, [nor] Adieu, except that she gave a most welcome kiss on my face. I did not know how to repay her for her welcome and cordialty; it must have been a pity in me. I murmured so sadly when she made escape from me for hours. I did not like to be deserted [left] at home by her. I evinced the most confidence and faith in her on earth. I always recognized her instantly, as soon as I knew of her presence on her arrival."

As the intellectual nature of those in Laura's unfortunate condition is in danger of starving into idiocy, so their moral nature is in danger of degenerating into complete lack of self control. An ever present motive for right conduct in our social relations is our perception of the effects of our actions on

others, as witnessed to our eyes and ears and by their subsequent conduct ; but so much of this perception is denied to deaf-mutes, that, where they grow up with no better means of communication than the natural sign language, they, as a rule, become passionate, self-willed, and often ungovernable. As Laura outgrew her babyhood, she began to develop a temper and will of her own, which, before she went to the Perkins Institute, had outgrown her mother's control, and necessitated the sterner government of her father. As has been well said, she was in a fair way to yield to nothing but superior force. Of her father and his discipline, she writes :

"When it was time for me to retire to bed at night, my dear Father stamped on the floor so hard that I might obey my Mother quickly. he was so rigorous and determined for my good. I was more liable to conform [to] his command than my Mother. I disliked to do anything with regard to my dear Father."

She reflects upon other members of the family :

"I do not remember of the very great blessing which was bestowed on me at the age of two years. I had two first little Sisters, Collina and Mary. Mary was 6 years old ; Collina was 4 years of age. They were taken very sorely ill at the same time. they died of the scarlet fever suddenly. It was too unavoidable for me to be secured from the con[t]agious fever that was settled in my Sisters' systems. Mother suffered a most painful lamentation of their loss many months. I had a Brother named Milo ; he died of a kind of fever when he was 6 months old ; his constitution was naturally very weak and ill. I wish most earnestly that my first Sisters and Brother Milo would have been spared on this beautiful earth, but my heavenly Father knew what was best for them. I am very positive that they love me so much more than if they lived with me. They are yet free from the suffering." "I never knew of my grandMother in my childhood. Perhaps that she must have been dead before I was born on my mother's hand. [This might

mean "on my mother's part," that is, as my mother's mother bore her, so my mother bore me.] I only was intimately acquainted with my grandfather who was my male parent's Father. My grandfather had a very curious pipe which was used for a cigar. he loved to smoke along his throat so extravagantly. I hated to smell the smoke in the air. "My Father was much more tender and mild and moderate than grandfather. I always love[d] him more dearly than I did my grandfather. My grandfather was most fond and sportive in my child[hood]." "My dearest Aunt Phebe was invited to pass many months with me. I was so very happy to be consigned to her care. I did not know that she was one of my own relatives until some years after I was brought up to be educated in Boston. She was my Father's only Sister whom he loved the most of his friends." "I used to be threatened very sternly and absurdly by some serva[n]ts who used [to be] with my Mother. One, a hired girl, abode with my mother, by the name of Miss Hall. I once was standing by the table whilst she washed some things for my Mother. she drew her wet hand out of the water and repulsed me so violently down on the kitchen floor, because she was much vexed and nervous without a real reason. She caused me to sob so bitterly. when my dear Mother came running toward me as quickly as she could, it injured the feelings in her heart very much to discern me on being so ill-treated and in distressed. my Mother censured her girl, telling her how wicked and unjust it was in her to treat me so, and it brought the girl up with a tempest. she disliked to have me standing in silence near her side. my Mother rescued me so suddenly from the fall."

Of Laura's early friends, none claimed more of her affection than "Uncle Asa Tenny," a man of not quite normal intellect, who used to support himself by working for the farmers about Hanover. Laura's recollections of him fill more space in her autobiography than those of all others together.

"Mr. Tenny was one of my greatest and best benefactors ; he loved me as much as if



I was his own Daughter; I always loved him as a Brother. I was so much attached to him. He used to lift me up in his arms and transport me from one place to another. I liked to be carried as a little Babe in his great arms. I loved to breathe the purest fresh air very much indeed; the air out of the doors was very indispensable to my life." "Mr. Tenny was very tender hearted and [of a] most amiable and affectionate disposition. I was so very happy to stay with him constantly and forever." "I felt much farther familiar with him than my Father." "Whenever he was obliged to start off from me, it made me think that he meant to forsake me, and I felt very badly to have him desert so shortly. He did not know how to talk with his fingers for my sake, but he contrived how to make me understand by some signs which he showed me. He used to hail me most ardently by stroking my cheeks always. I could instantly recognize him from the manner of his moving hands and by his feet. It always delighted my heart much to feel him step along; for I felt so much attached to him. He proffered me some straw and rasp berries in a bowl filled with some very rich milk and maple molasses and bread many times. I relished it greatly with him. Once I seized his spectacles from his poor eyes and crushed them with great fury. He never had a mind to scold or punish me for doing a harm. He never got impatient with me or other children while he live[d] with me at home." "My dear Mother liked to accommodate him to my blessed home for a great while on account of my happiness. When ever he was at liberty to go out of the doors with me, he would take hold of my cunning hands so tenderly; occasionally, he would lift me up in his arms very cautiously. I used to sit down with him on a very green carpet of grass very frequently. I always loved to protract my time in the most pure and balmy air. I was very fond of rambling about the world with him. We used to proceed through the meadows during the delightful weather. sometimes he picked up a tiny switch from the ground and mangle [managed?] it in my

little hand to stoop low on the coast of a brook or of a pond and hold the stick in the water and feel the flowing of the water that flowed down from time to time. I do not recollect how the water naturally glided; and how it looked so blue by the sky. He took numerous stones and induced me to throw them into the water for my amusement and also a lesson, but he was very incapable of instructing me Geography. I do not know how long he resided with my Mother. I used to recline myself upon the comfortable bed beside of him sometimes; whilst he rested himself he took a news paper and read from it. I used to go with him to various barns, houses, etc. I could not bear to have him escape from me for an instant when I was conducted to a strange house, because I was too shy and timid. [This fear of being alone in a strange place was a lasting one with Laura. It is said that on one occasion after she was of some age she was so moved by being obliged to go up stairs alone in a strange house, that she even struck one of her best friends. It is just to her, however, to add that she returned soon after, repentant.] . . . Mr. Tenny would never abandon me by all [any] means. . . . I did not know the certain number of miles we journeyed on foot each day. I was too far ignorant in Arithmetic or any kind of studies in my [the] earliest days of my life." "He used to enter my Father's shed with me very frequently. We found something which gratified me extremely. He put me in it and then he got in also. I do not know what it was called" [A swing?]. "My best benefactor Mr. Tenny never had an idea of contracting a habit of wear[ing] a pair of gloves at any season. I never saw him wear a new raiment but shabby clothes over him." "He was in shabby clothes because he was never taught how to keep him in a good apparel when a little boy." "He always kept himself very clean and not grim[y] like a gipsy." "He had a very original and plain hat that was not similar to other men's or boys'; such a kind of hat lasted him a very long time." "He was always most honest and faithful, but very ridiculous and droll in his speeches many

times." "He could not talk audibly [correctly?] in the ear of a single individual; his mind was not in the natural state since a Boy." "He felt very much discouraged and sad to part with me suddenly, when I was almost 8 years of age. He was so suspicious of my being so cruelly stolen from his hands. he thought that some one was decided to cast me in prison. But he was very ignorant and inconpr[e]hensible [uncomprehending] about my loss, which made him mourn greatly. He was much confused in his poor mind; he could not help thinking of me constantly. It seemed to him as though that he was my own Father. I deserved [owed it] to him to be a very valuable pet or child in this immense world. I wish most truly that I had [had] the privilege of communing with the blessed man as long as I saw him at my own home. I should have enjoyed my life much more, had I had the capacity of making the finger alphabet. I could have made a great exertion in teaching my Mother and friends how to talk with their own fingers. I do not think that I should have been so happy as a bird, if Mr. T. was not [had not been] my best acquaintance." "Mr. T. was much prejudiced against many persons in many things. he did not know how wise and judicious and talented they were." "My beloved friend Mr. Tenny missed me so extremely in my long absence from his hands that he felt unhappy and forlorn. he made a great resolution to write a letter to me many times while in his solitude [loneliness] from my departure. he did not know how to use the language accurately and comprehensibly in writing to me. some of my dearest friends with whom I dwelt in this Perkins Insti. mentioned that Mr. T. was a very droll and absurd writer and also he seemed in his accent like a Greek. [They said probably his letters were Greek to them.] they could not help laughing so heartily at his writing. they could not understand by all his meant words, nor could puzzle out in any way. . . He said that I should be too unhappy to be induced to reside here, because I was so far off from his company and my own home. he did not like to have such a

thought for my being amongst numerous strangers. he trusted in my mother much more than in any one else in this world that she might have much more claim for me, as it was very natural to her. . . He never came to see me since I abandoned my blessed home. I never asked him the particular reason which he could have revealed to me. I should have felt so much delighted to see him previous to his limited vitality [*i. e.* death.] I presume that he was too poor to afford to pay his expense; he had not much money." "I do not know whether he understood that I felt very thankful to him as long as I was in his presence at my home." "He loved to see me indulged in everything for my own pleasure unless some circumstances should occur most perilously and wickedly. [From] that he was very cautious to defend me; so I felt good effects of his caution. He saved my life against God's mighty [*i. e.* under God?] I felt so very thankful to him as if he was an Angel and the messenger to me from the hands of God."

Up to her twenty-fourth year, the age at which this autobiography was written, Laura seems to have little knowledge of social distinctions, either as regards the position of her own family or that of her friends. She speaks of those that received her in their kitchens with as thorough respect and as hearty affection as those that received her in their drawing rooms, and she has not apparently even a shadow of a suspicion that any one could do otherwise. Taken in connection with her enthusiastic account of Mr. Tenny given above, the following journal entry of some years earlier becomes a further illustration. It is from a very early book, before she had learned the titles, Mr., Mrs., etc., and the Sumner who had been playing with her was the great Massachusetts statesman. She says: "i bit sumner, because he squeezed my arm yesterday; he was very wrong." In a conversation of about the same time, reported by Miss Swift, she said: "Sumner is not gentle like Doctor [*i. e.* Doctor Howe.] Why does Doctor want Sumner to come here if he is not gentle?" But some premonition of the feeling of such



distinctions is to be found, perhaps, in her apologies for Mr. Tenny's ignorance and his poor clothes. She certainly had a perception of the differences of people, which of course lies at the bottom of social differences.

The autobiography throws some light upon the interesting question of the exact condition of her senses before the examination by scientific observers. If we are to take the statement that she smelled the smoke of her grandfather's tobacco *in the air*, as meaning that she perceived the diffused odor of it, not that she inhaled the smoke itself, we must admit a considerable variation in her power of smell; for Dr. Howe found it quite obtuse during her first months at the Institute, and at the end of the year 1840 reported as follows: "It was stated in the first report that she could perceive very pungent odors, such as cologne; but it seemed to be as much by the irritation it produced upon the mucous membrane of the nares, as by any impression upon the olfactory nerve. It is clear that the sensation cannot be pleasurable, nor even a source of information to her respecting physical qualities; for such is her eagerness to gain this information, that could smell serve her she would exercise it incessantly." "Those who have seen Julia Brace, or any other deaf-blind person, would hardly fail to observe how quickly they apply everything which they feel to the nose, and how, by this incessant exercise, the smell becomes almost incredibly acute. Now with Laura this is not the case; she seldom puts a new thing to her nose, and when she does, it is mechanically, as it were, and without any interest." The next year, however, she was able to recognize the odor of an orange which was being peeled in the same room with her, and, in the year 1844, to enjoy the perfume of roses. That there should have been such a variation is not impossible; for she was at the time troubled with catarrh, and it may be that her sense of smell was by some variation in this disease made less acute at the time of her entrance into the Institute than before or afterward.

Of her sense of taste she writes:

"I did not discriminate the kind of meat

I was eating with avidity. I was perfectly conscious of the great difference between meat and vegetables, though I did not have the knowledge of the name for victuals etc. in the immense world." By 1844 her taste had become somewhat more delicate; she said to her teacher: "I thought turkey and chicken and ducks were all the same; they taste alike to me. I can tell beef from mutton, why can I not know turkey and chicken?"

No mention whatever is made, either in her autobiography or journal, of anything that would imply a conception of sound as sound. Once, in conversation with her teacher, she asserted that she heard the report of a cannon, adding that she heard very loud sounds in her ears. But it seems more probable that what she perceived was the stroke of the air upon her face. At another time she said she dreamed of talking with her mouth, but she could give no account of what she had said in her dream. Before that time she had been taught to vocalize a few words, and her dream, probably, was of some action of the same kind, and did not imply any unconscious recollection of hearing or speaking.

Of her power to see she makes this very curious statement: "I recollect very plainly how my hand looked beyond my sight; the light struck my poor eyes so violently. I cannot know of the reality of things [*i. e.*, how they really were] when I could see or hear in articulate [audible sounds] once." In Laura's manuscript the word "hand" is obscurely written, and the first clause reads: "I recollect very plainly how my hand beyond beyond my sight." Some one else, as in other places in the manuscript, has corrected the slip, leaving out the first "beyond" and writing "looked" in its place. But the sense of the sentence is still obscure: does she mean "how my hand seemed as I felt of it when it was too far away from my eye to affect my sight"? or does she mean "how my hand perceived objects at a greater distance than my sight perceived them"? or "how my hand seemed (or how it perceived objects) *after* my sight, that is, after my time of seeing"? or was it her intention to imply

that what she knew as a sense of sight was not referred beyond the eye itself, and that in some such way her hand was beyond her sight? The sentence has the qualities of a superior oracle, information of great possible interest, and perfect incomprehensibility. In another place she says: "I used to throw some things across the room with great expert [expertness?] and did not hit any one in that direction; I was half-sighted then."

How restricted her means of communication were, appears from the following:

"I could not talk a single word to him, [Mr. Tenny] nor any one else with my own fingers. I only knew how to make them comprehend some of my wishes. I offered my tiny hand unto my dear Mother, entreating her that she might know of my want for some thing to eat or drink. I stroked on my hand for some butter spread on a piece of bread. I could not assure her whatever I should like for a drink or nourishment, because I was incapable of making the deaf alphabet. I was generally satisfied with any kind of food or liquids that they procured for me." "I used to make a sign for my dear Mother that I wished to lie down on the bed. I nodded my head on my hand for that want of putting me immediately on the bed. she always understood me in all respects." Similar signs for general approval or disapproval, and for "come" and "go," had been established.

From extracts already given, some idea may be formed of what was done for her moral and intellectual instruction. Her home education was, however, largely manual.

"My Mother taught me how to knit and make butter, iron, wash, etc." [She was still under eight years old, so that her knowledge of these things was probably not large.] "I was never trained to make beds nor how to put things in perfect order." "I was never taught to make a bed or how to sew."

Of the limits of her general knowledge she says:

"I did not know what was my region, nor any object of the world. I did not know that my Parents had a farm upon which we lived." But by this she probably

means no more than that she did not know the names of her State and town, nor what her father's occupation was called.

• The great event of Laura Bridgman's life, the turning-point at which her fortune changed from the prospect of an existence so low and narrow that death itself would rather be chosen, to the prospect of a life of intellectual activity and moral beauty, was the visit of Doctor Howe, which resulted in her going to Boston and her entering the Institute. We will let her give her own account of this first interview and its results:

"When I attained the 8th year of living with my very dear Mother, a gentleman went [came] to see me at my home. I would not venture to go to her spare parlour with her; for I was so very shy and timid. She introduced me to the noblest visitor, but I shrunk myself as hastily as I had strength. He took my tiny hand and greet[ed me] most cordially. he seemed to be [such] a very unusually tall [man] to me, that it made me feel much repelled, because I never saw so tall a man before in my life. It was Dr. S. G. Howe whom I could not know or like. It was perfectly kind in him to leave the first Insti. and go so far to beseech [seek] me at Hanover which was so much more expensive for him to travel than of late. A person discovered a little girl whose name was Lily Bridgman [so it seems to read in the manuscript] and brought news to the good Dr. he was greatly interested in me; so he hastened himself and hunted for me for various reason[s.]. The noble Dr. brought me a silver pencil to my home. he lay [laid] it in my little hand, but it agitated me so much that I disputed [?] the nice gift and lost it somewhere. I did not calculate his generosity and love in [toward] me. I do not know how long he passed with my Mother. He communed with my parents about my leaving them in this particular case for [the] use of [for the sake of] my education. he was so extremely anxious that I should come to be taught immediately. My dear Mother and Father were exceedingly gratified at the proposal he gave them for my important exercise of mind and faculties.



"I felt much grieved and tormented to leave my native town so suddenly. My parents conducted me to the Insti. in pearl street when I was not exactly [quite] 8 years old, in Oct. I took a long ride in a chaise with them. I do not know whether we traveled in a stage or the cars, nor how [long] it took us to take our journey from my blessed home toward the 1st Insti. I dreaded leaving home so much that it made me shed an abundance of tears from my eyes many long days. the time elapsed so very heavily and painfully that I did not know what to do with myself. I kept clinging on my dear parents, so as to not let them escape from me, but did not succeed in detaining them. I was removed from them; they attempted to avoid me as quickly as possible. at the very moment that I lost them I burst in[to] bitterest tears. Miss J. Howe, one of Dr.'s Sisters was with me then. She tried to pacify and sooth me, but my poor heart was too full of sorrow and trouble. I was so much more homesick to retrace my steps home than I could bear in my power. I believe that I was drawn along toward my trunk, and I put my hands in for something to taste of, which my Mother put in my trunk. I had a very sad and pleasant time with Miss J."

Laura's first lessons at the Institute are a center of almost romantic interest to the student of her history. Here for the first time was the attempt made to reach and to instruct one so bereft. The spirit of the parties to the experiment was so rare—warm-hearted and scientifically guided benevolence in conjunction with burning desire for knowledge—the matter at stake was so momentous—no less than a mind's life or death—and the final result was so much what had been desired and worked for, that the whole incident seems less an actual fact of our own time than the fancy of a story-teller; and in the first lessons the great success was won, the Archimedean fulcrum gained, which made the world of after difficulties relatively light.

"The Dr. devised a way of having some words printed on bits of paper, which he

glued on a mug and spoon, knife, fork, etc.,<sup>1</sup> for me to begin to feel on a single word by my finger. I could not know how to spell one letter with my own fingers for some time. Dr. H. was my first instructor. Miss Drew was my first instructress in her ladyship. I loved them so dearly for a great many excellent reasons. It would lengthen my time very much indeed to describe all the reasons in this first book, but I can only write a little of them down. Dr. and Miss Drew set me a most excellent example. I felt so very glad to receive education from them. I enjoyed my new lesson much more than I can say. I never felt weary of studying, as it was very difficult for me to understand such simple and short words. [On the principle of "Let courage rise with danger."] Dr. made some signs that brought me up to understanding naturally. he boxed [patted] my head meaning 'right'; he knocked at my elbow for 'wrong.' He checked at me by his finger for 'shame' or 'folly' and when he was displeased in seeing any thing which I had done wrong. He stroked my hand when he perceived how dirty and shabby I looked; he patted my cheeks expressing [showing] me his love and affection. [These signs were established, of course, by repetition, in about the same way that a dog is trained to obey his master's word or gesture.] When I committed a sin in his sight he used to inflict a most severe punishment upon me by putting me in a closet or shak[ing] me gently. then it caused me to weep so sadly. he would always forgive me for the disobedience." "He procured a thing curious for me. [Several such inversions are found also in the journal, e. g., 'room school' for 'school room,' 'and not was much afraid,' etc.] it was a type case. I could set types in a space of lined edge for the purpose of writing some words instead of the use of a pencil. I had a great deal of interest in setting the types with an impression of letters. [She does

<sup>1</sup> The account given of the method of her education in "Mind," vol. 1., p. 263, though made up from a late report of Dr. Howe's, differs in some details from that given in his early reports, from that given by Mrs. Morton (Miss Drew) in Mrs. Lamson's book, and from that given here.

not mean that the letters were cut in, *intaglio-wise*; they were *cameo*.] A great many people admired to examine the sentences I made very much." "He [Dr. Howe] had a little book entitled with [the name] 'a child's book' raised in blind letters; he gave it to me. I was much pleased with it. He taught me how to read the words with my own finger. I was so very fond of reading." "She [Miss J.] and her best Brother Dr. learned to make the finger alphabet before I came away from my home." [Mrs. Morton, however, says in her account in Mrs. Lamson's book: "Dr. Howe had been absent for some time, and on his return was much delighted with the progress she (Laura) had made, and at once learned the manual alphabet himself.]

"My dear Mother came to make me a visit several times. I was so violently struck with delight to see her since I was parted from my home. I do not know how many times she came to visit me. She used to bring me a great many nice things. She could not make the letters with her fingers then. I enjoyed her visit very much, though she could make no word with me. My dear Father came with my Mother occasionally. My Mother brought me a quantity of maple sugar which I loved very much."

"Miss Drew taught me to write and read and sew and different things. . . . I was so happy to have the advantage of learning to make the blind letters. Miss D. had a long piece of patience in me in many respects. I was very strongly attached to her. She went to Boston with me many times; we had such a pleasant long walk every day. I used to sleep with her in the little room Miss Paddock is occupying now. . . . She had a very small room opposite to the larger one. I used to take a cold sponge bath in there as soon as I got up in the morning. She put a china basin in a chair and a nice sponge in the white water. [In speaking of Laura's idea of color, Dr. Howe says: "She thinks that black is a dirty color." It is not unreasonable to suppose that, hearing black and white and dirty and clean constantly contrasted, she should associate whiteness

and cleanness. She would then mean, not "white like the china basin," nor "transparent," but simply "clean." It is possible, also, that the coolness and liquid smoothness of water may have been associated in her mind with the coolness and smoothness of fresh laundried white clothing.] after my sensitive body was washed, she wiped me with a crash towel. She combed my hair daily. she used to twist my hair with some paper at night many times when I was ready to retire. I liked to have her curl my hair so beautifully around my neck. [The blind, as a rule, are careful about the elegancies of toilet and dress. With Laura, this seems to have been more than usually the case.] I had such a very pleasant time with her for 4 years or longer. I felt in my own heart as if she was my real Mother. she always loved to caress and pacify me very much indeed. I never liked to have her leave me alone a second.

"One day I went to the city of Boston with my dear teacher, Miss Drew. we so-journed at a confectioner's shop for some-time. she got me some feast which I liked very much. She left me in the conspicuous room for a few minutes. I was sitting in a very nice chair at the table. I was so shy and afraid to be alone amongs[t] the strangers that I made a shriek noise which caused her to rush along to me as quickly as she could. She reproved me most kindly for my doing so frightfully. I felt much abashed [ashamed] of it. I doubt not, of course, that they must have felt disgusted to think that there was a wild beast who had entered into the shop."

The last few pages of the autobiography are filled almost entirely with Laura's recollections of three visits to her teacher's home in Halifax, Mass., and of a visit to Hartford, on which she met, among others, Julia Brace and Mrs. Sigourney.

"I used to accompany Miss Drew several times to her native state [place] in Mass. . . it was a most benevolent duty [kind deed] in her to have the claim upon me [the desire for me?]. I did not like to be introduced to her dear Mother and Father and two Sis-



ters and Brothers at first ; for I felt too shy and timid. I was much more homesick than I could bear, But my best Miss Drew tried so hard as to sooth and content me as far as was in her power. I disliked much to be put out in the sight of a stranger for many long months. They would not let me alone for many reasons. One of them was because I could not utter or hear or manage myself comfortably and contentedly ; and another was that they took so much interest in me ; they were so strongly attached to me."

"I had a great deal of interest in one of Miss Drew's Brothers, because he had a store about a few steps from her own house. His name was James. I was so much pleased to know of something very luxurious. I went to call on him many times with the Misses Drew. He was very liberal to me ; he gave me some sorts of candy. I loved it extremely. he was so desirous to sweeten me like sugar."

In Laura's case, taste formed so large a part of the field of sensation, that her love of candy is not to be wondered at. It is said that now, though fifty-six years old, she still retains the fondness of a child for it.

"One morning I committed an evil in the sight of God, which my first teacher, Miss Drew, considered was really wrong in my heart. She inflicted a severe punishment upon me by putting me in her chamber closet. she shut me in and took the precaution [precaution] of looking [locking] the door for some time. At length of time I burst in a loud fit of crying. the tears showered along my little cheeks, which made Miss Drew know that I felt so sad for having done wrong. [Such an expression as "showered along" suggests that Laura's idea of a shower may have had in it rather more of the notion of running water than of falling, though she must certainly have felt at some time the stroke of the falling drops.] She felt ready to forgive me with her whole heart by giving a cordial kiss upon my face. I was repulsed by her most sadly when I felt so anxious to beg her pardon by putting my arm around her neck and make[ing] a gesture for a kiss on her chubby [?] cheek occasionally.

she at first thought that I had not really repented for my tempt[ation] until [until] she took a notice of the expression of my sorrow. She would try to cheer me as far as possible in many ways."

"Miss Mary Drew had a little doll with a painted wooden head. she was so good as [to] let me have the doll for playing in my solitude. I believe that she had means [the intention] of giving the tidy doll to me. the poor child without vitality was not provided with the legs not [nor] arms, I thought."

"I went to visit some of Miss L. Drew's friends, Mrs. and Dr. Morton, several times ; the distance was two miles from Mr. Drew's house. While I spent some time with Miss D. at the Dr's house, I was very much frightened to know of a new thing ; it was a little cunning dog, whose [which] was Dr. Morton's favorite. the little dog had such a pretty name, Carlo. [Probably some one else's comment to Laura.] I abhor[r]ed to touch him in the least. I was a great mind to plash him by my foot whenever I was aware of his approach. I disliked much to protract my time staying in the Dr's house on account of his dear little petted dog."

"One day Miss Drew was most kind to lay me upon Mrs. Morton's bed in her snug chamber. I felt so timid being left in a solitude, because it seemed too strange a place to me, and also for [because] it alarmed me so much to brood over the subject of little Carlo. I was so fearful that he might be in dangerous time to jump upon me whilst [I] reclined upon a very soft feather bed, but I fell asleep unconsciously. I was almost congealed in the cold bed chamber. As soon as I awoke I cried aloud for Miss Drew to hear me. she came very quickly and took me from the bed so mildly and kindly. I was very glad to see her again."

Unless Laura is here projecting her later experience backward, and writing of what she did unconsciously, as though it were done with intent, she had at this time the knowledge that by making a sound of a certain power (perceived by her, of course, as vibration of the vocal organs), other people could be called, and to that extent she had a

conception of vocal language. The "shriek noise" in the confectioner's shop is not quite so good an example, for that may have been a mere cry of fear as unconsidered as the cry of a new-born child. In his report for 1843, page 28, Dr. Howe says: "Now, as she cannot hear a sound, as she never attempts, like deaf and dumb persons, to attract the attention of others by making a noise," etc. The visit of which this calling is an incident was made before the end of the year 1841. It is probable that this, having happened away from the Institute, had never been brought to his notice.

In May, 1841, Laura made her second visit to Halifax, driving over from Boston with some of her lady friends.

"as soon as we advanced [approached] Miss Drew's home, it began to grow dim according to the ending night [day]. I was so very glad as to hunt for Miss D. she came rushing toward the front door to hail me with her whole heart.

"[The] Misses Howe and Miss Marshall passed a few long days with my best teacher, Miss Drew, ['long,' before divisions of time, has no implication of tediousness with Laura]. afterwards the guests all abandoned [left] us together at home. they went to Duxbury to make some visits on some of their friends. I staid a week longer with Miss Drew. It was so modern [late] in June as she and I left her home which must have caused her to miss [it] most sadly for the present [the time being]. we went to the blind Sylum.

"Miss Drew prolonged in staying with me until the last month in the Autumn. she renounced [gave] up my instruction at that time in the year 1841. She felt so very sad indeed at the notion of departing from me with so many other friends in the Institution. She went back to her native place for some excellent reasons. She was prom[i]sed to go to be with her lover, Dr. Morton, 2 miles from Mrs. D. She entered into the state of marriage. She is no longer Miss Drew."

Her third visit was made in the winter of the same year, to Mrs. Morton, in her new home.

"I passed almost a week with my very first teacher Mrs. M. in her destined home, who was just married to the poor Widower, by the name [of] Dr. Morton, who had a most lovely and cunning Wife until it took this place for her to depart from her earthly Husband and 2 oldest Sons Lloyd and cyrus. [A longer sentence than usual for Laura.] I suffered so greatly from the intensely cold weather that it caused me to feel so fretful and shivery. . . . We lay [laid] our poor and shivering bodies in a bed made of most soft and balm[y] feathers, but I was not able to resist the vast coldness; my poor nostrils felt so sadly icy, that it make me so very chilly breathing the dreary and icy air. We were supplied with a great blessing of fire which our heavenly Father gave us. we kindled the lustrous flame of fire on the icy hearth in Mrs. Morton[']s, my prime [first] teacher's, spare chamber, which diffused its most pleasant heat to the room [in] which we made our toilet.

"I perceived a very nice green slipper being warmed which was Miss J's own. at length the poor friendly [?] slipper got burnt or shirved [shriveled] [so] that it tormented her sadly. It was a fault in her not watching her shoe whilst [it] was warming so nicely."

Earlier in the same year, 1841, Laura made her visit to Hartford.

"Once before the time came on for Miss Drew to be sspoused, she and I left my dear est and lovely home in N. H. we went to Springfield to sojourn two nights, when my very best Benefactor and friend, Dr. S. G. Howe, was there to welcome us most cordially. We spent a Sunday there, till Monday in the very early morning. he accompanied us in a stage and we left Springfield to go into a steam boat. I enjoyed such a time in going to Hartford. I was so very glad to have the greatest pleasure of making a short visit to my newest [new] acquaintance by the name [of] Julia Brace,<sup>1</sup> who was very

<sup>1</sup> Julia Brace was at the time the only other well-known blind-deaf-mute in the United States. She was then a woman grown, but had been taught only in the sign-language, and with but partial success. Later, she was for a time at the Perkins Institute, and an effort was



sadly pitied by numerous people, because she was blind and deaf and dumb and who was not educated since when she was born. she could not spell a whole sentence or a word to me with her fingers. I was having such a fine time at Hartford in meeting many kind and good people, Mr. Weld and Mrs. White and Mrs. Signourey and other." [Laura rarely misspells a word, but twice spells Mrs. Sigourney's name as above.] "We staid 1 night with poor, unfortunate, old lady Julia, who could not enjoy our visit much. She seemed to recognize me in a minute. Next day in the p. m. Miss Drew and I went to spend the fine p. m. with Mrs. Signourey. we took tea there with so much pleasure. My great friend Dr. Howe went also with us. I had a very fine and pleasant time in Hartford with Miss Drew and the noble Dr."

Laura mentions their return to the Institute, and then closes her sketch of her early life with an incident of the journey, and one more expression of her discomfort in the presence of strangers.

"I was informed by Miss D., whilst we were seated taking tea or Breakfast at the table, that a Waiter who was a Negro gentleman waited upon us. I slept with Miss Drew in a snug chamber adjoining the sitting room. I did not enjoy myself in staying at Springfield much amongst strangers."

A word upon Laura Bridgman's "poems" is sufficient. She can, of course, know nothing of audible rythm, and as little of audible rhyme. A kind of visible rhyme would be possible to her; indeed, the following sentence from one of her letters, though possibly not of her own composition, would seem to show that she had noticed the similar arrangement of letters in similarly placed words: "Pray ye the Lord; praise ye the Lord; prize ye the Lord." But such resemblance of words, except when, as above, they mark like parts of speech in like position in their clauses, would be a senseless artificiality to her. Of rhyme, as

made to teach her language by the method which had been used in Laura's case, but her mind had lost its elasticity, and her own desire and interest were insufficient to carry her through the early drudgery.

emphasizing and marking meter, she can have no conception. But, on the other hand, the rhythm of thought and the parallel structure of the psalms and the chants of the Hebrew prophets, are things perfectly comprehensible to one in her condition. Laura had read Scripture, and when she came to desire to express similar emotion (two of her three pieces are religious), it is natural that her thought should flow in channels already worn. Mrs. Lamson, in her book published 1878, writes: "She has written, within a few years, two compositions which she calls 'poems.' The first is on 'Light and Darkness.' As she has access to very little poetry in the books she can read herself—and she seems not to have aimed at any imitation of this—we think she must have taken the general idea from some parts of the Bible." But I have had in my hands a manuscript of Laura's, dated 1867, which contains another of these compositions, very probably her first, and in a connection which seems to make it almost certain that she had the Scripture consciously in mind in writing.

"Oct. 6th, 1867.—I will compose a poem for my blessed Sister Julia.

"God is love. his love is like sun. love is unquenchable.

Love of the Lord is everlasting.

It is hard to appreciate his love.

The sun manifests love of God.

Jesus Christ is our love.

Jesus died loving us on earth.

No man can expire [express] love of God.

Are we saved by thy love?

Love is much brighter than light below the skies.

Let your heart rest in the love of the almighty Lord.

Love is the spirit of God, love blazes more than fire.

A heart is the candlestick and is lighted by love of Jesus.

Let not thy love dim. admit friends with out inviting them.

Yield the beam of sun to those around thee.

A candle cannot be overblown which is hid in the midst of the pure heart.

Ye shall not die if ye dwell in the love of the Lord."

On the same paper, and immediately after the "poem," stands the heading, "A proverb," and for her proverb she has quoted,

with the omission of a couple of words, the first six verses of the fourth chapter of Proverbs, even to the numbering of the verses. Then follows what she entitles "A Sabbath Evening prayer," and, closing the whole, "I praise God I am your chosen friend L. D. Bridgman."

The one on "Light and Darkness" is the best of the three.

"Light represents day.

Light is more brilliant than ruby, even diamond.

Light is whiter than snow.

Darkness is night like.

It looks as black as iron.

Darkness is a sorrow.

Joy is a thrilling rapture.

Light yields a shooting joy through the human [heart].

Light is sweet as honey, but

Darkness is bitter as salt and even vinegar.

Light is finer than gold and even finest gold.

Joy is a real light.

Joy is a blazing flame.

Darkness is frosty.

A good sleep is a white curtain.

A bad sleep is a black curtain."

The figures of speech in these compositions should be noticed. In the first place, they are so numerous that the few lines above contain more than the whole of her autobiography. Then it is interesting to see to what senses they appeal. More than half of them are addressed to sight, but require little clearer seeing than is needed to distinguish light and darkness, or to perceive the sudden blazing up of a flame; in a word, scarcely more power of sight than Laura in

her early years possessed. The reference to the sweetness of honey may have been suggested by her models, while that to the bitterness of salt and vinegar, would argue obtuseness of taste for what is really bitter, were it not possible that bitter is used with some confusion as to its signification. The appeal to the temperature sense is unmistakable, as also that in the seventh and eighth lines above to the sensation accompanying sudden action of the heart. With Laura's emotional temperament, these sensations were frequently experienced and frequently referred to. The figure in the last couplet seems to refer to the general feeling of well-being, or its opposite, which results from a restful or a broken sleep, and so may be fairly said to be based on somatic sensation, a thing not often done in literature. To the writer it seems a peculiarly appropriate one, but these body sensations are so often below the reach, not only of conscious language, but of consciousness itself, that others may find in it no aptness at all. There are no figures of speech in any of the three pieces that appeal to the sense of smell or that of hearing. The first is not much to be wondered at, for such figures are rare in normal language; but that there should be none of the second, is more remarkable. Indeed, her whole use of figures in these compositions is in strange accord with what is otherwise known of the condition of her senses before her coming to Boston.

*E. C. Sanford.*

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#### MISS EMILY'S OFFER.

IF you had noticed Miss Emily as she walked quietly homeward of an evening, after her day's work, you would have seen only an insignificant little figure in a plain, old-fashioned gown and bonnet, and would probably have turned away, thinking further attention not worth the trouble. It is more probable that you would not have noticed her. People did not notice Miss Emily, as

a rule. How should she attract attention—a woman no longer young or beautiful, who worked all day with her hands, and at night lodged in a small room of a tenement house on Z— Street.

It was a plain, bare, little room, but exquisite order and cleanliness made it homelike. A few pots of flowers stood in the window, and the morning sun stroked and kissed



and warmed them just as lovingly as he did those that lived behind plate glass on Fifth Avenue. A true democrat is the sun. He does not wait to ask the name and station of those on whom his favors fall. His precious morning visits reconciled Miss Emily to her weary toiling up long flights of stairs, after the day's work was done. At the lower windows he could not enter.

Those given to tracing fanciful analyses might, perhaps, have imagined a resemblance between the neat room, with its stray bits of brightness, and its occupant; for if a second glance were vouchsafed to this unassuming little person, it might linger over the discovery that she was by no means an unpleasant object to look upon.

It is true that Miss Emily was nearer forty than thirty. The freshness of youth was gone, and the dignity of silver-haired age was not yet come. Her cheek was thin and pale. Roundness and roses did not long abide in a tenement house. About the eyes and mouth a few fine wrinkles had manifested themselves. But the soft hair was still brown and abundant; her eyes were of that peculiar dark, bright blue which remains unchanged, even in old age. Their expression was child-like—clear, frank, and trustful, in odd contrast with the demure, prim ways that had grown upon her during long years of service and self-dependence.

When, some twelve years before, Emily Norris had been thrown upon her own resources for a support, she had found that these consisted in little beyond her needle. Thanks to long training in the use of that small wonder-worker, and a conscientious habit of doing her best with whatever she undertook, she found almost constant employment in families, and was not forced to depend on shop slop-work. Thus far, she had always earned enough for food and lodging, and decent, if not at all seasons wholly adequate, clothing. With this the best is said. She could make no provision against age and helplessness. But Miss Emily was not apprehensive. She would have told you she had much to be thankful for; and, comparing her lot with that of many of the poor wretches who swarmed in the dark, musty rooms

below, one must needs have agreed with her. Her wants were simple, and it is probable that, on the whole, she was more contented than many a more favored sister, who looked down upon her from glistening heights, with half wondering, half contemptuous pity.

Of all the pleasures denied her, one, I think, was oftenest longed for. She would have liked a pet—a bird, a kitten, a squirrel—something alive, that would learn to know and trust her, and return, if in ever so slight a degree, the affection she was ready to lavish upon it. But putting aside the question of expense (and she could not put it aside), there was another fatal objection—she could not take proper care of a pet. She was away all day. A bird would pine, alone in the close-shut room. A dog or kitten would be tortured to death by the children who rioted in the court and corridors.

One luxury, however, she allowed herself—she was an inveterate reader of romances. You may think this a weakness in Miss Emily. You may say it was wrong; that the money spent on cheap publications and circulating libraries should have been saved for the proverbial "rainy day"; the time given to extra work with a view to increasing this fund. However, the sum expended was less than that most working-men give to beer and tobacco. After the cooking, cleaning, mending, and other work required by personal necessities, was added to the long day's labor for others, the time remaining was slight, indeed. Moreover, most of us must admit that even a working-woman needs some slight recreation. And so, perhaps, we may find it in our hearts to forgive Miss Emily her one indulgence. As she distinctly preferred a good novel to a bad or indifferent one, it may be questioned whether this indulgence were not, at least, an innocent one.

While her needle ran in and out, or the sewing-machine hummed, through the busy day, her thoughts flew back to the pleasant scenes and society her imagination had revealed in the evening before; and thus beguiled, the day grew short, and her burden easy. And when, at last, her brief leisure came, these beautiful realms of fancy again received her; weariness, poverty, and loneliness were

forgotten for a time, and Miss Emily was happy in the real refreshment and distraction which this hour of romance brought her.

It may be that if you had watched this faded woman, as she sat smiling at the bright sallies of some favorite heroine, or softly weeping over her woes, you might have found something incongruous, even ludicrous, in the spectacle. Yet was it not pitiful also?

We hear much of the fervor and passion of youth; and, indeed, of that passion which is

"A spell

Transient as the whirlwind's breath,"

youth may be supposed to possess a monopoly. But deep and enduring feeling is not common among the very young. To them love and life are as yet names—names which, it may be, call up beautiful visions and possibilities to dazzle the quick fancy, but still leave heart and soul unshaken. "He never learned to love, who never knew to weep!" says one of our greatest poets. Only when deep calls unto deep, will the deep respond. Thus, through what seems a strange mockery, it is in later years, when charms have faded, and the power of inspiring feeling in others is diminishing, that the capacity for feeling is greatest. And this pale little woman, whom no man would stop to look at twice, whose life had been one long denial, possessed that fervor and intensity which, when seen or imagined in combination with a fresh, young face and rounded figure, men are ready to worship as something almost divine. It was probably her own feeling and imagination that lent to these often commonplace and dull pages much of their fascination for Miss Emily. These were deep and strong and pure enough to make a wooden figure speak, to add rounded flesh and pulsing life to the driest of dry bones. Sometimes they exulted in a world wholly of their own creating. Yet Miss Emily seldom thought of herself. Her happiness lay in a forgetfulness of self. She followed the fortunes of her heroines with breathless interest, but did not fancy herself a heroine. Once upon a time she may have had her dreams, like other girls, but she had given them up long ago.

And so the years went by, until she was, at last, forced to realize that youth was gone, pricked to death with sharp steel, buried among half-forgotten books, and that the future apparently had nothing better to offer her than a lonely, perhaps indigent, old age.

Yet Miss Emily did not repine. Her face was as serene, her eyes as bright as ever in her youth, when, one June morning, she sat in a little sewing-room, belonging to a certain stately mansion, trying for perhaps the twentieth time to fit a gingham slip to a wriggling four-year-old, who at that moment was interested in anything and everything that small room contained or suggested, except the fit of her frock. A girl of ten and a boy of seven were lounging about the room, waiting with an air of very reluctant resignation to fate, for their turn at the stake. Cloth, cut and uncut, and garments in every stage of completion, had been carefully piled in order on chairs and tables close at hand. The elder children found amusement and occupation for their leisure in kicking and tumbling these about the room, until it looked as if a small cyclone had been suddenly let loose within its limits. Then they slyly pushed Miss Emily's work-basket close to her elbow, so that the first unguarded backward movement of her arm sent it and its contents flying to the floor. They were standing aside, giggling at her quick start and look of dismay, when the door opened, and an elderly lady entered the room. She was tall and dignified, with iron-gray hair, and keen, dark eyes, which took in the meaning of the scene at a glance.

"Children, I am ashamed of you," she said. Pick up Miss Emily's work-basket at once."

"*We* didn't tip it over, grandma," began the girl; but at a glance from those penetrating eyes, she colored crimson, and began hastily gathering up the scattered articles.

"Ruthie, darling, can't you keep still one minute? Don't you know that if Miss Emily doesn't get your frock done you can't go out to Auntie Ruth's, in the country, next week?"

"Yes, yes," said the little maid, half cry-



ing, "s'all do Auntie Woofie's country next week." And she kept so still that she was soon released. She then began to chatter confusedly about the country, and her own expected happy sojourn there.

"Is 'oo doin' to country, Miss Emmie?" she asked at last.

"No, dear."

"Don't 'oo wis' 'oo was doin'?"

"Yes, dear"—very wistfully.

"We go to the country every summer," said Ada, the elder girl, with conscious superiority. "Sometimes we go to the seashore with Aunt Elinor—that's our own auntie, you know—but most always we go to Auntie Ruth's—that's mamma's auntie."

"Miss Emmie," said Teddy, in sudden, awe-struck pity, "didn't you ever go to the country, or climb any trees, or go fishing in the pond?"

"Oh, yes, my little man," said the seamstress with a smile. "I lived in the country until I was twelve years old. I climbed trees and went fishing many a time."

"Till you were twelve years old!" cried Ada, now interested. "What made you go away then? *I'd* have stayed."

"My mother died," said Miss Emily, looking away and finding some difficulty in threading her needle. "My father had died long before. The farm was sold to pay the mortgage. There was nothing left for me, they said. My mother's cousin was very kind, and brought me to the city to live in his family."

"Do you live with him now?" asked Teddy.

"No; he is dead. The family is scattered."

"What did you do when you lived at your cousin's house?" went on Ted, who was nothing if not curious.

"I looked after the children and sewed for them, as I do for you."

"Haven't you ever gone to the country since then—since you were a little girl?" queried Ada.

"Once—one summer."

"Ah, how old were you then?"

"I—I was eighteen."

"Oh, you were a young lady like Auntie Belle." But Ada looked at the faded, old-fashioned seamstress somewhat incredulously. Could she ever have been a young lady like Auntie Belle? Yet little eighteen-year-old Emmie Norris had been a bonnie lassie, with a blush-rose face, blue, bright eyes, and trim, lithe figure, sweeter and more charming in her way than dashing Belle Wilmot could ever hope to be.

"Auntie Belle is going to be married," went on Ada, "to Mr. Van Tronken. He's awfully old and ugly. I told Auntie Belle so, and she just laughed, and said he was awfully rich, too, and he could afford to be old and ugly."

"Ada," said her grandmother sternly, "a little girl like you should not talk of such things."

Brought to a short stop on her favorite subject, Miss Ada returned to the one from which she had wandered.

"When you went to the country, Miss Emmie, did you go back to the place where you lived when you were a little girl?"

"I went to visit my uncle. I saw the old place; it was near."

"Didn't you wish it was yours?" asked Ted.

"Why, Miss Emmie," said Ada, "if you have an uncle in the country, why don't you go to see him now?"

"He is dead long ago," said poor Miss Emily. "The place was sold to strangers."

"Oh, dear!" said Teddy in disgust. "Seems to me everybody that b'longs to you is dead, Miss Emmie."

"Teddy!" cried his grandmother. She had seen the pain deepen in the patient face, the slowly gathering tears that dimmed the clear eyes.

"Go into the nursery, all of you, and stay until you are called. You must not worry Miss Emily so."

They moved toward the door, a little frightened. Never before had they seen tears in Miss Emily's blue eyes, and they liked Miss Emily, though they also liked to tease her. Ruthie came back, and put up her red mouth, saying :

"I 'll tiss 'oo, I 'ill, Miss Emmie," as if that was a cure for all ills.

Teddy, as affectionate as he was blunt and thoughtless, threw his arms around her neck with :

"I didn't *mean* to worry you, I didn't, Miss Emmie."

Even Ada stopped for a word and little caress, and before they were well out of the room, Miss Emily had dried her tears and was almost as serene as ever.

"Bless their loving little hearts!" she said. "You needn't have sent them out of the room, Mrs. Wilmot. They meant no harm."

At sunset that evening, as Mrs. Wilmot sat by the drawing-room window, looking after some guests who had just taken their departure, her daughter came to her, her face clouded with some perplexity.

"What is it, Olive?" she asked; "Something has gone wrong, I see."

"Yes; was ever anything so provoking? Justine tells me she has a telegram, saying that her brother in Philadelphia is ill, and she must go to him at once. And you know I have depended on her to go with the children."

"I didn't know she had a brother in Philadelphia."

"I don't think she has. She does not want to spend the summer in the country, that is all. But what am I to do? I cannot send all those children to Aunt Ruth without some one to look after them, and I can't take them to Elinor's with me, as she is so out of health 'this summer."

Mrs. Wilmot turned again to the window. As she sat wondering what could be done, Miss Emily tripped down the steps, and passed out into the crowded street. For a moment, Mrs. Wilmot's eyes rested absently upon her; then her face brightened.

"Olive," she cried, "I have it. The very thing! Send Miss Emily with the children."

"Miss Emily!"

"Yes. She is a faithful, honest, conscientious creature. She seems fond of the children, and is very patient with them."

And so, next day, a great joy came to Miss Emily. When evening came, she left her

latest romance untouched. She sat by her geranium clusters and fuchsia bells, dreaming dreams of green trees and blue skies, of fields of golden grain, rippling and glistening in the wind and sun, of the songs of birds and lowing of cattle, of green reaches of forest, and babbling, wimpling brooks, such as her childish feet had loved to dally in. She had dreamed such dreams before, only to waken sadly to reality and brick walls. Now, she could hardly sleep for joy of thinking how soon they were to be fulfilled.

"Why-y!" cried Master Ted, as she made her appearance on the morning appointed for their departure, "how nice you look, Miss Emmie."

"Miss Emily has got her a new suit," said Ada; and Miss Emily blushed and hung her head as if she had been caught doing something very improper, indeed. Yet it was a most modest little gown of soft, gray cashmere, cut in the prevailing mode, scantily furnished forth with flounces and furbelows, but fitting the prim little figure to perfection. A plain but becoming bonnet of the same color, and neat gloves and boots, completed the costume. Her eyes were bright, her cheeks flushed with gentle excitement. She looked ten years younger.

"She looks iike a lady," said young Mrs. Fleming to her mother. "I believe I am glad Justine left us."

"She is a lady, in her way. As to Justine, I quite agree with you. I never wholly trusted your treasure, Justine."

Papa and Mamma Fleming went across the ferry to the railway station to see the little party off.

"Be good children, and do just as Miss Emily tells you," was their parting injunction.

The children cried "We will, we will," and waved handkerchiefs out of the window so long that a crusty old gentleman sitting near asked if they thought their father and mother possessed telescopes for eyes, and would watch their signals all the way across the country.

Aunt Ruth gave them a cordial welcome. She was a spare, dark-eyed woman, much like her sister. People called her "practical,"



and "a good manager." She possessed a certain shrewd common sense, which did her good service in most affairs of life, and those who hoped to gain by playing on the weakness and credulity of others learned to give her a wide berth. She had a kind heart, and sympathy with such feeling as she could understand, though her range was narrow. Her own children had been buried in their early youth, and now, in her lonely, widowed age, she was glad to bring these, her sister's grandchildren, to her home and heart for a part of the year.

She was much pleased with Miss Emily. The little woman's quiet cheerfulness and conscientious performance of her duties appealed to practical Aunt Ruth, who had half expected to see a whining semi-invalid, to be pitied and borne with for the sake of her need. It was easy for Miss Emily to be happy here. In this roomy, quaint old farmhouse, set among blossoming orchards and gardens, with wide fields and waving forests all about, blue hills in the distance, country sights and sounds wherever she turned, she had her heart's desire, the longing of years fulfilled.

Aunt Ruth, or Mrs. Day, watched her in wonder. She had lived among these things all her life, and could see nothing in a handful of clover or fern, in a thrush's song, or the bleating of a lamb, to rouse such rare delight. If she had been shut out from her inheritance as long as Miss Emily, she might, perhaps, have valued it more. As it was, she felt its worth but dimly. But she had a real pleasure in watching the little seamstress, and noting how, as the days went by, the pale, thin cheeks grew round, and even rosy.

The children wished to keep their promise and be good, but they also wished to have their own way. At first, they thought gentle Miss Emily a fit subject for wheedling, and tried to gain their ends by that means. But though Miss Emily would romp with them half a day at a time, if they liked, and when they were tired would pet and cuddle them, and tell them stories to their hearts' content, neither coaxing nor open rebellion, nor any of the various small arts that

they had sometimes found availing in their experience with Justine, could induce Miss Emily to favor any scheme of theirs which could bring harm to themselves or annoyance to others. So at last they accepted her for just what she wished to be to them—a trusted comrade at all times, a mentor and care-taker, to be respected and obeyed when occasion required her to assume that office.

Their chosen and most frequent companions were Jack and Milly Hathaway, who lived in the big, rambling, brown house—brown from the coloring of time and the elements—half a mile away. Jack was twelve years old, Milly eight. They had no mother, and were only too glad to escape the surveillance of Miss Priscilla Hatchett, their sharp-eyed and sharp-nosed house-keeper, to wander through field and forest with the Fleming children and their gentle guardian.

"Deacon" Hathaway, their father, while out looking after his stock, or directing his farm-hands, occasionally ran across the little party, and stopped for a word and a nod. He was a man of about forty-eight, a little grizzled as to hair and temper, clear-headed and shrewd where his interests were concerned. His neighbors said Deacon Hathaway was a good man, but "a little near," and that he "had his eye always out for the main chance," though none of them even insinuated that he ever followed this main chance through crooked ways. Women admitted the justice of this criticism, but said he was "a good provider," and that fact, in their eyes, atoned for many shortcomings.

He had prospered, as such men usually do. His broad acres were free of encumbrance. He was fond of his children in his own undemonstrative way, and his chief pleasure lay in the thought that he could give them both a fair start in life, without embarrassing the fair inheritance he had set his heart on leaving them. He might well be forgiven his pride in them. Milly possessed in a rare degree that fragile, refined beauty, not usually looked for in the country, but as often found there as elsewhere. She was as delicate as a snowdrop, as dainty as the proudest lady in the land, almost startling in her

quick, sensitive intelligence. Jack was a manly, sturdy, affectionate lad, as tender with his frail little sister as if the boyish torture which brothers, as a rule, inflict upon their much enduring sisters as naturally as a dog takes to worrying a cat, had never been heard of.

When Jack was first presented to Miss Emily, and turned his great, laughing brown eyes up to meet hers, she started and stared, Teddy said, as if she had seen a ghost. Perhaps she had. All that afternoon she seemed strangely absent. She showed none of her usual interest in "Green Gravel" and "Barberry Bush," "I Spy," or bent-pin fishing. Even the children's reproaches did not rouse her. She at last wandered away from the noisy little band, and finding a seat on a mossy log by the brook-side, lingered there hour after hour, her hands lying in her lap, her eyes far away and dreamy. The present had faded away. She was living in the past, sent there by Jack's brown eyes. Again she saw a pair of laughing brown eyes—not Jack's, but like them—set in a boyish, sun-browned face—that also like Jack's but with a difference—and crowning all, a tangle of brown curls; a lithe, boyish figure; a strong, kind, hard hand—that was her cousin Tom, who, through her brief, happy childhood had been by turns her playmate, tease, and tormentor, her guide and protector, until she scarcely knew in which capacity he was most necessary to her. When she left the country she left him also, with, as it seemed to her, all the good things life had to offer her.

Once afterward she had seen him. Though six years older, they had met much in the same spirit. He was still her cousin Tom, not given to sentiment, but to be relied on in an emergency. She was still his little Emmie, to pet, or tease, or instruct, according to his mood or her patience. They had found each other's society as necessary as ever. They were perhaps more conscious of the peculiar charm it held for both; but there was no love-making. They were too young to think much about marriage except as some dim, sweet dream, whose fulfillment would, of course, come sometime; but that

sometime was in the indefinite future. So many other things must be done before that could receive attention—that is what Tom would have said if you had questioned him, though I doubt if his thoughts had ever put it into so definite a shape. Little Emmie was not given to making plans of any sort for her future life. So far as she knew, it was already marked out for her in her cousin's household. Tom was ambitious. He had persuaded his father to send him to college. He had already attained to sophomore dignity, and was full of plans for future achievement and honor. And so Emmie's short summer of delight, the brightest spot in her life, came to its swift and inevitable end.

If these kind kinfolds had guessed the repugnance that beset her, the tears that fell in the solitude of her little, sloping chamber, at the thought of leaving them and returning to her life in the city, they would gladly have kept her with them. But she made no sign, and they fancied she preferred her cousin's home. They were plain people, they would have said. They had only the farm, and it was not a large one. They could not hope to do for Emmie what John could—John, who was surrounded by all the advantages a large city could afford, and possessed the means to let his family profit by them.

It was a large house—John's house—masters coming and going for the younger children, "society" friends for the elders; but such "advantages" were not for Emmie. She worked all day, and in return received food and lodging, and clothing enough to keep her warm. She felt that she ought to be thankful; undoubtedly, she ought. But the girl's life might have been so different.

Tom was often in her mind as the months and years slipped by. She rejoiced as she heard of his increasing prosperity, even when that took the form of his marriage to the fashionable and accomplished daughter of a wealthy merchant in a distant city. If a vague, sweet regret sometimes stirred at her heart, as she recalled that bright summer and Tom's companionship, she could not have given it a name. Neither pretty Em-



mie Norris nor faded Miss Emily was given to self-analysis. She was glad Tom was happy.

She did not know—for the kind uncle and aunt had soon died, and Tom drifted beyond her knowledge—that five years after his marriage he had left a broken home behind him, and half reckless and wholly despairing, buried himself from the world on the plains of the far West. Ruined and dishonored through no fault of his own—Emmie could have told you that—unless it be a fault to trust too much in the faith of wife, the honor and honesty of friends, Tom's regrets were neither sweet nor vague. There was a time, I think, when, but for the memory of a little girl cousin, with a clear, true voice, and honest blue eyes, he might have hated and cursed all women. The thought of her came to him like a sweet reproach. His breast could not shut her out nor harden itself toward her. But he was far too sad at heart, too broken in spirit, to seek her out. He thought of her as well cared for by some member of her cousin's family. And so the divided currents of their lives flowed on through years that could never return.

Miss Emily woke from her reverie to see that the sun was low—time the children were at home. She kissed pale, sensitive Milly, and told Jack to bring her to them often, thereby winning both their hearts—Milly's by her tenderness, and Jack's by her most gratifying and fitting recognition of his high office as his sister's guide and guardian. Having had, since they could remember, no experience of womanly tenderness warmer than Miss Priscilla's somewhat thin and chilly bosom could afford, they lavished on their new friend all the wealth of affection their repressed young hearts were capable of; and, although they were undemonstrative, as country children usually are, Miss Emily soon perceived that this was the case and was touched by it. The entire love and trust of these two children made up a novel experience for the lonely seamstress. She scarcely knew whether it held most of pleasure or pain.

The deacon had observed Miss Emily's

quiet, firm way of managing the somewhat unmanageable elements under her charge, and nodded to himself in silent approval.

"No nonsense about her," he was wont to say to himself. "She knows what's what every time."

This judgment might seem somewhat vague to an ordinary mind, but it afforded the deacon great satisfaction. Yet he seldom addressed himself directly to Miss Emily. She thought him scarcely aware of her existence, and so was a little surprised when, one day, he manifested a desire to hold speech with her. A few common-place remarks were exchanged, and then:

"I hear you sew for a livin' when you are in the city," he said, bluntly.

"Yes, sir," she answered, quietly, though a little startled.

"Pretty poor livin' to be got that way, I guess."

"It's not such living as you have here, with all the world to live in," said Miss Emily, looking out over the wide fields to the distant hills.

"Hum," said the deacon, a little puzzled. He thought those hills an almost sacrilegious waste of land. He watched the sky for indications of weather favorable to his crops. He searched the forests for good lumber and fire-wood. He examined the fields to see if the soil were in good condition for bearing. But he could not understand what special interest Miss Emily could have in all these things. Yet it is probable that the deacon, and others like him, who live all their lives surrounded by Nature's wonders, with mute lips, and seemingly unseeing eyes, unhearing ears, have in their hearts a deeper and more abiding love for her than they are conscious of. They realize no attraction toward nature, because they are already with her, a part of her, as she is part of them; and if removed from the soil, they pine and die, like a hardy wild shrub potted and put into a hot-house.

"Ah-h!" said the deacon at last, "I s'pose you feel crowded in them brickstreets, with so many people."

"A little," assented Miss Emily. "But," she added, "I have no reason to complain.

I have always found employment, and some poor women don't."

"I s'pose you don't save much. Livin' costs a sight in a city."

"No." Miss Emily was growing a little uncomfortable under this steady fire. But Milly created a little diversion.

"Father, Miss Emmie says she used to live in the country when she was a little girl like me."

"Did she?" said the father, his grim face softening as he looked at the child.

"It is a great happiness to be in the country again. I feel as if I had gone back to my childhood."

A light broke in upon the deacon.

"You like the country best, eh? Most city folks don't—leastways, they're crazy about it a spell in the summer; but the first cold snap drives 'em helter-skelter. Mebbe you'd be willin' to stay here right along."

"Ah, if I might!" with a little catching of the breath. "But I am very thankful to have even a summer here."

"Hum," said the deacon. But he did not pursue the subject further; and Miss Emily went home innocent of any suspicion as to whither all this was tending. Even when the deacon began to "drop in," now and then, during the pleasant hour after supper, it did not occur to her that his visits had reference to her. She was not used to finding herself the special object of any person's thought or attention; and when, one evening, he asked her, somewhat abruptly, if she would be his wife, she fairly gasped in her surprise.

"You needn't give me an answer now," he said. "I've took my time, and I want you to take yourn. We aint two colts, that can't stop to look where they're goin' because some fool fancy's a drivin' on 'em. We've got over such things, and know what we're about. I've allus said I'd never marry no woman that the children didn't take to, and I must say I never see 'em take to anybody as they do to you. We don't put on no city style in livin'; but you'll have enough to eat and wear, I guess." The deacon gave a grim chuckle at this pleasantry. "You won't have none of the hard work to do. I guess you ain't

used to that if you've allus been sewin'. I'll get Miss Hatchett to stay. It's the children I want you to look after."

The little seamstress's brain was in a whirl. The deacon's words passed by her like the hum of the bees outside; but she was conscious of their general import. He was offering her a home and plenty; life, through all the days that remained to her, here among the country sights and sounds so precious to her, so hallowed by dear associations. In return for all this, he wished her to devote herself, her time, thought, and strength to caring for him, his house and his children. As a purely business arrangement nothing could be fairer. Ah, if that were all!

She sat for some moments in silence. Her face bore no evidence of the struggle through which she had passed, as she raised her eyes and said:

"You are very kind, Deacon Hathaway; but I don't think I need"—

Children's voices interrupted her. A joyous band just returned from field and foray trooped past the window. Every one had a word for her. Milly looked up and smiled her own gentle, trusting smile. Jack's merry, brown eyes laughed into hers, as he triumphantly lifted a hat full of blackberries, indicating by a swift pantomime that they were all for her as soon as they could be properly cared for.

Miss Emily grew very pale. They loved her; she was a lonely woman. She turned toward the deacon with a strangely agitated face.

"I—I will tell you to-morrow," she said.

Mrs. Day had not labored under any doubt as to the object of the deacon's visits. She had found an excuse for absenting herself this evening, and now as the deacon passed out, she saw that something unusual had happened.

"Well, deacon," she said, smiling, "am I to congratulate you?"

"Hum," said he, stopping short. "Well, Mis' Day, you can see into a grind-stun *about* as fur as the next one."

"May be. But I don't need any such power to be able to see into this."



"Hum! Well, 'taint settled yet. I told her to take time to think on't, and I'm comin' agin tomorrow."

"I shall be glad to see her your wife, deacon. She's a sweet, sensible little woman, and she'll be a good mother to your children."

"That's just it, marm. Priscilla Hatchett is a good housekeeper, and so far forth I aint no fault to find. But I aint satisfied with the way she manages the children. She aint got no gover'ment over 'em, and they don't like her, nuther. Now, *she's* got a takin' way with 'em. Whatever *she* says, they'll do, and seem to like it."

"Yes, she has a real gift with children, though you'd hardly think it to look at her."

"Of course, I don't expect anybody'll be to me or the children what poor Melissy was. But I guess we'll get along. She'll have a good home, and things easy. I don't allow that either of us'll work very hard the rest of our days. We're getting along in years, and there aint no need of it."

Mrs. Day remembered "poor Melissy," and thought that if the worthy deacon had only "allowed" that she should not work so hard in those old days when the farm was not yet free of debt, it might not now be necessary to fill her place. The deacon had not meant to be hard. He only expected his wife to do what he saw other women doing; and poor Melissa, whose frame nature had not fitted to the bearing of heavy burdens, strove silently to fulfill his expectations. As a natural consequence, overwrought nerve and sinew gave way. She died when little Melissa was two years old, and the deacon was left wondering at the mysterious ways of Providence, and the delicate constitution inherited by his baby daughter.

"Miss Emily ought to consider herself a fortunate woman, as I have no doubt she will," said Mrs. Day.

"Well," answered the deacon, straightening his tall form with a self-satisfied smile, "I guess she'll find it ruther better than jobbin' round sewin' for this one and that one, airnin' just enough to keep body 'n' soul together."

The next evening Mrs. Day again waylaid him, as he left the sitting room and Miss Emily, after it seemed to her a strangely brief consultation. As she looked into his face, she started. His was not the aspect of a successful suitor. The deacon was a crest-fallen, dejected, rejected man. He would have liked to slip away unseen. But his old friend stood before him, her face the image of amazement, and something must be said. He wished he had said less the evening before.

"Deacon, you don't mean to say"—

"Yes, I do," he interrupted, with something like a snarl. "She'd ruther go back to her sewin' than take one of the best farms in the country."

"But why—why—"

"I don't know. Some fool nonsense about our not havin' the right kind of feelin's for one 'nuther. Feelin's! It's a different sort of feelin's that'll trouble her when she gets her eyes sewed out, and finds herself in the street."

"Dear me! I thought she was more sensible."

"Oh! mebbe she thinks somebody's comin' in a coach and four to set her up in a stun house in Mad'son Square. But I doubt it."

We must forgive the deacon his little fling. His vanity had been sorely wounded, and that at a moment when he was looking for something so different. He knew there was hardly a well-to-do widow or spinster of suitable age within a radius of twenty miles who would not have gladly accepted his offer. And now to be refused by this little seamstress, for whose hand-to-mouth existence he felt all the land owner's contemptuous pity! It was soothing to find that his old neighbor and friend had as clear a sense of her folly as he himself had, and he departed somewhat comforted.

Miss Emily sat in her favorite place by the open window, when her hostess entered the room. She half rose, then sank back, nervously twisting her fingers in her lap.

"Miss Emily," said the elder woman, "I hope you will not think me meddlesome ;

but I should like to say a word to you about Deacon Hathaway."

Miss Emily started.

"He—he told you?"

"Yes. I hoped your answer would be different. I should like you for my neighbor."

"You are very kind; but—but it can't be."

"I must confess, I don't see why. The deacon is a plain, unpolished, undemonstrative man, without romantic ideas; but he means to do right. I don't think you would find him unkind or ungenerous."

Miss Emily made a little gesture of deprecation, but did not speak.

"He offers you a comfortable home. The children are fond of you. What more can you expect?" "At your age," she was about to add, but checked herself.

Miss Emily flushed a little. A glow came into the blue eyes.

"I expect nothing—nothing," she said; "and others should not expect so much of me."

"I don't understand you."

"No one can care for me now, or care for affection from me—I am well aware of that. But you should not ask me to degrade myself by marrying without it."

"Do you call it degradation to be an honest man's wife?"

"I should not be his wife," she said, passionately. "It would not be marriage. It would be desecration—desecration of a woman's holiest instincts, of God's most solemn ordinance."

"You have been reading too many romances, Miss Emily," said her friend, indulgently. Look at the plain, practical aspect of the case. You are alone in the world; your youth is past; your strength may fail. A home, abundance, and kind care are offered you. You have only to accept them."

"But I cannot accept them."

Mrs. Day was losing her patience. This phase of the little seamstress's character did not appeal to the sympathies of the practical woman.

"If you were a sentimental girl of eight-

een, I should expect nothing better of you. But you are a mature woman now, and ought to put aside such fancies. Haven't you learned yet to see the realities of life?"

"There are realities that cannot be seen or told," murmured the culprit.

"What did you say, Miss Emily?"

"Mrs. Day, do you think it would excuse me for doing wrong to say that I am thirty-eight instead of eighteen?"

"Miss Emily, I have known women—good women—who married with none of this romantic feeling which you seem to think imperative, and with no consciousness of wrong-doing. They were good wives, faithful mothers. Their husbands are satisfied with them. Are you prepared to set yourself up as a judge over all these, and say they did wrong?"

"I judge nobody—nobody but myself," said poor Miss Emily, piteously. "It would be wrong for me. I am sorry to vex you—you who are so kind; but I can't help it, and I—I can't talk about it."

One morning, a week later, a well filled carriage went bowling over the smooth country roads to the railway station, five miles away. The children were looking forward to their reunion with parents and friends at home with an eagerness that left no room for regrets. But Miss Emily's eyes wandered wistfully over hill and field and wood as they slipped by, taking a mute farewell of that they expected never to look on again. Yet, though the eyes were wistful, the lines of the firmly shut lips did not waver.

A rushing railway train, a few hours, and all that enchanted summer-land of light and music, scent and color, lay far behind her, a part of the shadowy past. Before her stretched the future—bleaker, grayer, barer than she had ever before imagined it—a future made up of toiling days and lonely nights, haunted at last by a shadowy, growing dread of the wolf at the door, waiting for the first sign of weakness, for failing eyesight and trembling fingers, that he might dare to spring at her throat and drag her down to death.

*Helen Ayr Saxton.*



LOST IDEALS.<sup>1</sup>

ST. BRANDAN'S Isle in ocean lies  
 Beyond Canary Keys,  
 Before the southern winds it flies,  
 Before the gaze its palm trees rise,  
 Then speed away, then fade away,  
 Like May cloud chased by breeze.

The sailor hails this phantom isle,  
 Rocked by the billowy sea,  
 He sees fair faces free from guile,  
 He sees dark verdure, pile on pile ;  
 And almost tastes the limpid springs  
 That sparkle merrily.

He shades his eyes with tarry hand,  
 His heart beats fast and glad,  
 But as he looks, dim fades the land,  
 Its restful nooks and winning strand,  
 And but the sea, the mounting sea,  
 Rewards his vision sad.

And many a salt has 'held the scene  
 Who never sailed the sea ;  
 Both hand of tar and gauntlet clean  
 Have shaded eye-glance on the sheen,  
 Of verdure rare and sea isle fair,  
 Sweet as old poesy.

Ah ! every soul of two-score year  
 Hath seen St. Brandan's Isle ;  
 And something sad, and something drear,  
 A visage sterner and more sere,  
 It marks him as a mariner,  
 It hardeneth his smile.

And when I see this dearth of joy  
 In time-beat marineer,  
 I laugh, "Ahoy ! Look out, my boy !  
 St. Brandan's Isle is not so coy.  
 In easy hail, through calm and gale,  
 Close ride her groves of cheer."

<sup>1</sup> As lately as the time of Columbus, the marvelous phantom island of St. Brandan was located on the charts.

They ride, those vistas of fair land,  
 Still, sailor of the sea ;  
 Yet but the salt with willing hand  
 To do the work his captain planned,  
 This isle anew may surely view,  
 Afloat beneath his lee.

And ever, who work that work be done,  
 Both on the land and sea,  
 Shall see their early visions run  
 Anew before them in the sun.  
 So simple a thing yet smites the spring  
 Of hope's rich alchemy.

*Charles H. Roberts.*

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#### TOURGUENIEFF'S LETTERS.

AN extremely interesting collection of the letters of Tourguenieff has recently been published in St. Petersburg. The letters have been collected by the Society for Assisting Impecunious Authors and Scholars, and edited by W. P. Gajeffsky, president of the society. The proceeds of the sale of the book are to form part of a perpetual memorial fund to Tourguenieff, of which the annual interest will be devoted to the purposes of the society. The letters extend over a period of more than forty years, from 1840 to Tourguenieff's death, August 22d, 1883, and form but a part of his correspondence, though they number four hundred and eighty-eight, and are written to fifty-five persons. The letters are contributed either by the persons to whom Tourguenieff wrote them, or by the heirs of such persons, and are printed from the manuscript. The collection has been translated into French and German, but has not yet appeared in English. The translations in the present article are from the Russian.

It is characteristic of the country and the time that many starred breaks represent "passages which it has been found temporarily inexpedient to give to the public." The collection is of many-sided interest, the letters touching upon art, literature, and politics ; many of them having a personal char-

acter, and all bearing upon European as well as Russian interests. The tone of the letters is as varied as the subjects, according to the persons to whom they are written, and the matter under discussion. It is difficult to choose among them. Certainly, the following letters have as much interest for foreign as for Russian readers. The first is Tourguenieff's answer to a letter from Wengeroff, asking for some particulars for a biography of Tourguenieff. The others refer to Tourguenieff's greatest work, which at the time of publication was most diversely interpreted, and led to attacks upon the author from widely different quarters. The attacks to which Tourguenieff replied, and under which he most keenly suffered, were those of his literary friends, and of the Russian youth. The history of these attacks upon Tourguenieff, and of his suffering under them, is little known beyond the Russian borders. The book itself, "Fathers and Sons," his greatest work, is the most widely known of all his novels, and it is therefore the more interesting to observe how Tourguenieff himself regarded the book, and its hero Bazaroff, who was the author's favorite creation.

The autobiographical scrap which follows gives a wonderfully graphic picture in the smallest compass :



"SPASSKOJE [Tourguenieff's Estate],

"June 19th, 1874.

"Dear Sir :

"I received your letter this morning. I shall answer your frank questions frankly.

"My father died, not in 1836, but October 30th, 1834. I was then but sixteen years of age. The hatred of serfdom was awake in me even then, and this hatred was one reason among others why I, who had grown up in the midst of floggings and tyranny, never once soiled my hand by a blow. But the way to the Annals of a Huntsman<sup>1</sup> was a long one. I was then simply a boy, almost a child. My father was a poor man. At his death he left only one hundred and thirty serfs, in such bad order that they realized nothing; and we were three brothers. My father's estate was consolidated with that of my mother, who was a self-willed and imperious woman. She alone supplied us with the means of subsistence, and often withheld everything from us. It never entered her mind or ours that this trifling estate, the paternal one, did not belong to her. I lived three years abroad, without ever receiving a kopeck from her, and it never occurred to me to demand my patrimony. Besides, this patrimony, minus my mother's widow's share, and the share of my two brothers, was very little more than nil.

"When my mother died, in 1850, I freed the domestic servants at once, contributed to the success of the general liberation, renounced one-fifth of the price in cases of purchased freedom, and demanded nothing for all the land belonging to the family mansion on the principal estate, though it was worth a large sum of money. Perhaps another in my place might have done more, and have done it more quickly; but I promised to speak the truth, and I shall speak it, whatever it may be. There is nothing to boast of, but also nothing to be ashamed of, I think.

"Your next request is much harder to fulfil. I feel a positive, almost physical antip-

<sup>1</sup> This book, "The Annals of a Huntsman," is among the earliest and finest of Tourguenieff's writings. It is a series of stories concerning serfdom with all its consequences.

athy to my poems; and not only have I no copy of them, but I would have paid a heavy price for the knowledge that they had ceased to exist in this world. 'Andrey' appeared in the National Annals, but in what year I cannot recall—1845 or 1846. 'Parascha'<sup>2</sup> appeared as a small volume in 1843. In the Tscherkjessoff library on the Njewsky, where all sorts of things are stored up, you may come upon it.

"Wishing you all success in the department which you have selected, and with the assurance of my most profound respect,

"I am your humble servant,

"I. S. TOURGUENIEFF."

The following letter was written to Dostajewski, author of the novel "Rasskolnikoff" and other able works, which are now beginning to be translated. The date is immediately following the publication of "Fathers and Sons":

"PARIS, RUE DE RIVOLI, 210,

"March 18th, 1862.

"Dear Theodor Michaelovitch :

"It is hardly worth while to tell you how greatly I have rejoiced over your mention of 'Fathers and Sons.' It is not a question of gratified self-love, but of the assurance that I have not missed my aim, that my labor is not lost. This was the more important for me, because persons in whom I have great confidence advised me earnestly to burn my book, and between ourselves, within a very few days, Pissjenski<sup>3</sup> has written me that the character of Bazaroff is a total failure. What is left me but rage or despair? It is difficult for the author to recognize at once how far his thought has embodied itself, whether it is a true one, whether he has mastered it. The author, in the midst of his own work, is as one in the forest. That you have doubtless experienced more than once, so I thank you the more. You have grasped so appreciatively and delicately what I wanted to express in Bazaroff, that I could only throw up my arms in surprise and pleasure. It is as if you had penetrated

<sup>2</sup> Parascha (Pauline.)

<sup>3</sup> Pissjenski, one of the leading Russian novelists.

into my soul, and felt with me everything which I did not think it necessary to write out. God grant that it is not alone the fine perception of the artist that speaks in your words, but the simple understanding of the reader—that is, God grant that all may penetrate at least a part of what you have seen into. Now I am at peace as to the fate of my novel. I have accomplished what I have planned, and have nothing to repent.

“There is a fresh proof how fully you have mastered this character. In the meeting of Arkadie with Bazaroff, in the place where you noticed that something is wanting, it is Bazaroff describing the duel, and jeering at the cavaliers, and Arkadie listening with secret horror. This I left out, and I am sorry for it now. I cut out and worked over much under the influence of adverse criticism, and the heaviness which you mention may perhaps be attributable to the fact.

“I have a good letter from Maykoff,<sup>1</sup> and shall answer it. I shall be greatly abused, but that must pass over like a summer rain.

\* \* \* \*

“Once more I press your hand and thank you. My cordial greetings to your wife. Farewell. Your devoted

“IVAN TOURGUENIEFF.”

To A. N. Maykoff.

“PARIS, March 18th, 1862.

“Dear *Appalar Nikolaïevitch* :

“I say to you as the peasants say, ‘God give you health for your good letter!’ You have comforted me greatly. Concerning none of my works have I cherished such doubts as about this one. The judgments and criticisms of persons whom I am used to trusting were most unfavorable. But for Katkoff’s<sup>2</sup> insistent demands, ‘Fathers and Sons’ would never have appeared. Now, I am forced to say to myself, ‘It is impossible that I have written utter nonsense,’ when such men as you and Dostajewski pat my head

<sup>2</sup> A Russian poet.

<sup>1</sup>Katkoff, now publisher of the most reactionary Moscow paper and of the review, *The Russian Messenger*, at that time pretendedly constitutionalist in the English sense of the word, as his undertaking the publication of Tourguenieff’s works indicates.

and say, ‘Well done, we give you a mark.’ This comparison with a student who has passed his examination well, is much more fitting than yours with a triumphant conqueror. And comparing yourself with a dwarf is, permit me to say, nonsense. You are a colleague, an artist who has held out his hand to a colleague in brotherly fashion. And I answer your embrace with my own, and with warmest greetings, and thankfulness for your greetings. You have truly brought me peace. Not in vain said Schiller,

‘Wer für die Besten seiner Zeit gelebt,  
Der hat gelebt für alle Zeiten.’

\* \* \* \*

The following is Tourguenieff’s reply to a letter from Aslutschewski, mentioning the unfavorable impression which “Fathers and Sons” had made upon the Russian student colony, in the Heidelberg University :

“PARIS, April 14th, 1862.

“I hasten to answer your letter, for which I am very thankful to you, dear Aslutschewski. The criticism of the young is of no slight value. In any case, I wish very much that no misapprehension as to my intentions should prevail. I answer point by point.

“1. The first point reminds me of the complaints raised against Gogol and others : ‘Why are no good people created beside the bad ones?’ Now, Bazaroff outweighs all the other characters of the novel. The advantages bestowed upon him are no accidental ones. I meant to make him a tragic figure—no little tendernesses would answer here. He is upright, truthful, and democratic, to the tips of his toes—and they can not find a single good side in him ! He recommends Büchner’s *Force and Matter* as a popular, that is superficial, book. The duel with Paul Petrovitch Kirsanoff is there for an object lesson in the emptiness of the elegant, aristocratic cavalier class. And how could Bazaroff have refused the challenge? Paul Petrovitch would simply have thrashed him. To my mind, Bazaroff is always setting Paul Petrovitch right, and not *vice versa* ; and when he is called ‘Nihilist,’ let the reader understand ‘Revolutionist.’



"2. What is said of Arkadie and of the rehabilitation of the Fathers only shows—forgive me for saying it—that I have not been understood. My whole novel is directed against the claim of the nobility as an advanced class. Look at the individual characters—Nicholas Petrovitch, Paul Petrovitch, Arkadie—weakness, withering up, or narrowness. The artist feeling forced me to take exactly the *good* representatives of the noblemen, to illustrate more clearly my propositions. "If the cream is bad, what must the milk be?" To draw officials, generals, robbers, etc., would have been blunt—*le pont aux anes*—and false. All the real irreconcilables that I have known, without exception, Bjelinski,<sup>1</sup> Bakunin,<sup>2</sup> Herzen,<sup>3</sup> Dobroluboff,<sup>4</sup> Apjeschnjeff and the others, all came of comparatively good and honorable parents, and that is very significant. It robs the active, the irreconcilable, of every shadow of personal bitterness, personal irritation. They go their own way purely because they are more responsive to the claims of the people, the people's life. Little Count S—s is wrong in asserting that men like Nikolai Petrovitch and Paul Petrovitch are our grandfathers. Nikolai Petrovitch is—myself, Ogarjeff,<sup>5</sup> and a thousand others. Paul Petrovitch is—Atolipin, Tessakoff, Bosset, all contemporaries of ours. They are the best of the nobility, and I chose them precisely for that reason, to prove their insolvency. Bribe-takers on one side and an ideal youth on the other—that is a picture which others may paint! I wanted something larger. Bazaroff said in one place in the manuscript (I left it out because of the Government censor) to Arkadie—the same Arkadie in whom your Heidelberg colleagues perceive a '*successfully created type*'—'Your father is

an honorable fellow; but if he were a bribe-taker through and through, you would not be any further from your aristocratic submission with occasional ebullitions.'

"3. Good heavens! The Kukschina, the caricature, according to you, is the most successful attempt. For such an opinion there is no answer. The Odinzowa was as little in love with Arkadie as with Bazaroff. How can you help seeing that? She, too, is a representative of our do-nothing, enthusiastic, inquisitive, yet cold gentlewomen—epicureans within the aristocracy. The Countess Saljas comprehended *this* person with perfect clearness. The Odinzowa would first stroke the wolf's (Bazaroff's) hair to keep him from biting, then stroke the lad's locks, and proceed as usual to repose in satin, after a luxurious bath.

"Bazaroff's death, which Count S—s calls a heroic one and criticises for that reason, must, in my opinion, form the last stroke upon the tragic figure. And your young people regard this, too, as something accidental!

"In closing, I assert that if in spite of all Bazaroff's want of polish, heartlessness, unmerciful dryness, the reader does not grow fond of him, I am to blame and, have failed to carry out my purpose. But turn sweet (to use one of his own expressions)! that I would not, although by so doing I should probably have had the young people on my side. I would not buy up popularity by that sort of compromise. It is better to lose the battle (and I believe I have lost it), than to win it by a trick. There hovered before me a great, impetuous, gloomy figure, half sprung from the earth, strong, scornful, upright, yet doomed to destruction because still standing in the vestibule of the future. There hovered before me some strange complement of Pugatschjeff,<sup>6</sup> and my young contemporaries, shaking their heads say, 'Ah! Brother, thou hast placed thyself in a bad light and even insulted us. Arkadie has turned out better under thy hands. A pity that thou hast not

<sup>6</sup> Pugatschjeff, a historical person, who played an important part in the conquest of Siberia. He was regarded in the earliest days of the Russian revolutionary movement as the first type of a revolutionist from among the people.

<sup>1</sup> A critic active about 1840.

<sup>2</sup> Bakunin, father of the Anarchist movement.

<sup>3</sup> Herzen, a superb publicistic power, one of the first who published periodicals beyond the Russian border (in London) opposing serfdom and the Imperial system.

<sup>4</sup> Dobroluboff, a keen and eminent critic of the period 1850-1860.

<sup>5</sup> A freedom-loving writer of poems for the people; a fellow-worker of Herzen on the periodicals published abroad and forbidden in Russia.

spent more pains upon him.' There is nothing for me to do but take off my cap as in the gypsy song, and bow more humbly. So far, but two persons have thoroughly understood Bazaroff, understood my intentions; that is, namely, Dostajewsky and Botkin. I shall take care that a copy of my novel comes to you; and now, *basta!*

"I shall not pass through Heidelberg, or I should have taken a look at the young Rus-

sians there. Greet them for me, though they do regard me as one of the laggards. Say to them that I beg them to wait a little before delivering final judgment. You may communicate this letter to whom you please. I take your hand warmly, and wish you everything good. Work, work, and do not make haste to be through with it.

"Yours very truly,

"IVAN TOURGUENIEFF."

*Florence Kelley Wischnewetsky.*

### JIMMY.

NOON glared upon the wide, seared flats and the rickety buildings of Plainville. It was the midday of that brief season—the "Saint Martin's Summer" of the Frenchman—which between November and December lends a passing brightness to the sky, and warmth to the air. Not a flake of snow lay on the withered grass; no frost had yet bound the soil; only the long howl of the gale, morning and evening, suggested the period of storms. Even old settlers, those staunch champions of the superior days that were, owned the matchless beauty and serenity of the season.

The desolate station bustled that day with unusual activity. Ponies were fastened, singly or in groups, at the different hitching-places. Men were saddling them, loosening straps, adjusting buckles, ordering, criticising, chaffing one another, in the reckless fashion of the West, where they joke over everything, from a murder up to an Indian raid. That the present excitement, however, had a slighter cause, might be inferred from the crowd's unchecked and extravagant mirth.

They were to have started at sunrise, and, of course, were nearly ready by noon. Having waited so long, the party moved an adjournment for dinner. The proposition finding favor, sundry fires were kindled, and the air made fragrant with steams from boiling coffee and frying pork. Talk flew back and forth, as the rough cooks moved about. The keen wit of the frontier is keenest at meal

times. Dinner being despatched, the last loiterer was springing to the saddle, when a boy of about sixteen, mounted on a weary looking white pony, rode up to the group.

"The Lord save us!" growled a tall fellow to his neighbor. "Ef thar aint Jimmy Rowell, always late and never left. I'll be—blessed, ef I wouldn't like to give the little rooster a shakin' jest fer his impidence."

"Don't tell him so," returned the other, laughing shortly. "Let's ride on, Jake."

"Not much!" said Jake, facing the new comer with a scowl, meant to be impressive.

Long Jake's scowl was calculated to make an impression. He was a lean, dark-browed fellow, with a skin hard and brown as leather, deep set, keen black eyes, and a straggling black beard. One cheek was strangely deformed by a long, repulsive scar, which perhaps gave rise to the common report that he had once been a guerilla. He had not been long in that district, and, though expert in the arts of the cattle camp, was not a general favorite.

To Jim Rowell he had taken a positive dislike, as cordially returned. The two seldom met without a wordy skirmish, in which the elder was often worsted, to the great delight of his comrades. Jim, with his daring spirit, his bold, ready replies, and uncommon "smartness," was a kind of pet among them—a position not always tending to further his best interests.

"Well, Jim," announced Jake, solemnly,



"Ef I'd a boy with no more sense than you've got, I'd kill him while he was easy to kill, that's all. What's up now?"

"Nothing," retorted the boy, quietly peeling his willow switch, "except that they're going to hang you in the morning."

A burst of laughter greeted this speech, and the herder, turning his horse's head, rode off at full speed, Jimmy and his friends following suit.

"What brought you up in such a hurry, young man?" asked the stout, jolly Al Thompson. "Did you hear where we were going?"

"No!" answered Jimmy, rather gloomily. "A little girl's been lost down our way, and they're hunting for her everywhere. I thought somebody round here might have seen her. Where are all you fellows going anyhow? Far?"

"Well, I should rather jedge so. You know old Abe?"

"That big brindle steer no one can catch?"

"The same. Tom Jenkins calls him his'n, but I b'lieve he was with Injuns afore he come on this range. It don't matter. He might as well b'long to the devil, for no fence kin stan' agin him. Well, we're all agoin' to hunt him down, and you bet we'll have some fun."

"I wish I could go," sighed Jimmy.

"Come right along, then," was the man's invitation, turning his bearded face full on the hesitating listener. "This is the very best chance to find the little girl, and your folks needn't know nothing more. We'll share grub, and you kin help us along. Come on."

"I—don't know—yes, I will," pronounced Jimmy, rapidly changing the uncertain for the resolute tone, as he started up his reluctant pony.

"I tell you what it is, Jem," said a little Irishman, in confidence. "Financially, that's the worst little horse I ever see."

"She'll go like thunder when she gets started," protested the boy, much hurt. It was by no means a pony to brag of, but, being his only article of property, he could not afford to laugh very heartily at such sallies.

He, himself, was nothing extra to look at, if you came to that. A long, thin figure, clad in the rustic's coarse garments; a broad felt hat concealing his brown hair, and flapping over his thin face—a face fairly disfigured with great freckles, but lit by a pair of gray eyes alive with boyish love of excitement. Jim Rowell was not a bad fellow, but the delight, the rapture of bounding over the prairie in company and on horseback, was always too strong a temptation for his prudent resolves.

A ride, a long, swift, glorious ride over sandy levels; between brown bluffs; past an occasional farmhouse, where stacks stand yellow and tall; through rattling skeletons of thickets, and shallow sweeps of water; up, down, and across, until the patriarch of the herds starts up before them. The cattle he has been lying among scatter out lazily, but old Abe meets his foes with the glare of a gladiator.

A fierce brute he is, and strong. Look at his wide horns, circled with the rings of many years; at the powerful muscles showing beneath the tawny hide, and the long limbs that have crashed through many a strong enclosure. Nothing about him tells of ownership; there is neither cut on his ears, nor scar on his hide. No round-up could gather him in, nor corral secure him; therefore a convention of "cow punchers" suggested general action against the outlaw, and the words were uttered at a time when any diversion was welcome. To mortals condemned to the endless solitude and soul-wearying monotony of those vast level plains, the time must come when even a shooting scrape is hailed with glad relief.

"Thar he is, boys!" shouts Tom Jenkins. "Thar. Ketch him and he's your'n!"

"A devil's prize at the best; but here goes," muttered Thompson, pushing forward with the boy beside him.

Hi! The dogs are at him, with barks that become yelps as the brindle gives them a taste of his heels. Down the valley, over the uplands, and the dry creek bottoms, away they go, in a noisy race against the crisp west wind, a tornado of clattering hoofs, jingling

spurs, and loose trappings. The sun beats hot upon them, the dust flies up from the plain. One by one the dogs sneak off to the rear, the ponies flag; yet Old Abe is as fresh for a break of mile or so, as ready for a savage dash at a timid horse or rider.

"Give it up! He ain't wuth it!" cry the weaker spirits, drawing rein upon a hill, the defiant brute eying them from a safe distance.

"Do ez you please," growled Long Jake, "but ef you fellers quit, I won't, that's all."

"Neither will I!" put in Jimmy, looking foolish, as a laugh was raised at his expense.

"The devil you wont!" retorted the other. "Because a square look at you would scare him to death any day." He turned away, glad to have avenged his former defeat. That readiness of tongue which others laughed at and passed over in the boy, angered the herder unaccountably. Besides, he felt sore at the failure of his boast to capture the prize in an hour.

"Come on, boys," proposed Jenkins. "My camp's just around the bend. If we can run him into the big stone corral, we've got him sure; if not, let's stop, and take a fresh start in the morning."

"All right," chorused the others.

"Look yere, Jimmy," said Al Thompson, as their two horses trotted down the slope together. "You jes' take my advice an' let Jake alone. Its precious easy to git him hot, an' they say he killed a man down on the Divide."

"Oh, give us a rest; I ain't afraid. Why does he keep trying to rile me all the time, just because I'm a boy? It's too mean."

"Go ahead, then! You're pretty smart, Jim Rowell, but I tell you it don't do no feller good to be too smart; mebber you'll find it out some day."

The second chase proved no more successful than the first. Cunning Old Abe put in his "best licks" for their enlightenment, and, when they gave it up, still seemed unwearied. Tom sprang from his horse to do the honors of his residence.

"Light, gentlemen, 'light and make yourselves at home. Things is a little out of order, consequent on the missus not havin' got

back from Saratogy, but you'll find the mornin' papers in the libr'y. The key of the pianer's on the bureau in my dressin' room. Ef you like, take turns in admirin' the scenery, the long shadders of the chickens fallin' to the east'ard, an' the kingly rooster as he glides forth from the barn."

The mansion whose hospitality was offered in this grandiloquent style, was an extremely scaly-looking dug-out, probably measuring ten by twelve feet. Outside inspection revealed one small door and window, a variegated supply of oyster cans, barrels, and not a few empty bottles—which last, however, were modestly disposed in the background. A broom had been placed outside, as if for display, but a donkey at a distance was solemnly making a meal of it. A small flock of emaciated chickens gathered expectantly in vain, for Tom had the masculine habit of neglecting his chlckens. Two thrifty looking objects redeemed the appearance of his ranches—a fine barn, and a corral with high stone walls. Yet he was a lord of many herds, who might drive in his carriage if he pleased.

Without further study of this bachelor's hall, we will follow the herders as they make for the well, tired, thirsty, yet good natured—all but Jake, who finds Jim dealing out water with a tin cup, the only one at hand. His scowl deepened a trifle with impatience.

"Here Al," said Jim, looking from Jake to Thompson, who stood beside him, "Age before beauty."

The answering smiles stung the border vagabond. Snatching the cup, and flinging its contents full in Jim's face, "Clear yourself, you young scamp!" he ordered.

Flushing savagely, the boy caught something from his side, but Thompson's powerful hand was on his arm.

"What do you mean, you little fool?" he cried. "Was this what you came here for? Jes' you ride home ez fast ez you kin go," he added, taking him aside, "an' for God's sake don't let your folks know of this; I'll not tell."

"Ef it had been any one but Jimmy," soliloquized the good-humored fellow, as he went back to his companions, "I shouldn't



have cared. Jake ain't very pretty, anyhow, an' I reckon he'd make a better lookin' angel than anything else."

Jim, meantime, mounted and rode off, without looking back. Angry tears forced themselves to his eyes as he pressed on, taking no note of the road, until December sunset flames burned out along the horizon. The sudden twilight warned him to seek some shelter for the night, which already promised to be colder than usual. He rode up a deep gulch, dismounted, fastened his pony, and made a brush fire, luckily finding a few matches in his pocket. Then he leaned against the bank and thought over the day's events. Fiery thoughts he had, until another idea made its entrance into his brain, cooling them off a little.

"What right had you there at all?" insinuated conscience, or whatever reflective faculty takes her place in a boy's mind. Had he not started out to find poor little Kitty, who was now, perhaps, through his fault, lying stiff and cold somewhere on the broad prairie? Jim liked Kitty Nichols. I suppose any rough but kind-hearted boy would have liked such a pretty, blue-eyed mite, when she came running to meet him with unfailing delight. Her folks were neighbors, and she was their only little girl. His heart reproached him for having left her to her fate.

"Oh, well, they've surely found her by this time," he reasoned uneasily; then, heaping up the fire, fell asleep.

He awoke, shivering with more than cold. He thought that, finding Kitty asleep, he had called her to rise and come home, when a lean, gray wolf bounded upon her. He seized it by the throat; but had not the strength to strangle it, and dared not let go. Though near home, he was unable to speak aloud, either to call help or wake the sleeping child, while the air was hideous with the sharp cries of advancing wolves. When he shook off this nightmare, his comfort was not increased by hearing the yells of his dream multiply around him, and seeing well-known dark figures slink over the hills. A light snow had sifted down during the night, and the world showed ghostly white in the

cold, gray dawn. With much difficulty Jimmy coaxed the damp wood to a blaze, and hung over it in hungry remembrance of the warm home breakfasts.

The sun had scarcely risen above the low hills, when watery-looking clouds obscured the whole sky, and a chill wind whistled through the bushes. Jim got the pony and started for home. On fresh, cool mornings, exercise of any kind is delightful, and he had not gone far before his spirits were considerably heightened.

Crossing a gully, his quick eye discerned a mark on the other side. It was a child's footprint in the snow. He followed it up, and found a chain of such prints. But all around, intersecting it in places, were the tracks of the prairie wolves.

Just then the ground shook as the band of mounted herders swept past. Jake alone reined up beside him. His face showed that he had been drinking.

"Don't you wish you hadn't lost your chance of catching Old Abe?" he sneered.

"I've as good a chance as you have, but I've something better to do," the boy returned, tracing the tracks as he spoke. Jake looked at him a moment; then, seeing how far the others were ahead, spurred his broncho into joining them.

Left to himself, Jim moved along, watching the ground with intense interest. Last night she was alive, then, and he might still find her. The light snow, however, rapidly disappearing, gave him no further aid.

Startled by the well-known rush of hoofs and clamor of voices, he hurried his pony to a point whence he could see the chase. Straight onward flies the infuriated steer, hotly pursued by the herders. They have nearly run him down. The mighty head is lowered, the fierce eyes haggard, and the muscles tense with exertion. It is easy to see that he is near his end; easy to know, also, that his last struggle will be a desperate one.

Lifting his head, Old Abe glared around him; then, lowering his horns, made a sudden sweep to the right at an object not twenty yards away. Good Heavens! It was the

light dress and yellow hair of little Kitty Nichols. A general shout rose. More than one revolver was drawn but the shot was withheld for fear of hitting the wrong mark.

Jake had the only chance, and he was equal to the emergency. He swung his rawhide lasso, the loop flew out, settled over those cruel white horns, and the watchers drew a breath of relief. The child, who, unable to fly, had fallen into a half kneeling position, rose a little, as if in hope; when suddenly Jake caught sight of Jim Rowell. With a demoniac yell, he cut and flung the rope from the saddle before it had been stretched.

"There it is. Take it!" he shouted, bursting into laughter.

It was a pretty rough crowd, and not one in it but wished at that moment, that Jake's noose was around his own neck.

Jim's honest, hot blood, chilled an instant before, leaped with indignation, and all his frontier learning came to his assistance. He dashed after the trailing rope, threw himself down, and caught it from the ground, righting himself in the saddle before the strain

came, and just as Al Thompson's well directed shot laid the brindled savage at the very feet of trembling Kitty.

They found her weak and chilled, but still safe and well.

Jimmy was quite a hero for a few days, his strained arms and torn hands bearing witness to his adventure; but he had sense enough to accord Al Thompson a fair share of the praise. His old enemy left that part of the country: probably he had his own reasons, but people laid the credit of his absence to that day's occurrences.

"Wasn't my little girl afraid when the wolves came around her at night?" Kitty's happy mother asked her.

"No," the child answered. "You told me if I prayed to God, he wouldn't let anything hurt me, and you see he didn't"—with a satisfied turn of the flaxen head. "But," she continued reflectively, "I *was* afraid when that steer was coming for me. All the men and horses made so much noise, I thought God mightn't hear me soon enough."

*Marion Muir.*

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## CHATA AND CHINITA.

### A NOVEL OF MEXICAN LIFE.

#### XIV.

WHEN Don Rafael and his guest the General José Ramirez, went to join the subordinate officers, who with the clerks and various employees of the hacienda were supping in another part of the building, and afterwards to saunter through the village, where the soldiers and the numerous camp followers were making the night gay with their revelry, the younger officer Don Vicente Gonzales, followed his old friend Doña Feliz to the corridor, and throwing himself on a chair turned his face towards her, with the air and gesture that says more plainly than words, "What have you to tell? or ask? We are alone; let us exchange confidences."

In truth, they were not quite alone. Chinita had half sulkily, half defiantly, crept after Doña Feliz, and had sunk down in her usual crouching attitude within the shadow of the wall. She would have preferred to follow Don Rafael and the General in their rounds, but she knew that was impracticable—Pedro would have stopped her at the gate, and sent her to Florencia, or kept her close beside him—and so even the inferior pleasure of seeing and listening to the less attractive stranger would have been denied her. Chinita was an imaginative child; she used to stand upon the balcony, sometimes, with Chata, and gaze and gaze far away into the blue, which seemed to lie beyond the furthest hills, and wonder vaguely what strange crea-



tures lived there. Sometimes her wild imagination pictured such uncouth monsters, such terrifying shapes, that she herself was seized with nervous tremblings, and Chata and Carlota would clasp each other and cry out in fright; but oftener she peopled that world with cavaliers such as she had occasionally seen, and stately dames, such as she imagined Doña Isabel and the *niña* Herlinda must be—for the accidental mention of those names was as potent as would have been the smoke of opium to fill her brain with dreams. By the sight of Don José, in his picturesque apparel, part of these vague dreams seemed realized; and even the quiet figure of Don Vicente, and the sound of his stranger voice, had the charm of novelty. She placed herself where she could best see his face, with infantile philosophy contenting herself with the next best, where the pleasure desired was unattainable. She was very quiet, for she had naturally the Indian stealthiness of movement, and she had beside a vague instinct that her presence upon the corridor might be forbidden. Still she did not feel herself in any sense an intruder; she felt as a petted animal may be supposed to do, that she had a perfect right in any spot from which she was not driven.

But as Doña Feliz and the new-comer were long silent, she became impatient, and half resolved to settle herself to sleep there and then. She had drawn her feet under her, covering them with the ragged edges of her skirt, and, drawing her *reboso* over her head and shoulders, and tightly over the arms which clasped her knee, looked out as from a little tent, and instead of sleeping became gradually absorbed in the contemplation of the face and figure which, when seen beside those of the dashing Ramirez, had appeared gloomy and insignificant. The young man was dressed in black, the close fitting riding pantaloons, the short round jacket, the wide hat, which now lay on the ground beside him, relieved only by a scanty supply of silver buttons, a contrast to the usual lavishness of a young cavalier; and in its severe outlines and its expression of gloom, his face, as he sat in the moonlight, was in entire har-

mony with his dress. How rigid looked the clear-cut profile against the dead whiteness of the column against which it rested, his close cropped hair framed in black, his youthful brow corrugated in painful thought. Suddenly he lifted the dark eyes which had rested upon Doña Feliz, and turned them on the fountain which was splashing within the circle of flowering plants, and murmured:

"I feel as though in a dream. Is it possible I am here, and she is gone, gone forever! How often I have seen her, by the side of the fountain, raising herself upon the jutting stone work to pluck the red geraniums and place them in her hair. Even when I was a boy her pretty unstudied ways delighted me; and Herlinda, as naturally as she breathed, acted her dainty coquetries. And to fancy, now, that all that grace and beauty is lost to me, to the world, forever! that she is sacrificed—buried!"

He spoke bitterly, and sighed, yet with that tone of renunciation which, more complete than to death itself, marks the voices of the children of the Church of Rome, as they yield their loved ones to her cloisters. It was in the voice of Doña Feliz, as she presently replied:

"It seems indeed a strange destiny for so bright a life, but against the call of religion we cannot murmur, Vicente. Many and great have been the sins of the Garcias. May her prayers, her vigils, her tears condone them!" She crossed herself and sighed heavily.

"I cannot accept even the inevitable so calmly," cried the young man in sudden passion. "I have loved her from a child; I never had a thought but for her! She was promised me when we were boy and girl! She used to tease me, saying she hated me, and then with a soft glance of her dark eyes disarmed my anger. She would thrust me from her with her tiny foot, and then draw me to her, with one slender finger hooked in the dangling chain of a jacket button, and laughingly promise to be good, breaking her word the next moment. She would taunt me when I sprang towards her in alarm when she leaped from the fountain parapet, and in turn would cry out in agonies of fright as I hung from

the highest limbs of the garden trees, or when I dashed by her on the back of a half-broken horse, stopping him, throwing him perhaps on his haunches, with one turn of the cruel bit. Through all her vagaries I loved her, and perhaps the more because of them, and I fancied she loved me. Even later, when she had grown more formal and I more ardent, I believed that her coy repulses were but maiden arts to win me on."

"I always told Doña Isabel," interrupted Feliz, "that such freedom of intercourse between youth and maiden would but lead to weariness on one side or the other. But she was a hater of old customs. She said there was more danger in two glances exchanged from the pavement and the balcony, than in hours of such youthful chat and frolic."

"Yet they were designed to bind our hearts together," said Vicente. "The wish of Doña Isabel's heart for years was to see us one day man and wife. Yet she changed as suddenly—more suddenly and completely than Herlinda did. What is the secret? Is not Tres Hermanos productive enough to provide dowers for two daughters? Is all this to be centered on Carmen? Rich men have immured their daughters in convents, to leave their wealth undivided. Can it be that Doña Isabel—"

"*Calla!*" interrupted Doña Feliz, as she might have done to a foolish child. "Let us talk no more of Herlinda, Vicente; it makes my heart sore, and can but torture thine."

"No, it relieves me; it soothes me," cried Vicente. "I have longed to come here to talk to you. Doña Isabel is unapproachable. She has relapsed once more into the icy impenetrability that characterized her in that terrible time so many years ago. I can just remember—"

"Let the dead rest," cried Doña Feliz sharply. "That is a forbidden subject in Doña Isabel's house. You are her guest—"

Vicente accepted the reproof with a shrug of his shoulders, and Doña Feliz added, as if at once to turn his thoughts and afford the sympathy he craved, "Talk to me, if you will, of Herlinda. Do you know where she is now?"

"Yes, in Lagos, in that dreariest of prisons, the convent of Our Lady of Tribulation. Think you Maria Sanctissima can desire such scourgings, such long fastings, such interminable vigils, as they say are practiced there? God grant the scoffers are right, and that the reputed self-immolations are but imaginings—tales of the priests, to attract richer offerings to the church shrine. When I saw it, it was groaning beneath vessels of gold and silver, and wreaths of jewels. Oh, Feliz! Feliz! higher and heavier than the treasures they pile on their altars, are the woes these monks and nuns accumulate upon our devoted country."

Doña Feliz glanced around warily, but an expression of genuine acquiescence gleamed from her eyes.

"You are where I have always hoped to see you," she said in a low tone; "but beware of a too indiscriminate zeal. They say Comonfort himself has been too hasty, must draw back—retract—"

"Retract!" cried Vicente. "Never! Down, I say, with these tyrants in priestly garments—these robbers in the guise of saints. The land is overrun with them; their dwellings rise in hundreds in the sunlight of prosperity, and the hovels of the poor are covered in the darkness of their oppressions. The finest lands, the richest mines, the wealth of whole families, have passed into their cunning and grasping hands. No right, either temporal or spiritual, but is controlled by them. Better let us be lost eternally, than be saved by such a clergy. What, saved by bull-baiters, cock-fighters, the deluders of the widow and orphan, the oppressors of the poor?"

"You are bitter and unjust," interrupted Doña Feliz, "and, besides, the base ministers of the Church take nothing from the sanctity of her ordinances."

"So be it," answered Vicente. "Perhaps," he added, with a short laugh, "you think I have lost my senses. No, no; but my personal loss has quickened my sense of public wrongs. In losing Herlinda, I lost all that held me to the past—old superstitions—old deceptions. The old idle, boyish life



died, and up sprang the discontented, far seeing, turbulent new spirit, which spurns old dogmas, breaks old chains, and cries for Freedom!"

Vicente had risen to his feet; his face lighted with enthusiasm; his pain was for a moment forgotten. The listening child felt a glow at her heart, though his words were as Greek to her. Doña Feliz thrilled with a purer, more reasonable longing for that liberty, which, as a child, she had heard proclaimed, but which had flitted mockingly above her country, refusing to touch its ground. Her enthusiasm kindled at that of the young man, though his sprung from bitterness. How many enthusiasms own the same origin! Sweetness and content produce no frantic dissatisfactions, no daring aims, no conquering endeavors.

"You belie yourself," she said, after a pause. "It is not merely the bitterness of your heart, which has made you a patriot. The needs, the wrongs, the aspirations of the time have aroused you. Had Herlinda been yours, you still must have listened to those voices. With such men as you at his call, Comonfort should not falter. The cause he espoused must triumph!"

"Humph!" muttered Vicente doubtfully, while Feliz, with a sudden qualm at her outspoken approbation of measures subversive of an authority that her training had made her believe sanctioned by heaven cried: "Ave Maria Sanctissima, what have I said! In blaming, in casting reproach upon the clergy, am I not casting mud upon our Holy Mother, the Church?"

"Feliz!" cried Vicente impatiently, "That too asks Comonfort. Such irrational fears as these are the real foes of progress and so deeply are old prejudices and superstitions rooted, that they find a place in every heart—no matter how powerful the intellect, how clear the comprehension of the political situation, how scrupulous or unscrupulous the conscience, the same ghostly fears hang over all. What spells have those monks, with their oppressions and their shameless lives, thrown over us, that we have been wax in their hands? Think of your

own father—a man of parts, generous, lofty-minded, but a fanatic. He shunned the monté table, the bull fight, and all such costly sports as the *hacenderos* love; he almost lived in the church. But that could not keep misfortune from his door; his cattle died; his horses were driven away in the revolution; his fields were devastated; and he was driven to borrow money on his lands. And to whom should he look but the clergy—who so eager to lend, who so suave and kind as they? And when he was in the snare, who so pitiless in winding it around and about him, strangling, withering his life?"

"But, Vicente," said Feliz, in a hard, embittered voice, "in our lot there was a show of justice. If you would have a more unmitigated use of pitiless craft, think of the fate of your own cousin Inez."

The child within the shadow of the wall was listening breathlessly. Her innate rebellion against all authority made her quick to grasp the situation; a secret detestation of the coarse-handed, loud-voiced village priest who had succeeded Padre Francisco at Tres Hermanos quickened her apprehension. She looked at Vicente with glistening eyes. "Ah, well I remember poor Inez," he said, "forced by her father to become a nun, that at his death he might win pardon for his soul by satisfying the greed of his councilors, she implored, wept, raved, fell into imbecility, and died; and her sad story, penetrating even the thickness of convent walls, was blackened by the assertion that she was possessed of devils foul and unclean—she, the whitest, purest soul that ever stood before the gates of heaven!"

His voice choked; he was silent, and sank again into his chair. "And Comonfort," he muttered presently, "strives to conciliate wretches such as these. He is a man, Feliz, who, with all his courage, believes a poor compromise better than a long fight."

Feliz looked at him with disquietude, "What, Vicente," she said, "are you a man to be blown about by every wind—a mere ordinary revolutionist, seeking a new chief for each fresh battle!"

Vicente flushed at the insinuation. "One

cause and a *thousand* chiefs, if need be," he said. "But there is a man in Mexico, Feliz, who must inevitably become the head of this movement—which, like the cause, will remain the same through all mischances. To-day he is the friend of Comonfort, but, who knows? tomorrow—"

"He may be his enemy," ejaculated Feliz, "I wonder if in all this land there can be found one man who can be faithful!"

"Tomorrow," said Vicente, completing his sentence, "he may be the friend and leader of all the lovers of freedom, in Mexico; and if so, my leader. I have talked with that man, and he sees to the farthest ramifications of this great canker that is eating out the very vitals of our land. You will hear of him soon, Feliz, if you have not done so already. His name is Benito Juarez."

Feliz smiled. "What, that Indian?" she said. "It is a new thing for a gentleman of pure Spanish blood to choose such a leader. Ah, Vicente, you disappoint me. It must be this Ramirez, who has in his every movement the air of a *guerrilla*, a free fighter, who has infected you."

"No," answered Vicente sullenly, "Ramirez has no influence over me; only the fortune of war has thrown us together—a blustering fellow on the surface, but so deep, so astute, that none can fathom him. He is not the man I could make my friend."

"Where does he come from?" asked Doña Feliz with interest. "There is something familiar to me in his voice or expression."

"A mere fancy," answered Vicente; "just such a fancy as makes me glance at him sometimes as he rides silent at my side, and with a sudden start, clap my hand upon my sword. I have an instinctive dread of him, not a fear, but such a dread as I have of a deadly reptile. "I wonder," he added gloomily "if it is to be my fate to take his life."

Feliz shuddered. Chinita's eyes flashed.

"And yet once I saved him, when we were fighting against the guerrillas of Ortiz. He was caught in a defile of the mountains; four assailants dashed upon him at once with exultant cries; and though he fought gallantly,

had I not rushed to the rescue he must have been killed there. Together we beat the villains off, and he fancies he owes me some thanks; and perhaps I have some kindness for the man I saved—and yet, there are times I cannot trust myself to look upon him."

"Strange! strange indeed," said Doña Feliz musingly. "Have I not heard his name before? Is he not the man who stopped the *conducta* on its way, and took fifty thousand dollars or more, to pay his troops?"

"The same," answered Vicente, "and those troops were reinforced by a chain gang he had released the day before. We quarrelled over each of these acts; but he laughed us all—the merchants, the government, myself—into good humor again. He is one of those anomalies one detests, and admires—crafty, daring, licentious, superstitious, yielding, cruel, all in turn and when least expected. He will rob a city with one hand, and feed the poor or enrich a church with the other. But here he comes!"

He was, indeed, crossing the court with Don Rafael, who seemed to reel slightly in his walk, and who was laughing and talking volubly. "Yes! yes!" he was saying, as he came within hearing, "You are right, Señor Don José, the *manada* of Tres Hermanos is the finest in the country. There are more than a hundred well-broken horses in the pasture, besides scores upon scores that no man has crossed. I sent a hundred and fifty to Don Julian a month ago. Doña Isabel begrudges nothing to the cause of liberty."

"Then I will take the other hundred tomorrow," said Ramirez lightly. Don Rafael stared at him blankly. There was something in the General's face that almost sobered him. The countenance of Gonzales darkened.

"Believe me, Señor Comonfort shall know of your good will, and that of the excellent lady Doña Isabel," continued Ramirez suavely. "She will lose nothing by the complacency of her administrador," and as he spoke, he smiled half indulgently, half contemptuously, upon Don Rafael.



"You promised me that here at least, no seizures should be made," exclaimed Don Vicente, in a low indignant voice, hot with the thought that even the men he had himself mustered and commanded were so utterly under the spell of Ramirez, that upon any disagreement they were likely to shift their allegiance—for those free companies were even less to be depended upon than the easily rebellious regulars.

"There have been no seizures, nor will there be," answered the General, laughing. "Don Rafael and I have been talking together as friends and brothers; he has told me of his amiable family, and I him of my footsore troops."

Vicente, silenced but enraged, glared upon him as he bade farewell to Doña Feliz. As he took her hand, he bent and lightly kissed it. The action was a common one—Doña Feliz scarcely noticed it; her eyes rested upon her son, who shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, his garrulity checked, his gaze confused and alarmed.

"We shall be gone at daybreak. You will be glad to be rid of us," the General said laughingly; "yet we are innocent folk, and would do you no harm. Hark! how sweetly our followers are singing"—and, indeed, the plaintive notes of a love ditty faintly floated on the air. "My adieus to the Señora de Gomez and her lovely children."

While the General spoke thus, with many low bows and formal words of parting, he was quite in the shadow of the wall. Doña Feliz could scarce see his face, but Chinita's eyes never left it. As he turned away, a sob rose in her throat; but for a sudden fear, she would have darted after him. Her blood seemed afire. There was something in the very atmosphere stirred by this man that roused her wild nature, even as the advent of its fellow casts an admonishing scent upon the air breathed by some savage beast.

Don Rafael stole away to bed, but Don Vicente and Doña Feliz continued their interrupted conversation far into the night. Chinita sat in the same place, and slumbered fitfully and dreamed. All through her dreams sounded the voice of the General

Ramirez; all through her dreams Gonzales followed him, with hand upon his sword.

It was near morning, when at last she awoke, chilled and stiff, and found herself alone in the corridor. The moon had sunk, and only the faint light of the stars shone on the vast and silent building; but she was not afraid. She was used to dropping asleep as others did, where best it suited her, and her softest bed was a sheep-skin. She sleepily crept to the most sheltered part of the corridor and slept again. But the stony pillow invited to no lengthy repose, and when the dawn broke, the sound of movement in the outer court quickly roused her, and she ran out just in time to see the officers hastily swallowing their chocolate, while Don Rafael, Pedro, and a crowd of laborers, shivering in their *jorongos*, were looking on, while the *carga* mules were being laden. At the village, the camp women were already making their shrill adieus, taking their departure upon sorry beasts, laden with screeching chickens, grunting young pigs, and handfuls of rice, coffee, chile, or whatever edibles they had been able to filch or beg, tied in scraps of cloth, and hung from their wide panniers, where the children were perched, at imminent risk of losing their balance and breaking their brown necks. It was not known, however, that such accidents had ever happened, and the women jogged merrily away, to fall into the rear when outstripped by their better mounted lords.

Don Rafael wore a gloomy face. A squad of soldiers had already been despatched for the horses; his own vaqueros were lassoing them in the *potrero*; and they were presently driven past the hacienda gates, plunging and snorting. He felt that had he not in Doña Isabel's name yielded them, they would have been forcibly seized; yet his conscience troubled him. The night before, he had drunk too much; the wine had strangely affected him—he had been maudlin and garrulous. These were times when no prudent man should talk unnecessarily, and especially to such a listener as the adventurer, General José Ramirez.

The neighing and whinnying of the horses, the hollow ringing of their unshod hoofs upon the road-way, the shouts of the men, the shrill voices of the women, all combined to fill the air with unwonted sounds, and brought the family of the administrador early from their beds. As Vicente Gonzales, after shaking hands coldly with Don Rafael, rode away at the head of his band, he half turned in his saddle to glance at Doña Isabel's balcony. At the rear of the house, a faint glow was beginning to steal up the sky, and touch the tops of the trees which rose above the garden wall, and tinge with opal the square towers of the church; he remembered the good Padre Francisco, and piously breathed a prayer for his soul. The drooping rose on the balcony seemed the very emblem of death and desolation. With a sigh, he pulled his hat over his eyes and rode on; but the General José Ramirez, who had been longer in his adieux, caught sight of Doña Rita in the corner balcony, leaning over her two half dressed children. Their two heads were close together, their laughing faces side by side, their four eyes making points of dancing light behind the black bars of the balcony railing.

Don José was in a gentle mood; a sudden impulse seized him to turn his horse, and ride close to the building, turning his eyes searchingly upon the children. Both coquettishly turned their faces away. Carlota covered her eyes with her fingers, glancing coyly through them; then kissing the tips of the other hand, opened them lightly above him in an imaginary shower of kisses. No goddess could have sprinkled them more deftly than did this infantine coquette.

He answered the salute laughingly, then turned away with a frown on his brow. The slight delay had left him behind the troop, amid the dust of the restive horses. Yet he was not thinking of the inconvenience, and rode slowly. The voice of a child suddenly caused him to arrest his horse with an ungentle hand. He looked around him with a start—an object indistinctly seen under a mesquite tree caused his heart to bound. The blood left his cheek, he shook in his

saddle. His horse, as startled as he, bounded in the air, and trembled in every limb. A moment, and José Ramirez laughed aloud. His name was repeated—"What do you there, child?" he cried; "Thou art a witch, and hast frightened my horse. And by my patron saint," he added, in a lower tone, "I was startled myself!"

Chinita, the foundling, came forward calmly, though her skirt was in tatters, and her draggled *reboso* scarce covered her shoulders; but there was an air about her as if she had been dressed in imperial robes. "Ah!" she said quite calmly, "it is the smell of the blood that has startled him; they say no animal passes here without shying and plunging, since the American was killed!"

Ramirez glanced around him with wild eyes. "Oh, you cannot see it now," cried the child; "that happened long ago. No, no, there is nothing here that will hurt you. Why do you look at me like that? It is not I—a poor little girl—who could injure you, but men like those," and she pointed to the columns of soldiers, whose bayonets were glistening in the rising sun. Her eye seemed to single out Gonzales, though he was beyond her vision. The thought of Ramirez seemed to follow hers, yet he only sat and stared at her, his eye fixed, his body shrunken and bowed.

"See here," she said slowly, raising herself on tiptoe, and with eager hand drawing something from beneath her clothing, "I have a charm of *asabatche*; Pedro put it on my neck when I was a baby. It will ward off the evil eye. Take it; wear it. An old man gave it to Pedro on his death-bed; he had been a soldier, a *ladron*; he had fought many battles, killed many men, yet had never had a wound!" She took from her neck a tiny bit of jet, hanging from a hempen string, and thrust it into his hand.

Ramirez was astounded. He looked upon her as a vision from another world—he, who was accustomed to outbursts of strange eloquence, even from the lips of unclothed children amid those untutored peasantry. She seemed to him a thing of witchcraft. His eyes fixed themselves on the child's face,



as if fascinated; he saw it grimy, vivacious, beautiful, but weird, tempting, mysterious. No angel had stopped him on his way. He took the charm mechanically, and the child, with a joyous yet mocking laugh, fled away. He roused as from a spell, called after her, tossed the charm into the air, and caught it again, and called once more, but she neither answered nor stopped. He gazed around him once again. A superstitious awe, akin to terror, crept over him; he shuddered, thrust the talisman into his belt, and put spurs to his horse.

That day, for the most part, he rode alone, and when for a time he joined Gonzales, he was silent—silent, too, was his companion, and nor one nor the other divined the thoughts of the man who rode at his side.

#### XV.

THE fiesta of the *novena* of the Blessed Virgin, one of the most charming of all the year, was being celebrated with unusual pomp in the church at Tres Hermanos. Since the death of Padre Francisco, no priest had been regularly stationed there; but at the expense of Doña Isabel, one had been sent there to remain through the nine days sacred to Mary, and the people gave their whole time to devotional exercises, much to the neglect of the usual hacienda work. The crops in the fields were untended, while the men crowded to mass in the morning, and spent their afternoons at the *tienda*, playing *monté* and drinking pulque; while the women and children streamed in and out of the church, the women to witness the offering of flowers upon the altar, the children to lay them there—happy once in the year to be chief in the service of the beautiful Queen of Heaven. For, though the image above the altar was blackened by time and defaced by many a scar, the robes were brilliant, and glittered with variously colored jewels of glass; the crown was untarnished, and the little yellow babe in the mother's arms appealed to the strong maternal sentiment which lies deep in the heart of every Mexican woman.

Upon the first day of the *novena*, not one

female child of the many who lived within the hacienda limits was absent from the church; and they were so many that the proud mothers, who had spent no little of their time and substance in arraying them, were fain to crowd the aisles and doorways, or stand craning their necks without, hoping to catch a glimpse of the high altar, as the crowd surged to and fro, making way for the tiny representatives of 'womanhood, who claimed right of entrance from their very powerlessness and innocence. Quaint and ludicrous looked these little creatures, mincing daintily into the church, their wide-spread crinolines expanding skirts stiffly starched, and rustling audibly, under brilliant tunics of flowered muslin, or purple and green stuffs. These dresses were an exact imitation in material and style of the gala attire of the mothers. The full skirts swept the ground, and over the curiously embroidered linen chemise which formed the bodice was thrown the ever present *reboso* of shimmering tints. The well oiled black locks of these miniature *rancheras* were drawn back tightly from the low foreheads; the long, smooth braids fastened and adorned by knots of bright ribbon, and crowned with flowers of domestic manufacture, their glaring hues and fantastic shapes contrasting strangely with the masses of beauty and fragrance that each child clasped to her bosom. In spite of its incongruities, a fantastic and pleasant sight was offered; and Doña Rita, looking around her with the eye of a devotee, doubted whether any more pleasing could be devised for God or man.

Within her sacred walls, at least, the Church of Rome is consistent, in declaring that in her eyes her children are all equal; and upon that spring-time afternoon at Tres Hermanos, among a throng of plebeian children from the village, knelt the daughters of the administrador; and side by side were Doña Rita and a woman from whose contact, as she met her on the court the day before, she had drawn back her skirt, lest it should be polluted by the mere touch of so foul a creature.

Carlota and Chata (as Florentina was so

constantly called that her baptismal name was almost unknown) had already laid their wreaths of pink Castillian roses upon the altar, and were demurely telling their beads, when a startling vision passed them.

It was Chinita, literally begarlanded with flowers—wild roses, pale and delicate, long tendrils of jessamine, and masses of faint yellow cups of the cactus, and scarlet verbenas, dusty and coarse, yet offering a dazzling contrast of color to the snowy pyramid of lily-shaped blossoms, hacked from the summit of a palm, which she bore proudly upon one shoulder; while from the other hung her blue reboso in the guise of a bag filled with ferns and grasses, brought from coverts few others knew of. They made a glorious display as they were laid about the altar, for there was not room for half upon it. The breath of the fields and woodlands rushed over the church, almost overpowering the smell of the incense, and there were smiles on many faces, and wide-eyed glances of admiration and surprise, as Chinita descended to take her place among the congregation.

Three Mays had come and gone since she had stood under the fateful tree, and given the jet amulet to the cavalier, who had so roused and fascinated her imagination; but whatever may have been its effect upon its new possessor, its loss had certainly wrought no ill upon Chinita. Though not yet twelve years of age, she was fast attaining the development of womanhood, and her mind, as well as person, showed a rare precocity even in that land where the change from childhood to womanhood seems almost instantaneous. But there was no coyness, no assumption of womanly ways, in this tall, straight young creature, whose only toil was to carry the water-jar from the fountain to Florencia's hut, perhaps twice in the day, and who did it sometimes laughingly, sometimes grudgingly, as the humor seized her, but always spilling half the burden with which she left the fountain, before she lifted it from her shoulder, and set it in the hollow worn in the mud floor of the hut, and escaping with a laugh from Florencia's scolding, hurried out to her old pursuits, now grown

more various, more daring, more perplexing, more vexatious to all with whom she came in contact.

A thousand times had it been upon the lips of Doña Rita to forbid her coming to distract the minds of her children by her wild pranks; but, besides that Doña Rita was of a constitutionally indolent nature, averse even to the use of many words, and still more to energetic action, the child was a constant source of interest. She carried into the quiet rooms a sense of freedom and expansion, as if she brought with her the breezes and sunlight in which she delighted to wander. She had, too, a powerful ally in Doña Feliz, who kept a watchful eye upon her; and though she never, like her daughter-in-law or the children, made a pet and plaything of her, yet was always the first to notice if she looked less well than usual, or to set Pedro on his guard if her wanderings were too far afield, or her absences too long.

Upon this day, as Chinita turned from the altar, while others smiled, a frown contracted the brow of Doña Feliz, as for the first time, perhaps, she realized that this gypsy-like child was in physique almost a woman. She had chosen that day to wear a dress of bright green woolen stuff—far from becoming to the olive tint of her skin, but by some accident cut to fit a figure which already outlined, though imperfectly, the graces of early womanhood. The short, armless jacket was fashioned after the child's own fancy, and opened over a chemise, which was a mass of drawn work and embroidery; her skirts outspread all others, yet the flowing drapery could not wholly conceal the small brown feet, which, as the custom was, were stockingless and cased in heelless slippers of some fine black stuff—more an ornament than a protection. But Chinita's crowning glory was the rows of many colored worthless glass beads, mingled with strings of corals and dark and irregular pearls, that hung round her neck, and festooned the front of her jacket. This dazzling vision, with the soiled reboso thrown lightly over one shoulder, came down from the altar, and through the aisle of the church, smiling in supreme



content, not because of the glorious tribute of flowers she had plucked and offered, nor with pride at her own appearance, gorgeous as she believed it to be, but because of the delightful effect she supposed both would leave on her aristocratic playmates; and much amazed was she as she neared them, to see Chata's expressive nose assume an elevation of unapproachable dignity, while Carlota's indignation took the form of an aggressive pinch, so deftly given that Chinita's shrill interjection seemed as unaccountable as the glory of her apparel.

Chinita, in some consternation, sank on her knees, her green skirt rising in folds around her, reminding Chata irresistibly of a huge butterfly which she had that very morning seen to settle upon a verdant pomegranate bush. How she longed to extinguish Chinita's glories, as she had done those of the insect, by a cast of her reboso. There was no malice in her thought, though perhaps a trifle of envy, for she, too, loved brilliant colors. She could not restrain a titter as she thought what Chinita's vexation would be; and with a face glowing with anger, and eyes filled with reproach, Pedro's foster child sailed haughtily past the sisters; and while the untrained choir were singing, hymns of rejoicing, with that inimitable undertone of pathos, natural in the voices of the Aztecs, and the censers of incense were still swinging, left the church—longing to rush back and trample under foot the flowers she had so joyously gathered, longing to tear off the fine clothes and adornments. She pushed angrily past a peasant boy in tattered cotton garments, and coarse sombrero of *petate*, who was the slave of her caprices, who had toiled in her service all day, and upon whom she had smiled when she entered the church, but thrust aside in rage as she left it, with a "*Quitate tonto*—What art thou staring at? Thou art like blind Tomas, with his eyes open all day long, yet seeing nothing."

"A pretty one, thou," cried the boy, angrily. "Dost suppose I am a rabbit, to care for nothing but green? Bah, thou art uglier in thy gay skirts than in thy old *enagua de bayeta*!"

But the girl had not lingered to listen to his taunts. She flew, rather than walked, to her hut, which, on account of the *fiesta* in the church, was deserted. A crowd of ragged urchins, who had taken up the cry of her flouted swain, followed her, jeering and hooting, to the door, which she slammed in their faces. Not that they bore her any ill will; but the sight of Chinita in her fine clothes, ruffling and fluttering like an enraged peacock, was irresistibly exciting to the youths, whom her lofty disdain usually held in the cowed and submissive state of awe-stricken admiration.

Chinita, scarcely understanding her own miserable disappointment and anger, began to disembarrass herself of her finery, flinging each article from her with contempt, until she stood in the red *bayeta* skirt, with a broad band of light green above the hips, which formed her ordinary apparel. As she stood panting, two great tears rolling down her cheeks, and two others as large hanging upon her long, black lashes, she saw the door gently pushed, and before with an angry exclamation she could reach it, a little brown head was thrust in.

"Go away!" cried Chinita imperatively. "Thou hast been told not to come here. Thy mother will have thee whipped, and I shall be glad, and I will laugh! yes, I will laugh, and laugh!" and she proceeded to do so sardonically on the instant, gazing down with a glance of contemptuous fury, which for the moment was tragically genuine, upon the little brown countenance, lifted to her own somewhat apprehensively, yet with a mischievous daring in the dark eyes that lighted it.

Chinita, with a child's freedom and the forgetfulness of anger, had used the "thou" of equality in addressing her visitors; yet so natural and irresistible are class distinctions in Mexico, that she held open the door with some deference for the daughter of the administrador to enter, and caught up her reboso, to throw over her head and bare shoulders, as was but seemly in the presence of a superior, however young. That done, however, they were but two children togeth-

er, two wilful playmates, for the moment at variance.

"*Anda!* Be not angry, China!" laughed Chata, looking around her with great satisfaction. "*Que fortuna!* that thou art here alone! I slipped by the gate when Pedro was busy talking, and Carlota was making my mother and *mamagrande* to fear dying of laughter, by mimicking thee, Chinita, and so they never missed me when I darted away to seek thee, Sanchica."

"And thou hadst better go back," cried Chinita, grimly, more piqued at being the cause of laughter than pleased at Chata's penetration; for in choosing her green gown, she had had in her mind the habit of green cloth sent by the Duchess to Sancho Panza's rustic daughter, and had teased and wheedled Pedro into buying her *tunico de fiesta* of that color, because when they were reading the story together, Chata had called her Sanchica, and herself the Duchess; and for many a day they had acted together such a little comedy as even Cervantes never dreamed of, in which they had seemed to live in quite another world than that actually around them. The tale of the knight of the sorrowful countenance was a strange text book for infants; yet in it they had contrived to put together the letters learned in the breviary, and with their two heads close bent over the page, these two, as years passed on, had spelled out first the story, then later an inkling of the wit, the fancy, the philosophy, which lay deep between the two leathern covers that inclosed the entire secular literature that the house of Don Rafael afforded.

There were, indeed, shelves of quaint volumes in the darkened rooms into which Chata sometimes peeped when Doña Feliz left a door ajar; but so great was her awe that she would not have disturbed an atom of dust, and scarce dared to breathe, lest the deep stillness of those dusky rooms should be broken by ghostly voices. But Chinita, less scrupulous, had, more than once, quite unsuspected, passed delightfully gruesome hours in those echoing shades; and with the bare data of a few names, re-peopled them in imagination with those long dead and gone,

as well as with the figures of that stately Doña Isabel, who still lived in some far-off city—mourning rebelliously, it was whispered, over the beautiful daughter shut from her sight by the walls of a convent; and with seemingly pitiless indifference consigning the equally beautiful younger Carmen to a loveless marriage. Chinita heard perhaps more of these things than any one, for she was free to run in and out of every hut, as well as the house of the administrador; and with her quick intelligence, her lively imagination, and that faculty which, with one drop of Indian blood, seems to pervade the entire being—the faculty of astute and silent assimilation of every glance and hint—was in her apparent ignorance and childishness storing thoughts and preparing deductions, which lay as deep from any human eye as the volcanic fires that, in the depths of some vine-clad mountain, may at any moment burst forth, to amaze, and terrify, and overwhelm.

But Chinita was brooding over no secret thoughts as she began to smile, though unwillingly and half wrathfully, as Chata eagerly declared how well the green dress had transformed her into a veritable Sanchica, and how stupid she herself had been not to guess from the first what she meant; then she laughed as she thought of the billowy green in which Chinita had knelt, and the half appeased masquerader was vexed again, and sat sullenly on the edge of the adobe shelf that served as a bedstead, and tugged viciously at the knots of ribbon in the rebellious hair she had vainly striven to confine in seemly tresses. She shook back the wild locks, which once free sprang into a thousand rings and tendrils, and looking at Chata irefully from between them, exclaimed:

"You laugh at me always. You are a baby; you read in the book, and yet you know nothing. If I were rich like you, I would not be silent, and puny, and weak as you are. I would be strong and beautiful, and a woman, as Carlota is, and I would know everything—yes, as much as the Padre Comacho—and more—and I would be great and proud, as they say the Señora Doña Isabel is!"



"But," cried Chata, flushing with astonishment and some anger, "how can I be beautiful and strong and like a grown woman at will? And my *mamagrande* says it is well I am still a child, while Carlota is almost a woman; and I do not mind being little, no, nor even that my nose turns back to run away, as you say, from my mouth every time I open it—but it is growing more courageous, I know"—and she gave the doubtful member an encouraging pull. "I do not mind all this at all, while my father and my *mamagrande* love me; but my mother and you and every one else look only at Carlota, talk only of Carlota"—and her lip trembled.

"But do I talk *to* Carlota?" asked Chinita, much mollified. "Do I ever tell her my dreams, and all the fine things I see and hear, when I wander off in the fields, and by the river, and up into the dark cañons of the hills? and," she added in an eager whisper, "shall I ever tell her about the American's ghost when I see him?"

"Bah! you will never see him," ejaculated Chata contemptuously, though she glanced over her shoulder with a sudden start. "There is no such thing. I asked my *mamagrande* about it yesterday, and she says it is all wicked nonsense. There could have been no American to be murdered, for she remembers nothing about it."

"Oh!" ejaculated Chinita significantly, and she laughed. "Then, it is no use for me to tell you where he is buried. If there was no American, he could not have a grave."

"Yet you have found it!" cried Chata, in intense excitement, for the story more or less veracious, that had often been told her, the murder of the American years before, and the return of his ghost from time to time, to haunt the spot accursed by his un-avenged blood, had taken a strong hold upon her imagination. "Oh Chinita! did you go, as you said you would, among the graves on the hillside? Did you go?"

"Why, yes, I did go," answered Chinita slowly, winding her arms around her knees, as she leaned from her high perch, her brown face almost touching that of the smaller

child, who still stood before her. "But I shan't tell you anything more, so you may as well go home. Ah, I think I hear them calling you," and she straightened herself up as if to listen.

"No! No! No!" cried Chata, in an agony of impatience, "I will not go till you tell me. I *will* know. Oh, Chinita, if I were but like you, and could run about at will, over the fields, and up the hills!" The tears rose to her eyes as she spoke—poor little captive, in her stolen moment of liberty feeling in her soul the iron of bondage to custom or necessity.

"Well, then," said Chinita deliberately, prolonging the impatience of her supplicant, while the tears in the dark gray eyes lifted to her own moved her. "I went through the cornfield. I drove Pepé back when he wanted to go with me. Oh, how afraid that big boy is of me! Yes, I went through the corn; oh, it is so high, so high, I thought it was the very wood where Don Quixote and Sancho Panza met the robbers; but I was not afraid. And then I came to the bean-field, and oh! *niña*, I meant to go again this very day, and bring an armful of the sweet blossoms to Our Lady, and I forgot it!" clasping her hands penitently.

"And well for thee that thou didst," exclaimed Chata, "or a pretty rating my father would have given thee! He says it is enough to make the Blessed Virgin vexed for a year to see the good food-blossoms wasted, when there are millions of flowers God only meant for her and the bees. But, Chinita, I would I were a bee, to make thee cry as I wish! Thou art slower than ever today. Tell me, tell me, what didst thou next?"

"Well, did I not tell you I came to the bean-field—what should I do but go through it?" remonstrated Chinita; "and then I walked under the willows. Ah! if you could only once walk under the willows, *niña*; it is like heaven in the green shade by the clear water, and there are great brakes of rushes, with the birds skimming over them; and there was a stork standing on one leg among them, and he had in his mouth a little striped snake, yellow and scarlet and

black, and he so wriggled and twisted—ah, and I saw, besides, little fish in the shallow water, and—”

Chata sighed. She had unconsciously sunk upon the mud floor, her eyes opened widely, as if in imagination she saw all those things of which, though she was set in the very heart of nature, her bodily eyes had caught no glimpse. How in her heart of hearts the sheltered, cloistered daughter of the administrador envied the wild foster child of the gate-keeper, who was so free, and from whom the woods and fields could keep no secrets! “Go on,” she whispered, and Chinita said, in a sort of recitative:

“Yes, I went on and on, not very long by the water’s edge, though I loved it, but up the little path through the stones and the *tunas*. Oh, but they were full of yellow blossoms, and they smelled so sweet; but they were full of prickles, too, and as I went up the steep hillside, they caught my reboso every minute, and when I stood among the graves, my hands were tingling and smarting; and I was half blind, and stumbling. I was so tired, oh, so tired! and I sat down and rubbed my hands in the sand. It was very still there; it seemed to me that a little wind was always singing, but perhaps it was the dry grass rustling; but as I bent down to listen, I fell asleep, and when I woke up the sun was no higher in the sky than my hand, and I had no time to look for anything.”

“Ah! stupid creature!” cried Chata, after a moment’s silent disappointment. “Why did you not tell me so before? I must be missed. I shall be scolded,” and in a sudden panic she rose to her feet and turned to the door.

“Stay! stay” cried Chinita, eager to give her news, as she saw Chata about to fly. “I did find something. Oh, yes, in black letters, so big and clear!”

Chata returned precipitately. “Letters—what letters?” she cried.

“Big black letters, J and U and A and N—and the letters for the American name—how do they say it? Ash—Yes, Ashley—it is not hard—and that he was born in the

United States, and murdered here in May—yes, I forget the figures, but I counted up; it was just twelve years ago, upon the 13th of this very month. It was all written out upon a little wooden cross, which had fallen face down upon the grave I fell asleep upon. I might have looked for it a hundred years and not have found it, but I had scraped away the sand from it to rub my hands. It is thick and heavy; I could scarcely turn it over to read the words—but they are there. You may tell Doña Feliz there was an American.”

“No, I shall say nothing,” said Chata dreamily. “She likes not to hear of murder or of ghosts. Ah, the poor American, why does his spirit stay here? This is not purgatory. Ah, can it be he cannot rest because he died upon the 13th?—the unlucky number, my mother says.”

“Let us make it lucky,” said Chinita, daringly. “Let us say thirteen Aves, and thirteen Pater Nosters for his soul.” But Chata shook her head doubtfully, and started violently as a servant maid, grimy and ragged like all her clan, and panting with haste, thrust open the door, exclaiming,

“*Niña de mi alma*, your *Señora Madre* declares you are dead. Doña Feliz has searched all the house and is wringing her hands. Don Rafael has seized Pedro by the collar, and is mad with rage because he swears you have not passed the gate—and here I find you, with your white frock all stained with dirt, and that beggar brat filling your ears with her mad tales. The Saints defend us! Sometime the witch will fly off—as she came—no one knows where. But you, *niña*, come, come away,” and the excited woman dragged the truant reluctantly away; while Chinita, thrusting her tongue into her cheek, received the epithets of beggar brat and witch with a contempt which the gesture only, rather than any words, fluent as she was in plebeian repartee, could at that moment adequately express.

#### XVI.

THAT Chinita was made the scapegoat for Chata’s faults was certainly true; still, Chata



herself did not on this occasion escape scot free, for Don Rafael strengthened his wife's fiat against the dangerous temptress, by absolutely prohibiting her entrance into his house; and while both Carlota and Chata moped and sulked for their playmate, she hung, disconsolate—as the Peri at the gate of Paradise—about the entrance to the court finding small solace in the young fawn Pepito had given her, though she twined her arms around it and held its head against her bosom, that its large pensive eyes might seem to join in the appeal of her own. And perhaps the two aided by time might have conquered; but there was a sudden interruption of the quiet course of life at Tres Hermanos.

One day Chinita found the whole house open to her; there was no one there either to welcome or repulse her save Doña Feliz. Don Rafael, with his wife and children, had obeyed a sudden call, and had hastened to the dying bed of Doña Rita's mother. For the first time in her life Chata had left the hacienda. Carlota had twice before gone with her mother to visit relatives, but for various reasons Chata had remained at home. Doña Rita seemed half inclined to leave her this time; but Don Rafael cut the matter short by ordering her few necessaries to be packed, and in a flutter of excitement, perhaps heightened by the frown upon her mother's face, Chata took her seat in the carriage that was to bear her far beyond the circle of hills which had theretofore bounded her vision.

What a pall seemed to fall upon the place when they were all gone! First, a great stillness pervaded the court and corridors where the children's voices were wont to ring; and then hollow, ghostly noises woke the echoes. A second court was opened which long had been closed, though the fountains played there, and the flower pots were all rich with bloom. The doors of rooms which at best had been left ajar were opened wide; and Doña Feliz, with a few of her most trusty servants, swept out the long accumulating dust, and let the light stream in upon the disused furniture. Chinita had caught glimpses of these things before, indistinct,

uncertain, as though they were far memories of a past existence. She and Chata had often talked of them in days when they played at being grand ladies, and in imagination they were rich and beautiful; but when she actually stood in the broad sunshine, and saw the gilt and varnish, the variegated stuffs and great mirrors, the reality seemed a dream, from which she feared to waken. For all these material things appealed to something in the child's nature, which it appeared impossible she should have inherited from a long line of plebeian ancestors—a something that was not a mere gaping admiration for what was bright and beautiful and dazzling by its very height of separation from the poor possibilities of her life, but that one would say had sprung directly from the influences of lavish splendor. There was an impulse toward appropriation and enjoyment in the actual touch of these attributes of an aristocratic life, an instinctive knowledge of the uses of things she had never before seen or heard of, which seemed to come as naturally into her mind as would the art of swimming to a duckling that had passed its first days in the coop with its foster-mother, the hen. Nothing surprised her, and the delight she felt was not that of novelty, but that of the satisfaction of a long-felt want. Doña Feliz had not forbidden her entrance when she first saw her at the door of Doña Isabel's apartment, and she watched her with grave surprise as she wandered through the long rooms, sometimes picking up a fan, a hand-glass, a cup, and unconsciously assuming the very air and walk of a grand lady—an air so natural, that even in her tattered red *enagua* it never for a moment made her appear grotesque.

Don Rafael returned home in the midst of the work of renovation. He had left his family with the dying mother, forced to return by the exigencies of business; but ill pleased to leave them, for the roads were full of bandits, and the country infested with wandering bands, as dangerous in their professed military character as the openly avowed robbers. They enjoyed immunity in all their depredations and deeds of violence, because

they were committed under the standard of the Governor of the State, José Ramirez—for to his rôle of military chieftain he had added that of politician. In this rôle he had hastened the tottering fortunes of President Comonfort to their fall, by seizing in his name a large sum of money, belonging to foreign merchants, and with it buying over the troops under his command, first to declare him military governor, and then to join with enthusiasm the clerical forces, which sprang into being as if by magic, bringing with them money in plenty, and gay uniforms, which put to shame the rags that the resources of the legitimate government were insufficient to replace with more attractive garb. For months the name of José Ramirez had rung through the land in alternate shouts of triumph and joy, and howls of execration. The prison doors had been thrown open, and hundreds of convicts had joined his ranks, ready to die for the man who had set them free—not for gratitude, but in an excess of admiration for a spirit more lawless, more daring, than their own.

Chinita used to stand half aloof, and listen to these things, as wild rumors of them reached the hacienda; a burning pride glowing in her heart, as she heard of deeds that made men tremble and stand aghast; and in imagination she saw the tall, dark man she had made her hero, riding through the streets in the full panoply of military splendor, followed by a train of mounted soldiers as gorgeous as himself—then the blaring band, the gay foot soldiers shouting his name, and that terrible battle cry of "*Religion y Fueros*," in which so many infernal deeds were done; and last of all a multitude of half-clad men, women, and boys, and girls like herself in ragged garments, not hungry nor wretched, though with all the grime and squalor of poverty upon them. She loathed them in her heart, and then often enough ran to the covert of the tall corn, or the shade of some tree, and sat down, and drew her reboso over her head, laughing softly and breathlessly, for had she not given this man the amulet which gave him a charmed life? Sometimes she heard of attacks made upon

him—how bullets had gone crashing through his carriage windows, how in the very streets of the city, as well as on the battle field, his horses had been shot under him; but he had never been once hurt. She was a ragged, barefoot girl, but here was something which in her own eyes enwrapped her as with velvet and ermine, the belief that she had some part in that dazzling career that attracted the gaze, the wonder, the terror of what was to her mind the whole wide world.

Through those hot summer days Pedro saw little of his foster child; and sometimes when he did, she would pass him by as if she saw him not, or even would shudder when he laid his hand with gentle violence upon her arm, and forced her in from the glaring sunshine—in which she sometimes wandered for hours, unconscious of the heat, which was burning her skin browner and browner, but painting roses on her cheeks, and filling her eyes with light; and sometimes she would come softly up behind him, and throw the brown tangle of her hair over his eyes, almost smothering him in the golden crispness of its ruddy ends, and kiss him wildly between his bushy eyebrows, calling herself his wicked Chinita, his naughty child, until he would draw her on his knee, and wipe away her streaming tears with the tenderness, but none of the familiarity, of a parent, and while he did so sigh and sigh, and wonder what these wild moods would lead to.

When Doña Feliz began the renovation of the family apartments, he stole in there one day, when she chanced to be quite alone, and asked if it was true that Doña Isabel would soon return; it was many years, yes, twelve and more, since she had left them; and the *niña* Carmen, was it true that she was married? and the *Señorita* Herlinda? "Was it quite certain," and his voice grew low, "was it quite certain she was in a convent?"

"Did not Don Vicente tell you that?" queried Doña Feliz, "and his sad looks, did they not tell you? Ah, unhappy girl, where should she be but in a convent? where else in the world should she hide, who was so at feud with life?" She started, remembering herself; but Pedro was looking at her with



impassive stolidity. "Yes, yes," she continued impatiently, "she has chosen her path; she has left the world forever."

"But they say," cried Pedro monotonously, "that the convents will be opened, and all the nuns be made free, when the Señor Juarez takes his turn to rule. They say the day he enters the palace the dead men's hands will open, and all their riches escape from their grasp. The silver and gold will be taken from the altars and given to the poor, and the monasteries and nunneries be pulled down, that the people may build their houses with the stones."

Doña Feliz laughed. It was not often any sound of merriment passed her lips, and this was in scorn. "Dreams, dreams, Pedro," she said. "Are you as foolish as the rest, and think the new law would give all the poor wealth, or even all the despoiled their own? Do you think Juarez himself believes it? No, no; he is a sly fox; and while the Church and Comonfort were the lion and bear struggling over the carcass, he strives to glide in and steal the flesh. Do you think he will divide it among you hungry ones? No; these politicians are all alike, and whether with the cry of Religion or Liberty, fight and plot only for their own aggrandizement, and the poor country is forgotten, as it is drenched by the blood of her sons. There is not one true patriot in all this distracted land."

She spoke rather to herself than Pedro, who shook his head with a sort of grim obstinacy. "I am thinking to go away, Doña Feliz," he said. "You know the Señor Juarez is at liberty, and there will be bloody days soon if Alvarez does not give him his rightful place in Mexico. I have a mind to see a few of them. You know I was a good soldier in Santa Anna's time, and as I sit in the gate, I hear the sound of the cannon and the rattle of musketry, and the voice of my old commander, only it comes now from the lips of his son; and I feel I must go."

Doña Feliz looked at him steadily. She knew her countryman well, and though she doubted not that something of the martial spirit of the time was stirring within him,

she was equally certain that a second and more potent reason was prompting him to leave Tres Hermanos; but she only said:

"Then you wish to join Vicente Gonzales? They say he, with all his band, has thrown his fortunes in with those of Juarez. Well, well, perhaps anything was better than that he should be linked with Ramirez. If he is a traitor, it is at least with a noble aim, not for mere plunder. There was something strange, forbidding, terrible, about that man Ramirez. Did you notice his face, Pedro, when he was here?"

Pedro shook his head, returning with pertinacity to his own plans. "You will talk to Don Rafael for me, will you not, Señora?" he said, with a trace of the abject whine in his tone that marked the habit of serfdom, which a few years of nominal freedom had done little to alter, "and with your good leave I will go, and take Chinita with me." He spoke hesitatingly, as though fearful his right would be disputed.

"Take Chinita!" exclaimed Doña Feliz. "What, to a soldiers' camp, to her ruin! You are mad, Pedro. No, she shall remain here with me. I will take her into the house. I will teach her to sew. She shall be my child rather than my servant! I—" she stopped in extreme agitation, for within the doorway the child stood.

"I will be no one's servant!" she said, proudly drawing herself up; "and as to going to the Indian's camp—ah, I know a better place than that," and she nodded her head significantly. "You shall leave me, Father Pedro, with your Doña Isabel!"

Doña Feliz and Pedro started as if they had been shot. "I came to tell you she is coming," continued the child. "I was out beyond the granaries, letting my fawn browse on the little hill, and as I was looking towards the gorge I saw a horseman coming, and far behind him was a carriage and many men. Is all ready?" and she glanced around her with the air of a prophetess. "Hark, the courier is in the court now. Doña Isabel will not be long behind him."

Pedro hastened from the room with an exclamation of alarmed amazement. "Go,

go!" cried Feliz. "You are too late!" for she knew in her heart that it was in very fear of this visit, and to remove the child from the chance of encountering Doña Isabel, that Pedro had proposed to leave the hacienda; and here was Doña Isabel herself—for strangely enough, neither of them doubted that what the child had assumed was true. The thoughts of Doña Feliz were inexplicable, even to herself. She felt as if she was placed in some vast and gloomy theater, with the curtain about to rise upon some strange play, which at the will of the actors might become either comedy or tragedy. Though of late she had felt certain that Doña Isabel would return to the hacienda, that very act seemed dramatic, the precursor of inevitable complications.

"Why could she not be content in the

new life she had chosen?" muttered Doña Feliz. "What voice has been sounding in her ears, to call her back to resurrect old griefs, to walk among the spectres of long silent agonies and shame. Foolish, foolish woman! Yet as the magnet attracts iron, so thy hard heart is drawn by these bitter remembrances. Go! go! thou child!" she exclaimed aloud, and almost angrily, "Doña Isabel would be vexed to see thee in her room. Go, and keep thee out of her way!" She gazed after Chinita with a look of perplexity and pain, as with a bound of irresistible excitement, the girl sprang out upon the corridor, her laugh rising through the still air, as if in notes of defiance. "What said the child?" muttered Doña Feliz, "'Leave me with your Doña Isabel?'"

*Louise Palmer Heaven.*

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

## PROTECTION TO AMERICAN LABOR.

*First.*—Ought American labor to be protected?

*Second.*—What ought that protection to be?

Our natural rights, philosophy, and experience concur in answering the first of these questions in the affirmative. Of our natural or moral rights, as interpreted by the highest forms of civilization, none are paramount to those of labor. "The great interest of this great country, the producing cause of all prosperity," says Daniel Webster, "is labor, labor, labor. The government was made to protect this industry; to give it both encouragement and security." It is a universal law that, by means of labor, man subsists, betters his condition, acquires those things, whether material or spiritual in character, that minister to his happiness. From this standpoint the rights of labor are seen to be equivalent to those of life itself. In other words, the rights of labor are the rights of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" vouchsafed to man by his Creator. Government failing to protect its members

in the enjoyment of these sacred rights, defeats the objects for which it was instituted.

But in determining the rights of labor, its relations to the other agents of production must not be lost sight of. Its rights to protection and its obligations to protect the objects of worth, are commensurate. However mighty, it is relatively dependent. Let not, then, the hand say to the brain—now to nature, now to capital, now to genius: "Behold all these vast works of the world, the results of my unaided efforts"; but, rather, as becomes the honor and dignity of a grand and magnanimous power, as becomes the lofty spirit of true nobility, let the hand say: "Behold ye, my companions, nature, capital, and genius, these our glorious achievements: behold the earth clothed in beauty, the myriads of happy homes, the innumerable streams of plenty flowing from the broad reservoirs of yellow harvest, from the vast treasures of mineral wealth, and from the civilizing fountains of manufacturing industry, to gladden the hearts of the human race—behold these rich and copious



blessings, resulting not from my individual effort, but from our united efforts.”

A celebrated German economist divides industrial history into three periods : in the first of which nature is the chief agent of production ; in the second, labor ; in the third, capital. The relative importance here attributed to each of these agencies of wealth seems to me questionable. That nature, for the most part, supplied man in his primitive state with the necessaries of life, as she is wont to supply the wants of the lower order of animals, is obviously true. As man ascended somewhat the scale of civilization, and under the guidance of genius put his hand to the plow and other industrial implements, thereby augmenting the necessaries of life and producing comforts for mankind, it seems to me that a copartnership of equality was established by nature and labor, rather than a relationship in which one was preëminent over the other. True, nature hitherto had ill supplied man with the necessaries of life, as game, roots, nuts, and fruit for food ; rocks and caves for shelter ; bark and leaves of trees for raiment : whereas, labor, on his advent into the world, domesticated animals for food, added bread, reared for man warm and commodious habitations, and clothed him in garments of comfort. Yet in it all is seen the impress of the hand of nature. In a general sense, nature produces the crude material, labor fashions it into things of usefulness and beauty. If a barren waste is converted by labor into a field of fertility, the inherent properties of that fertility are of nature, and not of labor. Labor removes the obstructions to the development of those properties ; nature does the rest. The ultimate result, then, is attributable to the combined efforts of nature and labor.

As man attained a higher degree in civilization ; acquired a knowledge of the various products indigenous to different regions of the globe ; foresaw the benefits, comforts, and pleasures that an exchange of the surplus of these products would confer upon the inhabitants of the different climes ; conceived that greater economy in production would

obtain in various departments of industry by the combined efforts of men than by their several isolated efforts—in short, as man took a broader view of the world, a deeper insight into human affairs, genius, or rather reason, pointed out to him that as the fields of agriculture were fertilized by water applied to them from streams and reservoirs, so these uncultivated, barren, and arid fields of commerce, manufacture, and general industry could be rendered luxuriantly fruitful, by applying to them capital, as a fertilizing agent from the streams and reservoirs of wealth. Trial was made. Repeated experiment confirmed the truth of reason’s proposition. Thence capital became recognized as an indispensable agent of production. If, on the one hand, capital was unable to perform the functions of nature and labor, on the other hand, they were equally unable to perform the functions of capital.

The German economist, to whom reference has been made, in pronouncing capital “ chief ” of the agents of production, would seem to ignore the aphorism that the strength of a chain is no greater than that of its weakest link ; would seem to ignore the fact, that the tiny hair-spring, or its equivalent, is no less important than the main-spring, in producing the requisite motion of a watch. How idle the speculation of the political economists of his school, that the steam engine, a typical feature of modern industry, was mainly the product, not of manual labor but of the genius, enterprise, perseverance, and command of funds of two employees of labor, Watt and Boulton. Great honor is due to the genius, enterprise, and perseverance of these great inventors. In ancient times they would have been deified—perhaps in the minds of men have been elevated to a throne above that of God himself. We cheerfully admit, too, the inestimable value of capital in the production of the steam engine, that great masterpiece of all time. But I maintain that manual labor must have manfully performed his part ; grappled with the earth, wrenched from its firm grasp the crude material, which by his skill and steady blows he forged and fashioned under the guidance

of genius into that wondrous creature, as it were, of life. If man had hoofs instead of hands, would the iron horse ever have rejoiced in its strength and fleetness? Strange that these special pleaders of capital on one hand, and of labor on the other, should fail to understand that the law of the universe is that of equality; that a particle and a world mutually solicit each other's aid; that they are mutually dependent, one upon the other; that were the atoms composing the earth to part company, the earth would dissolve back into chaos.

So with respect to nature, labor, and capital: as agents of production, immutable law proclaims their equality. The true economy of production, the well-being of man, consists, then, in the highest effort of these powers, blended in perfect harmony. What the highest law has joined, let not man put asunder. Palsied be the hand that would maliciously sever a single link in the chain, or a single fiber in the cord, binding them together. Disrupt their union, civilization halts, totters, falls, perishes, and man lapses back into barbarism. Wrong one—not only does reaction take place, but the wrong inflicted is transmitted to all, to the detriment of society.

*Overtax the energies of land, it becomes barren, and food thereby scarce; poorly pay the efforts of free labor, it famishes, and society pines; draw upon capital in excess of its resources, it necessarily fails, and industry thereby decays. It is evident, then, that the protection of these agents of production—one and all—against the aggressions of wrong in any form, is the proper end and aim of individual man, of society, of civil government—is the "great study" of life.*

Aggression is of two kinds, internal and external.

With respect to internal aggression, the numerous strikes, the boycotting, and the destruction of property now rife, are familiar examples. In the case of these altercations between labor and capital, let judgment be withheld until an impartial hearing of both sides shall be had. It must be said, however, that the wanton destruction of property,

the hardships inflicted upon the community, and the endangering of life, can only invoke utter condemnation. But the evil spirit inciting these atrocities is no more to be condemned than that other spirit, that would, in this fair land consecrated to freedom, uproot free labor, and plant in its stead that "bohan upas"—Chinese labor. Each is an enemy to society—an enemy to all good. It matters not whether it is the lust of anarchy or the greed of avarice, or, indeed, the zeal of blind fanaticism—no one has the right to destroy my property, nor to degrade my labor to the condition of serfdom, nor to feed prospective proselytes with my bread.

As to an amicable settlement between labor and capital employed in legitimate industry, I entertain not a doubt. Capital devoted to the subjugation of free labor, will unquestionably meet with sore defeat. Let alarmists predict that in the near future a war to the hilt will occur between labor and capital; and that in consequence dire calamity will befall the country. Fear not—it is but a bugbear—the ravings of a distorted imagination. Be assured that American labor and capital are too intelligent and too honorable not to settle equitably all their difficulties by arbitration. They are too wise not to profit by the saying of Edmund Burke, that "all government, indeed, every human benefit and enjoyment, every virtue and every prudent act, is founded on compromise and barter." "We balance inconveniences; we give and take; we remit some rights that we may enjoy others; and we choose rather to be happy citizens than subtle disputants."

Whence, for the most part, comes this agitation? Not from the industrious classes, but from non-laboring parasites upon the skirts of labor—visionary anarchists, political gamblers, and loud-mouthed bar-room sitters. Certain it is that reason will dissipate these elements of mischief, as does the sun pestilential vapors. In isolated cases, labor unquestionably has just cause of complaint; so, too, in other cases has capital. "Let him who asks right, do right." Let both labor and capital be set right by the strong arm of justice. Being equal, as hith-



erto shown, each ought to be equally protected.

But in general, how does the matter stand between them? Taking as a criterion the statistics of 1880, with respect to manufactures of the United States, it appears that in round numbers the value of the products, and the cost of these productions, were as follows, viz :

Value of products.....	\$5,400,000,000
Cost of material....	\$3,400,000,000
Amount paid labor..	1,000,000,000
Whence gross gain.....	\$1,000,000,000

Now, as is well known, 1880 was a fortunate year for manufactures. During an equal period of "hard times," such as are now upon us, capital is not only liable to lose, on an equal venture, a billion of dollars, but to be bankrupted. Under the circumstances, does capital seem to have taken the lion's share, or to have been an aggressor? Let candid labor answer.

For the greatest good of all concerned, both encouragement and restraint are requisite with respect to the accumulations of capital. Large capital is requisite for large enterprises, which are necessary for employing the hands of labor, and for supplying the wants of man. As no definite bounds can well be set to legitimate enterprise, so by parity of reason none can well be set to the accumulations of capital for conducting that enterprise. In this, as in mechanics, the power must be directly proportionate to the work sought. But capital or wealth should be restrained to the utmost from pressing upon the rights of labor. If it be not restrained, the few become enriched at the expense of the many. In this event, freedom is such but in name. "The freest government," says Daniel Webster, "cannot long endure where the tendency of the law is to create a rapid accumulation of property in the hands of the few, and to render the masses of the people poor and dependent." Goldsmith expresses a kindred sentiment in these words :

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay."

In both these quotations, the relative wealth of the two classes is evidently meant, and

not the quantity of wealth in the aggregate. Ratio, not aggregate quantity, is contemplated.

Degrade labor, the results pointed out by the immortal statesman and the immortal bard are inevitable; protect labor, these results are impossible. It is for you, for me, for all co-laborers, to say whether American labor ought to be protected against these and all internal aggressions.

With respect to external aggressions, Henry Clay says: "The great battle of the world is between freedom and despotism, between European capital and labor on one side, and American capital and labor on the other. On this point turns the destiny of nations." Since the utterance of this great truth, fifty years ago, despotism has immensely increased its forces, has enlisted Asiatic labor, and multiplied the machine labor of Europe indefinitely. So that now in this aggression of despotism, American labor is besieged on the west by an army of Chinese labor, four hundred million strong, and on the east by the still more powerful forces of European capital and European labor, pauper and machine combined, on the north by French Canadians, on the south by Mexican peonage—both cheap. The conflict between these allied forces and free American labor is irrepressible. There is no such thing as peace between them. I appeal to the evidence, the facts in the case.

The civilization of the Asiatic division is that of deadly hostility to the civilization of progress. The vices of seventy centuries of uniform despotism and slavery seem infused into the mind and constitution of the Chinese. Our experience so far with this foreign foe indicates that over seventy centuries more will be required to eliminate those inherited or constitutional vices. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* says, with respect to the Chinese: "Dishonesty prevails to a frightful extent, and with it, of course, untruthfulness. The Chinese set little or no value on truth. Punishment is inflicted to compel a witness to supply the evidence required, and is continued on failure, till he becomes insensible." Thus despotism, by

the enforcement of slavery upon its subjects, generates in them the spirit of dishonesty and untruthfulness, and then visits the victims of its baneful influences with dreadful torture. Custom in time passes into a fundamental law, which both despot and slave recognize as the law of right. The Chinese, wherever they go, take with them their inherited laws of unmeasured ages of despotism. They ignore, evade the laws of the country which they infest, and enforce among themselves their inherited laws.

The Commission appointed by Congress to investigate the Chinese scourge, report in these words: "They (the Chinese) have secret tribunals, exercising a criminal and civil jurisdiction, an *imperium in imperio*. They have tribunals and enforce penalties, even to the extent that property and life bear enforcement." This Commission further report that the Chinese are "immoral to the last degree"; that their "system of marriage is polygamous"; that they "murder their female children, to obviate a redundancy of population"; that they "are utterly regardless of an oath"; that "the Chinese conscience knows no such thing as to tell the truth"; that "their only interest in our law is to take advantage of it, and in their self-interest to evade it"; that "Chinese labor drives white labor from the field—to starvation"; that "Chinese immigration prevents white labor coming to this coast, both from the Eastern States and from Europe. We of California must give this coast up to Asia, or we must reserve it for ourselves and our race"; that "Chinese women come here against their will. They are sold in China by their parents for the purposes of prostitution. They are bought and sold, and transferred by bills of sale like cattle."

This Commission in its summary says: "The burden of our accusation against the Chinese is, that they come in conflict with our labor interest; that they can never assimilate with us; that they are a perpetual, unchanging, and unchangeable alien element, that can never become homogeneous; that their civilization is demoralizing and degrading to our people; that they degrade

and dishonor labor; that they can never become citizens; and that an alien, degraded labor class, without desire for citizenship, without education, and without interest in the country it inhabits, is an element both demoralizing and dangerous to the community within which it exists."

President Garfield, speaking of the Chinese, says: "The law should not permit the spread of the plague. The lowest grade of poorly paid labor retires before them as it would before a pestilence. They have no assimilation whatever to Caucasian civilization."

Some may urge that none are more industrious than the Chinese, and that in the economy of a State, industry is a cardinal virtue. In this case, experience proves the reverse—proves that the industry of the Chinese is an unmitigated evil to the State; that it absorbs and exports the State's wealth, without rendering an equivalent; sends gaunt hunger to the home of free labor; engenders idleness and the grossest immorality in our youth of both sexes.

Some may urge that the commerce of China is so highly advantageous to us that we cannot afford to restrict Chinese immigration, lest China shall retaliate by restricting her commerce with us. With respect to these great advantages of commerce, ever dinned into our ears, the facts are that from 1868 to 1883, a term of fifteen years,

The imports to the United States from	
China were .....	\$301,000,000
The exports from the United States to	
China were .....	77,000,000
	<hr/>
Balance .....	\$224,000,000

paid China in gold and silver. Fear not that China, under any circumstances, would endeavor to lessen a commerce so favorable to her. Besides, the fundamental law or spirit of the Chinese government is adverse to the emigration of its subjects. Indeed, the Emperor Tao Hanany, as early as 1850, issued an ordinance forbidding any of his subjects to emigrate to California.

Others may urge that the great heart of Christian civilization overflows with good



will to all mankind, and will ever throb with anxiety till all shall be satiated with its joys. Obey its promptings—obey the injunction to the letter—go forth and proclaim the glad tidings to every creature. Go, preach—fully apply the balm of immortal life; but, like the prudent physician, let not a single patient escape from the great pest house of Chinese immorality, to infest with deadly disease the happy homes of Christian civilization. Would the shepherd be regarded sane who, with exuberance of love for all of God's creatures, and with the hope of reclaiming wolves from their evil ways—the hope of supplanting their nature with the propensities of the lamb—should throw open to them the gates that protect his fold? Would these apostles of Chinese immigration improve their understanding, let them well con the moral of the old fable, viz: "A farmer having found a serpent nearly dead with cold, and being moved with compassion, cherished it in his bosom. For which kindness the serpent, when warmed into life, inflicted a deadly wound upon its benefactor."

Reason lags not after imagination in reaching the outcome of these would-be missionary efforts. The Chinaman perceives no difference between Christian and Confucian ethics. The precepts: 'Kill not; Steal not; Lie not; Defile not; Do not that to another which you would not have him do to you,' come down to him from an age more venerable than that of nineteen centuries. Hence, if he is loyal to his convictions, the difficulty of Christianizing him seems insurmountable. He can well afford to discuss the precepts so transmitted with the most learned Christian divines. But in practice, with him, ages of despotism and slavery have rendered these precepts a nullity, so that their authority is practically a matter of little consequence.

It would be a subversion of common sense, an outrage on humanity, a defiance of justice, if the pulpit should ally itself with capital and these monstrous forces of Asia in their aggressions upon free labor. Who so blind as not to perceive that unrestricted Chinese immigration into this country—in other words, Asiatic slavery—means war—war to the hilt between servile and free labor; war,

whose consuming flames will far exceed in intensity of heat, and in scope, those that a short time since, in consequence of African slavery, seriously threatened the destruction of the American Union? African slavery was involuntary and limited; Chinese slavery is a normal condition of the mass of that people, and is virtually unlimited; hence its greater menace to free labor. Our ablest jurists—fanaticism and Utopian statesmanship to the contrary notwithstanding—maintain that "the right of self-preservation is paramount to all other considerations," and that "any government, deeming the introduction of foreigners or their merchandise injurious to the interests of its own people, is at liberty to withhold the indulgence." (Kent's Com. vol. 1, p. 35.)

Passing now to a consideration of the European division of these allied forces, the fact is obvious that this division too, to no little extent, has been morally and politically dwarfed by the blighting influences of despotism. It seems difficult for one portion of the inhabitants of Europe to understand that the rightful normal condition of man is that of liberty, and no less difficult for another portion to understand that "Liberty must be limited in order to be possessed." Theoretical liberty, as seen in Grecian democracy of old, or in French republicanism of 1789, or in more modern socialism, is one thing; American liberty quite another. One is based on chimera, the other on common sense.

Socialism, in some of its forms, as it comes to us from Europe, seems the embodiment of the unbridled passions of men; furies led by the rampant spirit of anarchy, at enmity with despotism, and equally at enmity with the good order of society. Like the enraged viper it strikes, reckless as to the object it shall sting. Though mad and striking at random, yet does socialism render efficient aid to European despotism in its battle with free American labor. *For by as much as the productions of American free labor are diminished, in consequence of socialistic agitation, by so much are the productions of European servile or pauper labor benefited in supplying the deficiency.*

Further, it is to be noted that the practice

of despotic Europe, in exporting hither her paupers to be supported by this country, not only works a hardship upon our industries, but it is a national insult demanding redress. The ultimate effect of this pauperism is worse on society than that of rampant socialism. For the common sense of the American people and the strong arm of justice will make short work of these socialistic agitators; while their offspring, from their association with freedom's youthful hosts, and from the benign influences of our public schools, will vie with the foremost in American patriotism, and in deeds of daring for the cause of American liberty. On the other hand, the imported paupers, festering with disease, will be each, during life, a yearly tax of about \$100 on our industries; while their descendants, likely to inherit largely the ailments of their progenitors, will be for generations a source of national care, expense, and weakness.

Again, with respect to physical power, it is found if 300 foot tons of energy to each able-bodied male, 3,000 to each horse, and 4,000 to each horse-power of steam engines, be adopted as the standard of measure, that for 1885 the industrial energy of Europe is equivalent to 730,000,000 man-power. In other words, the numerical strength of the great labor army of despotic Europe is equivalent to seven hundred and thirty million able-bodied men. Estimating the industrial energies of China, and of all other nations whose labor conflicts with ours, equivalent to 310,000,000 man-power, then will these allied labor energies of despotism amount to 1,040,000,000 man-power; in other words, to an army of able-bodied men, one billion and forty million strong. By reference to the statistics, the industrial energies of the besieged army of American labor is found equivalent to 260,000,000 man-power. Thus, the numerical strength of the allied armies of European and Asiatic servile and pauper labor is seen to be equal to four times the numerical strength of the American army of free labor.

This disparity in strength is a just cause of solicitude for protection, especially since

the advantages enjoyed and the progress made by American labor are such as to excite more and more the envy of despotism and its servile forces. Indeed, labor is more remunerative in the United States than in any other country on the globe. Thus in 1880, the surplus of wages of operatives over the cost of food per week was in Europe \$2.25, in the United States \$8.00. In other words, by equal economy, the savings of labor in the United States are two hundred and fifty-five per cent. above the savings of labor in Europe. Thus, "the rates of wages in the United States, roughly estimated, are more than twice those of Belgium, three times those of Denmark, France, and Germany, one and a half times those in England and Scotland, and more than three times those in Italy and Spain"; while "the prices of the necessaries of life are lower in the United States than in any of the foregoing countries."

The statistics of Massachusetts from 1860 to 1883 show that taking an average, the general weekly wages of the employees in nearly all the industries was 75½ per cent. higher in Massachusetts than in Great Britain. These statistics further show that the living, though fifty per cent. better in Massachusetts than in Great Britain, costs only six per cent. more. Now, as we come west from Massachusetts, the wages increase, and the cost of living diminishes. Thence, it is safe to say, that in the United States the average wages are seventy-five per cent. higher than the wages are in Great Britain, and that the living, though fifty per cent. better in the United States, costs no more than the inferior living of Great Britain.

In making these comparisons, it will be borne in mind that the wages of the operatives of Great Britain are fifty per cent. higher than the average European wages, and seventy per cent. above the wages of Continental Europe. It will also be borne in mind, that even the cheap wages of Continental Europe in their turn indefinitely exceed the starvation wages of China. Now, as in physics, two bodies possessing different degrees of heat at first, soon become, by



contact uniform in temperature, so in industry will the wages of free labor, and the wages of servile labor, different at first, soon become uniform by contact. Night follows day with not greater certainty.

The occurrence of war, liable at any time between our country and foreign countries, or between foreign nations themselves, with which in either case we are engaged in commerce, presents another cogent reason why American labor, or in other terms, American industries, ought to be fostered by protection. The attainment of the greatest independence of the products and capital of foreign nations is our true policy. Especially at this time does it behoove us to put our house in order, for the signs of the times indicate that the peace of the world is not long assured. "Clouds, indeed, and darkness rest upon the future."

Having shown by a few of the many reasons, that American labor ought to be protected, I proceed to consider the second of the two capital leading questions: "*What ought that protection to be?*"

The answer in brief is: The development of the natural resources of the country, so as to meet most fully the requirements of the people; the *restriction of both foreign immigration and foreign imports* that are injurious to our domestic affairs; and the fostering of commerce with foreign nations—especially those of the American Continent—by which commerce we shall stimulate home industry, and advantageously dispose of our surplus productions, in exchange for products not indigenous to our country.

The development of the natural resources of our country is the most important requisite in the attainment of wealth, prosperity, and happiness by our people; for by it employment is given to labor; every hand willing to work is busy with requiting toil; every mouth well fed, and every man, woman, and child sheltered, and clothed in comfort. By it, increasing thrift obtains, progress in all the worthy objects of life is promoted, and independence secured. Chiefly by it a savage wilderness has been turned into our glorious Union, and the most extensive and

the only honorable conquests made, "not by destroying, but by promoting the wealth, the number, and the happiness of the human race."

Much, however, as has been accomplished, the development of the natural resources of our country is but in its infancy. Millions of acres of land are still uncultivated. Immense forests are still in solitude. Billions of mineral wealth are locked in the mountain vaults; innumerable forces are reposing in our coal beds, and other vast, perpetual forces are running to waste in our numerous streams. These, all these, remain to be developed by the future hand of industry.

The restriction of both foreign immigration and foreign imports that are injurious to our domestic affairs, should be written on the title page of every American work on political economy, taught in our public schools and at the home fireside, proclaimed from the American pulpit, and made the fundamental law of the land. I have already shown by indubitable proof that Chinese immigration and European pauper immigration are injurious—are a curse to our domestic affairs. They should, therefore, be restricted to the extent of utter prohibition.

For the determination of what foreign imports are injurious to our domestic affairs, Jasper Gee, a British writer of great force and clearness, furnishes us with the proper standard in these words: "The surest way for a nation to increase in riches is to prevent the importation of such foreign commodities as may be raised at home."

But so great and varied are the natural resources of our country, that the rigid application of this standard will be objected to by some, on the ground that it will entirely destroy our foreign commerce, and thereby work a great injury to those engaged in it. True, foreign factors now reaping princely fortunes would be injured. But that injury falls on them, and not on us. The foreign commercial fleet would be injured; but the fact does not concern us, especially since that fleet grew to its present vast proportions largely by the destruction of our commercial fleet by piracy, in guise of foreign neutrality.

It thus appears that no loss would accrue to us by the rigid enforcement of this rule. On the contrary, American labor, at present unemployed, would be greatly benefited by manufacturing the commodities which now come to us laden with excise and other foreign taxes. These imports, in 1880, amounted to \$761,000,000.

Further: Is the assumption true, that by the rigid enforcement of this rule, our foreign commerce would be entirely destroyed? In consequence of its enforcement would foreign nations buy from us appreciably less meat, grain, cotton, and so on, of articles which they must have and cannot secure elsewhere on equally favorable terms? Reference to the statistics of the United States for 1880 shows that our total domestic exports, exclusive of gold and silver, amounted to \$324,000,000. These exports consisted mostly of crude material. Indeed, the value of the three items, bread-stuffs, provisions, and raw cotton, was \$627,000,000. Taking into account other items, almost equally important, such as living animals, hay, rosin, tar, pitch, mineral oil, whale and other animal oils, seeds, tobacco, masts, lumber, quicksilver, copper and other metals, it is seen that American manufactures proper are but slightly represented in foreign markets; that foreign nations buy of us those commodities only which they cannot do without. Even entire prohibition of foreign importations, then, would not react injuriously upon our export commerce.

Illustrative of the relative values of the world's markets—home and foreign—to American industry, let the item of cereals be taken as a representative case. According to the statistics, the value of our cereal products in 1880 was \$1,400,000,000. Of these products, England consumed one-ninth part, and all foreign countries one-fifth part. Our home market, then, under existing circumstances, is worth to agriculture four times as much as are the markets of the balance of the world. It has already been shown that the value of our manufactures in 1880 was \$5,400,000,000; that they paid for crude material \$3,400,000,000, and that they paid

labor \$1,000,000,000; that is, paid as wages an amount equal to three-fourths the value of the entire agriculture products.

But in presence of these facts, some political economists have the effrontery to say that these manufactures have been protected by legislation to the injury of agriculture and other industries. Now, as the grain-growing States have increased more in wealth than the manufacturing States, the conclusion is unavoidable that its manufactures have been fostered to the benefit of agriculture, and not to its injury. Indeed, proportionate to the protection given, manufactures will be the thrift of agriculture and other industries; for they are members of the same body, deriving their energy, growth, and health from the pulsations of the same heart. Statistics further show that the accumulations of our national wealth, obviously due for the most part to the production of home industries, by restriction of foreign importations, were in 1880 \$47,500,000,000, and at the present time are by estimate \$56,000,000,000; of which latter amount, \$47,500,000,000 have been amassed since 1850, notwithstanding our great civil war, and the destruction of our commerce. This gain alone in the last thirty-six years exceeds, by several billions of dollars, the entire national wealth of any other country on the face of the globe.

According to Mulhull, the national wealth of England, the great leading nation of the world, in foreign commerce, was in 1880, \$42,000,000,000. Thus we perceive that commerce and the vaunted free-trade accumulated nearly \$5,500,000,000 less for England in 2000 years, than home industry and protection accumulated for the United States in thirty-six years.

Besides, there seems no good reason to doubt that full protection of all our domestic industries, by entirely prohibiting the importation of "such articles as could, on any tolerable terms, be manufactured at home," would have increased this difference many fold.

In further considering this great problem of political economy, the fact is to be borne in mind that the population of Europe dou-



bles in one hundred years, and that the population of the United States doubles in twenty-five years. Thus, in one hundred years the ratio of increase here is eight times the ratio of increase in Europe. Our home market, as already shown, is at present worth four times the value of the European market to our agricultural industry, as a representative case. This order of things continuing, the value of our home market to American agriculture in a century will be equal to thirty-two times that of the European market to it. But this order of things is not likely to endure long. England, hitherto furnishing the principal market for our cereal exports, is already supplying her requirements in this line, more than formerly, from Russia, India, Australia, and Canada; besides, the United States, long before a century shall have passed, will evidently be noted for their exports of manufactures, rather than for those of cereals. The energies of agriculture will be strained to supply home wants, and American labor will require protection, not more by the restriction of foreign imports, than by the encouragement of exporting domestic manufactures. Indeed, sound policy dictates the fostering of commerce with foreign nations—especially those of the American continent—by which commerce we shall stimulate home industry, and advantageously dispose of our surplus productions in exchange for products not indigenous to our country.

In shaping our general policy, we should not fail to profit by the saying of Mr. Robertson in the House of Commons, that: "The British policy is nothing more or less than for the English to get a monopoly of all markets for their manufactures, and prevent other nations, one and all, from engaging in them." This has been the talisman of English success. But its potency relatively lessens by the touch of the mightier wand of progress. How far this bold policy may be adopted is a question—since the laws of morality apply with equal force to nations as to individuals. "Nothing is truly just which is inconsistent with humanity." Nations as individuals have the moral right

to put forth their energies to the utmost in developing their manufacturing, commercial, and other industries; but they have no moral right to prevent other nations engaging in similar pursuits in honorable competition. The destruction of our commerce by a nominally friendly power, was a practical example of the policy announced by Mr. Robertson. The act which would have sent an individual to the gallows was no less a crime by being virtually national. The policy, however, of getting a monopoly of all markets for our manufactures by honorable means, is sound, and ought to be pursued to the fullest extent, for the protection of American labor.

"The law of nations enjoins upon every nation the punctual observance of benevolence and good will, as well as justice towards its neighbors." This is the true policy of a nation that would prosper, be happy and long endure. It beats swords into plowshares, spears into pruning hooks, and converts impoverishing standing armies of war into those of peaceful industry, by which innumerable homes are cheered with the objects of comfort and luxury, and the state enriched.

This policy, pursued by the United States towards Mexico, Central and South America, will secure the monopoly of their markets for the manufactures of American labor. The aggregate area of these countries exceeds twice that of Europe, including proximate islands. Their natural resources equally surpass those of that grand division of the globe. Indeed, their exuberant fertility yields an abundant harvest, with but little exertion of the cultivator. A few of the many and valuable products that have grown in profusion are: cocoa, coffee, corn, Paraguay-tea, sugarcane, cotton, tobacco, vanilla, cinchona, sarsaparilla, olives, cocoa-palm, almond, sesame, and flax; trees respectively yielding the balsam of Peru, India-rubber, copal, and camphor; dye-woods, building timbers, and cabinet woods in great variety, as oak, pine, fir, cedar, mahogany, rosewood, and so on; in fine, vegetable products exceeding enumeration in variety. Their mineral resources, as gold, silver, iron, copper, tin, zinc, quicksil-

ver, coal, and so on, are unlimited. Statistics show that the world's aggregate production of gold and silver, from 1493 to 1875, amounted to \$10,800,000,000 of which \$6,632,000,000, or two-thirds of the world's total production of the precious metals since the discovery of America, came from the mines of Mexico and South America. Yet, but little more than "prospecting" of these mines has been accomplished. The resources of these countries in "the cattle upon a thousand hills," and in the endless herds of cattle that fatten on the vast and fertile plains, are, in the eye of political economy, quite as inestimable as are their resources in mineral wealth. Mulhull predicts that the United States, now exporting large quantities of meat to European markets, will, ten years hence, require of that article all which they shall raise, and that Europe will turn to South America to supply her wants with that commodity.

Now, progress does not loiter. The immense resources of these countries are to be developed; the broad, fertile fields are to be tilled; the rich, exhaustless mines worked, the extensive forests of timber and choice woods are to be felled, and their material reared and fashioned into objects of usefulness and beauty; the rare products that minister to man's comforts, or delight his senses, are to be gathered for his uses; and the endless herds of cattle are to be utilized as food for mil-

lions of the human race. *Shall these developments be made under the guidance of European nations, and to the advantage of European labor? or shall they be made under the guidance of the United States, and to the advantage of American labor?*

To effect these developments, manufactures to the value of billions of dollars will be required. Shall they be the manufactures of European labor, or of American labor?

Our geographical position defies competition. Seas roll between Europe and this matchless prize; while to us it is at hand. The locomotive, the most efficient agent of commerce, practically annihilates distance. Indeed, from that noble eminence whither the firm steps of reason, not the airy wings of fancy bear us, are seen looming the possibilities of no distant future; the several divisions and subdivisions of the American continent joined with links of steel; and the locomotive, that great apostle of progress and civilization, going forth and proclaiming the glad tidings that the necessities, comforts, and luxuries indigenous to the different climes are for the enjoyment of the whole American family, from the frozen North to the frozen South, and from ocean to ocean.

Statesmen, why stand idle? Justice demands at your hands that American labor shall be afforded the opportunities of effecting those grand achievements—of winning the matchless prize.

*Irving M. Scott.*

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#### "SNOW-SHOE THOMPSON."

THE most remarkable and most fearless of all our Pacific Coast mountaineers was John A. Thompson, popularly known as "Snow-shoe Thompson." For over twenty years he braved the winter storms, as both by day and by night he traversed the high Sierra. His name was the synonym of endurance and daring everywhere in the mountains, where he was well known, and famous in all the camps and settlements. He was seldom seen in the valleys, or any of the large towns,

except Sacramento, as he only went when business called him. Notwithstanding that he seldom left his mountain home, there are but few persons of middle age on this side of the continent who have not heard of "Snow-shoe Thompson," or who have not in times past read an occasional paragraph in regard to some one of his many wonderful exploits. Before the completion of the Central Pacific Railroad, when he was regularly crossing the Sierra Nevadas during the



winter months, with the mails strapped upon his back, more was heard of him, through the newspapers and otherwise, than during the last few years of his life; yet every winter up to the last he lived, he was constantly performing feats that excited the wonder and admiration even of his neighbors and friends, though for years they had been familiar with his powers of endurance, and his undaunted courage.

These feats would have been heralded far and wide had they been performed in a more accessible or populous region. He, however, thought lightly of the daring and difficult things he did. They were nearly all done in the course of his regular business pursuits. It was very seldom that he went out of his way to do a thing merely to excite astonishment, or elicit applause.

John A. Thompson was a most industrious, energetic, public-spirited, and deserving man. The early settlers on both sides of the Sierra Nevada Mountains were much indebted to him, as for months during the winter season there would have been no communication between the eastern and western slopes, or between California and the older States by overland mail, but for his enterprise and daring. It is strange that no connected and extended notice of his life, labors, and achievements has thus far been written. Nearly ten years have elapsed since his death, and about all that can be learned in regard to the career of "Snow-shoe Thompson" is from paragraphs published from year to year in times past, and scattered through all the newspapers of the Pacific Coast. His exploits and experiences in the mountains, which would fill a volume, are liable to pass into oblivion in a few years more. The experiences were nearly all lost when he ceased to live, as he alone could properly relate them; and the exploits, for the most part, live only in the memories of his old friends and companions in the mountains. Among these death is busy, while some have removed to distant regions, and dates and details have faded from the minds of the few that yet remain, and are able to give some account of the main features of the old mountaineer's achievements.

In the following sketch I have presented all that I have been able to collect, through letters written to those mountain men who knew Thompson; also all that I can recollect of his adventures as related to me by himself, only two or three months before his death, when I had a long talk with him—a talk which was, at the time, supposed to be but preliminary to many talks, when he would more particularly enter into the story of his "disastrous chances, moving accidents," and "hair-breadth 'scapes." There are, doubtless, still many matters of interest in regard to the life and labors of "Snow-shoe Thompson" that might be gathered by a personal visit to the field of those labors, and to the people among whom his busiest years were spent; but it is worth while to preserve thus much of his achievements amid the snows and storms of the wilds of the Sierra.

JOHN A. THOMPSON, the man to whom the people of the Pacific Coast gave the name of "Snow-shoe Thompson," was born at Upper Tins, Prestijeld, Norway, April 30, 1827; and died at his ranch in Diamond Valley, at the head of Carson Valley, thirty miles south of Carson City, Nevada, May 15, 1876, after an illness of but a few days.

Mr. Thompson was a man of splendid physique, standing six feet in his stockings, and weighing 180 pounds. His features were large, but regular and handsome. He had the blonde hair and beard, and fair skin and blue eyes of his Scandinavian ancestors; and looked a true descendant of the sea-roving Northmen of old. Although he spoke English as well as a native born American, one would not have been much surprised to have heard him break forth in the old Norse. Had he lived in the days when his ancestors were carrying terror to all the coasts of Europe, he would have been a leader, if not a king, among them. On the sea he would have been what he was in the mountains—a man most adventurous, fearless, and unconquerable.

At the age of forty-nine years, he seemed in the very prime of life. His eye was bright as that of a hawk, his cheeks were ruddy, his frame muscular, and his *tout ensemble* that of

a hardy mountaineer, ready to take the field, and face the dangers of the wilderness and the elements, at a moment's notice. His face wore that look of repose, and he had that calmness of manner, which are the result of perfect self-reliance, and a feeling of confidence in the possession of the powers to conquer. He was a man who seemed out of place in the valleys. Next to the "sæterdale" and "fjelle" of his native land, his true home was where he selected it, amid the grand rocks, peaks, and pines of the Sierra.

In the year 1837, when ten years of age, Thompson left his native land, and with his father and family came to the United States. The family made Illinois their first halting place, but in 1838 they left that State, and went to Missouri. In 1841, the family left Missouri, and went to Iowa, where they remained until 1845, when they returned to Illinois.

In 1851, Mr. Thompson, then twenty-four years of age, was smitten with the "gold fever," and came across the plains to California. The trip was no more to him than it would have been to a young Indian. While living in the Western States, his spare time had always been spent in hunting deer and other game on the prairies, and in trapping quail, prairie chickens, and wild turkeys; therefore, he was thoroughly inured to a frontier life, and about all that troubled him on the plains was the tediousness of the journey.

He landed at Hangtown, now known as Placerville, and for a time mined at Coon Hollow and Kelsey's Diggings. He presently became dissatisfied with the life and luck of a miner, and concluded to try the valleys. He went to Putah Creek, Sacramento Valley, and set up as a ranchman. He lived on his ranch during the years 1854-'55, but his eyes were constantly turned eastward toward the mountains—toward where the snowy peaks glittered against the deep blue sky. He did not feel at home in the valleys; he did not like mining; and for a time he was undecided in what direction to turn.

EARLY in the winter of 1856, while still at work on his Putah Creek ranch, Mr. Thompson read in the papers of the trouble expe-

rienced in getting the mails across the snowy summit of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. At the time he was engaged in cutting wood on his ranch. What he heard and read of the difficulties encountered in the mountains, on account of the great depth of the snow, set him to thinking. When he was a boy, in Norway, snow-shoes were objects as familiar to him as ordinary shoes are to the children of other lands. He determined to make a pair of snow-shoes out of the oak timber he was engaged in splitting. Although he was but ten years of age at the time he left his native land, his recollections of the shoes he had seen there were in the main correct. Nevertheless, the shoes he then made were such as would at the present day be considered much too heavy, and somewhat clumsy. They were ten feet in length, were four inches in width behind the part on which the feet rest, and in front were four inches and a quarter wide.

Having completed his snow-shoes to the best of his knowledge, Thompson at once set out for Placerville, in order to make experiments with them. Placerville was not only his old mining camp, but was also the principal mountain town on the "Old Emigrant Road"—the road over which the mails were then carried. Being made out of green oak, Thompson's first shoes were very heavy. When he reached Placerville, he put them upon a pair of scales, and found that they weighed twenty-five pounds. They were ponderous affairs, but their owner was a man of giant strength, and he was too eager to be up and doing to lose time in making another pair out of lighter wood.

Stealing away to retired places near the town, Thompson spent several days in practicing on his snow-shoes. His whole soul was in the business, and he soon became so expert that he did not fear letting himself be seen in public on his snow-shoes. He was so much at home on them, that he felt he should do no discredit to his native land.

When he made his first public appearance, he was already able to perform such feats as astonished all who beheld them. His were the first Norwegian snow-shoes ever seen in



California. At that time, the only snow-shoes known were those of the Canadian pattern. Mounted upon his shoes—which were not unlike thin sled runners in appearance—and with his long balance-pole in his hands, he dashed down the sides of the mountains at such a fearful rate of speed as to cause many to characterize the performance as fool-hardy. Not a few of his old friends among the miners begged him to desist, swearing roundly that he would dash his brains out against a tree, or plunge over some precipice and break his neck. But Thompson only laughed at their fears. With his feet firmly braced, and his balance-pole in his hands, he flew down the mountain slopes, as much at home as the eagle soaring and circling above the neighboring peaks.

Snow-shoe Thompson did not ride astride his guide-pole, nor trail it by his side in the snow, as is the practice of other snow-shoers when descending a steep mountain, but held it horizontally before him, after the manner of a tight-rope walker. His appearance was most graceful when seen darting down the face of a steep mountain, swaying his long balance-pole now to this side and now to that, as a soaring eagle moves its wings.

Having satisfied himself in regard to what he could do on his snow-shoes, Thompson declared himself ready to undertake to transport the mails across the mountains. His first trip was made in January, 1856. He went from Placerville to Carson Valley, a distance of ninety miles. With the mail bags strapped upon his back, he glided over fields of snow that were in places from thirty to fifty feet in depth, his long Norwegian shoes bearing him safely and swiftly along upon the surface of the great drifts.

Having successfully made the trip to Carson Valley and back to Placerville, Snow-shoe Thompson became a necessity, and was soon a fixed institution of the mountains. He went right ahead, and carried the mails between the two points all that winter. Through him was kept up the only land communication there was between the Atlantic States and California. All then depended upon Snow-shoe Thompson, and he

never failed. No matter how wild the storms that raged in the mountains, he always came through, and generally on time.

He fearlessly set forth into the swaying and roaring pine forests, pushed across the snow-buried valleys, and faced the towering mountains, at times when other men would not have ventured a mile from their homes. At that time, the passes through the Sierras were little known. Even those who knew something about them and the wagon road in summer, would have failed to recognize any landmarks in winter, under the disguise of a depth of snow so great, that in some of the deep valleys the tops of tall pine trees were almost buried. Often and often was it predicted, when Thompson set out, that he would not be seen again until his body was found on the melting away of the snow, the next summer. He, however, had no fear. The storms that rocked the pines did but stir his Norwegian blood—the blood of the old Vikings—and aroused in him a spirit of defiance, a desire to sally forth and battle with the genii of the tempest.

The loads that Snow-shoe Thompson carried strapped upon his back would have broken down an ordinary man, though wearing common shoes and traveling on solid ground. The weight of the bags he carried was ordinarily from sixty to eighty pounds; but one winter, when he carried the mails for Chorpensing, his load often weighed over one hundred pounds.

In going from Placerville to Carson Valley, owing to the great amount of uphill traveling, three days were consumed; whereas, he was able to go from Carson Valley to Placerville in two days, making forty-five miles a day. Not a house was then found in all that distance. Between the two points all was a wilderness. It was a Siberia of snow. In wildness and dreariness, if not in severity, it was the equal of that northern portion of Snow-shoe's native country, in which dwell the Lapons and Qvaens; while Sulitelma, Sneehaeten, Skagotoels and Galdhoepigen, the highest mountains of Norway, are mere pigmies in comparison with the principal peaks of the Sierra.

While traveling in the mountains, Snow-shoe Thompson never carried blankets, nor did he even wear an overcoat. The weight and bulk of such articles would have encumbered and discommoded him. Exercise kept him warm while traveling, and when encamped he always built a fire. He carried as little as possible besides the bags containing the mail. During the first year or two after he went into the business, he carried a revolver. Finding, however, that he had no use for such a weapon, and it being of the first importance to travel as light as possible, he presently concluded to leave his pistol at home.

All that he carried in the way of provisions was a small quantity of jerked beef, or dried sausage, and a few crackers or biscuits. He never carried provisions that required to be cooked. The food that he took into the mountains was all of a kind that could be eaten as he ran. For drink he caught up a handful of snow, or lay down for a moment and quaffed the water of some brook or spring. He never took with him brandy, whisky, or liquor of any kind. He was a man that seldom tasted liquor.

Snow-shoe never stopped for storms. He always set out on the day appointed, without regard to the weather, and he traveled by nights as well as in the daytime. He pursued no regular path—in a trackless waste of snow there was no path to follow—but kept to a general route or course. By day he was guided by the trees and rocks, and by night looked to the stars, as does a mariner to his compass. With the places of many stars he was as familiar as ever was Hansteen, the great astronomer of the land of his birth.

At the time Thompson began snow-shoeing in the Sierras, nothing was known of the mysteries of "dope"—a preparation of pitch, tallow, and other ingredients, which, being applied to the bottom of the shoes, enables the wearer to lightly glide over snow softened by the rays of the sun. Dope appears to have been a California discovery. It is made of different qualities, and different degrees of hardness and softness. Each

California snow-shoe runner has his "dope secret," or his "pet" dope, and some are so nice in this respect as to carry with them dope for different hours of the day; using one quality in the morning, when the snow is frozen, and others later on, as the snow becomes soft. As Thompson used no dope, soft snow stuck to and so clogged his shoes that it was sometimes impossible for him to travel over it. Thus, it frequently happened that he was obliged to halt for several hours during the day, and resume his journey at night, when a crust was frozen on the snow.

Snow-shoe's night camps—whenever the night was such as prevented him from pursuing his journey, or when it was necessary for him to obtain sleep—were generally made wherever he happened to be at the moment. He did not push forward to reach particular points, as springs or brooks. He was always able to substitute snow for water, without feeling any bad effect. He always tried, however, to find the stump of a dead pine, at which to make his camp. After setting fire to the dry stump, he collected a quantity of fir or spruce boughs, with which he constructed a sort of rude couch or platform on the snow. Stretched upon his bed of boughs, with his feet to his fire, and his head resting upon one of Uncle Sam's mail bags, he slept as soundly as if occupying the best bed ever made; though, perhaps, beneath his couch there was a depth of from ten to thirty feet of snow.

Occasionally, his slumbers were interrupted by either disagreeable or startling accidents. Sometimes his fire, burning downward toward the roots of the stub or stump beside which he was camped, melted the snow underneath his platform of boughs to such an extent that it was undermined, and he suddenly found himself sliding down into a deep pit—a pit filled with fire.

When unable to find a dry stump, he looked for a dead pine tree. He always selected a tree that had to it a decided lean. If he could avoid it, he never made his camp beside a tree that was perfectly straight. For this there was a good reason. It very often



happened that the tree set on fire in the evening was burned through, and fell to the ground before morning. When he had a leaning tree, at the foot of which to encamp, he was able to make his bed on the safe side; but when the tree stood perfectly erect, he knew not on which side of it to build his couch. It not unfrequently happened that he was aroused from sleep in the morning hours by the loud cracking of the tree at the foot of which he was reposing, and he was then obliged to do some fast as well as judicious running, in order to save his life. This was a bit of excitement that he did not crave when wearied with a hard day's travel, and he never made his camp by a decidedly straight tree, when it was possible for him to do better.

However, he did not always camp by trees and stumps. He sometimes crawled under shelving rocks, and there made his bed of boughs, building a small fire on the bare ground in front of it. At a place called Cottage Rock, six miles below Strawberry Valley, he had a small, dry cavern, in the shape of an oven, in which he was in the habit of housing, as often as he could make it convenient to do so. There, his bed of boughs was always ready for him. Curled up in his cavern—which was but little larger than an ordinary baker's oven—with a fire of blazing logs in front, he slept in comfort and safety.

This cavern was the one palatial hotel on his route. When he could reach it, he was perfectly at ease and happy. It then seemed to him that there was nothing to care for. He could give himself up to the soundest sleep, with no fear of being awakened by the crack of a falling tree, or the pawing of a grizzly. He only camped when he felt the necessity of obtaining sleep, and when sufficiently refreshed by his slumbers was in the habit of arising and pursuing his journey, whatever the hour of the day or night, provided that a blinding snow-storm and utter darkness did not prevail.

When Snow-shoe Thompson was carrying the mail from Genoa, Nevada, to Murphy's Camp, California, in 1862, he traveled

by way of Woodford's, Markleyville, Hermit Valley, and the Big Trees. At Hermit Valley were some deserted houses, and occasionally he found it convenient to lodge for a night in one of these. The snow was frequently so deep in that elevated region that it was a difficult matter to find the houses, so completely were they buried beneath the great drifts. He was obliged to prospect for the buildings, by probing the snow with his balance-pole. Even after a house was found, all difficulties were not ended. The trouble then was to get into it. When he had found a house, Thompson used to begin taking possession of it by collecting dry branches from the surrounding trees, which he threw down the chimney. Then he would dig down into the snow, tear some boards from the gable end, and so let himself in.

At first, Thompson tried to take possession of the buildings by crawling down the chimneys, but his bulk made all such attempts ridiculous and exasperating failures. On one occasion he got stuck in a chimney when nearly down to the fire-place. For a time he could get neither up nor down. He felt himself swelling up, and for a few minutes was more frightened than he had ever been at the sight of a wild beast, or by the sharp cracking of a falling tree.

In talking with Thompson about his mountain experiences, I once asked him if he ever lost his way in the wilds. "No," said he, "I was never lost—I can't be lost! I can go anywhere in the mountains, day or night, storm or shine. I can't be lost," repeated he, tapping his forehead with his forefinger. "I've got something in here that keeps me right. I have found many persons who were lost—dozens of men, first and last—but I have never been lost myself. There is no danger of getting lost in a narrow range of mountains like the Sierras, if a man has his wits about him."

Mr. Thompson then proceeded to explain that he was always able to keep his course and know his whereabouts, by observing the trees and rocks, and the configuration of the ground. Keilhan, the great Norwegian geol-

ogist, was not a closer observer of rocks than was Thompson, so far as they concerned his business of finding his way through the mountains. Few mountain men give much attention to rocks, yet they are as good as guide-posts when understood. The central axis and crest of the Sierra range are formed of granitic rocks. These rocks, and the slates and other rocks lying in regular order below, will always tell a man who understands them just how far down the slope of the range he has gone. They will also tell him—by the moss and lichens growing on them—the points of the compass. An observant man may always tell whether he is on the north or the south side of the hill by the trees. There are trees growing on the south side of hills that are seldom seen on the north side. A difference in the growth of moss, and in the thickness of the bark on the north and the south sides of trees, will also be noted. When a man is lost in the mountains, he must not wander up-hill and down-hill at random. As soon as he becomes aware that he has lost his reckoning, he must constantly travel down hill. If he start from a slope, this will lead him to a ravine, the ravine to a cañon, and the cañon to a creek or river. By traveling down the river, he will soon come out below the snow-line on the one side or the other of the range. He need never be out long enough to starve to death.

"Yes," said Thompson, "I have found a great many lost men, and have rescued some men when they were at death's door. I once found a man who had been four days in Lake Valley, unable to find his way out. Every day the man set out, and every night he found himself back at the little shanty from which he set forth in the morning. He knew nothing about the course of the prevailing winds, about trees and rocks, or about the stars in the heavens, not to speak of the formation and configuration of the mountains.

"One day the lost man got out of Lake and into Hope Valley; yet at night he was again back in his shanty. The fellow would have starved to death up there in the mountains, had it not happened that there had

been a lot of potatoes left in the shanty. He was living on these potatoes when I found him, but they would have lasted only a day or two longer.

"I said to the man: 'When you were in the valley you describe—Hope Valley—didn't you see a river going down out of the mountains?'—'Yes,' said he, 'I saw a river.'—'Well,' said I, 'that was the main branch of the Carson River. Six miles down that would have taken you into Carson Valley.'—'Why, I thought it was the American River, on the other side of the mountains,' said the fellow, staring at me as if he could hardly believe I was telling him the truth."

About Christmas, in the year 1856, Snow-shoe Thompson saved the life of James Sisson, who had been lying in an old deserted cabin in Lake Valley twelve days, with his feet frozen. There was some flour in the cabin, and on this Sisson had subsisted. He was in the cabin four days without a fire. During this time he ate the flour raw, just as it came from the sack. On the fifth day, while rummaging about the shanty, he had the good fortune to find some matches. These were where no one would have thought of looking for matches, as they were scattered about under some hay that lay on the floor.

After finding the matches, Sisson made a fire and thawed out his boots, when he was able to get them off. For four days he had lain in the cabin with his boots frozen to his feet. When found by Mr. Thompson, eight days later, Sisson's legs were purple to the knees. Sisson was confident from the appearance of his legs that mortification had set in. He knew that unless his legs were amputated, he must soon die. As he could expect no assistance from the outside world, he had concluded to himself undertake to perform the required operation. There was an ax in the cabin, and with this he had determined to cut off his frozen legs. But for the opportune arrival of Thompson, Sisson would the next day have attempted to disjoint his legs at the knees; for that was the day he had fixed upon for undertaking the operation.



At the time he found Sisson, Thompson was on his way from Placerville to Carson Valley. It was in the night, and on coming to the log house—which was occupied in the summer as a trading post—Thompson halted for a moment, and was knocking the snow off his shoes by striking them against the cabin, when he heard some one cry out. Going inside, he found Sisson situated as related above. A considerable amount of provisions had been left in the cabin in the fall, but all except the flour had been stolen by the Indians.

Thompson chopped a supply of wood for the unfortunate man, and making him as comfortable as was possible with the means at hand, left for Genoa to obtain assistance. While Thompson was cutting the wood, Sisson called out to him and begged him not to dull the ax—the place being full of rocks—as he might yet want it for the purpose of taking off his legs. Sisson was firmly of the opinion that when Thompson left him he would never see him again. He thought Thompson would never be able to get down out of the mountains, and was of the opinion that in case he did succeed in reaching the valley, he would not attempt to return to the cabin.

Mr. Thompson told Sisson he would surely return and take him away, and advised him not to think of attempting to amputate his legs, as on cutting the arteries he would bleed to death. But Sisson had thought of that. He intended to make a sort of compress or tourniquet of some pieces of baling-rope, which he would twist round his legs with a stick, in such a way that a bit of rock would be pressed upon the arteries. Then with fire-brands he would sear the ends of the arteries, and the raw flesh of the stumps of his legs. Sisson's mind was so much occupied with his plans for the amputation of his legs, that Thompson was almost afraid to leave the ax where he could get hold of it: he did so only upon receiving from Sisson a solemn promise that he would wait three days before attempting to use it on his knees.

On leaving the cabin, Thompson traveled all night, and early next morning arrived at

Genoa. He there raised a party of six men—W. B. Wade, Harris, Jacobs, and other old settlers—to return with him and bring Sisson down to the valley. By Thompson's advice the party carried with them a few tools for use in making a sled. Snow-shoes were also hastily constructed for the men composing the relief party. As none of these men had ever done much traveling on snow-shoes, they furnished Thompson not a little amusement during the journey, by their mishaps and involuntary antics.

After much hard work, the party arrived at the lone cabin late in the evening, to the great joy of Sisson, who at sight of so many men felt that he was saved.

That night they constructed a hand-sled on which to carry the frozen man down to Carson Valley. In the morning they awoke to find that nearly two feet of new snow had fallen; there was a depth of eight feet before. The new snow made it very hard to get along with the hand-sled. Under Sisson's weight it plowed deeply along, and at times was buried almost out of sight.

The first day the party got no farther than to Hope Valley, where they encamped. Sisson was made as comfortable as possible on a bed of boughs. As they had expected to reach Genoa in one day, they had taken along with them no blanket, and but few other comforts, for the frozen man.

The second day they reached Genoa, and at once procured the medical assistance which Sisson's case so urgently demanded. The doctors found that it would be necessary to amputate both of Sisson's feet. Before the operation could be performed, however, the physician said he must have some chloroform. As Snow-shoe Thompson never did things by halves, he at once set out, crossed the Sierra, and traveled all the way to Sacramento, in order to get the required drug. Finally, the long-delayed operation was performed. Sisson survived it, and at last accounts, was living somewhere in the Atlantic States.

ALTHOUGH Snow-shoe Thompson carried no weapons when in the mountains, he always carried matches. He kept them safe-

ly stowed away in a tight tin box, or securely wrapped in a piece of oiled silk.

"One night," said he to the writer, "I lost my matches in a creek at which I stopped to drink. That night I lay out on the snow without fire. It was very uncomfortable, and I did not sleep much, but I had no fear of freezing. When awakened by the cold, I got up, exercised a little, and after that took another nap. So I put in the night.

"I never was cold when traveling. I never had my feet, or even my fingers or ears, frozen. I was always more troubled with too great warmth than with cold. I would respire freely at midnight on the coldest nights that ever blew. The heavy pack on my back, and my vigorous exercise, kept me warm."

At times, when traveling at night, Thompson was overtaken by blizzards, when the air would be so filled with snow, and the darkness so great, that he could not see to proceed. On such occasions, he would get on top of some big rock, which the winds kept clear of snow, and there dance until daylight appeared; the lateness of the hour and the blinding storm preventing his making one of his usual camps. A certain notch or pass in the mountains was much "addicted" to blizzards, and at that point was a big, flat rock on which Thompson danced many a midnight jig.

In 1861-'62, Snow-shoe Thompson carried the United States mail on the Big Tree route. "There," said he, "I once undertook to make a short cut from Woodford's to Hermit Valley by way of Markleyville—or where that town now stands—when I got into trouble. In the summer I had gone out to look up this cut-off. I looked through one pass, and found it would not do. Then, I found another, which I looked through, and saw that it was on a direct line—a straight shoot—toward Hermit Valley; but I only looked through the pass—did not go through it to see what was on the other side. I took it for granted that it was all right.

"When I made my first trip for the winter—in November, 1861—I struck out for my new pass. I went through it flying, but after getting through I butted up against

perpendicular precipices for a whole day. These were the walls of a big cañon, through which passes one of the tributaries of the Carson River. I would rather have crossed the Snaebraen or the Følgonfondon, the biggest glaciers in Norway, than to have faced this great wall of perpendicular rock. Snowshoes were of no use against it. Finally, about night on the second day of the trip, I found a way through the cliffs, crawled up to the opposite side of the cañon, and sat down on a rock, pretty nearly tired out; for I had on my back all this time a load of mail weighing over eighty pounds.

"That night I did not look far for a sleeping place. I made my camp at the foot of a big pine tree, near the spot where I escaped out of the cañon. The tree I selected was one from about the roots of which the wind had blown away nearly all the snow, leaving a deep pit, such as is often seen in the winter about trees in the mountains. Down into this pit I descended, after throwing into it a supply of fuel and boughs for a bed. The surrounding wall of snow was so high that I could not see out.

"After taking possession of the pit, I set to work and dug a hole in the wall of snow, making a place like an oven. I spread spruce boughs on the floor, making a good bed. Then I built a fire against the side of the tree. The heat of the fire was thrown back on me, and I slept comfortably all night. Two feet of new snow fell during the night, but I knew nothing of it till morning. I then awoke, and found the mouth of my den closed. At first I hardly knew what was the matter; but I presently pushed my way through the snow that blocked the door of my house, and rose through it to the full light of day. By a change of wind the snow had been lodged in the pit, had put out my fire, and had almost filled the hole to a level with the surrounding snow. In my little den I had lain as snug and warm as if I had been in the best house in the country. After that I often made such camps.

"The third day, at four o'clock in the evening, I reached Hermit Valley, thirty-six miles from the Big Trees. All this time I



had lived on two biscuits, that I put into my pocket for a lunch when I left Woodford's. You see, I did not doubt that I should reach Hermit Valley in the evening of the first day. When I set out I thought my new cut-off all right ; but, like most cut-offs, it turned out all wrong."

In Norway the frugal peasantry make a species of bread or cake of the inner bark of the pine, in years when there is a scarcity of grain. Doubtless Thompson would have gone to the pine trees for food, had he been out two or three days longer.

Although Snow-shoe Thompson traveled through the wilds of the Sierra for more than twenty winters, he never in all that time encountered a grizzly bear, nor even saw a bear of any kind. Hundreds of times, however, he saw their tracks in the snow, and also in the mud about springs and brooks. Sometimes the tracks he saw had been so recently made that the water from the oozy ground was still running into and had not filled them. At times he was so close upon them that he imagined their odor still lingered in the air. Not unfrequently he came to places where a number of bears had been traveling together. He once saw where a troop of eight had passed along. He several times saw the track of the huge grizzly with a club-foot, known to mountain men and hunters as "Old Brin," a name given the beast on account of his being of a peculiar brindle color. When he had a clear field, Thompson did not fear the bears ; he could easily run away from them on his snow-shoes.

Said Thompson to the writer, when speaking of wild animals :

"I was never frightened but once during all my travels in the mountains. That was in the winter of 1857. I was crossing Hope Valley, when I came to a place where six great wolves—big timber wolves—were at work in the snow, digging out the carcass of some animal. Now, in my childhood, in Norway, I had heard so many stories about the ferocity of wolves, that I feared them more than any other wild animal. To my eyes, those before me looked to have hair

on them a foot long. They were great, gaunt, shaggy fellows. My course lay near them. I knew I must show a bold front. All my life I had heard that the wolf—savage and cruel as he is—seldom has the courage to attack anything that does not run at his approach. I might easily run away from bears, but these were customers of a different kind. There was nothing of them but bones, sinews, and hair. They could skim over the snow like birds.

"As I approached, the wolves left the carcass, and in single file came out a distance of about twenty-five yards toward my line of march. The leader of the pack then wheeled about and sat down on his haunches. When the next one came up he did the same, and so on, until all were seated in a line. They acted just like trained soldiers. I pledge you my word, I thought the devil was in them ! There they sat, every eye and every sharp nose turned toward me as I approached. In the old country I had heard of 'man-wolves,' and these acted as if of that supernatural kind. To look at them gave me cold chills, and I had a queer feeling about the roots of my hair. What most frightened me was the confidence they displayed, and the regular order in which they moved. But I dared not show the least sign of fear, so on I went.

"Just when I was opposite them, and but twenty-five or thirty yards away, the leader of the pack threw back his head, and uttered a loud and prolonged howl. All the others of the pack did the same. 'Ya-hoo-oo ! ya-oo, woo-oo !' cried all together. A more doleful and terrific sound I never heard. I thought it meant my death. The awful cry rang across the silent valley, was echoed by the hills, and reëchoed far away among the surrounding mountains.

"Every moment I expected to see the whole pack dash at me. I would just then have given all I possessed to have had my revolver in my hand. However, I did not alter my gait nor change my line of march. I passed the file of wolves as a general moves along in front of his soldiers. The ugly brutes uttered but their first fearful howl.

When they saw that their war cry did not cause me to alter my course nor make me run, they feared to come after me; so they let me pass.

"They sat still and watched me hungrily for some time, but when I was far away I saw them all turn about and go back to the carcass. Had I turned back, or tried to run away, when they marched out to meet me, I am confident the whole pack would have been upon me in a moment. They all looked it. My *show* of courage intimidated them, and kept them back."

Snow-shoe Thompson was out in the war which the people of Nevada had with the Putes, in May, 1860, and was in the battle fought at Pyramid Lake, May 12, when the whites were routed with great slaughter. Of the one hundred and five men who went into the fight, seventy-six were killed, and several wounded. Thompson was in the thick of the fight. He was near Major Ormsby, of Carson City, when he fell. His own horse was shot from under him, and for a time he was face to face with several Indians. When the retreat began—which was general and most disastrous—he struck out on foot for the Truckee River. In speaking of this race for life, Thompson said: "I pledge you my word, that more than once I wished that all the valley was buried in snow, and I was mounted on my snow-shoes."

As he ran toward the river, a horse ran after him. The frightened animal kept close at his back, as if seeking his protection. A man cried out to him: "Why don't you get on that horse, which is following behind you?" At this Thompson wheeled about, and as he did so his elbow struck against the animal's nose. It was a horse all saddled and bridled, whose owner had fallen in the fight. Thompson mounted, and thus got away. He always said he believed the Lord sent him that horse. But for the horse, he would doubtless have been slain. The Indians followed the volunteers for nearly twenty miles, killing all they came up with.

In the early days, before the discovery of silver, Snow-shoe Thompson carried let-

ters from California to the miners who were at work in the placer diggings on Gold Cañon, at and about Chinatown (now Dayton), and at Johntown, at that time the mining metropolis of Nevada—then Western Utah. He also carried letters and papers to the miners working on Six-mile Cañon, at the head of which Virginia City now stands. He saw the hole in which Peter O'Reilley and Pat McLaughlin struck the first silver ore, a short time before the strike was made, and was told by them that they were getting "very fair prospects" in gold.

In June, 1859, O'Reilley and McLaughlin got into a sort of heavy, blue material, filled with gold, which they did not understand. They could get nothing out of it but gold, yet it was so heavy that they thought it must be the ore of some metal. Thompson took a sample of this stuff, wrapped it in a piece of ordinary check shirting, and carried it to Placerville. There he showed it to Professor W. Frank Stewart, the well-known geologist and mining expert, who was then editing the Placerville "Weekly Observer," and to whom Snow-shoe was wont to bring items of news from Gold Cañon and the "Plains," even as far east as Salt Lake City. Mr. Stewart at once pronounced the "blue stuff" to be silver ore, of the richest kind. The sample was carried to Sacramento and assayed, where it was found to be black sulphuret of silver, and so rich that the assayer could hardly believe his figures. About the same time a sample of the ore was assayed at Nevada City, California, with the same astonishing result. Then at once broke out a grand excitement over the news of the wonderful silver discovery that had been made east of the Sierras, in "Washoe," as the Comstock mining region was then called.

Snow-shoe Thompson always asserted that to Mrs. L. S. Bowers, better known as the "Washoe Seeress," on account of her many predictions in regard to mining and other matters, belonged the credit of the discovery of the Comstock. He said that in 1858, when Mrs. Bowers (then the widow Cowan) was keeping a boarding-house in Johntown, she one day said to him: "Thomp-



son, I wish you'd see if you can't get me a peep-stone the next time you go down to Sacramento."

"What is a peep-stone?" asked Thompson.

"It is a ball of glass shaped like an egg," said Mrs. Bowers, "and to be a good one, it should be perfectly transparent. I have one, but it is old and has become cloudy. I want you to find me one that is perfectly clear."

"What use do you make of it? What is it good for?" asked Thompson.

"I can find out all manner of things with it," said the seeress. "If anything is stolen I can find the thief, and the article stolen. By looking into the peep-stone I can see the faces of the dead; can trace persons that are missing; can see hidden treasure, and can see rich ore lying deep in the ground. What I now want a good peep-stone for is to find a mine that I have seen through my old one. It is the richest mine in the world. It is at no great distance from here, but I can't exactly make out its surroundings."

Speaking of this, Thompson said: "I promised to try to find what Mrs. Bowers wanted. When I next went down to Sacramento, I visited all the stores in the city in search of a peep-stone. They laughed at me in a good many places. When I told them what a peep-stone was like, and how it was used, some laughed until tears ran down their cheeks. I had to laugh myself, yet I was determined to find a peep-stone, if there was such a thing in the place. I went to all the hardware stores, to the jewelry stores, and to every store that kept any kind of glassware. I then thought I might find what I was in search of in some out-of-the-way little shops. So I went about everywhere inquiring for a peep-stone, and nearly everywhere was laughed at. No peep-stone was to be had in all Sacramento."

Thompson then went on to say: "My wife, who is an English woman, told me that she had seen peep-stones in England and in Scotland, when she was a girl. I think Mrs. Bowers brought her old peep-stone from Scotland." Thompson appeared to be a be-

liever in the virtues of the peep-stone. Superstitions of many kinds prevail in the land of his birth. In the "sæter," or huts of the mountaineers, wild legends of witches and enchanters, and their doings in the days before the reign of Olaf I., are still related. Even to this day some of the peasantry believe, with the Laplanders, that certain witches keep the wind tied up in leathern bags, letting it out for good or evil, as may suit their purposes.

Thompson said Mrs. Bowers was greatly disappointed when he returned to Johtown, and told her that in all the great city of Sacramento no such thing as a peep-stone was to be found. No doubt that city fell many degrees in her good opinion, when she found that one could not go there and at once get such an ordinary and necessary little article as a peep-stone.

Not being able to procure a bright, new peep-stone, Mrs. Bowers fell back upon her old one. In using it, Thompson said she looked through it endwise. In this way she asserted that she could see at a certain point an immense deposit of ore. Tracing the ore upward she could see the surface ground; but was not sure that she saw the rocks, soil and surrounding hills distinctly. Some of the cloudy spots in the peep-stone appeared to fall in the way, and mingle with the various features of the landscape.

In the spring of 1859, Thompson went up to Six-mile Cañon, to deliver letters and papers to the miners at work in the placers at that point. While he was in the cañon, one of the miners pointed up the hill, to where a hole was visible just above the head of the ravine, and said to him: "Do you see that little cut, up there, on the hill-side?"

Thompson answered in the affirmative, when the miners said: "Well, that is the place that Mrs. Bowers saw in her peep-stone. She has never been up here—has never seen the spot herself—but the place where that work is being done agrees in every particular with what she told the boys to look for. They may yet find the big mine Mrs. Bowers describes, for they sometimes get as high as ten cents to the pan up there."

Thompson had almost forgotten the peep-stone. When that miraculous pebble was thus recalled, he gazed up the hill at the little excavation and its surroundings with renewed interest. The "prospects" the men were then getting at the point were such as induced them to go to a saw-mill, of which Thompson for a time had charge, and get a lot of narrow lumber (batting), from which they made a V-shaped flume, and carried upon the ground a small stream of water.

The men who put in this flume worked in and about the cut on the hill-side, but finding they could not make much more than "grub," they gave up the diggings and went away.

Peter O'Reilley was a Spiritualist, and also a firm believer in the powers of the Washoe Seeress and her peep-stone. Therefore, taking Pat McLaughlin with him as a partner, he went to work in the deserted hole. He and Pat worked a long time, without getting better pay than had been found by the former owners, and were about to give up and go to the placers at Dogtown, on the Walker River, when they had the good fortune to cut into a mass of decomposed black sulphuret of silver, filled with glittering spangles of free gold. The grand mining discovery of the age was that moment made—the great Comstock silver lode was found!

Thompson informed me that he saw the pit from which they were taking out the silver and gold, on the ground of the Ophir Mining Company, and it was at the point where the first hole was dug, in accordance with the directions given by Mrs. Bowers, and the same that was pointed out to him by the miners on Six-mile Cañon, while the first owners were still at work. Mr. Thompson always asserted, and doubtless firmly believed, that to Mrs. Bowers alone was due the credit of the discovery of the Comstock lode.

Snow-shoe Thompson's account of the virtues of the peep-stone is borne out by what is related of it by Lyman Jones, an old-timer on Gold Cañon, and the man who built the first house in Virginia City; whose wife was the first white woman who lived in that town, and whose daughter Ella was the

first white child seen in the place. Mr. Jones says he remembers to have seen the peep-stone used by Mrs. Bowers when she was living at Johtown. He says that on one occasion her peep-stone was the means of procuring a Mexican a "most unmerciful" whipping, and of the recovery of a lot of stolen gold dust.

Joe Webb, a miner then working on Gold Cañon—and a man well known to all old-time Nevadans—had a sack of gold dust stolen. The Washoe Seeress was consulted, and in turn she consulted her peep-stone. After looking into the stone for a time, she said she could see the thief. She named a certain Mexican working on the cañon, as the man who had stolen the gold.

The "boys"—a lot of agreeable, good-natured six-footers—made a social call on the Mexican named (there were then quite a number of Mexicans on Gold Cañon), and gently informed him that he was "found out," and must disgorge. The Mexican stoutly denied the theft. The "boys," however, told him that Mrs. Bowers had seen him in her peep-stone, and the peep-stone never lied. Looking into the peep-stone, she had seen him "gobble the sack," and make off with it. As the miraculous Highland pebble could not lie, the Mexican was told that he would be whipped until he produced the sack of dust.

The "boys" then went at the fellow, and gave him a terrible whipping. The Mexican held out bravely for a time, but concluding that he would be killed if he did not give up the gold, he finally "weakened." He guided the party of lynchers to a small cedar tree standing on the banks of Nigger Ravine—just east of where Silver City now stands—and there, at the root of the tree, with his own hands dug up the sack of stolen dust.

The gold recovered, the Mexican was told that he must at once leave the camp. He was not only willing, but quite anxious to go. He said he did not want to live in a place where they had "such d—d things" as they "kept there in Johtown." If still alive, that Mexican, doubtless, has to this day a wholesome dread of all peep-stones.



Snow-shoe Thompson had, no doubt, heard the story of the recovery of the stolen dust through the agency of the peep-stone, and it probably had the effect of inducing him to give greater credit to what was told him about the Washoe Seeress's pointing out the spot where the Comstock lode was first uncovered. He also, undoubtedly, was somewhat influenced in favor of her predictions, from the fact of her being descended from one of those Highland Scotch families, who claim to inherit the gift of "second sight."

SNOW-SHOE THOMPSON was one of those unfortunate persons whose lot in life it is to do a great deal of work and endure many hardships for very little pay. For twenty winters he carried the mails across the Sierra Nevada Mountains, at times when they could have been transported in no other way than on snow-shoes. After he began the business he made his home in the mountains, having secured a ranch in Diamond Valley, when for five winters in succession he was constantly engaged in carrying the mails across the snowy range. Two years he carried the United States mails when there was no contract for that service, and he got nothing. On both sides of the mountains he was told that an appropriation would be made and all would come out right with him; but he got nothing except promises.

When Chorpenning had the contract for carrying the mails, Thompson turned out with the oxen from his ranch and kept the roads open for a long time; and when there at last came such a depth of snow that the road could no longer be broken, he mounted his snow-shoes and carried the mails on his back. Chorpenning failed, and Thompson never received a dime for his work.

First and last, he did a vast deal of work for nothing. Some seasons our overland mail would not have reached California during the whole winter, had not Thompson turned out on his snow-shoes and carried the sack across the mountains. He took pride in the work. It challenged the spirit of adventure within him. It was like going forth to battle, and each successive trip was a vic-

tory. This being his feeling, he was all the more readily made to believe that in case he turned out and did the work, he would eventually be paid. As Mr. Thompson approached his fiftieth year, he began to think that in his old age he ought to receive something from the government in reward of the services he had performed. He asked but \$6,000 for all he had done and endured during twenty years. His petition to Congress was signed by all the State and other officials at Carson City, and by every one else that was asked to sign it. In the winter of 1874, he himself went to Washington to look after his claim, but all he got was promises. He never got anything but promises while on duty in the Sierras, and when he went to Washington he was still paid in the same coin.

When Thompson went to Washington in 1874, he left Reno, Nevada, January 17th. Three days afterwards the train got stuck in a big snow-drift, thirty-five miles this side of Laramie. There it stuck, in spite of the efforts of four locomotives to pull it through, preceded by a full day's shoveling by all the men that could be pressed into service. It was on Sunday that the four engines were tried and "found wanting." On Monday morning the wind was still blowing a gale, and the snow was still drifting badly. Becoming impatient, Thompson, with one fellow passenger—Rufus Turner, of Idaho—set out on foot and walked to Laramie, where they overtook a train that was also stuck fast in the snow, a short distance outside of the village.

At Laramie, Turner came to the conclusion that he wanted no more pedestrian exercise, with the thermometer ranging at from fifteen to thirty degrees below zero. Thompson, however, was undaunted. He pushed on alone. He walked, in two days, fifty-six miles further, which carried him to Cheyenne, he having spent the intervening night at Buford Station, near the summit. At Cheyenne he found a train just starting out, and boarding it, went through to the Missouri River—the first man directly from the Pacific coast for about two weeks.

At the time, the newspapers in the East gave Thompson great credit for this achievement, declaring he was the first man who had ever beaten the "iron horse" on so long a stretch. This performance shows that he was still the same "Snow-shoe Thompson," when his foot was *off* "his native heath." The trip was made without snow-shoes—was made in ordinary boots.

If not the swiftest, it was universally conceded that, even up to the time of his death, Thompson was the most expert snow-shoe runner in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. At Silver Mountain, Alpine County, California, in 1870, when he was forty-three years of age, he ran a distance of sixteen hundred feet in twenty-one seconds. There were many snow-shoers at that place, but in daring Thompson surpassed them all. Near the town was a big mountain, where the people of the place were wont to assemble on bright days in winter, to the number of two or three hundred. The ordinary snow-shoers would go part way up the mountain to where there was a bench, and then glide down a beaten path. This was too tame for Thompson. He would make a circuit of over a mile, and come out on the top of the mountain. When he appeared on the peak he would give one of his wild High-Sierra whoops, poise his balance-pole, and dart down the face of the mountain at lightning speed, leaping all the terraces from top to bottom, and gliding far out on the level before halting.

Snow-shoe Thompson seldom performed any feat for the mere name and fame of doing a difficult and daring thing; yet W. P. Merrill, postmaster at Woodford's, Alpine County, writes me as follows, in speaking of some of Thompson's achievements: "He at one time went back of Genoa, on a mountain, on his snow-shoes, and made a jump of one hundred and eighty feet without a break." This seems almost incredible, but Mr. Merrill is a reliable man, and for many years Thompson was his near neighbor, and a regular customer at his store. Thompson doubtless made this fearful leap at a place where he would land in a great drift of soft

snow. I spoke of this feat to Mr. C. P. Gregory, formerly Thompson's neighbor in the mountains, but at present a resident of Virginia City, Nevada, and he answered that although he had never heard of that particular leap, he did not doubt what Mr. Merrill said. "I know," said Mr. Gregory, "that at Silver Mountain he often made clear jumps of fifty and sixty feet."

What Thompson did, however, was generally in the way of business. His neighbors say that only a year or two before his death, while he was superintendent of the Pittsburg mine, at the head of I. X. L. Cañon, about twenty miles south of his ranch, he frequently took a quarter of beef on his back, and, mounted on his snow-shoes, made his way up the cañon to the mine, a distance of one mile and a half. The cañon is described as being "about straight up."

The winter before his death, Thompson left Monitor for Silver Mountain at seven o'clock in the evening on his snow-shoes, with a lantern strapped upon his breast, it being pitch dark. Though the road was a most difficult and dangerous one, and a furious snow-storm was beating full in his face, he reached his destination, eight miles distant, a little before midnight.

Snow-shoe Thompson carried across the Sierras much of the material on which the "Territorial Enterprise" was first printed, that paper being first published at Genoa, by W. L. Jernegan and Alfred James. It was then a weekly, and the first number was issued on Saturday, December 18, 1858. Thus it is seen that Thompson was called upon in all manner of emergencies. He not only packed newspapers across the mountains, but also the types on which newspapers were printed.

Postmaster Merrill says: "A few years before his death, Thompson one winter made a trip from here [Woodford's] up into Sierra County on his snow-shoes, to run a race with the snow-shoers up there. But he would not run their way. They had a track beaten down the hill where they ran. They would then squat down on their shoes, and run down along the prepared course. Thomp-



son offered to put up money and go out upon the highest mountains, where there was no track made, and run and jump with them, but no one would take him up." The style of snow-shoe racing mentioned by Mr. Merrill is nothing more nor less than "coasting on show-shoes," and in Alpine County it is so called—is not dignified with the name of snow-shoeing.

At the time of his death Snow-shoe Thompson was a member of the Board of Commissioners of Alpine County. He was a man who appeared to be well educated, and wrote a bold and beautiful hand. He must have been mainly self-educated. When a lad in Norway, his only chance for the acquirement of book-knowledge was in the *omgangs skoler*, or ambulatory schools—schools that shift from place to place at certain periods of the year, following the population in the thinly settled sections. They are so called in contradistinction to the *fast skoler* or stationary schools. As the people of Norway, in many places—like those about the Alps, in Switzerland—work their way up into the mountains in summer, with their flocks, and move down again at the approach of winter, the *omgangs skoler* afford the only educational facilities attainable. While moving to and fro in the Western States, his opportunities for attending school were probably not much better than they were in his native Norway.

Mr. Thompson was ill but a few days, and was confined to his bed but a day or two before he died. His disease was some derangement of the liver. He was engaged in putting in his spring crop at his ranch when taken sick. Being too ill to carry a sack and sow his barley in the usual way, he mounted a horse and sowed it from a bucket, which he carried before him. Sowing grain on horse-back was probably never before seen or attempted. He was as anxious and determined about getting in his crops as are the people of his native land, who sow their fields in March with ashes, soil, or sand, to hasten the melting of the snow.

Thompson was forty-nine years and fifteen days old, when he died. He was buried at

Genoa, and now rests by the side of his son Arthur, his only child and a most promising lad, who died June 22d, 1878, at the age of eleven years and four months.

Thompson left his widow a farm of one hundred and sixty acres, in Diamond Valley, just across the Nevada line, in California. She married again, and is now Mrs. John Scossa. She recently caused a tombstone to be erected over the grave of her former husband. At the top of the stone are seen a pair of artistically carved snow-shoes, crossed, and twelve inches in height.

John A. Thompson was the father of all the race of snow-shoers in the Sierra Nevada mountains; and in those mountains he was the pioneer of the pack train, the stage coach, and the locomotive. On the Pacific Coast his equal in his peculiar line will probably never again be seen. The times and conditions are past and gone that called for men possessing the special qualifications that made him famous. It would be hard to find another man combining his courage, physique, and powers of endurance—a man with such thews and sinews, controlled by such a will.

As an explorer in Arctic regions he would have achieved world-wide fame. Less courage than he each winter displayed amid the mountains, has secured for hundreds the hero's crown. To ordinary men there is something terrible in the wild winter storms that often sweep through the Sierras; but the louder the howlings of the gale rose, the higher rose the courage of Snow-shoe Thompson. He did not fear to beard the Storm King in his own mountain fastnesses and strongholds. Within his breast lived and burned the spirit of the old Vikings. It was this inherited spirit of his daring ancestors, that impelled him to embark in difficult and dangerous enterprises—this spirit that incited him to defy even the wildest rage of the elements. In the turmoil of the most fearful tempests that ever beat against the granite walls of the High Sierras he was undismayed. In the midst of the midnight hurricane, he danced on the rocks as though himself one of the genii of the storm.

Yet for such a man as Thompson, there was no real recklessness in anything he did. He watched every mood of the elements, and guarded against every danger that threatened. It was his knowledge of all the phenomena of the mountains, his calmness, and the confidence he felt in his strength, that made him victorious in all his undertakings. So modest was he, withal, that what others accounted great feats, did not so appear to him. He looked upon the things he did as belonging to the business of every-day life.

He did not boast when he said: "I cannot be lost," for his way was pointed out to him by every star in the heavens; by every

tree, rock, and hill—was whispered by the breeze, and shouted by the gale. All else might be "lost," in the wild tumult of a winter storm, but Snow-shoe Thompson stood unmoved amid the commotion; there, as everywhere, at home.

And he is still "at home," for he rests where the snowy peaks of his loved mountains look down upon his last camping-place; where the voices of the pines are borne to him by every breeze, and where the trembling ground often tells of the fall of the avalanche. A most fitting resting place for such a man!

*Dan De Quille.*

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#### RECENT FICTION.

FRENCH and Russian translations continue to occupy a noticeable place among the novels that are occupying the attention of American readers. It is natural that these should be on the whole of a higher quality than the new novels in our own language appearing at the same time, since a book must have some qualities worth notice, to be translated at all. As it chanced just now, there is a general interest in the standard and classical novels of these two literatures (French and Russian); so that the selections made for translation are still more of noteworthy books.

Of the translation of Balzac now in process of publication in a handsomely bound and printed series by Roberts Brothers, and of the general qualities of the author, we have already spoken at length (*OVERLAND MONTHLY*, July, '86); and not much in addition need be said of the two volumes that have since been added to the series, *The Rise and Fall of César Birotteau*<sup>1</sup> and *Eugénie Grandet*.<sup>2</sup> Both these present Balzac in a more attractive light to American taste than their precedes-

sors, and either would, perhaps, have been a better selection for the opening of the series than "Père Goriot." Less highly colored, striking, and characteristic, they are far nobler and more satisfying. The tragic does not confuse itself with the brutal in them; painful sides of life are treated not without tenderness and sympathy, and the impression left behind is not simply of distress, but a sadness that has its element of dignity and of wisdom. It will be noticed that while "Père Goriot" and "The Duchesse de Langeais" deal with the aristocracy of Paris, these two novels go to the bourgeois; and—one altogether, and the other by at least the element of Birotteau's origin to the provinces. In making this social descent, the reader finds himself at once making a moral ascent into a purer atmosphere. Leaving behind a tawdry and feverish surrounding of intrigue, coldness, and brutal, selfish frivolity, varied by volcanic outbursts of passion hardly less selfish, he finds the larger and steadier and worthier motives and emotions of human life shining not dimly through the vanities and covetousnesses of the ambitious bourgeois. The comparison of Howells and Balzac, absurd enough in some respects, has considerable force as applied to

<sup>1</sup> César Birotteau. From the French of Honoré de Balzac. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>2</sup> Eugénie Grandet. From the French of Honoré de Balzac. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.



*The Rise and Fall of César Birotteau*—indeed, the resemblance between this book and “The Rise of Silas Lapham” amounts to a parallelism, which is, doubtless, not entirely accidental. This does not detract at all from the American novelist’s originality; and the comparison between the results of studies so similar, the one made under French and the other under American conditions, is certainly most interesting.

New translations continue to bring before English speaking readers that Russian literature of novels, of whose existence, beyond Turgenieff’s, few of them knew except in the vaguest way. Two translations from Tolstoï and two from Gogol are before us for notice. *War and Peace*<sup>1</sup> was translated some months ago, but its issue in cheap form, (the Franklin Square Library, of which it occupies three numbers) is only lately complete. *Childhood—Boyhood—Youth*<sup>2</sup> is not strictly a novel, but a story, or study, of these periods of life. The three parts are in the original, separate books; but the continuity between them makes them properly one book. In both *War and Peace* and *Childhood—Boyhood—Youth*, the same characteristic qualities appear that have heretofore been spoken of in reviewing Tolstoï. (OVERLAND MONTHLY, July, 1886.) The same impression is given of a restless, unstable, weak-willed people, prone to excesses of passion, of tenderness, of enthusiasm, yet all transitory. The devotee of one month, filled with religious fervor, and planning to rule his life with saintly asceticism, is the reckless debauchee of the next—and yet without forfeiting the possibility of becoming at last the chivalrous gentleman, the considerate and high-minded lover, and the loyal husband. Nor does one feel that the author in this belies nature, but that nature herself, in Russia, performs these wild contradictions in the strangely mingled charac-

<sup>1</sup>War and Peace. By Léon Tolstoï. Translated into French by a Russian lady, and from the French by Clara Bell. Revised and corrected in the United States. Nos. 508, 521, 521a, Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper & Bros. 1886.

<sup>2</sup>Childhood—Boyhood—Youth. By Lyof N. Tolstoï. Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood, New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1886.

ters of her people—at once savages and philosophers. Tolstoï’s men do not accept their instability, their weakness of will, their shifting passions as matters of course, nor enjoy them, like Frenchmen: they struggle against these qualities; they strive restlessly for rest; their ideal seems to be strong and steady convictions on which they can lean, and in the light of which they can lead strong and steady lives. Thus the author says of Pierre Besoukhoff:

Like many men, and particularly many Russians, it was his misfortune to believe in goodness and right, and at the same time to see so clearly the force of evil that he had not the necessary vigor to take an active part in the struggle. This omnipresent lie, which tainted every task he undertook, paralyzed his energies; and yet he must live and find work whether or no. It was such misery to him to feel the burden of these vital questions, without finding any answer to them, that, in order to forget them, he threw himself into the wildest dissipation.

The intense introversion of these mental conditions is one of their strongest traits. Exaggerated into an overwhelming self-consciousness, it fairly dominates Nicholas, who apparently stands for the type of the adolescent Russian of good class, in *Childhood—Boyhood—Youth*. The story is an imaginary autobiography, which carries in itself much evidence of being real autobiography, as far as mental and moral experiences go. The revelations of this dominant self-consciousness in it are to some extent striking merely for the piercing frankness with which they admit secret vanities and insincerities common to human nature, but, generally, as unacknowledged in fiction as in life; but the trait goes beyond what is common to human nature. The child Nicholas, upon parting from his mother, cries violently, and is indeed suffocated with excessive feeling, but in a few minutes, while he continues to cry, “the thought that my tears proved my sensitiveness afforded me pleasure and consolation.” A few months later, at his mother’s funeral:

I never ceased to weep, and was sad; but it puts me to shame to recall that sadness, because a feeling of self-love was always mingled with it; at one time a desire to show that I was more sorry than anybody else; again, solicitude as to the impression which I

was producing upon others ; at another time an aimless curiosity, which caused me to make observations upon Mimi's cap, and the faces of those present.

There is, doubtless, more of this doubleness in most human emotion than conventional literature will readily confess ; but it is not the natural disposition of childhood, and most English or American children would have to be badly spoiled in bringing up before they could undergo the little Nikolinka's experiences. When one notes later his conceit as a youth, his certainty of superiority in wisdom over all philosophers, at an age when the healthy-minded lad, however disposed to boyish conceit, is full of admirations, and a disposition to look up to leaders and heroes ; and at the same time, his agony of misgiving lest others should not realize this superiority ; his constant uneasy attempt to impress himself, and to be *comme il faut* (where an English lad of like class and breeding would probably never think of it as possible that he could be otherwise);—it is impossible to avoid a conviction that there is something fundamentally unhealthy in the life and training of the Russian youth of the noble class. Indeed, Turgenieff has already insisted that there is. According to these books, the ideals of life among them are very low ; lying is regarded with a tolerance naïve rather than cynical, and seems to be expected of nearly every one ; no shamefulness of action is seriously reprobated in a man whose rank is all right, and the most loving parents seem to see no impropriety in allowing notorious rakes to become friends and suitors to their young daughters. None of this does Tolstoï countenance ; against it he opposes no protest, but only the steady pressure of a different view of life, a large and noble one. Especially grand is the development of this motive in *War and Peace* ; from the time when Prince André, looking up from the battle-field where he lies expecting death, first *realizes* the infinite calm, and breadth, and depth of the blue sky. This note of the sky-mood, so to speak, presses itself more and more dominantly into the story, urging calm, and steadfastness, and large views, against the feverish Russian mood.

We have left ourselves no space to speak of the many wonderful felicities of these two books. *Childhood—Boyhood—Youth* is not a pleasant one ; *War and Peace*, though a dark enough picture (it deals with the time of Napoleon Bonaparte's invasion), is full of episodes and passages that are exceedingly attractive and vivid. The characters are especially strong and life-like, and to have so successfully put upon paper the fascination of an elusive spirit like Natacha, is a really remarkable achievement.

Turning to a Russian of an earlier period, we find a different mood. With many qualities in common with the Russian literature of the Turgenieff period, Gogol yet has a simplicity and unconsciousness that is wanting in his successors. Born in 1810, and dying in 1852, he did not by much antedate these ; but he belongs to the first half of the century, to a period before the restlessness and uneasy yearnings of the present transition time seem to have taken hold upon the body of intelligent Russians. He wrote at a time, however, to become one of the influences forming Turgenieff's genius, and was by no means behind his time ; but he did not throw himself into the strife with social problems as the novelists of the latter half of the century have done. He writes much of quiet provincial life. *Taras Bulba*<sup>1</sup> is not only provincial, but historical—a story of the wild life of the Zaporazhian Cossacks in the fourteenth century, when they were protecting the Russian frontier with incredible valor, savagery, and lawlessness, against Turkish and Polish encroachment. The story is bold, and free, and simple as an ancient epic, and might easily pass for a modernized prose version of some old Cossack heroic "lay." Brutal as was the time and the life, the strong fresh narrative has an undeniable charm, even as its prototypes, the heroic epics and "lays," have ; nor is it even as shocking as these manage to be, for the author, with modern feeling, touches lightly (while not absolutely avoiding) the worst savageries, such as the

<sup>1</sup>Taras Bulba. By Nikolai V. Gogol. Translated by Isabel Hapgood. New York : Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1886.



torture of prisoners ; and Taras Bulba's own death is so appropriate an ending that the reader feels it to be simply the only one the author could have given him. *The Eve of St. John*<sup>1</sup> is a selection from several Russian collections of Gogol's stories. The five stories chosen appear to be selected with intent to give as general an impression of him as possible, for they range over a wide field—"The Eve of St. John," a peasant witch story ; "How the Two Ivans Quarreled," a somewhat broadly humorous village story ; "Old-Fashioned Farmers," a gentle, half-humorous and half-pathetic *genre* study ; "The Portrait," which, with a half-supernatural machinery, expresses a lofty view of moral purpose in art ; and "The Cloak," whose motive is purely pathetic (all the more, perhaps, for its genial style), a pitiful little story, which the tender-hearted will do as well not to read. The varied genius of Gogol is thus remarkably well brought out by this collection of stories. Both this and *Taras Bulba* must be regarded as a real and important addition to the literature of English-reading people. Much of the credit for the fresh, clear, and vigorous style which they manage to preserve, though in an alien language, must be due to the translator. The rest of Gogol's works are to be given us by the same publishers, and, presumably, the same translator.

We should like to give an example of Gogol as a narrator by quotation ; but no fair idea can be given within brief enough space by a narrative extract ; so we content ourselves with a descriptive one :

The farther they penetrated the steppe, the more beautiful it became. Then all the South, all that region which now constitutes New Russia, even to the Black Sea, was a green, virgin wilderness. No plough had ever passed over the immeasurable waves of wild growth ; the horses alone, hiding themselves in it as in a forest, trod it down. Nothing in nature could be finer. The whole surface of the earth presented itself as a green-gold ocean, upon which were sprinkled millions of different flowers. Through the tall, slender stems of the grass peeped the light-blue, dark-blue, and lilac star-thistles ; the

<sup>1</sup>The Eve of St. John. By Nikolai V. Gogol. Translated by Isabel Haggood. New York : Thomas Y. Crowell & Sons. 1886.

yellow broom thrust up its pyramidal head ; the parasol-shaped white flower of the false flax shimmered on high. A wheat ear, brought God knows whence, was filling out to ripening. About their slender roots ran partridges with outstretched necks. The air was filled with the notes of a thousand different birds. In the sky, immovable, hung the hawks, their wings outspread, and their eyes fixed intently on the grass. The cries of a crowd of wild ducks, moving up from one side, were echoed from God knows what distant lake. From the grass arose, with measured sweep, a gull, and bathed luxuriously in blue waves of air.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the evening, the whole steppe changed its aspect. All its varied expanse was bathed in the last bright glow of the sun ; and it grew dark gradually, so that it could be seen how the shadow flitted across it and it became dark green. The mist arose more densely ; each flower, each blade of grass, emitted a fragrance as of amber, and the whole steppe distilled perfume. Wide bands of rosy gold were dashed across the dark blue heaven, as with a gigantic brush ; here and there gleamed, in white tufts, light and transparent clouds ; and the freshest, most bewitching of little breezes barely rocked the tops of the grass blades, as on the sea waves, and almost stroked the cheek. All the music which had resounded through the day had died away, and given place to another. The striped marmots crept out of their holes, stood erect on their hind-legs, and filled the steppe with their whistle. The whirr of the grasshoppers had become more distinctly audible. Sometimes the cry of the swan was heard from some distant lake, and rang through the air like silver. The travelers halted in the midst of the plain, selected a spot for their night encampment, made a fire, and hung their kettle over it, in which they cooked their oat meal ; the steam rose, and floated aslant in the air. . . . They lay down in their sivitkas. The stars of night gazed directly down upon them. They heard the countless myriads of insects which filled the grass ; all their rasping, whistling, and chirping resounded clearly through the night, softened by the fresh air, and lulled the drowsy ear. . . . At times, the night sky was illumined in spots by the glare of burning dry reeds, along pools or river bank ; and dark flights of swans, flying to the north, were suddenly lighted up by the silvery, rose-colored gleam, and then it seemed as though red kerchiefs were floating in the dark heavens.

Leaving translations, we find a cheap paper edition of Kingsley's *Alton Locke*<sup>2</sup>—probably a fruit of the labor agitations of the day—and a few new novels, English and American, most of them of little consequence. *Alton Locke* is worth reading, for its own

<sup>2</sup>Alton Locke. By Charles Kingsley. Handy Series. New York : Harper Brothers. 1886.

sake and its author's ; but no one need turn to it expecting it to help him to any solution of anxieties concerning the class troubles and labor troubles of today. It could not really have thrown much light upon those of its own time, though it should have done good service as at least proving the author's sincere sympathy with the poor and their aspirations.

*A Wicked Girl*,<sup>1</sup> *The One Thing Needful*,<sup>2</sup> and *Two Pinches of Snuff*,<sup>3</sup> are new English novels that share the strong family resemblance of most new English novels, yet have a little more spirit and individuality than is usual in these—as, indeed, was to be expected from the names of their authors. It is customary among fastidious critics to ridicule Miss Bradton, and there is certainly much absurdity and unreality in her stories ; nevertheless, they are not inane, there is frequently real feeling in them, and they have a certain vigor and ability to tell a story. So also, while neither Mary Cecil Hay nor William Westall is a great name, one who has chanced to meet other stories that bear these names will not be surprised to find in *A Wicked Girl*, and in *Two Pinches of Snuff*, signs of a stronger hand than in most novels of their class. *The One Thing Needful* is quite obviously modeled after Marlitt's popular German romance, "The Old Mam'sell's Secret," and is a much weaker version than the original.

*The Old Doctor*<sup>4</sup> will owe its chief claim to attention—indeed, we must say frankly, its only claim—to the reputation already won by its author as a poet. As a Californian writer whose work has brought him in other lands a not unenviable reputation, Mr. Cheney stands in the position of a man whose work the OVERLAND would be glad to praise. We cannot, however, find in *The*

*Old Doctor* anything of which we can speak very warmly. It is what is called a "psychological" romance, full of mesmeric influences and magnetic healing.

Three books of short stories close our list. One is not a collection, as it consists of only two stories, bound together—both too long to be properly "short stories," yet not in manner and motive novelettes. This is Vernon Lee's *Ottilie*.—*The Prince of the One Hundred Soups*,<sup>5</sup> the one a serious old-fashioned story, the other a Christmas pantomime, something in the manner of Thackeray's. These are both written in good, clear, and simple English, and the style is mature, having a somewhat manlike air. The two other books are both collections of short stories most, if not all, of which have appeared in American magazines : *Poverty Grass*,<sup>6</sup> which takes its title from the starved beach-grass of sterile places on the New England coast, and whose stories are of farm and factory life among the New England poor ; and *A White Heron*,<sup>7</sup> a collection of Miss Jewett's latest stories, the first of which gives the title to the book. Several of the stories in *Poverty Grass* appeared in print some years ago, over the signature S. A. L. E. M. and were at the time attributed to Miss Woolson, on no stronger grounds than that they had not the manner of a new writer, and were on a range of subjects, and had a quality of thought and feeling, so different from Miss Woolson's—being in the main sociological, where she is individual—that it was not inconceivable that if she had written such stories she would have written them over a pseudonym, as a sort of side venture, or as a foray into regions where she did not care to be personally identified with all her facts and speculations. The stories are well enough written for Miss Woolson, but there is no farther resemblance. They are doubtless much closer

<sup>1</sup>*A Wicked Girl*. By Mary Cecil Hay. Handy Series. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1886.

<sup>2</sup>*The One Thing Needful*. By Miss M. E. Braddon. Franklin Square Library, Number 538. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1886.

<sup>3</sup>*Two Pinches of Snuff*. By William Westall. Franklin Square Library, Number 539. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1886.

<sup>4</sup>*The Old Doctor*. By John Vance Cheney. Philadelphia: D. Appleton & Co. 1886.

<sup>5</sup>*Ottilie*.—*The Prince of the One Hundred Soups*. By Vernon Lee. Franklin Square Series, Number 542. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1886.

<sup>6</sup>*Poverty Grass*. By Lillie Chace Wyman. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

<sup>7</sup>*A White Heron and other Stories*. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.



and more literal studies of the life they describe than her short stories; and with perhaps two exceptions they are also artistically good. In representations of the rural New England type, they approach the excellence of Miss Jewett and Rose Terry Cooke. The first of these that were printed, especially "The Child of the State" associated with the author's pseudonym an intention of attacking, somewhat sensationally, abuses in the administration of State charities, and in factory life; but the collection as a whole proves to be far more genial and temperate—a collection of observations, not an indictment.

Of Miss Jewett's stories little can ever be said, except to remark afresh on their beauty, their straightforward simplicity, and above all, their loving truth to the life of rural New England not merely in its external aspects, but in its very heart and spirit. It needs only to compare such a bit of outside observation as Mr. Howells's picture of Lydia Blood's home with the studies of the same sort of people from the more intimate and sympathetic standpoint of Miss Jewett's stories, to realize how great is the mere historic importance, apart from the purely humane or artistic value, of these stories, and the little "school" of which they, with Rose Terry Cooke's, stand at the head. They constitute the only record for the future of the real motive and temper of life among the latest (and possibly the last) distinct representatives of the English Puritan colonization of New England; as well as very nearly the only one, in any detail, of its manners and customs. In view of the current misconceptions of the Puritan temper, which threaten to fasten themselves upon history, such authentic records of its rugged kindness, its intensity of personal affections, its capacity for liberality, are invaluable. Nor can one doubt that these *bona fide* Yankees, yet lingering among the remote farms, are the true descendants in character as well as in blood of the original colonists, if he will compare them with George Eliot's studies of the farmer folk from among whom they came. The community of essential character, modified

by two hundred years of greater independence, more liberal thought, and harder effort, is unmistakable. *A White Heron* contains two or three stories that are among Miss Jewett's best; the average of the collection is scarcely equal, we think, to previous ones. The first story, "A White Heron," however, is perfect in its way—a tiny classic. One little episode of child-life, among birds and woods, makes it up; and the secret soul of a child, the appeal of the bird to its instinctive honor and tenderness, never were interpreted with more beauty and insight. A paragraph or two will give the heart of the little picture cut from its frame, and perhaps, like the shells that "had left their beauty on the shore with the sun and the sand and the wild uproar," almost spoiled thereby:

Sylvia's face was like a pale star if one had seen it from the ground, when the last thorny bough was past, and she stood trembling and tired, but wholly triumphant, high in the tree-top. Yes, there was the sea, with the dawning sun making a golden dazzle over it, and toward that glorious east flew two hawks, with slow-moving pinions. How low they looked in the air from that height, when one had only seen them before far up, and dark against the blue sky. Their gray feathers were as soft as moths; they seemed only a little way from the tree, and Sylvia felt as if she too could go flying away among the clouds: westward, the woodlands and farms reached miles and miles into the distance; here and there were church steeples and white villages—truly it was a vast and awesome world!

The birds sang louder and louder. At last the sun came up, bewilderingly bright. Sylvia could see the white sails of ships out at sea, and the clouds that were purple and rose-colored and yellow at first began to fade away. Where was the white heron's nest in the sea of green branches? and was this wonderful sight and pageant of the world the only reward for having climbed to such a giddy height? Now look down again, Sylvia, where the green marsh is set among the shining birches and dark hemlocks; there, where you saw the white heron once you will see him again; look, look! a white spot of him, like a single floating feather, comes up from the dead hemlock and grows larger, and rises, and comes close at last, and goes by the landmark pine with steady sweep of wing and outstretched slender neck and crested head. And wait! wait! do not move a foot or a finger, little girl, do not send an arrow of light and consciousness from your too eager eyes, for the heron has perched on a pine bough not far beyond yours, and cries back to his mate on the nest, and plumes his feathers for the new day!

The child gives a long sigh a minute later, when a company of shouting catbirds comes also to the tree, and vexed by their fluttering and lawlessness the solemn heron goes away. She knows his secret now—the wild, light, slender bird that floats and wavers, and goes back like an arrow presently to his home in the green world beneath. Then Sylvia, well satisfied, makes her perilous way down again . . . . Wondering over and over again what the stranger would say to her, and what he would think, when she told him how to find his way straight to the heron's nest.

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The grandmother and the sportsman stand in the door together and question her, and the splendid moment has come to speak of the dead hemlock tree by the green marsh. . . .

What is it that suddenly forbids her and makes her dumb? Has she been nine years growing, and now, when the great world for the first time puts out a hand to her, must she thrust it aside for a bird's sake? The murmur of the pine's green branches is in her ears; she remembers how the white heron came flying through the golden air, and how they watched the sea and the morning together; and Sylvia cannot speak: she cannot tell the heron's secret and give its life away.

Dear loyalty, that suffered a sharp pang as the guest went away disappointed later in the day, that could have served and followed him and loved him as a dog loves . . . . Were the birds better friends than their hunter might have been? Who can tell?

## ETC.

It is impossible not to perceive the general indifference of the people of this State to the political campaign, now fairly begun; and equally impossible to suggest any reason why they should not be indifferent. Both tickets are headed by gentlemen who are respected in the community. Both platforms announce practically the same views, as the theses in behalf of which each party is opposing the other. The abuse of candidates by the party organs has, for the most part, so mechanical, weary, and perfunctory an air, that it is hardly credible that it can work much on the feelings of the blindest partisan. One party claims to entertain a deeper antipathy toward the Chinaman than does the other, and adds to the common declaration in favor of repeal of the treaty, and absolute exclusion, an absurd call for "deportation"; but considering that this summary measure cannot be executed without the repeal of the treaty and the consent of the Chinese government, it is not likely that this extra touch of emphasis laid upon the anti-Chinese plank will serve as a basis for any practical discrimination between the party positions. Some effort has been made to associate the other party with a "Native American" feeling, but the party itself repudiates this distinction with prompt alarm. To the candidates themselves, and their friends, and those personally connected with their fortunes, there are serious issues at stake. There are also serious matters to come before the Legislature now to be elected; but every member's position upon these will depend upon his personal character and affiliations, and cannot be determined beforehand by his ticket. This is, accordingly, an admirable election in which to pick out the men who are most in accordance with one's own principles, from both tickets.

## "Bibliography of John Muir."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OVERLAND MONTHLY :

In the "Bibliography of John Muir" published by you in October, 1885, the dates given, purporting to give the issues of the "Bulletin" containing Mr. Muir's letters, were, in almost every instance, the dates of the *letters themselves*, and hence useless for reference.

I have carefully examined the files of the "Bulletin," and now send you the list, in a somewhat different form, and with several additional titles.

The references to the "Bulletin" marked "W," are to the *weekly edition*, all others are to the *daily*. When "*Date of letter*" is given, it is to be understood that this was the *date given in the original list*, and that the letter itself has *not been found*, although the daily files have been examined, page by page, repeatedly for them. The extreme difficulty of such a task, though it has been cheerfully performed, for the sake of the multitude of Mr. Muir's admirers, must be borne in mind, in extenuation of any errors or omissions in this revised list of his writings.

### Alaska :

Chilcat Country.....	S. F. Bulletin, Oct. 2, 1879
Climate of.....	S. F. Bulletin, Nov. 8, 1879
Coast Scenery of.....	S. F. Bulletin, Oct. 29, 1879
Coal Mines in.....	S. F. Bulletin, Oct. 25, 1881
Dead Villages of.....	S. F. Bulletin, Aug. 15, 1881
Diomed Islands in.....	S. F. Bulletin, Oct. 25, 1881
Fisheries of.....	S. F. Bulletin, Sept. 25, 1880
Flora and Fauna in Northern	S. F. Bulletin, Aug. 15, 16, 1881
Forests of.....	S. F. Bulletin, Oct. 30, 1879
Fort Wrangel.....	S. F. Bulletin, Sept. 6, 1879
Fur Seals in.....	S. F. Bulletin, July 13, 1881
Glaciers and Icebergs of.....	S. F. Bulletin, Sept. 27, 1879

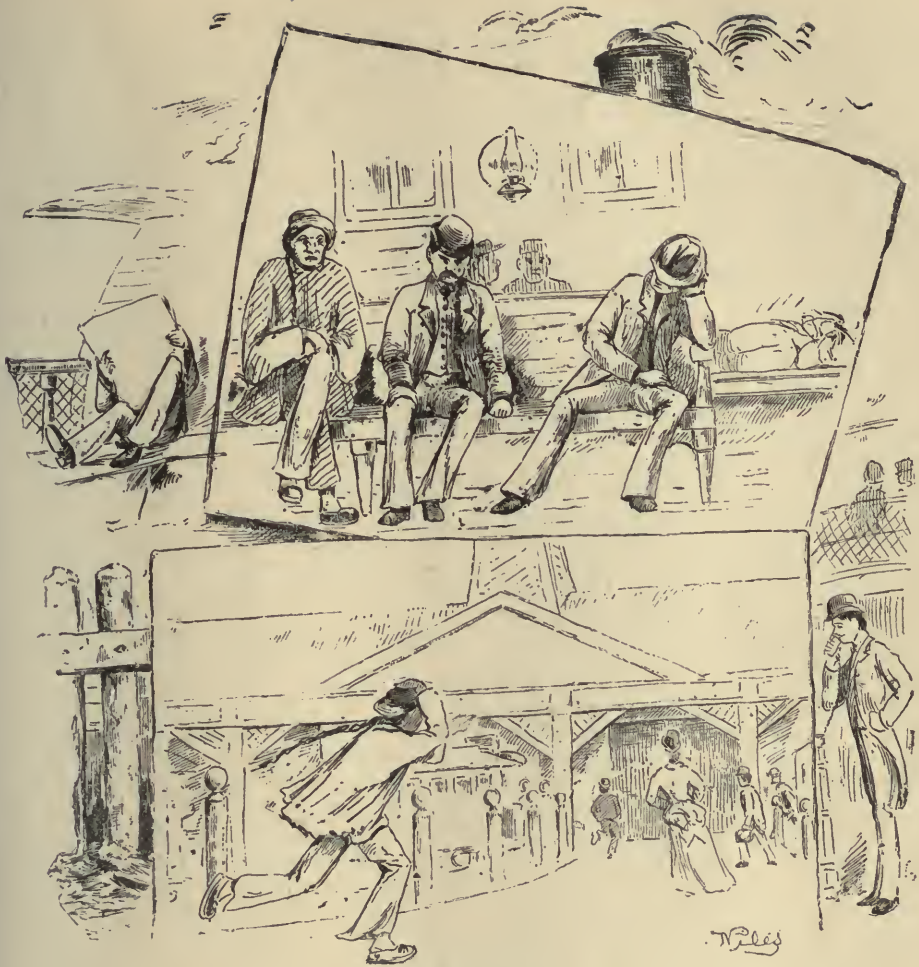


## Alaska (Continued):

- Glaciers and Icebergs of. S. F. Bulletin, Oct. 2, 1879  
 " " " S. F. Bulletin, Nov. 1, 1879  
 " " " S. F. Bulletin, Nov. 13, 1880  
 " " " S. F. Bulletin, Jan. 20, 1880  
 " " " S. F. Bulletin, Sept. 25, 1880  
 " " " S. F. Bulletin, Oct. 7, 1880  
 " " " S. F. Bulletin, Oct. 9, 1880  
 " " " S. F. Bulletin, Oct. 16, 1880  
 " " " S. F. Bulletin, Oct. 23, 1880  
 " " " S. F. Bulletin, Aug. 15, 1881  
 " " " S. F. Bulletin, Oct. 31, 1881  
 " " " S. F. Bulletin, July 13, 1881  
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 " S. F. Bulletin, Aug. 16, 1881  
 " S. F. Bulletin, Oct. 31, 1881  
 Plover Bay. S. F. Bulletin, Oct. 26, 1881  
 " S. F. Bulletin, July 13, 1881  
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 " S. F. Bulletin, Oct. 26, 1881  
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 " S. F. Bulletin, Oct. 16, 1880  
 " S. F. Bulletin, Oct. 23, 1880  
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 St. Michael's Island. S. F. Bulletin, Aug. 16, 1881  
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 Yosemite, By-ways of—Bloody Cañon  
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 W. T. Kittredge.



Ferry Notes.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

**Young People's Histories.**

It is now but a few years since one of our leading professors of history rejoiced that the study of that subject was beginning to be conducted on more correct principles. The improved methods which he noticed were then confined to a few of our more progressive colleges, but he saw that such a movement, once begun, must extend itself to all the higher seats of learning, and through them to preparatory work. A knowledge of history had been considered as an accomplishment merely, and not as something which might be practical or useful in any way. It is true that it was looked upon as one of the marks of a

gentleman, to show a familiarity with the names of the successive sovereigns of Europe, or to be able to converse freely about the heroes of ancient Greece and Rome; but this was because such familiarity evidenced a pecuniary position of sufficient ease to admit of time being wasted in acquiring ornamental knowledge. History was studied as a narrative, interesting at times, but more generally dull; elevating, when the heroic deeds of the past were recounted, but at best only a mass of apparently unconnected and unmeaning movements.

Into this shapeless mass came the breath of one central principle, and, under this vivifying influence,



the whole assumed form; it was alive with meaning. The science of history had long before passed from this experimental stage of fact-gathering into the philosophic stage of reading the connection and relation of these facts, but the study of history had not taken this advance step. This principle, which had vivified historical science, which had breathed life into the higher study of history, and which is now changing the character of the preparatory study, is the principle of the growth and unity of history. Through an understanding of the past we may understand the events of today—we may even anticipate the happenings of tomorrow.

This changed view of historical study has brought forward the topical method of study in our colleges, and this has necessitated the changes in the preparatory work. The younger pupils are wholly unable to understand the development of the national relations. The ideas presented to them must be concrete. They may understand the actions of men and of bodies of men, for their young imaginations clothe the characters of history with flesh and blood. If their information is sufficiently complete, the rulers of nations and the leaders of men become real to them. But the idea of a nation is an abstract one. The nation has no visible body for them to see, and they cannot be expected to understand it, as distinguished from the people on the one side, and the territorial position of the people on the other. The first work in history must be confined to giving a clear idea of the principal actors in the nation's history, and of the social life in times past. Movements may be displayed, their effects may be shown, but only in the broad outlines. The foundation of historical study is being laid, the framework is being erected; the finishing work must come later. But, as this work determines the character of the future structure, it is of the greatest importance that it should be well done—that the outlines should be correct.

To prepare text-books for this class of work, is an undertaking full of difficulty. Perhaps the most difficult feature of the task is the perspective. To retain a just perspective in these microscopic productions of a nation's life, is an undertaking of no small magnitude, as is shown in *The Story of Norway*.<sup>1</sup> Here the early history is treated with considerable detail, while the later history is condensed almost to a chronological list of kings. It is true that there is a special interest in the earlier history, resulting from the numerous incursions of the Norsemen into England. The present reviewer remembers that as a child he looked upon those men as coming from some mysterious country, wholly unconnected with our modern Norway. But here we have the other point of view, which gives clearness and reality to the movements. We stand on the shores of this mysterious land, and see the vikings push off their boats

on these very expeditions, to return a little later with their plunder. We see these Norsemen setting forth to settle in Northumberland and in Normandy, to come together again after the battle of Hastings. It all has a new interest, which was lacking in the subject before. But, in spite of this interest, the struggles of petty kings are recounted with a fullness of treatment that becomes monotonous. We lose interest in these contests, which are almost without distinguishing features, long before we begin to see the Norse nationality developing itself. The style of treatment is generally interesting and simple, though we doubt the ability of the pupil to comprehend what is meant by the assertion that the sub-vassals "held in fief a royal estate" (p. 54); and the statement that the peasants "were deprived of their allodium" (p. 55), reminds one of the story of the old lady who, on hearing of the similar deprivation of the English by William the Conqueror, remarked: "Poor creatures, and in that cold climate, too! How did they keep warm?" The use of the inside pages of the covers for the maps throughout this series, is a good practice, both for the preservation of the map and for convenience of reference; but in this particular book the historical map is rendered useless by the adoption of a spelling that differs from that used in the text of the book, and by the omission of the names of several of the places.

While the excellencies of "Norway" are thus marred by defects of treatment, *The Story of Germany*<sup>2</sup> probably fulfils the requirements of this elementary work as well as they can be met. The general principles are correctly stated, and the foundation for a just appreciation of the German history is laid. The statements are made sufficiently simple to be understood by the pupil, and at the same time the style is entertaining. The illustrations in this book, as in *The Story of Norway*, are good, but we should like to see several of them replaced by historical maps. The kingdoms and principalities are frequently located by a reference to their modern geographical position; but this does not give the clearness of conception that is gained by a map. The history of the German people is one peculiarly disconnected with the territorial position of the present German Empire, and the resulting confusion causes much of the difficulty of presenting the subject to young pupils. A few historical maps would materially aid in clearing away this confusion, and might with advantage take the place of some of the illustrations that have no more than a territorial connection with the text.

*The Story of Spain*<sup>3</sup> points out more clearly than any of its predecessors what must necessarily be the

<sup>1</sup> *The Story of Norway*. By H. H. Boyesen. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.

<sup>2</sup> *The Story of Germany*. By S. Baring-Gould and Arthur Gilman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.

<sup>3</sup> *The Story of Spain*. By Edward Everett Hale and Susan Hale. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

greatest utility of this series. The books are evidently written to be read rather than to be studied. And from this point of view they can certainly accomplish a good purpose, in spreading a familiarity with the more prominent events of the history, and in creating an interest in the subject which would probably not be gained by study in the school-room. But in preparing a book for immature and untrained minds, the fact should be kept in view, that such reading leaves only the impressions of the bolder outlines. Certain broad facts and general sequences fix themselves; the details are soon forgotten. Therefore, even more care should be exercised in emphasizing the historical perspective in these books than is usually necessary in elementary text-books of history. The national growth should be shown; the international development, if we may so call the development of the relations among the various nations, and the influence of each upon the development of the others, should be pointed out in its general features, though anything like detail here is impracticable; and the geographical positions and boundaries should be as clearly defined as is possible.

It is here that the whole series seems to be lacking: the narratives are indistinct from the historical point of view. Nothing beyond the surface events seems to have been in the minds of the authors as they wrote. This is probably an effect of the subordination of the historical to the literary, both in the selection of the authors and in their carrying out of the work. And, indeed, the literary excellence of the stories is generally conspicuous. The "story of Spain" is told with a picturesquely effect and a vivid interest which will undoubtedly do much to incite in its readers a desire to know more of this land of romance. The poetical selections, which are rather a feature in the book, are appropriate; and, though a just appreciation of their beauties requires a mind more matured than those to which the book is addressed, their spirit and the taste with which they have been selected cannot fail to have an elevating effect upon all who read the book.

This outline of historical knowledge which is thus drawn, may be filled in in part in the second stage of the preparatory work. The elementary work has exercised the memory of the pupil; now the reasoning powers begin to be called upon. The philosophy of history is still beyond his reach, but he may be introduced into the methods of study; he may become familiar with the ideas of more advanced treatment. He passes from the study of individual rulers to the study of peoples; he advances from the geographical work of locating kingdoms to the scientific work of studying their institutions. Mr. Towle's *Young People's History of England*<sup>1</sup> attempts "to show the growth of the political liberties

of the English people, and to indicate in some degree . . . the changes in the social condition, and the advance in literature and arts of the English between one period and another." The attempt is indeed partly successful, but the whole tone of the book stamps it as one of the class of text-books, already too numerous, which are made only to sell.

Somewhat superior to this book in tone, is Underwood's revision of Guest's Lectures on English History,<sup>2</sup> delivered before the College for Men and Women in London. The book is exceedingly popular in tone, and lacks a unity in development of the institutions. The individual steps of this development are fairly well stated, it is true, but there is a lack of connection which gives the effect of a series of pictures rather than of one whole. The description of the social life of England five hundred years ago, though quite unsatisfactory as a literary production, is nevertheless of great utility, in enabling the pupil to understand the movements of those times. This representation of the social life shows how much the author depends on the literary productions of the past for his information. There is, in fact, throughout the book a greater knowledge shown of literary writers than of historical writers. We doubt whether Shakspeare would generally receive as much consideration as an historical authority as our author seems inclined to accord him (p. 317). A little more care would also have prevented such typographical mistakes as that (on p. 500) where the assertion is made that William "would have been glad to repeat the Test and Corporation Acts," whereas the meaning is that he would have been glad to repeal them. On the whole, the book is however a good one, and presents the history of England more comprehensively and better than the average school text-book.

The compression of the life history of the world, set forth in narrative form within the compass of a school book, is a task which might well appall any author. Such an undertaking requires a power of condensation, combined with clearness of statement, such as few possess. But to attempt to set forth these condensed facts in such form as to show the development and tendencies of the world's history, would seem to be almost hopeless. In view of the difficulty of his undertaking, Professor Fisher has succeeded wonderfully well.<sup>3</sup> The advance toward universal unity is the idea which he attempts to enforce, and that it is so clearly presented is one of the greatest merits of the book. The tone is scholarly throughout, and the power of condensation, without loss of clearness, seems to be almost perfect. The important events, not merely of the development of political institutions, but also of the advance of learning and the arts, are well stated; and, in small-

<sup>1</sup> *Young People's History of England*. By George M. Towle. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

<sup>2</sup> *Handbook of English History*. By M. J. Guest and F. H. Underwood. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1886.

<sup>3</sup> *Outlines of Universal History*. By George P. Fisher. New York: Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co.



er type, much detail has been introduced. This condensation, however, while one of the most admirable features of the book, is at the same time its greatest weakness. The following passage, taken at haphazard, well illustrates this strength and weakness: "Charles I. in dignity of person far excelled his father. He had more skill and more courage; but he had the same theory of arbitrary government, and acted as if insincerity and the breaking of promises were excusable in defense of it. His strife with Parliament began at once. They would not grant supplies of money without a redress of grievances, and the removal of Buckingham, the King's favorite. War had begun with Spain before the close of the last reign. An expedition was now sent to Cadiz, but it accomplished nothing. Buckingham was impeached; but before the trial ended, the King dissolved Parliament. A year later he went over to war with France. He was then obliged (1628) to grant to his third Parliament their Petition of Right, which condemned his recent illegal doings—arbitrary taxes and imprisonment, the billeting of soldiers on householders, proceedings of martial law. A few months later Buckingham was assassinated by John Fenton, at Portsmouth," etc. (p. 436).

This statement, to one already familiar with English history, is excellent. All the facts of the situation are presented in the most effective manner. But to one not familiar with the subject, it is merely a disconnected statement of unconnected facts. The student would be confused by the overpowering array of facts, unless he was already acquainted with the general incidents of the history. Before this book could be practically useful, the student would have to master the individual histories of the different countries of Europe and of the United States. The difficulty, it will be seen, is one connected with the subject, and not with this particular book. And, indeed, after the necessary foundation has been laid, we know of no text-book for this grade of work that would exceed this in utility and scholarly accuracy.

#### France under Richelieu and Mazarin.<sup>1</sup>

MR. PERKINS is fortunate in the period that he has selected for his history. None is richer than this in interesting characters and really fascinating episodes, and none has left such a mass of records bearing upon the social and political life of the time. It was an era of social brilliancy and political corruption, of pasquinades and burlesques, of brilliant and unscrupulous men, and of women deplorable as wives and mothers, but charming as individuals. And the actors in the drama of the time seem to have deemed it proper to leave for posterity their inner thoughts and the record of their motives, in letters and memoirs. That brilliant and corrupt society of the Hotel de Longueville and the Louvre, whose

shining lights burn across two centuries with scarcely diminished radiance, can be studied almost as closely as we can study the society of our own day. And a clever debater could go far toward demolishing one of the strongest arguments of the advocates of "Woman's Rights"—that the admission of woman into politics would tend to purify it—by a presentation of that curious mixture of love and political intrigue which is exhibited in the history of the Fronde.

But the period possesses a higher interest, and one which the author of "France under Richelieu and Mazarin" fully recognizes, in the fact that the two administrations reviewed fixed definitely the character of the French government for a hundred and fifty years, determined absolutism, and not constitutional liberty, as the political system of five generations, and in the end made revolution, and not reform, the only possible means of national rehabilitation. It is more than doubtful whether, had earnest efforts been really made in the direction of constitutional development, they could have succeeded; the spirit of liberty was absent, the temperament of the people was not a liberty-loving one. France had to drink the cup of absolutism to the dregs. But—and Mr. Perkins is to be commended for the clear way in which he shows it—no such effort was made. The civil war was a "burlesque révolution," and neither nobility nor people had heart in the struggle supposed to be for popular rights.

Of the two great ministers whose administration—for in truth the rule of the latter was but the continuation of that of the former—this history records, the personality of the former is so much more striking, so much nobler, than that of the latter, that our imagination has glorified the "great Cardinal," while we have grown to regard his successor as a meaner and smaller Machiavel. Most of us, indeed, have taken our estimate of Mazarin, not from history, but from the romances of Dumas. But the impartial student of the period must admit this estimate to be wrong; covetous and grasping as he was, unattractive as were his personal qualities, we must still admit a great degree of practical ability in the character of this wily Italian. Indeed, the time was not one to develop the highest statesmanship. Regard for the popular welfare, interest in the well-being of the citizen and the family—these were not characteristic of the statesmanship of the first half of the seventeenth century in continental Europe. National glory, rather, the extension of national boundaries, were the ends of political effort. And herein Mazarin was supremely successful; being so, what mattered poverty, distress, grinding taxation at home?

Mr. Perkins is not a great historian. In that wider historical instinct which recognizes the relation of scattered events, and their bearings one on the other, he is deficient. But, from the voluminous authorities at hand, he has constructed an interesting and useful narrative, and one which, in the absence of any other connected narrative of the time, will prob-

<sup>1</sup> France under Mazarin, with a Review of the Administration of Richelieu. By James Breck Perkins. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.

ably be accepted as an authority. 'He is careful in his review of those sources of information—the State papers, the "Cornets" of Mazarin, the mass of correspondence and notes—which the French government has of late generously thrown open to the historical student, and we have to thank him for assiduous industry and painstaking thoroughness. The following extracts will, perhaps, serve to show his capacity for historical generalization. In speaking of the French Protestants, he says :

"The Huguenots had much in common with the Puritans. Their creed was largely the same ; they professed the same Calvinistic tenets ; they favored the same strict and formal morality ; they suffered oppression from a dominant church, whose members they regarded as the servants of mammon, and far removed from the pure truths of God . . . They took up arms against a government which they believed was disregarding earthly laws, and persecuting God's saints.

"Yet the Huguenot party ended in failure, and the Puritan party attained unto victory. Not only in the brief rule of Cromwell, but in the subsequent history of England, Puritan principles won the day. The established church, indeed, still holds to its stately ceremonial and its ancient service. Its bishops still proclaim their apostolic succession. A peer in lawn sleeves sits in the bishop's chair in St. Paul's ; a dean with surplice and stole preaches in Westminster Abbey ; but England has become Puritan. . . . The Englishman of today wears a Puritan dress ; his Sunday is the Puritan Sunday ; his morals are Puritan ; his political rights are those for which the Puritans fought. The clergy of the established church, in all but manners and external dress, are a Puritan clergy.

"Far different is the history of the Huguenot movement in France. The difference in the result is, of course, chiefly due to the difference in the nations. A party like the Puritans could not have gained a complete victory among a people like the French. But there were many elements of weakness among the Huguenots. The alliance of the nobles was ultimately an injury ; they acted as leaders, and when they deserted the cause, the mass of the party were incapable of guiding themselves. Not the storms of adversity, but the greatness of the temptations, took the nobles from the reformed faith. . . . The French Protestants lacked, also, that spirit of discipline which would make them equally formidable in war and respected in peace. They had, indeed, their circles and assemblies ; but division was too often found in the assemblies, and disobedience among the cities and separate circles. The Huguenots, moreover, did not seek to obtain a more liberal government and greater protection in person and belief for all subjects, and thus gain the alliance of many who would have been in political, if not in doctrinal, sympathy with them."

Altogether, Mr. Perkins may be commended for

the success of his undertaking. He has produced a readable and valuable history of the second class ; and while heretofore the student of the Fronde and the era of Mazarin has been compelled to have recourse to many works, not always easily obtainable, he will now be enabled to make reference to a connected narrative.

We heartily welcome such efforts in the field of American literature. One such work as this is worth many score of the alleged novels with which it is deluged.

### History of California.<sup>1</sup>

THESE two handsome volumes have neither preface, index, nor formal termination. They begin with the discovery, come down to the admission of the State into the Union in 1850, and there the narrative stops short. Considering the questions that would be raised, and the feelings that would be stirred up by a history of the State of California, and that so many of the actors in that history are alive, it was probably wise to stop thus. But Mr. Hittell's merits as a careful investigator and a good narrator are such that we regret this resolution of his—if such it be. He might, at least, continue his work in the form of annals, with references to authorities. While such a book would lose the more vivid qualities of a narrative, it would furnish an invaluable guide and basis for subsequent laborers in the field.

Mr. Hittell's first volume is chiefly devoted to the history of the missions. The second contains that of the period of the Mexican governors, together with a sketch of California topography, natural history, and the natives ; and it ends with the account of the American immigration, and of the final transfer to the United States. Mr. Hittell has worked with industry, impartiality, and in a genuinely historical spirit. Readers not familiar with the early history of California will be surprised to find how much of interest there is in the story of the obscure efforts of a few missionaries to civilize the coast Indians, scanty in numbers, degraded in condition, and low in the scale of intellect, and to organize them into self-sustaining communities.

A historical parallel, to which we believe Mr. Hittell does not allude, must forcibly strike every reader with a general knowledge of American history—the parallel between the work of the Spanish pioneers in California and the English pioneers in New England. In both enterprises a religious motive was a principal one ; the conversion of the Indians an important object ; dealings with the natives a principal part of their experience ; the actual result, first a subjugation and then an extermination, of these natives ; and in both cases there can be traced a gradual recession of the spiritual motive for the European immigration, and a corresponding increase of the influence of temporal considerations. The founding of a common-

<sup>1</sup> History of California. By Theodore H. Hittell. Vols. 1, 2. San Francisco: Pacific Press Publishing House and Occidental Publishing Co. 1886.



wealth has a more prominent purpose with the Puritans, the establishment of missions with the Catholics; but differences and similarities alike render the comparison instructive. Minor parallelisms can be cited. Eliot, the apostle to the Indians, might be compared with Father Juan Ugarte, in Lower, and Father Junipero Serra, in Upper California; Captain Church, the redoubted soldier of King Philip's War, with that celebrated Indian fighter, Ensign Gabriel Moraga; the dubious relations of the New England men to their Dutch neighbors in New York, with those of the Californians to the Russians north of San Francisco Bay; the hardships of the first settlers on the sterile coast of Plymouth, and the spread of their settlements into more fertile districts, with the first missionary labors at the remote and barren extremity of Lower California, and their subsequent extension northward. For what we know, Mr. Hittell may intend to develop this chapter in comparative history. We trust he will.

Mr. Hittell's references to the doings of Fremont in the Bear Flag year indicate no knowledge of the new sources used by Professor Royce in the recent damaging exposure of those transactions. Accordingly, he says nothing of Consul Larkin's operations in favor of a peaceful annexation; and his statement as to Fremont's reasons for returning from Oregon and for his subsequent movements, is, of necessity, quite speculative. At the same time it contains nothing in contravention of Professor Royce's views.

It is earnestly to be wished that Mr. Hittell should complete the account which these two volumes leave half told. If he will not do this, he should—as, perhaps, he intends—add a preface, and, above all, an index, to the work. So much is really due to his readers and to himself.

#### Briefer Notice.

*Bietigheim*<sup>1</sup> is an account of the fall of the German and Russian Empires in 1891, before the allied arms of America, England, and France, on the battlefield of Bietigheim, and of the consequences thereof. The device is getting rather trite, but *Bietigheim* is in execution better than most of its class, and is redeemed from insignificance by some really clever political science, in the account of the efforts to establish popular governments on the wreck of the empires. Popular revolution overthrew the thrones shortly after the crushing defeat of Bietigheim; and while still only provisional governments held the reins, another great popular movement, under the lead of able and disinterested men, established a socialistic republic, of the Marx school. This went beautifully

<sup>1</sup> Bietigheim. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1886.

as long as times were good, by means of mutual forbearance; but the effect upon it of conflicting interests is very shrewdly foretold, as well as the minor difficulties attending the administration of the system.—Of the world-poets, Dante is least admired by the ordinary student; probably because he is the least understood. Achilles, capricious and moody, and Ulysses, with his followers wandering over unknown seas, arouse and sustain the interest of the most casual reader. Quarrels about beautiful maidens, or an ambition to found a city, possess a human interest which appeals to even the unlettered: but a picture of human souls subjected to every conceivable variety of physical torment, is at once so realistic and so horrible that the poetic art is not apparent. The object of all fine art is the production of pleasurable emotions; and what pleasure can we derive from a succession of pictures in all of which we see only intense misery and the most abject despair? Evidently, Dante saw something beyond, as all do who place him with Homer, Goethe, and Milton. The author of *A Study of Dante*<sup>2</sup>—Miss Susan E. Blow—endeavors to show that “the Divina Commedia is the outcome of a profound and exhaustive reflection upon the facts of the moral world,” and that the different forms of future punishment, as represented in the “Inferno,” are but the necessary result of an unchangeable moral law. Consequently, the grandeur and sublimity of the poem can only be appreciated when it is thoroughly read in the light of a psychological knowledge of the human mind. This, together with a familiarity with the theology which prevailed in Dante's time, will enable the student to see in the Divina Commedia a sublimity of thought which could only proceed from a soul oppressed with a sense of the infinite love and infinite justice of God.—*The Jewish Altar*<sup>3</sup> discusses the question: “Was the ritual of the Jewish Church intended to be prophetic of Christ?” “The ritual” appears to mean the offering of sacrifices on the altar. It is reasoned that this was not prophetic: for, after a thousand years, the Jews did not recognize their Messiah when he came; was God's plan for teaching, then, a failure? If, however, the object of the Mosaic ritual was to train the Jewish mind to a conception of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, then it was not a failure. The treatise is of use as opposing the so-called “spiritualizing tendency”—the disposition to force fanciful allegorical meanings from Scripture.

<sup>2</sup> *A Study of Dante*. By Miss Susan E. Blow. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1886.

<sup>3</sup> *The Jewish Altar*. By the late John Leighton, D.D. New York. Funk & Wagnalls. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Phillips & Hunt.

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DEVOTED TO

*THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.*

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WIEGENLIED.

Be still and sleep, my soul !  
Now gentle-footed Night  
In softly shadowed stole,  
Holds all the day from sight.

Why shouldst thou lie and stare  
Against the dark, and toss,  
And live again thy care,  
Thine agony and loss ?

'Twas given thee to live,  
And thou hast lived it all;  
Let that suffice, nor give  
One thought what may befall.

Thou hast no need to wake,  
Thou art not sentinel;  
Love all the care will take,  
And Wisdom watcheth well.

Weep not, think not, but rest !  
The stars in silence roll;  
On the world's mother-breast,  
Be still and sleep, my soul !

*Anthony Morehead.*



## LITTLE BIDDEFORD.

He was a small, weak looking man, dressed in an ill-fitting and somewhat tattered suit of gray. When he stood up, it was seen that one leg was twisted and shrunken, so that he walked with a limp. His features were not unpleasing, having even a delicacy of outline; the whole effect of which, however, was rather diminished by one of his eyebrows, which extended over only about half the space allotted to it, and had a tangled, fuzzy look, as though it had been singed, and had not yet grown out again. In general, his appearance was that of a man who had had rather a rough tumble with the world, and, through inherent weakness of constitution or character, or both, had too easily gone down in the struggle, and had crawled up again sore and dilapidated, and with very little strength and energy left in him with which to renew the contest.

He had drifted into the mine, at night, it was supposed; at least he had come to it in such a quiet, unobtrusive manner that no one had chanced to notice his arrival until he had established himself. At the north side of one of the great cedar trees that seemed to mark the limit of the gold-yielding portion of the mine, was a level surface of some twenty feet in width, somewhat more attractive in appearance than any other portions of the plain, having even a suspicion of being a place where, during the proper season, grass might grow. And one morning this level spot was found to be occupied by a torn, weather-beaten tent, in front of which the small, weak-looking stranger was feebly endeavoring to kindle a fire. He had no horse; and it was understood, therefore, that he must have brought his tent and equipments with him upon his back. It was a very little tent, however;

and his equipments must have been few. Perhaps, too, he had not come from far; for upon either side and at a distance of only three or four miles were other miners, between which and the Paso del Rey was a constantly shifting current of unlucky miners, vainly trying to better their fortunes by change of location.

Small, inefficient looking men, who had seemingly been worsted in the struggle of life, were not altogether unknown at Paso del Rey; perhaps there were as many of them as of those great strapping fellows at the other end of the human line, who, all brawn and energy, occasionally appeared, and for a little while seemed about to carry the whole world before them. And therefore the new comer might have been passed by with merely a glance, and afterwards left unnoticed, had it not been for a rather unusual companionship which he had brought with him. This consisted in a child of about five years, and its appearance caused quite a sensation; since, up to that time, as far as any one could tell, no child had ever been seen there.

Now, under ordinary circumstances, a little child is apt to attract attention only as it is sweet and engaging in aspect, and has its natural attractions supplemented with beauty and tastefulness in dress. In the East, where children are plenty, and almost roll under our feet as we pass by, they commonly remain unnoticed by strangers. But it was far different in the California mines during those early days; and whatever might be the physical qualities of a child, its mere existence in those wilds was always sufficient to attract abundant attention to it. And it must be confessed that this waif upon the mining life could show little beyond its mere presence in those unaccustomed scenes

to elicit observation. In figure, like its father, it was small and stunted. The features were plain, the expression dull and lifeless, the whole appearance commonplace. It was clad in a single coarse garment, worn, patched, and not altogether cleanly. The whole aspect of the child, in fact, was of one born and growing up in abject poverty, its natural uncomeliness intensified by neglect and hardship, and any latent spark of vivacity that might be lurking in its nature repressed, and possibly altogether extinguished, by long continued deprivation of the companionship of other children. Looking critically upon the little creature, one could see no hope for it in the future; merely the working out of a stagnant, cheerless life, that probably never could let it rise above want or drudgery, and year by year would cause the blight of ignorance and solitude to spread more widely over its already deadened nature;

Yet, such as it was, the child attracted attention, and was looked upon with interest, and even with some appearance of fondness, by many of the miners. Some of them must have left children at home; and however much these men may have regarded those absent ones with a longing memory of charms that may not really have existed, they could not now bring themselves to make critical comparisons with this poor child, now so strangely brought to their tent doors. The abstract fact of childhood was there, all the same; and with that they seemed to rest content. Others had left no ties of any description—theyself mere waifs upon the world that seemed to have no need of them; but even to these men, the coming of this child brought food for thought. It was the beginning of a new era, perhaps. Some day this desultory state of society would pass away, and a more settled state of things replace it. Family life would creep in, and permanent occupation of the soil take place, with its attendant circumstances of schoolhouses, churches, and what

not. Might this not be the foreshadowing, and even the beginning of the new and better order of things?

So, nearly or from a distance, as it might be, the miners kept an attentive observation upon the little old tent, with its unattractive family grouping in front; and, while going to and from their work, would often make a wide variation from their ordinary direct path, for the purpose of passing a little nearer, for a better glance. A few strolled quite close, upon various pretences, endeavoring to cultivate an acquaintance with the man, but upon the whole, met little encouragement to renew their efforts. He proved himself extremely distant and unsocial in nature, and evidently desirous of no conversation or intimacy. Perhaps it rose merely from natural timidity; perhaps he had already, in some way, suffered so much in his intercourse with other men, that he had determined to avoid them in future. Even the one man who loitered up on pretence of getting a light for his pipe, and then bluntly asked the new comer his name, made little by it.

“Little Biddeford, they call me—on the way across,” was the answer. “That was where I came from—and that’s enough for a name, in such a place as this.”

So the miners learned to speak of him as Little Biddeford; and remaining for a while content with that, began to leave him alone, as he so much seemed to desire—not now strolling any nearer, but watching him from afar, with more distant interest, and wondering how the man could possibly manage to get along with such cares upon him, and no assistance of any kind from any one. For it would generally be a long time in the morning before he would get to work, employing hours in taking care of the little child in front of the tent, combing its hair into semi-regularity, and patching its poor clothing, and now and then reading to it from some tattered book. Then, often nearer noon-time than sunrise, he would be seen



limping off slowly towards a portion of a gulch half a mile away where he had located himself, sometimes leading the child, but more often carrying it upon his shoulder, always, however, taking it along with him, since he could not very well leave it behind. And how at his poor little claim—perhaps the most unlikely in all the mine for profit, since so much was that valuable, had already been located upon by others—could he do much work, encumbered by that helpless companion, and himself forced to be digger, sifter, and washer-out all in one? Well, he must after all be the best judge of what he could do; and as long as he would accept no assistance or advice, what business was it of anybody else?

Strange to say, of all those who endeavored to work into any acquaintance with him, the one who succeeded best was Hank Rollof, the gambler. Hank was not particularly liked by any of the miners, and they would have rid themselves of him weeks before, if they could have done so. He was a rough, dare-devil man, with as bad an expression as might be found throughout the whole Calaveras district; and yet all the same, looked at as a whole, he was a rather magnificent sort of a fellow. He stood six feet three in his boots, was erect as health and vigor can make a man, had bright eyes and fine teeth, and, in spite of his repellant look, could really put on a very agreeable smile, whenever he chose to do so. And it was a little singular that he should have cared to throw himself in the way of Little Biddeford, who certainly had nothing out of which it could pay the gambler to cheat him. But the springs of human nature occasionally run in very queer directions, and cross each other in mysterious ways, and possibly there really was some soft spot in the gambler's heart, brought into unlooked for tenderness by memory or association. Whatever the impulse, Hank Rollof, as others had done before, drew near the tattered tent on pretence of seeking a light, and with better

success. Little Biddeford perhaps happened for the first time to be in a mood for sociability, or perhaps he was struck with the magnificent form and attitude of the gambler, so different in every respect from his own puny frame and bearing, and being so struck, did not notice the man's bad aspect. Or perhaps Rollof, being himself pleasantly disposed for the moment, had put on his engaging smile, and overcome the repellant look. Anyhow, for some reason or other, the occasion was favorable, and in a moment the two men were very pleasantly conversing.

"What do you call her?" the gambler asked, nodding toward the child.

"Meg," was the answer.

"Meg, eh? Short for something else, I suppose.—But this is rather a hard place to bring a child to, isn't it?"

"Perhaps; but it was harder to leave her where she was. A mere workman in a small town—growing poorer every year—scarcely keeping starvation from my door—no means to educate her, and scarcely able to clothe her—things always getting worse and worse, and no hope at all for the future;—is it strange that I thought there might be a better chance here?"

Hank Rollof looked doubtful, with a side glance at the other's twisted leg, but muttered something like a qualified assent.

"I'm not strong, you see," added Little Biddeford, catching the random glance and fully interpreting it; "but there is the chance, for all that. A pocket of gold might open under my pick, as well as under that of anybody else. The chance, I say. But at home there was nothing at all."

"That's so. But to come so far with her alone—that's what I most look at."

"We were not alone; there was some one else with us."

"The mother, you mean?"

The little man nodded—sadly looking down, and for a moment not speaking. Rollof, too, kept silence. He was not a

man of delicate perceptions; but in this case, he knew enough to feel that the least he said the better, and that if the other chose to offer anything further upon the subject, it should be without urging or questioning.

"I suppose I might as well tell you about it," said Little Biddeford, after a minute or two of silence. "We left Fort Independence nearly six months ago. There was quite a long train of us. Some had teams of their own, and some horses. I had a horse for Lucy—that was all I could afford. As we traveled only five or ten miles a day, it was easy for me to walk beside her; they let Meg ride in one of the wagons. Two months out, our horse died; then they let Lucy ride. It wasn't in the agreement, and I had no money to pay for it; but it was a thing they couldn't very well refuse her, particularly as somehow she was beginning to lose strength. Sometimes I think that she may have been a little out of sorts before we started, and that I should have seen it and waited; but I don't know how that might be. Perhaps it was all intended from the first. But she grew worse instead of better; and after awhile, instead of her sitting in the wagon, they smoothed down the goods inside to make a level, and put something like a bed for her to rest upon, and let her lie there. And as she grew worse—"

"Grew worse, you say?"

"Well—it's hardly necessary to tell the whole story, is it? Of course you must know the end of it, not seeing her here with me. She died at last, a little way off from here." And he waved his hand feebly toward the east.

"What do you mean by a little way off from here? And how far do you intend to say?"

"Only about five miles or so away. It seems as though I can see the place from here—at least that I can recognize the swell of the hills, and could easily find the spot again. We didn't know then that we were so near the end of our journey as to be

close to one of the mines. If we had, I think I could have brought her in and buried her here; but all the same, it would have been a waste place and nothing like home to her, I suppose. Well, they stopped and dug a grave for her, and I buried her there and put a few stones on top—in shape of a cross, and to mark the spot, and to keep other things away from disturbing her. And then we started up again, and some of the wagons passed on, and I came in with my tent on my back, and Meg trotting along holding my hand. This was as good a mine as any for me, you see. We wanted a place to rest in, and somehow it seemed as though I must settle down quiet somewhere to think. Well, that's all."

"A pretty hard time you have had," said the other. "Somehow you've had the luck against you pretty badly. Perhaps after a while, though, the run may be the other way."

He put his hand almost mechanically into his pocket, as though he would have offered money—his only known manner of giving consolation. But he had none to speak of; the cards had been against him of late. Besides, it was very likely that the man would resent the tender of any such aid; small and feeble as he was, there was a look of independence about him, which must be considered, before too freely making any unsolicited offers. So Hank Rollof drew out his hand again empty, and after a word or two more of attempted consolation, strolled rather awkwardly away.

The next day he was back again, and brought the child a few little delicacies in the way of food—such trifles as could be picked up in the not over-stocked stores of the mines; and the day after he appeared with a handful of candies. These had been sent on by mistake with some packages of cigars, and to the wrath of the shop-keeper, who wanted no such unsalable goods in his establishment. But now Hank Rollof captured the whole assortment, and kept it



on hand as a reserve fund for the child's enjoyment, bringing out a little each day, until his visits came with such regularity as to be always waited and anticipated for.

So for two or three weeks. At the end of that time, Hank Rollof, upon drawing near to the little old tent, saw that the child was not in front, awaiting him, as usual; only the father, toilsomely mending the tattered frock. Meg was not well, he said—a headache or something of that sort. He had thought that she had better not get up; and as for himself, he had concluded he would stay by her, and not go to his gulch that day.

"No, let the old mine go," said the gambler. "Time enough to get out the gold when she's all right again; and tell her that I came as usual—I wouldn't want her to think that I was neglecting her, you know—and that I will come again to-morrow."

When Hank Rollof appeared the next day, the little child was no better—nor the day after; so, indeed for three or four days. Then the gambler insisted upon entering the tent and found her stretched motionless and almost insensible upon the little pile of blankets, her face flushed and her pulse quick.

"Why man," he said, "she is in a raging fever; you must have a doctor."

"There is no doctor in the settlement," the other rejoined. "And if there were, how could I afford—"

"Afford be hanged!" interrupted Rollof. "I will see to that."

He made an inquiry at once and found it was true that there was not a physician in the mine. But it was said that there was a doctor at the Elk Diggings, some five or six miles off. Thereupon Hank Rollof borrowed a horse, rode over, and in three or four hours returned with a doctor. Not a very able physician, of course. Men eminent in their profession did not leave home, and journey out to the outskirts for their practice. This man was young, unengaging

in appearance, and undecided in opinion; most probably he had failed in practice in the East, and gone as ship surgeon upon some outward bound vessel, working his way out to California for little besides his passage. Examining the child, he pronounced it a case of fever—that could easily be seen—but of what character he did not seem to know, and therefore as to that wisely kept silence. But a poor doctor, unless he is very bad, is better than none. This man was attentive, and in the main, cautious; and naturally knew certain leading rules of regimen, applicable to almost all sicknesses, regarding food, cleanliness, and ventilation. Perhaps he did all that the most able physician might have done; from the very first it might have been a case beyond mortal control. It is hard to conceive that under the circumstances of such long continued hardship, privation, and isolation, any disease of a serious nature could have been mastered. Whatever the facts of the case, the seemingly unavoidable termination came. On the fifth day, little Meg died; falling into a stupor and never again awakening.

Hank Rollof was the first to hear it. The doctor happened to be away; and Rollof found Little Biddeford sitting outside the tent, pale from much watching, and more from habit, perhaps, than any other reason, still mending the little frock that never could be worn again.

"She is asleep," he whispered. "Don't wake her; it may be the turning point."

"How long has she slept?"

"Three or four hours. She may awake very soon now."

Cautiously the other opened the tent flap and peeped within. A single glance showed him the real state of the case. He dropped the canvas again, and stood erect outside, thinking for a moment how he could break the news.

"She won't ever wake again, old man," he said; and he believed he was managing it with great dexterity. Certainly there was

a kind of tender, sympathetic utterance in his voice that scarcely could be expected of him, and perhaps had not been heard for years, if even before. "You must try to take it like any other hard luck;—as it comes."

The news soon spread through the settlement. It was too much to say that there were manifestations of sympathy, and even of sorrow among the miners. Most of them had not in any way made acquaintance with Little Biddeford, but almost all had learned to watch for his daily slow passage across the plain to his own mining ground; limping toilsomely along, with Meg trotting at his side, or else, as sometimes happened, perched on her father's shoulder. It was as though a feature of the landscape would now be wanting; as though the dawning civilization had taken its flight, and might not again appear among them for years. And back of all that was the tender feeling of sympathy for the father, and wonderment what he would now do, and a disposition to put their hands deep down in their pockets and help him, if anyhow it could be managed. There was a cessation of work for a time, as the word passed from one to the other that little Meg was dead; and it seemed that towards the end of the day, all labor ended a little earlier than usual; and the miners congregated in knots about the plain and at the natural centers, discussing what must be now done.

The child must of course be buried, and they could not leave the matter entirely to the father, who sat stupefied with grief, and might not easily be moved to action. Others must take the thing into their hands, and do all that was needful. Three or four of the leading and most influential miners therefore were pushed to the front, and proceeded at once to make all the necessary preparations for the funeral.

Of these the gambler was not one. He knew well enough that he was odious to the mass of the miners, and that his presence

in that council would be looked upon as a liberty and an intrusion, and so he stepped aside out of the general notice, and without waiting any hint to do so. It may be that he felt at heart a little sore that he who had been such a friend and help to the child for the past month should now be put aside, while those who had only looked upon her from a distance were called upon to assist; and perhaps this was one of the times when he felt most heavily, as it must be presumed he sometimes felt, the ignominy of his calling, preventing him from engaging in even the most kindly offices for another. If so, he concealed his dissatisfaction and kept aloof from any attempt at interference with what was going on, merely watching from afar, and standing ready to do what he could in helping any measure for pecuniary relief. Possibly even that satisfaction might not be allowed him.

Almost a hundred feet to the right of Little Biddeford's tent was a small grove of well grown pines. There were ten or twelve trees, standing some distance apart, so as to make an open glade, rather than a compact piece of forest. The place was outside the limits of the gold fields, and at the foot of the slope of mountain land. At one side ran a thin stream, and there were wild flowers growing upon its banks. Altogether it was a very pretty spot, and here the committee of the miners dug a little grave, lining it with fir branches. Then they went to Little Biddeford and told him what they had done, asking him to come with them and look at the spot, to the end that he might give his approval. They did not doubt that he would do so; there was nothing different that he could suggest—it was merely a matter of form and delicacy to ask him. But when they aroused him from his lethargy of grief and told him what they had come about, he shook his head.

"Not here," he murmured. "Yonder—where her mother lies."

They looked for a moment wonderingly



at each other, never having heard the story that he had once told to Hank Rollof. And now, being urged, he told it over again, very much in the same words, and with better effect—though of course not seeking effect—since the circumstances had such an immediate and mournful bearing upon the subject.

“Four five miles away, through the hills—it seems almost as if I could see the place—and she would be so lonely if Meg were not laid by her side.”

“But can you find the spot, Biddeford?”

“Why not? Such a little distance—I marked the shape of the hills at the time. Not that I ever expected to go back to it, but I thought I might in that way remember the place for the rest of my life. There were seven stones on the grave—they make a cross, you see; and—and—little Meg, too, would be so lonely here, away from her mother.”

This was the burden of his talk—the loneliness of the mother and child, buried so far apart. The other men looked inquiringly at each other. What had appeared to them at first an unnecessary piece of sentiment, somehow, as he went on and they had no more time to think it over, now began to seem more natural, and even becomingly so.

“You will let me go out to her, will you not? You will not hinder me?”

He spoke imploringly, as though fearing they might look upon his intent as a wild or foolish one, to be combated by them and perhaps altogether prevented. But if at first they had any such idea, the impulse to it was already past.

“Of course you can go. Why should you not, if you wish? What right would we have to prevent you? And see here! Wouldn't you like to have some of us go with you, to help you, and company-like, as well?”

“If you will do so.”

So they went to work with their prepara-

tions, and in an hour, all was ready. The news of course had gone around, and it seemed as though all the miners had gathered to observe the departure of the little cavalcade. There were four men on horseback, and as the trail through the plain was a narrow one, they rode in single file. Little Biddeford was in front; and across the saddle, supported by his arm, lay the small bundle tightly swaddled, all that was now left of what had been a living child. The father would not allow anyone but himself to touch it, resolving to the last to let no hand except his carry it, and himself at the end place it in the grave besides its mother. Two of the men who followed bore picks and spades, and the last a small coffin, that had been hastily put together within the hour.

The miners gathered from far and near, standing in some places close to the trail, and taking off their hats, or what served as such, while the procession passed; then for a few minutes watching and looking curiously after it until it had threaded its way between the hills and so crept out of sight. There was some discussion as to when it would return; but it was conceded that if all went well, the early afternoon would see the whole matter finished. There was more vigorous debate as to how successful the expedition might be, some arguing that they would altogether fail in finding the place sought for, and would come back again bringing the child still unburied. And, indeed, it was admitted by all that there is nothing more deceptive than a supposed knowledge of localities, and that cases were frequent wherein identification of places even a mile or two away fails, in consequence of similarity of natural features perpetually recurring to confuse the recollection of a searcher. But, on the other hand, Little Biddeford had professed himself so certain, and had taken such accurate note of the different landmarks; and upon the whole, it was scarcely worth while discussing the matter at all,

since so very few hours would certainly solve the question. So the little groups dispersed and some of the miners went to work again and tried to forget all about it. But the greater portion, having had their time already so broken in upon, remained away from their places of labor, strolling around listlessly from tent to tent, in idle gossip upon the great event of the day; and it was noticed that as the afternoon wore on, the others returned somewhat earlier than usual from their claims, one after another straggling in, until in a little while very few continued absent.

Six hours ran on and the party had not returned. Some of the miners began to express anxiety, but there was really nothing to be troubled about. Talk about Indian attack seemed foolish, for there were no Indian tribes in the neighborhood, except of the most peaceful description. That the party could have lost its way was equally improbable, for the attendant escort was composed of men who were experienced in prospecting, and knew very well what they were about; and even if they became bewildered, something must be allowed to the instinct of their animals, which could easily work back upon their own trail. Probably there had been more delay in finding the desired location than had been anticipated, that was all.

The sun sank, the shades of night gathered, camp fires were lighted, and here and there large tents, faintly glowing with candle light, showed where the few centres of trade were ready to receive their votaries. Groups gathered here and there, and song and revelry claimed their place. For the great event of the day was over, seemingly, the funeral a thing of the past; the natural buoyancy and life of strong men must have its vent. Sobriety and decorousness for the day, but when the work of the day was over, why not give place to mirth?

At one side of the plain there was a tent larger and more brilliantly lighted than any

of the others. It was the tent of Hank Rollof. He had closed up his place of business during the day, in deference to the mournfulness of the occasion, showing thereby a thoughtful consideration which had perhaps never before governed him, and which would very likely have surprised even himself, if he had stopped to think it over. But now night had come, and the patrons of the establishment were waiting and eager for their ruin, and their desire must be respected. So the roulette ball flew pleasantly around, skipping dancingly into its receptacle, and the oath of those who lost was often agreeably intermingled with the cheery laugh of those who won; only Hank Rollof, who naturally in the long run won the most, sitting as usual, calm and imperturbable, of all that gathering being the one who neither frowned nor smiled; and so on, until—

How it came about, no one knew. Even the subsequent examination failed to elicit the real truth of the matter. Of course there was a quarrel—that was evident of itself; but in the confusion each one seemed to have seen a different phase of it and in perfect sincerity told a story somewhat varying from the stories of all the other men. That is to say, who began the quarrel or exactly what was said, or even who said it, could never satisfactorily be known. All that was certain was the fact that there had been a dispute about whether the ball had fallen into the red or black, and a hurried clutching on both sides after the money on the board, and an oath or two, and a mutual grasping of throats by two angry men, and a blow. Then came the pistol shot, and Hank Rollof had staggered out into the open air, past the little crowd that, terror stricken, made hasty way for him, and had fallen lifeless upon the trodden ground outside.

It was soon over. A gasp and a moan, in which might be traced an ineffectual attempt to say something—perhaps a prayer—



and Hank Rollof turned over on his back, with his open eyes glaring up at the moon—stark dead. In that matter his great bulk and powerful strength had been of no use to him; the little pistol, not larger than a fore-finger, had more than equalized the difference between himself and one who scarcely reached his shoulder. It was a fate that was sure to overtake him some day; the time had now chanced to come. What else would you have, or what more was there to be said?

While the miners stood in a close and ever increasing crowd about the inanimate clay, wondering what then should be done, and for the moment waiting for some bolder and more collected spirit among them to arouse and take the initiative, the dull sound of hoofs came upon the outside of the throng, and it was seen that the funeral cavalcade had returned. In front, as before, rode Little Biddeford, and, as before, he held in his arms the small, closely swaddled form that had been his all in all. The expedition had failed. As had been forecasted by so many of the miners, the identification of the one lonely grave among the hills had proved impossible, when put to the test of trial; and after long wandering through those hills, so much alike, the men had been compelled with the approach of night to order a return.

So now they rode up, Little Biddeford still at the head, bearing his small, motion-

less burden. And coming to the edge of the crowd he dismounted and crept slowly up; then gaining from the few words around him a hint of what had happened, he pushed forward, as though he would seek the center of the throng. Wondering they made way for him, and in a moment more, his dead treasure still in his arms, he stood looking down upon Hank Rollof.

“Who did it?” he whispered.

“We don’t know,” one answered. “That is, we are supposed not to know until it is examined into. Of course we all do know, in fact, and likely as not it will turn out that it was the proper thing to do under the circumstances. That’s to be found out, to-morrow. Least said now, the better. The thing to be attended to at present is to see about burying this man, and so have done with him.”

Little Biddeford stooped down and gazed into the gambler’s face, almost lovingly, it seemed; then passed his hand over the broad brow, softly smoothing down the tangled hair.

“Bury him over yonder,” he muttered, motioning with his head towards the little pine grove, where the small grave had that morning been dug and still remained open. “He was not a good man, but—he was very kind to Meg. Very kind to her, always; and—and she would be so very lonely with no friend near her.”

*Leonard Kip.*

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### STORM.

Upon the sable bulwarks of the Night  
 There fell a flame-sword with a mighty flash,  
 That clove the cloud-bound portals with a crash,—  
 And sent the storm-flood forth in mad delight!

*Will Robert Williams.*

## PHOTOGRAPHY THE SERVANT OF ASTRONOMY.

In order to appreciate the present state of Astronomy, its new methods, its novel instruments, its recondite problems, it is necessary to glance at its condition a half century ago. The great astronomers, Bessel and W. Struve, were then contending in friendly rivalry to found the science on a sure basis. They had a perfectly definite object, and that object has been attained through their efforts, and through the efforts of the school of young men whom they trained either directly or indirectly—Argelander, Schönfeld, Krueger, Auwers, Winnecke, Wagner, Schiaparelli in Europe, Walker, Coffin, Hubbard, Gould in America.

The attention of astronomers was then almost exclusively directed to the question of the *motions* of the heavenly bodies, as determined by the law of universal gravitation. The vast catalogues of stars which have been made in the past half century, as well as the accurate discussion and re-discussion of the older observations of Bradley (1750), at Greenwich, were all undertaken for this sole object. The school of mathematical astronomers founded by Euler, Laplace, La Grange, Gauss, utilized these observations to the utmost. The examination of the surfaces of the planets was an entirely secondary question, and was largely left to amateur astronomers. The surface of the

sun was studied only in the crudest manner, simply for the enumeration of the solar spots.

The fact that these spots were periodic, was only established in 1851. Sir John Herschel was almost the only astronomer by profession who devoted himself to observations not "of precision."

In this fifty years, an entirely new science has arisen—Astrophysics—which is, indeed the daughter of Astronomy, but the cousin-german of Chemistry, Technics, Physics.

This new science always had its cultivators, even before it had a name. The elder Herschel set himself the problem "to find out the construction of the heavens," and this is the problem of Astrophysics, in contradistinction to the problem of exact Astronomy—"to find out how the heavenly bodies move." The modern form of Herschel's phrase is, "to determine the present constitution and the evolution history of the stars, the comets, the sun, the planets."

We must regard Sir William Herschel as the founder of the science. He has had great followers:—Schroeter, Sir John Herschel, Beer, Maedler, Fraunhofer, Kirchhoff, Bunsen, Lassell, Bond, De la Rue, Rutherford, Draper, Schiaparelli, Vogel, Janssen, Lockyer, Young, Langley, Pickering, not to speak of a host of other familiar names.

To-day there are several observatories devoted exclusively to the new science and their number is growing. This should be so. There are too many astronomical observatories idle. If the charm of the new fields is enough to make them efficient in forwarding the science as a whole, we must welcome the new impetus. But there is a note of warning to which we must give attention. We must keep strictly before us the means by which the older astronomy has

1 Die Photographie im Dienste der Astronomie, von Otto Struve. (1886.)

2 Rapport annuel sur l'état de l'observatoire de Paris, par M. le Contre-Amiral Mouchez (1884, 1885.)

3 Thirty-eighth annual report of the Director of the Astronomical observatory of Harvard College, by E. C. Pickering. (1884.)

4 Progress of Astronomy in 1885, by W. C. Winlock. (1886.)

5 Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society, 1884, 1885, 1886.

6 An investigation in stellar photography conducted at the Harvard College observatory, by E. C. Pickering. (1886.)

7 Vierteljahrsschrift der Astronomischen Gesellschaft. (1886.)



arrived at its proud position as the chief of the physical sciences. For hundreds, yes, thousands of years, one principle has run through all of Astronomy. Assiduous observations must be made according to well-considered plans, matured after deep reflection. The results of these observations must be compared with a theory expressed rigorously in the terms of mathematics. The differences between observation and theory must be treated by a profound analysis, so to derive corrections to the provisional theory. This provisional theory will in its turn become the basis of comparison with nature, and so on, until the ideal is reached by successive approximations. This ideal is simple and in many researches it has been attained already. It is to push the successive approximations until we can *predict* the position or the motion of a heavenly body as accurately as we can *observe* it. When this stage is reached we may leave the special problem in hand, until the methods of observation are themselves improved.

If Astrophysics will accept this ideal and strive for it, there is no future so brilliant that we may not claim it for her portion. If this straight and narrow way is departed from, although the new science is followed never so assiduously, no essential progress can be expected, and real harm is sure to follow.

Astrophysics has three well marked lines of research, namely: *Spectrum Analysis* (now a quarter of a century old), *Celestial Photometry* (half a century), *Celestial Photography* (dating back exactly forty-six years). Schiaparelli's theory of Meteor-streams and their connection with comets, belongs to this science in so far as it throws light upon the material out of which comets are built; and every part of physics which treats of the action of one body upon another body at a distance, whether through gravitation, heat, magnetism, electricity, has close relations to it. But the three main paths are Spectroscopy, Celestial Photometry, and Celestial

Photography. It is of the latter path that I wish to speak in this paper. We shall follow it assiduously at the Lick Observatory, and we shall have unrivaled opportunities to do so.

Spectroscopy in certain of its lines, we shall also follow, and our opportunities in this branch also are unique. Photometry is so thoroughly done at the Harvard College Observatory that it would be a waste of energy for another American observatory to devote any great part of its time to such researches.

I assume that some slight explanation of the differences between a photographic telescope and an ordinary one, will not be superfluous. The object glass of an ordinary telescope brings the rays by which we *see* (those having a wave-length of about 6,000 ten-millionths of a millimetre), to an accurate focus. These cannot be photographed except by special plates and with special difficulty. The rays which affect the photographic salts of silver have a wave length of about 4,000 ten-millionths of a millimetre, and to bring these to a focus, the two lenses of the ordinary achromatic object glass must be supplemented by a third lens. This third lens is so arranged that it can be placed in front of (and close against) the ordinary objective, and it turns the telescope from a seeing instrument into a camera. It is also necessary to say that if the telescope remains fixed, while a bright star is passing across its field of view, the image of the star will pass across the sensitive plate, and will leave a "*trail*" which is the visible representative of the direction of the star's diurnal motion. Equatorial stars as faint as the 8th or 9th magnitude will give *trails*.

If, on the contrary, we attach an accurate driving clock to the telescope, and cause it to follow the star in its motion from east to west, rising to setting, we shall have instead of a trail, a bright point, the photographic *image*. If we wish to make a *picture* of the sky, we must register the stars by such points

as these. The trails have, however, various advantages, one of which is that they cannot be mistaken for dust or for pin holes on the plate itself. The position of the dots in latitude and longitude can be very accurately measured. The *latitude* of the star can be even better determined from its trail, but its longitude must then be determined by special devices, which I need not describe. In the ordinary methods of observing, the Astronomer views the visual images of the heavenly bodies, and either examines their surfaces, or determines their position with reference to adjacent bodies (as for example, the positions of satellites relative to their planet), by means of extremely accurate and refined micrometers, forming a part of the eye-piece of his telescope.

To utilize photographic plates fully, and especially to make them a substitute for micrometric measures, it is necessary to contrive elaborate measuring engines to take the place of the costly micrometers, ordinarily used with telescopes. These engines measure the positions of the dots or trails on the plates, after these had been removed from the telescope.

Mr. Rutherford first made a satisfactory engine of this kind; it was then improved upon in the design of Professor Harkness adopted by the U. S. Transit of Venus Commission, in 1874, and the Lick Observatory owns the finest specimen of this class, which was made for it under the supervision of Professor Harkness.

The very first essay in Astronomical Photography was that of Prof. John William Draper, of New York, who, in the year 1840, took a satisfactory daguerreotype of the moon. The experiments of Dr. Draper were repeated by George Bond, Director of the Harvard College Observatory, in 1850, and a lunar daguerreotype made by him was exhibited at London in 1851, at the World's Fair, where it attracted much attention.

During the years 1853 to 1857, Mr. De

la Rue, of London, made lunar daguerreotypes and photographs, some of great excellence. In 1864, Dr. Lewis Rutherford, of New York, made an eleven and one half inch objective, which was corrected *only* for the photographic rays, and by means of this he obtained the finest photographs of the moon which have yet been made. Doctor Henry Draper, about the same time, made a fifteen inch reflecting telescope with which he also took excellent lunar photographs. These latter have been enlarged to three and even to four feet in diameter, from the original picture of about two inches and a half. A long-focus telescope is of great advantage in these researches. The pictures in the principal focus of the Melbourne reflector are some six inches in diameter, and I have seen a few of these of great excellence. Such pictures can be enlarged in printing, from six to twelve times.

The photographs of the moon in the focus of the Lick equatorial, will be six inches in diameter, and will probably stand an enlargement of twelve times, so as to be six feet finally.

Lunar photographs have not advanced our knowledge in any important degree up to this time, however.

*Solar* daguerreotypes were first taken by Foucault and Fizeau in 1845 at Paris, on the advice of Arago. In 1857, Mr. De la Rue contrived the Photoheliograph for the Kew Observatory, by which solar photographs have been taken since that time daily at Kew and Greenwich.

Mr. Janssen of Mendon, near Paris, about 1878, succeeded in making his exquisite photographs of the sun on glass, which show an astonishing amount of detail. I understand that these are chiefly made by means of a six-inch refractor, and I have never been able to comprehend how so much detail can be shown with an objective of such a small separating power, nor to rid myself of an impression that some, at least, of these details are due to atmospheric disturb-



ances.

If the exposures are made extremely short ( $\frac{1}{1000}$  to  $\frac{1}{10000}$  of a second), very successful results can be obtained in solar photography. There is, undoubtedly, an important field of research still open here, especially with large objectives of great separating power.

The first photographs of a solar eclipse were made by Busch, at Koenigsburg, in 1851, and by Bartlett at West Point, in 1854; but these were merely interesting experiments. The eclipse photographs of De la Rue in 1860, were of real scientific importance, since they established beyond doubt, the fact that the solar protuberances were really appendages of the sun, and not of the moon.

I believe the first photograph of the *spectrum of the Sun* at a solar eclipse was taken at the Egyptian eclipse of 1882, by Professor Schuster, and also by the party under Mr. Lockyer. Very perfect photographs of the solar spectrum were taken at the total eclipse of 1883 in the Pacific Ocean, by the English parties and by the French parties, and the subject does not now present any great difficulties.

In 1881, Doctor Huggins announced that he had been able to photograph the *solar corona* without an eclipse, by a special arrangement of his telescope, the chief point of which consisted in a mechanical occultation of the solar disc. His photographs certainly show details of structure which resemble those of the sun's corona. Up to the present time Doctor Huggins' conclusions have not been accepted entirely. The solar eclipse of August, 1886, will probably decide this interesting question conclusively. If Doctor Huggins' pictures, taken in London on the day of the eclipse, resemble those taken at the stations in Africa and the West Indies, where the eclipse is alone visible, no doubt can remain.

Photography served a very useful purpose in its application to the transits of Venus of 1874 and 1882. All photographs of both

these transits, taken by means of the horizontal photoheliograph, invented by Laussedat and Winlock, and used by the United States observing parties, were of extreme value, and it is probable, in my opinion, that the values of the solar parallax, derived from the American photographs at these two transits, will be found to be extremely near the truth.

According to Professor Pickering, the first *daguerreotype of a star* was taken at Harvard College Observatory, on July 17th, 1850, under the direction of the elder Bond. The star *Vega* was satisfactorily daguerreotyped, and later the double star *Castor* gave an elongated image, which was plainly due to its two components. The sensitiveness of the daguerreotype plates then in use was so small that even such bright stars as these gave faint images, and no impression whatever was obtained from the pole star, no matter how long the exposure. These experiments were repeated with various stars and clusters, but finally the work was abandoned on account of photographic difficulties. In 1857 the younger Bond resumed the research. At this time the collodion process had greatly reduced the time of exposure, and the plates were of much greater sensitiveness. An impression of the double star *Zeta Ursae Majoris* was obtained in eight seconds. A *trail* was obtained from the image of the bright star *Vega*. The faintest star photographed was the companion of *Epsilon Lyrae*, which is of the sixth magnitude, that is, just visible to the naked eye.

A series of measures was made of the relative positions and distances of the various double stars photographed, in order to see whether measures made upon a photographic plate could be used to replace those made in the ordinary manner at the telescope. It was found that a single measure made upon the plate was about of the same value as a single measure made by an astronomer with the ordinary micrometer. Pro-

Professor Bond pointed out very clearly how photographic images might be used to determine accurately the relative brightness of stars, and also what the advantages of photography were for the permanent registration of star positions. Mr. De la Rue and Doctor Rutherford soon after repeated these experiments of Professor Bond, and a very extended investigation was undertaken in 1864 by Doctor Rutherford, and continued by him for many years. Most of the principal clusters in the northern heavens were photographed, as well as most of the brighter double stars. These researches have never been fully utilized for the following reason: the photographs were measured in the most careful manner on a measuring engine, in which the distances of one star from another were determined by means of a very accurate screw. After the series of measures had been continued for several years, it was discovered that the screw itself had worn considerably, so that the value of its revolutions was not the same as it had formerly been. It was impossible to discover at what time this wear commenced, nor how it progressed, and therefore these excellent photographs have remained undiscussed up to the present time. The distances, which must be accurately measured, are about  $\frac{1}{50000}$  of an inch. The faintest stars shown in Doctor Rutherford's eleven-inch telescope are about of the ninth magnitude. The plates used by Doctor Rutherford were, I believe, exclusively wet plates.

Doctor Henry Draper attacked the same problem in 1880, using, however, the most sensitive dry plates then available. In 1881 with an eleven-inch refractor constructed by the Clarks, he obtained a photograph of the *Nebula of Orion*, in which one of the stars is shown whose magnitude is not more than  $14\frac{1}{2}$ . This star is barely visible with a telescope of the same aperture as that with which the photograph was taken. The photographic plate now had become as efficient an instrument of research as the eye

itself. Mr. Janssen also photographed the Nebula of *Orion* in 1881, but the best of all such photographs has been made by Mr. Common of England, with his three-foot silver-on-glass reflector.

Doctor B. A. Gould, in his expedition to the southern hemisphere (1870-1884), carried with him a photographic lens of eleven inches aperture, and during his entire stay of more than ten years, employed all the available time at his command in accumulating negatives of the principal southern double stars and clusters. These photographs have not yet been discussed, and Doctor Gould has discovered that there are signs that the films on the negatives are now beginning to deteriorate. Probably this extensive and important series will soon receive discussion.

During the years 1882-86 many observatories have undertaken some researches in stellar photography. The Royal Astronomer at the Cape of Good Hope, Doctor Gill, has undertaken to make a map of the whole southern heavens, by photographic means only. The Rev. T. E. Espin, of Liverpool, has published a catalogue of the magnitudes of 500 stars, determined by means of photography alone. The most extensive investigation is that of the brothers Paul and Prosper Henry, of the Observatory of Paris. Important investigations have also been made at the Astrophysical Observatory of Potsdam and at two Physical observatories in Hungary.

In 1863, Doctor Huggins of London obtained a photographic image of the *spectrum of Sirius*, but no lines were visible in this spectrum. The first successful photograph of the spectrum of a star was obtained by Doctor Henry Draper, in 1872. Both of these astronomers succeeded in 1876 in obtaining valuable spectrum photographs of the brightest stars. In 1882 they both obtained a photograph of the spectrum of the nebula in *Orion*. Since 1882 many astronomers and observatories have devoted themselves to photographic researches, but



little has been published, except by the Observatory of Harvard College. Here the years 1882-1885 were spent in very elaborate experiments, preliminary to undertaking larger and more important researches. The chief investigations now in hand are briefly described in what follows. A very large number of photographs have been taken of the regions lying about the north celestial pole. The photographic telescope employed is eight inches in aperture. The experiments are still in progress. The chief *results* up to now have been the establishing the relative brightness of one hundred and seventeen stars within one degree of the pole. A second research in progress is the determination of the relative brightness of all the brighter stars. Other experiments are in hand, but as they all relate to photometry or to spectroscopy, they may be passed over here, after merely calling attention to them as the most important researches of the kind.

In 1882 Doctor Gill, at the Cape of Good Hope, succeeded in photographing the great comet of that year, and in doing this he proved the practicable possibility of making star maps, which should contain all the stars down to the tenth magnitude. In 1885 the Royal Society granted £300 to the Cape of Good Hope Observatory for photographic purposes. Doctor Gill has set himself to the solution of two problems. First, that of securing as soon as possible a complete photographic map of the southern heavens, containing every star visible down to the tenth magnitude, so as to continue the *Durchmusterung* of Argelander. Secondly, to test the possibility of photographing the solar corona daily without an eclipse, by the method first suggested by Doctor Huggins. For the first purpose Mr. Gill makes use of one of Dallmeyer's rapid rectilinear combinations, composed of two concavo-convex achromatic combinations of six inches aperture. This camera is mounted on an equatorial stand, and is pointed by

means of a telescope of forty-five inches focal length and three and one half inches aperture. The exposures are an hour long when the sky is clear. Each plate is six inches square, and covers an area of about thirty-six degrees. Every such area is photographed twice, so as to render it impossible to confound the images of faint stars with minute dust specks. In this way a great portion of the sky has already been photographed in duplicate.

The same observatory has recently obtained a much more powerful optical apparatus through the generosity of Mr. James Nasmyth, who has purchased a specially corrected photographic objective of nine inches aperture and nine feet focal length, made by Mr. Grubb, of Dublin. The field of this Nasmyth lens will be much more limited than that of the Dallmeyer apparatus, but it is expected to obtain from it a photograph of all stars to the twelfth or thirteenth magnitude inclusive, within a circle of a radius of one or one and one-half degrees. The other research with regard to the photographs of the solar corona is still in progress, but there are so many difficulties and doubts connected with this very delicate matter, that the Observatory of the Cape has preferred not to make any definite publications upon it for the present.

Mr. Roberts, in England, has erected a reflector of twenty inches aperture, and of one hundred inches focus, for stellar photography alone, and has made considerable progress in the work of charting the northern heavens. The size of the field of Mr. Roberts' telescope is two degrees in declination, and one and one half degrees in right ascension. The time of exposure is fifteen minutes in a clear sky. The companion to the pole-star is just visible in four seconds under the best circumstances. Mr. Roberts refers to an important difficulty, which is, that in most photographic plates, there are small specks in the film, many of

which look like stars, and which are extremely difficult to distinguish from stars even when they are viewed through a microscope. Dr. Gill, at the Cape of Good Hope, avoids this difficulty by taking two photographs of the same field successively, giving to each an exposure of one hour. At Paris, three exposures of an hour each are made, on the same plate.

Mr. Common's experiments commenced in 1879. At this time, using dry plates with his three-foot reflector, he took successful pictures of the *Pleiades*, with one and one half minutes exposure, showing all the stars to the eighth and ninth magnitude. In 1882, he devoted his time to photographing the Nebula in *Orion*, and has obtained wonderful results.

After making such a splendid success with his three-foot reflector, Mr. Common is now making one of five feet in aperture. There is no doubt that a mirror of this aperture can be accurately figured by the optician. The difficulties in using it, come from unequal flexure of its various parts and from their differing temperatures. Difficulties of this nature have never yet been successfully overcome for reflectors of more than thirty-six inches of aperture, but Mr. Common's great mechanical skill and knowledge and experience, leads us to hope that he may succeed in this important undertaking.

In September 1884, Dr. Lohse used the eleven-inch refractor of the Potsdam Observatory to photograph the star cluster in *Perseus*. An exposure of forty-five minutes was given, and stars as faint as the tenth and eleventh magnitude were registered.

A number of other star clusters have also been photographed by Dr. Lohse. The Savilian Observatory at Oxford (England), has undertaken to study two constellations (*Lyra* and *Cassiopeia*), by photography on plates one degree square.

The early experiments at the Paris Observatory, 1884, were made with a telescope with an aperture of 16-100 of a metre

(6.3 inches), and they were so successful that it was decided to make a larger instrument specially for photography, and soon an objective of 34-100 of a metre aperture (13.4 inches), and 3 metres and 43-100ths focal length (134 inches), was made. Parallel to this photographic telescope, one of about the same focus, and of 24-100ths of a metre (9.5 inches) aperture, is placed as a directing telescope. In May, 1885, the new photographic telescope was first brought into use, and a few of the important results that have been reached by it are mentioned below. Stars down to the fifteenth magnitude are photographed with an exposure of one hour, the plates being something more than two degrees square. From one to two thousand stars are shown to each square degree with this exposure, using dry plates. On these plates three separate exposures of an hour each, are given, the instrument being moved between each exposure, so as to change the position of the image on the plate about five seconds of arc each time. The three images of the same star thus form a little triangle. By means of this telescope, a new and very faint nebula has been discovered in the *Pleiades*, which would never have been discovered, if we depended on the eye alone. Admirable photographs of *Saturn* have been taken by direct enlargement of the primary image, through a non-achromatic eye-piece, which gives a magnifying power of eleven times. Hyperion, the faintest satellite of *Saturn*, a difficult object in the twenty-six inch telescope, at Washington, has been photographed with an exposure of thirty minutes, and the satellite of *Neptune* can be taken in any part of its orbit, as it is situated at present. With an exposure of one hour the eleventh and fifteenth magnitude stars have an actual diameter of about 1-1,000th of an inch, that is in arc about one and one-half seconds. Stars of the fifth or sixth magnitude are about one minute in diameter, with long exposures. With a properly limited expos-



ure, these also are of extremely minute dimensions.

The proper exposure for a first magnitude star, like *Sirius* or *Vega*, is not more than 5-1000 of a second. For a star just visible to the naked eye, half a second is sufficient. For stars of the tenth magnitude, twenty seconds; of the twelfth, two minutes; of the thirteenth, five minutes; of the fourteenth, thirteen minutes; and for the faintest visible, an hour and twenty-three minutes. These results are, of course, a minimum, and also they are but approximate.

As far as is known, the growth of the image of a star upon the photographic plate is equal, and concentric with the point of the plate, on which the size of the star falls. The faintest stars on these Paris plates are, as was said, arranged in little groups of three. As the brighter stars on these plates are examined, it is found that the size of each of the images increases, until they over-lap; this continues until the complete images of any one bright star, are very much larger than the original small triangle. The appearance is as if three circles nearly as large as the resulting image, had been struck from the center of what would have been, (in the case of a smaller star) the three separate stars of a group. It is the intention of the Director of the Observatory of Paris, to use this photographic telescope to continue the construction of Ecliptic charts. And it is suggested by the Director, that by means of the co-operation of six or eight observatories, the whole heavens should be charted in a similar way. There are 41,000 square degrees in the whole heavens, and if six square degrees can be registered on a plate (with one hour's exposure), 7,000 such plates must be made, requiring at least 7,000 hours. To avoid mistakes, at least two exposures must be given for each region, or 14,000 plates and 14,000 hours are necessary.

If we allow one hundred clear nights in a year (which is a fair allowance for all obser-

vatories, except the Lick observatory, where we can count on at least two hundred), it would require one hundred and forty years at any one observatory to do this work, or fourteen at ten observatories. I, personally, doubt whether the strict adherence to a plan, which is indispensable to success, could be maintained at so many establishments for so long a period. The Lick observatory will be glad to aid in this work, with all its powers, but we should hardly be willing to bind ourselves to a programme which exacted so much routine work for so long. The whole subject is yet in too unsettled a state to warrant an international undertaking of such magnitude, at present. A number of years must be spent in tentative researches before the right paths are struck out. I give some of the most obvious directions for these trials in what follows.

The two hundred and sixty or more small planets (asteroids) which lie between *Mars* and *Jupiter* have all been discovered by the slow process of comparing a star map, night after night, with the heavens. A star not on the map is either an omitted star to be inserted, or a minor planet, known or unknown. A photographic objective of twelve inches aperture will show a *trail* for a star of the magnitude of the brighter asteroids with an exposure of half an hour. An hour's exposure will probably show the trail of the faintest asteroids (12-13 magnitude). One of the immediate results of the application of photography will undoubtedly be to greatly increase the number of known asteroids.

There are reasons to believe in the existence of a major planet exterior to *Neptune*. If such a planet exists, it is not likely to be brighter than the tenth magnitude, and its motion will be very slow. Hence it is unlikely, at least, that such a planet can be discovered by its trail on the plate. The method of three exposures on the same plate employed at Paris probably would not dis-

close the existence of a trans-Neptunian planet, though it would suffice for the detection of *Neptune* itself in most parts of its orbit. Probably the surest way to detect such a body, if it exists, would be to take photographs of the same region on successive days. Such plates would then have to be laboriously compared, star by star. Doubtful cases would require a third night's work to be done in order to decide.

A blue-print of two such plates will enable all the brighter stars to be quickly compared and disposed of. The real labor will then be confined to the stars less bright than the faintest which can be blue-printed. The problem of the constitution of the stellar universe must be studied, it seems, by some kind of celestial statistics derived from counts or *gauges* of the stars. Nearly all the conclusions we have so far reached, are based on the counts made by Sir William Herschel. I have myself spent much time in continuing these. All such work is now useless. Photographic maps will give us all the requisite data, and will throw much light, too, on another closely connected problem—the extinction of light in space—provided only that all negatives taken for this object are made strictly comparable in every respect. This *proviso* is of the utmost importance, and very difficult to be lived up to in any work done by co-operating observatories. It is just possible that photometric measures of the photographs of a very eccentric asteroid can now be made with sufficient delicacy to settle the question whether light is, or is not, extinguished in space.

The precision of the photographic images of stars is so great that there is no doubt that measures of the negatives of double stars, of star clusters and groups, will, at least in most instances, take the place of the painful and laborious micrometric measures which are now employed by observers. The photographs have their own errors, and many of them; but these are all susceptible of investigation.

The shrinkage of the gelatine films of the negatives is likely to prove a grave difficulty in the application of photography to exact astronomy, but this can always be detected by photographing a net work of lines on glass. Very serious difficulties of this kind have lately been met with by Professor Pritchard, of Oxford, in his researches on the (photographic) parallax of  $\delta$  *Cygni*.

But photographic plates have also many capital advantages. For example, the photographic impress of a star gives really its *mean* or average position, freed from those accidental and transitory variations of place which are due to variations of atmospheric refraction—a constant source of error. The saving of time is also important.

An exposure of an hour has given (at the Paris observatory) a map of 5,000 stars in four square degrees in the constellation *Cygnus*. The best maps we now have give 170 of the brightest stars only, in this place. To map 5,000 stars by the eye alone would require several years. The writer spent all the time he could spare from routine observations during four years with the twenty-six inch equatorial, at Washington, in a study of the Nebula of *Orion*. Every important result reached by that study, and very many not comprised in it, was attained by Mr. Common's photograph (subsequently taken), which required an exposure of forty minutes only.

Another important advantage of the new methods is that they do not require highly skilled observers. It required a Bessel or a Struve to determine the parallax of  $\delta$  *Cygni* or of *Vega*. But photographic exposures can be made, and glass negatives successfully measured by well trained assistants, after the plan of observation has once been thoroughly thought out. This is no slight benefit. The skill of the astronomer is reserved for real difficulties, and the merely laborious work can be done in duplicate, if necessary, by younger men.

Again, the chemical plate is sensitive to a



whole series of rays, which produce no effect on the human eye. Only half of the faintest stars of any photographic map, are visible to the eye in the same telescope. Photographic methods thus increase the range of our vision immensely; they also increase its sharpness. The photographic plate will register the sum of all the impressions it receives. It does not tire, as the eye does, and refuse to pay attention for more than a small fraction of a second, but it will faithfully record every ray of light that falls upon it, even for hours, and finally it will produce its automatic register, so that the eye can see it, and so that this can be measured, if necessary, again and again. The permanence of the records, is of the greatest importance, and so far, as we know it is complete, when the best modern plates are employed.

We can hand down to our successors a picture of the sky, locked in a box. What would we not give for such a record bequeathed to us by Hipparchus or by Galileo!

It will be of interest, to briefly state here, how far the equipment of the Lick Observatory will fit it to engage in this important branch of research. It is known that the situation of the observatory is the finest in the world, both as to the number of clear days, and as to the quality of steady atmosphere. The observatory will be completely equipped for all micrometric work, and also for all spectroscopic researches. We may summarize its facilities for excursions in the field of astronomical photography as follows: We expect to have a photographic objective as large as thirty-six inches in aperture, if the glass for this can be obtained. This will be mounted in the most perfect manner, and we shall employ the twelve-inch Clark telescope, now at the observatory, as a pointing telescope for the large objective. The twelve-inch telescope will be mounted alongside the other. An electrically controlled driving clock will keep

the two telescopes accurately directed during the exposure. Our objective will collect nine times the light of any other photographic telescope now made. We should therefore be able to photograph fainter objects. The focal length of the photographic combination will be about 580 inches, and 1" on the plate will therefore be 0.002 inches. This is a quantity whose  $\frac{1}{500}$  part can easily be measured.

A single exposure will give us a map of the sky comprising four square degrees on a plate 24x24 inches. A few minutes will impress on this plate a permanent record of the position and brightness of all the stars visible in even the largest telescopes. A comparison of two such plates taken on different nights will point out any changes which might easily escape the most minute observation by other methods. The sun's image unmagnified will be six inches in diameter; a large sunspot will be the size of one's finger-nail. Beautiful photographs of the planets can be taken so as to register with perfect accuracy the features of their surfaces. Comets and nebulae can be studied at leisure from their automatic registers as one studies a copper-plate engraving. The variations of refraction from the horizon to the zenith can be made to record themselves for measurement. There is absolutely no end to the problems lying close at hand, and their number and their importance will develop with time. We are merely at the threshold of this subject. There is no question that the large telescope with its two objectives in its absolutely perfect site is the most important astronomical instrument in the world. Mr. Lick's desire has been fulfilled so far, and more than fulfilled. But a mere instrument is nothing but a splendid monument (to more than one man) without intelligent use. Californians must not point at this telescope and say it is the largest in the world, but it must be their effort to make it the most useful.

Mr. Lick's bequest for the observatory

was \$700,000, of which nearly \$200,000 will remain after the observatory is completed. The income from this sum must support the observatory for the present. Although the whole plan of the observatory has been made with direct reference to keeping its running expenses low, it is clear that the company of astronomers will have to be kept small. The work of these observers must be concentrated on the large equatorial, and even then their energies will not be sufficient to utilize every moment. It is not our intention to jealously guard the immense scientific opportunity for ourselves, for California, or even for the United States. The real gift of Mr. Lick was to the world. We mean to put the large telescope at the disposition of the world, by inviting its most distinguished astronomers to visit us, one at a time; and to give them the use of the instrument during certain specific hours of the twenty-four. Each day there will be certain hours set apart when the observatory staff will relinquish the use of the equatorial to distinguished specialists who will come upon our invitation from the United States and from Europe to solve or to attack some one of the many unsolved problems of astronomy. In this way we hope to make the gift of Mr. Lick one which is truly a gift to science, and not merely a gift to California and to its University.

Even under such circumstances it will be impossible to utilize the instrumental outfit to the full. It was clearly the duty of the Lick trustees to make this observatory perfect in every respect, and to provide it with all the instruments necessary to a complete equipment. This they have done economically and wisely. So far as I can judge, there is nothing that should be altered. The instruments are all necessary, and they are mounted in the most perfect manner.

Each one is directly subordinate to the large equatorial and accessory to it. Nothing has been purchased, and no work has been done, which does not directly tend to

make the observations made by the large equatorial either more complete, or more immediately useful. The cost of the whole observatory may fairly be said to be the cost of the great telescope in place, and entirely ready for work. The objective itself has cost \$52,000. The photographic lens will add \$13,000 to this. The mounting which is to carry the tube of nearly sixty feet in length, is to be made and delivered for \$42,000. The dome, of seventy feet interior diameter, will be built in San Francisco, and I have no doubt that it will be materially better than any now made. The chief novelty will be the adoption of Mr. Grubb's ingenious plan for placing the observer in a proper position with reference to his telescope. We have to recollect that the eye-piece of the telescope may be about five feet from the floor of the dome when the telescope is pointed to the zenith, or it may be thirty-five feet in the horizontal position. The ordinary observing chair, which is convenient enough when it is not more than sixteen feet high, becomes a cumbrous and inconvenient affair when it is extended to thirty-five feet. Mr. Grubb proposed to remedy this by raising the whole floor of the dome like an elevator, to the proper height. The whole floor will be raised vertically a distance of sixteen and one-half feet by four screws. The ascent is made in four minutes with a perfectly parallel motion. The water supply for this purpose comes from the watershed of the dome itself. The last mechanical difficulty is now overcome, and it is expected that the steel dome will be mounted during the present year, or at least in the spring of 1887. The contract price for the dome delivered and erected is \$56,800, and for the moving floor \$14,250. The sum of these items is \$178,000 and if this is increased by others not named here it will raise the cost of the large instrument in place to \$200,000. The preparation of the top of the mountain to receive the buildings, the erection of the buildings themselves and



the observers' houses, and above all the provision of an adequate water supply has been covered by the remaining \$300,000.

With faithfulness on the part of the company of astronomers to which this magnificent equipment is confided, and with the

generous support of the friends of science in California, much may be expected to follow from this splendid gift to America and to the world.

*Edward S. Holden.*

## ROANOKE: A TALE OF RALEIGH'S COLONY.

[The following story was written many years ago by a Virginian, who died without offering it for publication. Recently the manuscript was found among a collection of pamphlets which had once belonged to his library, but which had come into the possession of a dealer in second hand books. Other tales about the colonists at Roanoke have been told, but the plot and ending of this one are quite different from those of preceding ones, and as the author was evidently fully persuaded of the authenticity of the records which he used, there is no reason why others should doubt them. The following is the complete story as written by him.]

A FEW months ago, while I was rummaging among old-fashioned spinning wheels, trunks, books, and other neglected heirlooms, in a garret of an ancient dwelling house in the southern part of Virginia, I stumbled upon a dust covered Bible, which, to all appearances, had not been opened for a hundred years or more.

Deeming it to be of no greater value than most of the antiquarian rubbish lying around it, I merely opened it carelessly, and then, tossing it aside, thought no more about it for the time. At the dinner table, however, I made some casual remark about my having found it, and learned then that the family knew not how it had come there, for it had passed with the house from generation to generation without being touched, save when romping children used it in their sports as a footstool, or when now and then it was pushed away to make room for decrepit

furniture.

After dinner the old darkey who had waited upon us, calling me aside, said that in his boyhood's days there was a tradition current, that the Bible had been given to the founder of the family by an Indian chief, and that the Indians had been very anxious to be rid of it, for the writing in it, unintelligible to them, had filled their minds with fear lest it might afflict them with an evil spirit.

I had noticed the writing, but believed it was only the scribbling of children. The old man's statements led me to examine the book more carefully. After considerable study, I was surprised and delighted to find that on the margins of the pages and between the widely separated lines of black letter type was written, in the form of a diary, a minute record of the doings and sufferings of the colony, which had been sent to America by Sir Walter Raleigh, but which had disappeared from the civilized world soon after their governor's return to England in 1587.

With great pains-taking, I copied the journal of Sydney More,—for that was the name of the industrious scribe—and it was fortunate that I did so, for the dwelling with its contents, including the old Bible, was destroyed by fire soon afterwards.

So deeply impressed was I by the sad romance that could be distinctly read between the lines of the record, that I was moved to combine some of the chief incidents in this sketch. To explain certain allusions in my story, it may be well, however, to state briefly what, until the present time, had been

known about the colony.

Undaunted by the failure of former attempts to settle Virginia, Sir Walter Raleigh, in 1587, again sent thither a band of emigrants with John White as governor. Although Raleigh had commanded that the colony should be planted somewhere on the present Chesapeake Bay, it was found necessary to settle in July on Roanoke Island. During the next few weeks the foundations of "the City of Raleigh" were laid. Manteo, the faithful Indian ally of the colonists, was baptized and dubbed Lord of Roanoke; and, on the eighteenth of August, Virginia Dare was born. She was the granddaughter of White, who, nine days after her birth, embarked for England to fetch back more supplies for the colony.

Unforeseen occurrences prevented his return for over two years. When he again reached Roanoke, the colonists had disappeared, leaving no clue to their whereabouts save the word CROATAN inscribed upon a post. A storm induced him to relinquish further search for them, and when he turned again towards England, they were lost to history, and would have remained so, had not the record been discovered. The full account of the planting of the colony, and of White's return voyage, may be found in Captain John Smith's "General Historie, Etc.," published in London in 1627.

With this short introduction I shall now relate my story of the colonists, which I have endeavored to make as readable as imagination with strict regard for the facts will allow.

## I.

IT WAS with sad hearts that the one hundred colonists remaining saw White's ship disappear below the horizon. The accident to the sailors at the weighing of the anchor was ill omened, and when at last the cable had to be cut, it seemed to many that the only tie that bound them to the old world had been severed. Nevertheless they set to

work with right good will to make themselves comfortable for the few weeks that were to pass before they should depart for the mainland.

By the middle of the following October, all preparations for removal had been completed, and men, women, and children embarked in canoes provided by the Indians. The houses had been taken down; the building materials, which had been brought from England, had been rafted to the mainland; the heavier articles, such as ordnance, heavy shot, superfluous utensils, etc., had been buried; and Ananias Dare, the father of Virginia, in accordance with instructions from White, had cut on one of the posts that formed part of the palisade around their buried treasures, in large capitals, the name of their destination, CROATAN. There they spent the winter and spring, awaiting the return of the Governor (upon which they expected to return to the island), and learning to understand and to appreciate more fully the fidelity of Manteo.

But in July, when they were daily expecting the return of the English ships, when Eleanor Dare with her infant in her arms was wont every morning to take her place on the brow of a lofty hill, and to sit there for hours watching for the white sails of her father's vessel to appear far out at sea, Manteo announced that a plot for their destruction was forming among the neighboring Mangoaks; that this tribe had set apart the seventeenth of the month to fall upon the Croatans and their guests, and to slaughter all.

During the few days that would elapse before that time, the Mangoaks would be engaged in their midsummer feast; and while *that* continued, nothing could induce them to use their weapons in warfare. At that time it was customary for all the members of the tribe to assemble within their fortified town to indulge in eating, drinking, and barbarous dances. Manteo, therefore, urged the English to take advantage of this respite,



either by withdrawing quietly to the island, where they might prepare themselves more perfectly against a heavy attack and possibly siege, or by accompanying the Croatans in secret flight to the mountains, where all would be safe from their savage foes.

The latter suggestion met with the approval of the colonists. Hasty was their departure. Little time was there for useless lamentation and vain regrets at relinquishing the hope of succor from their returning friends; ten hours after Manteo revealed the plot, they had started for the wilderness.

The white women and children were borne on rudely constructed benches by their dusky sisters; the younger men walked, carrying the light tools and utensils, and driving the few remaining cattle; while a picked number of musketeers, with the Indian males, formed a guard before and behind the train. Thus for many days they journeyed—now passing over sterile districts, which barely supported the growth of scrubby pines, now pushing through the tangled undergrowth of the luxuriant primeval forests; crossing streams by fording, or upon rafts hastily made and almost breaking with the weight of their burdens; ascending steep hills, from which could be obtained glimpses of the distant mountains, almost as blue as the vault above them; and then descending into valleys filled with miasmal exhalations.

At length, after many weary wanderings, they came to a pleasant site for their permanent home—a level stretch of country covered with tall prairie grass, whose billowy heavings reminded them of the ocean far behind them. Tall spurs of the mountains hedged it in on every side.

The settlement, named Roanoke, was made here. Within a tall palisade were built neat rows of houses; at the corners of the fortification were raised tall watch towers; and around the whole was dug a deep ditch, over which was placed one bridge, which could be drawn up in time of danger.

Within five or six years a large area of the

surrounding plain had been fenced in to prevent stray cattle from wandering into the mountain forests, and to exclude wild beasts. A part of this area was tilled, and in other parts sleek cattle grazed. The little settlement was in every respect flourishing, and the Indians and the whites, interested in the same undertakings, and living in daily intercourse with one another, were becoming more, affiliated as the years passed. The Indians, by nature inclined to roam through forests and to follow warlike pursuits, had been persuaded to throw aside much of their savagery, and some had become excellent farmers and mechanics. Their squaws had adopted costumes patterned after those of the English women, while these had been obliged to use in their garments the same materials as their allies used. Unity and contentment prevailed and it seemed as if nothing could interfere with the evenness of their existence.

To mortals, however, is not given the power to see very far into futurity.

## II.

ONE beautiful evening in May, 1610, a number of the young people of the settlement, their day's work being over, were gathered before the door of Roger Prat's cabin. He had been one of the original assistants of Raleigh's colony, and was the minister of the little settlement in the heart of the mountains. He had buried many of the older colonists, had joined in marriage the younger men and women, and had baptized their children. In his kindly old heart he had a soft place for all the young people growing up around him; while they on the other hand relied upon his good judgment and sound advice in their little perplexities, and shared with him their joys and sorrows. The old parson, now bending under the weight of seventy years, and patiently awaiting the summons to lay aside his earthly burdens, was never more pleased than

when the youths and maidens collected round his doorstep and listened eagerly to his narration of the colony's history, his descriptions of life in England, his reminiscences of their patron, Raleigh, and his fatherly counsels. They never wearied of his stories, to which his well-stored mind always lent a freshness, notwithstanding constant repetition of details. For, in spite of his great age, Roger Prat's mind was as clear and his voice as firm as ever.

Among the dozen Indians and whites that composed the old man's audience that evening, were four persons who were to play no unimportant parts, directly or indirectly, in the later history of the colony. At the minister's feet, with her eager face turned toward his, sat Virginia Dare. She was a young woman of medium height and well-proportioned figure; her complexion was dark and clear; and beneath a low brow, crowned with rippling black hair, her straight-forward gray eyes looked out from below long lashes. Some called her beautiful; and, indeed, her sweet, even disposition, her calmness in emergencies, and her willingness to oblige caused her to be admired by all the men folk in the community, while at the same time—in apparent contradiction of all known human experience—she was equally beloved by nearly all the women. No one was more ready than she to watch through dreary night hours beside the sick or dying; no one knew better how to alleviate the fancied wrongs of little children, or to dispel the cares of the elders. But no man had yet persuaded her to leave her girlhood's home and to lavish all her tenderness upon him.

By her side, from which he was seldom absent on such occasions, Jack Coge, the son of Anthony Coge, lay stretched at ease upon the grass. His face was a contradictory one: when he addressed Virginia it was bright and open, but if she spoke or listened to other men, it would lose its sunshine, and cloud ominously, and into his dark eyes

would creep a look like an Italian assassin. His father, who had been a gay young Englishman, had taken service under the Emperor Maximilian II, and in his wanderings through Europe, had been fascinated by the tropic charms of an Italian peasant girl. Jack was their only child, and he had inherited from his mother all the cunning of her diplomatic race. This characteristic, hitherto dormant, needed only an occasion to become manifest. He thought he loved Virginia; but those sullen looks belied his belief, for perfect love casteth out jealousy.

Among the hearers, most conspicuous by his noble bearing, stood Sydney More, secretary of the council, and successor to his father in the responsible position of physician. In his heart he had long done homage to Virginia, but as his attentions to her had been of an undemonstrative kind, neither she nor anybody else suspected the real state of his feelings, and it is doubtful whether he himself thoroughly understood them.

Near by him, engaged in tipping an arrow with feathers, was his constant companion, Ensenore, the son of Manteo, the savior of the whites. Manteo had many years before gone to the land of the Great Spirit, and though he had been beloved by all, yet no one felt his loss more keenly than Virginia; and it was due to this that she had become and remained the firm friend of his son.

Roger Prat was telling them of the terrible deeds of St. Bartholomew's Day in France—how a fearful shudder ran through England at the news, and how Queen Elizabeth and her court in deep mourning attire, had received the French ambassador.

But in the midst of his narration he suddenly paused, and pointing towards the west, said: "See that dark cloud coming up over the mountains yonder. We shall have a thunder storm directly. Run away home, children, and you may hear the rest of my story at some other time."

They all scattered in various directions,



and in a few moments the storm was raging wildly, bending down the trees, snapping the small branches, beating upon the rooftops, and forming little pools in the depressions of the ground. But a gentle breeze arose and soon the lightnings were playing among the distant eastern mountains, and in the pink western sky could be seen the faint crescent of the new moon.

After his frugal evening meal, Ensenore stepped out into the starlight, paused for a moment to enjoy the cool air laden with the pleasant smell of damp earth and dead leaves, and then turned his steps toward the home of Virginia. Though some few years her junior, the Indian youth deeply loved her. But he had felt that he was unworthy of her, not on account of the mere difference of race only, but because he knew that he, a half civilized Indian, could in no particular compare with the men of the English race. Still, she had been unusually gracious to him of late, and he had resolved to open his heart to her that evening.

At her cabin door he halted, as he wished to collect his thoughts, and though he did not confess it to himself, to summon up sufficient courage for his intended interview, for he was fearful of what its termination might be. He heard the sound of voices, and his own name mentioned. Virginia was talking, and through the open door, from which the light of a small fire was streaming into the darkness, he saw her companion, Sydney More.

"How couldst thou think that Ensenore was more than a brother to me?" she said. "We have been much together, 'tis true. His father was my best friend among the Indians. Even should I love him—and I do not—I could not wed him. He is of another race."

Virginia knew nothing of the time when the Englishman Rolfe would lead to the altar a princess of Indian lineage, nor was she aware that the man of whom she was speaking was within earshot. Ensenore, in

anguish and amazement, notwithstanding his feeling that he was acting dishonorably, was held to the spot by a fascination which compelled him to listen to a conversation that could but increase his misery.

"Give to me the love which other has not claimed," said Sydney. "Virginia, wilt thou not suffer me to hope? or wilt thou let my whole happiness perish?"

"Sydney," she replied, "Unexpected is thy request. I have no answer now. Whether my feelings for thee are of friendship or of love I know not. Time must be given me to ponder the matter. Speak naught of this for a month's time. After that shalt thou have my answer. Leave me now. I would be alone."

Ensenore shrank back into the shubbery, heard good night said, saw his friend disappear into the shadows, then turned as if to go to his own home. But changing his purpose he went toward a deserted part of the enclosure, and came face to face with Jack Coge.

"I hope thy visit to Virginia has been a pleasant one," the latter said, in sarcastic tones.

Ensenore, if he heard him, made no answer, but went rapidly on his way, while Coge entered the cabin, and stood before Virginia, who was gazing pensively at the glowing embers of the fire, which was a necessity at night even in May.

"Hearken, Virginia. Thou canst not but know that I have long loved thee. Art thou ready to wed me? To ask thee this is why I am here. Thou knowest me full well."

Could that be the passionate, impulsive Coge who spoke in such set terms? The tones of his speech were pompous and self-confident enough, but they were belied, however, by the speaker's evident attempt to conceal his real anxiety; as he stood there, fumbling at the door latch, with his eyes averted, he resembled more a man detected in a petty thieving than the self-willed

and vain creature that he was. His assurance had failed him for once. When he did look at Virginia, he did not see the gentle, confiding maiden, ready at once to yield to his gracious proposal, but a dignified woman, with pale face, lips curled in contempt, and eyes flashing with anger. It was not so much his language that had caused the change; but the presumptuous, almost insolent, sound of his voice had rudely interrupted her pleasant revery. Pointing to the door she said:

“Whilst thou art in such a frame of mind thy presence is an insult to me. To think that a woman’s heart was to be had for such an asking! To be honest with thee, Jack Coge, there is that repels me in thy character. I have sought to persuade myself otherwise. Thy conduct proves that I have not mistaken thee. Go, ere anger causes me to lose self respect. Wilt thou not leave me?” she continued, for he stood staring in wonder. “My father is with Roger Prat, but I shall call one who——”

“Yes,” he fiercely interrupted, “who is a murderous, heathen, ignorant Indian; who——”

But Virginia did not hear the rest of the sentence. She had gently pushed the astonished Coge from the room, and the door was shut.

Baffled in his desire, smarting under the wound to his self esteem, he stood outside irresolute for a brief time, then rushed into the darkness. Not far from his cabin he saw Ensenore pacing nervously to and fro in the roadway.

“The poor fool!” he muttered. “So thou art the one for whom I am rejected! Virginia Dare, thou hast presumed to slight me thus. That savage, or any other man, shall never be thine husband.”

He stumbled into his cabin and closed the door with a slam. But Ensenore ceased not his solitary walk until the gray streaks of dawn appeared over the mountains.

### III.

The next day the Indian lad was missing. So was Jack Coge. But one person had seen them go away, Sherando, the devoted cousin of Ensenore. Unobserved herself, she had witnessed the occurrences of the previous night, and had overheard the two conversations with Virginia. Her woman’s heart had discovered in the words spoken by Virginia to Sydney More a deeper meaning than was, perhaps, intended to be conveyed. Her interest, sharpened by jealousy—for she had long had tender feelings toward Ensenore—had enabled her to understand his midnight anguish; and as night yielded to day, her hatred for the woman who unwittingly had deprived her of her love was intensified and made permanent. She had seen Ensenore scale the palisade as soon as it was light, and she was somewhat astonished when a short time afterward Coge left the settlement in the same manner but in an opposite direction.

Anxiety for Ensenore caused Sherando to follow his trail later in the day. At a distance of two miles from the outer fortification, she came upon another trail, and by its signs of hasty and irregular steps, she was convinced that some one else was following the Indian. No one but Coge could have made those tracks. But why should he be in pursuit of Ensenore? Then she remembered his bitter words and threatening actions, and felt that his presence in the forest boded no good to her cousin. Pressing on therefore more rapidly, in eagerness to avert, if possible, what her heart told her was an impending calamity, she at last caught sight of him in the distance. She halted suddenly. Stealthily as a cat, she crept nearer, and hid behind a clump of low cedars upon a little knoll from which she could see Coge, and a few steps beyond him Ensenore, lying face downward by the side of a small mountain spring.

An undefined impulse had induced Coge



to seek the mountains that morning; a similar feeling had led him to follow Ensenore's trail, when, by accident he crossed it. Only then did he learn that the lad had left the settlement. Now he beheld him, who he believed had robbed him of his love, prostrate on the ground, unaware of his presence and completely at his mercy. A demon suddenly possessed him. The savage which, is restrained in human beings only by the artificial checks of civilization, was rapidly throwing off the culture of centuries.

"I said thou shouldst never wed Virginia, thou viper. If thou shouldst be killed by an arrow, no one would suspect other than that thou hadst been slain by an Indian." So thought Coge. To hesitate between right and wrong is always perilous. He dallied with evil and was lost.

He fixed an arrow to his bow, which he bent. Fear paralyzed Sherando. A sharp-eyed chipmunk, frightened by a slight noise, slipped away through the dried leaves. Crime makes cowards of us all. Coge, startled by a gentle rustle behind him, looked around, but saw nothing. Ensenore, in the meantime, raising himself, bent over the spring and took a long draught of the refreshing water. It was his last conscious act. The arrow intended for his brain sank into his heart.

Was that a moan? "Pshaw, man," muttered Coge. "Thy nerves are unstrung. This will never do." With a hasty glance at his victim, the murderer turned back, carefully concealing his tracks as he walked.

As he brushed past Sherando cowering in the thicket, a hunting knife slipped from its case at his hip. Sherando, unnoticed by him, snatched it and rose, about to plunge it into his back. But on second thought, she sank back among the cedars, waited until he had disappeared, threw the knife among the bushes that grew about the spring, and ran rapidly by a different route towards the settlement. She made no effort to conceal her trail, for she knew that another

dew and sun would do that for her.

When near her home she pulled a bundle of long dry grasses, which the Indian women used in making girdles, and carried them quietly into her cabin. No one could have perceived that behind the calm Indian repose of her face was the knowledge of such a frightful tragedy as she had witnessed. Equally unconcerned appeared Coge, when a few hours later, carrying a string of mountain trout, he sauntered into the village.

When another day had passed without the return of Ensenore, his friends became alarmed, for it was unusual for him to remain from his home over night, except when he was off upon a hunting expedition. No one had heard him speak of going away, and everything in his cabin was in its usual good order.

A party was, therefore, formed to seek him, and among the foremost was Jack Coge. He gained the admiration of his white friends, and the secret envy of the Indians, by the skill he displayed in tracing the nearly obliterated trail and by his apparent concern for the welfare of the missing lad.

Three days had passed since he disappeared, and such difficulty was experienced in the search that some of the party were inclined to relinquish it. But at last they found him, lying with upturned face among the grass and pine cones. There were no signs of any struggle; only the arrow sticking in his breast, and the tender blades of grass beneath him, flecked with blood, showed how he had died.

All were of the opinion that some wandering hostile Indian had caused his death, until one of the Indians, who had been carefully searching for traces of the murderer, found the knife among the bushes.

When Coge saw it, he turned ghastly pale for a moment, but by a mighty effort recovered his outward composure. Sidney More recognized the knife as one that he had mislaid a few days before, and he acknowl-

edged the ownership.

The wily Coge saw his opportunity, and exclaimed:

“Some one from the settlement was concerned in this crime. See, there is no rust upon this blade. This knife has not been here long.”

“As the knife is mine,” said Sidney, “I yield myself to bonds until the mystery is cleared.”

He was therefore bound, but some one suggested that as Coge also had been away from Roanoke at the time, he likewise should be detained.

In spite of Coge's protests and declarations of his innocence, his hands also were bound behind him; and the two prisoners, so different in bearing, were conducted to Roanoke under guard of two young Indians, who handled their tomahawks in a way calculated to make one's blood run cold. Behind them followed a little procession, with its sad burden, the body of Ensenore.

The villagers were deeply grieved at the death of Ensenore, and the Indians were with difficulty kept from throwing aside the restraints of their laws and slaying at once their two prisoners. But better counsels prevailed and the young men were left in custody until after a few and simple preparations, Ensenore was buried. When the new mound that marked his last resting place had been made among the grasses of the village, his companions returned to their homes, passing with feelings of deep resentment the cabins where Coge and More were confined, awaiting the trial in the morning.

#### IV.

The hour appointed for the trial arrived. The councilors assembled; before them were brought the prisoners. All manner of work in the village was suspended, and men, women, and children thronged in and around the council house.

Jack Coge repeated his assertions of in-

nocence, and explained that he had been away on a fishing expedition which was corroborated by those who saw him returning with the fish. Sydney More said that he had spent the day in the forests, searching for a particular herb, which he wished to use in his practice, but which he did not find. But his knife—how had it been dropped at the spring? That, he could not explain. The suspicion that he was concerned in the murder was strengthened, and as Coge observed the dark looks with which the Indians regarded the young physician, his self-confidence revived.

It was then that Virginia Dare casting aside maidenly reserve, came forward and told how violently Coge had spoken of Ensenore the night before the latter had been killed. But Sherando, the only witness of the crime, and the only person who suspected why it had been committed, held her peace. When she threw, as she thought, Coge's knife among the bushes, it was with vague belief that it would bear a strong, though silent, testimony against him. Virginia's advocacy of Sydney More, both at the trial and among her friends, had confirmed the Indian girl's suspicions as to the real state of affairs. But jealous hatred prevented her speaking, for she thought that she could revenge herself upon Virginia in no better manner than by allowing Sydney More to be condemned. Vengeance on her unwilling rival was sweeter than the punishment of the criminal.

The councilors were sorely perplexed. Circumstantial evidence seemed to implicate both of the young men, and yet no sufficient cause for the deed could be assigned. Moreover, both Coge and More had hitherto been above reproach, and the later was highly honored by the colonists. The judges must have another day to ponder upon the grave matter. The two prisoners were again confined in their cabins.

But when the guards appointed for the purpose went to fetch the prisoners the



next day, Jack Coge had disappeared. In the darkness of the preceding night a woman had cautiously approached the cabin, drawn the outer bolts of the door, cut the withes that bound Coge's feet and hands, and after a hurried conversation in whispers, had departed. Coge had left no traces of his flight, for he had carefully obliterated his trail. Upon the rough pine table in his prison house, he had, however, scrawled with a piece of red-chrome a message, saying that he had fled because he was certain that the councilors were prejudiced in favor of their secretary, Sidney More, and that if he had remained he would have been adjudged guilty of Ensenore's death.

Some of the men were for pursuing and capturing him, but the majority, believing that hunger would drive him back, or that he would die in the forests, deemed it best to await the results of time. Sydney was released, and, as Coge's flight was to many a confession of guilt, he was restored to his official post.

Weeks passed; the fugitive did not return, nor were the efforts rewarded of the men, who, day after day, scanned the sky for the appearance of those noisome birds whose hoverings in mid air denote the presence below of a corpse. After many days, the settlement resumed its wonted peacefulness, and the name of Coge was mentioned only in private.

But he was not dead. His bow and arrows, and fish hooks made from briers, provided him with food sufficient. Guided by the stars at night, and by day by his woodman's craft, he was rapidly leaving the settlement far behind, and journeying towards the ocean. He reasoned, and that, too, wisely, that if Englishmen had tried to colonize the new world a quarter of a century before that time, the loss of a few men would not have prevented them from continuing their efforts. His purpose, therefore, was to travel to Croatan; and, in the event of his finding no settlement there, by in-

quiries among such Indians tribes as he might meet, to seek out a settlement of Englishmen, where, having explained his appearance by pretending to be a shipwrecked sailor, he might take passage for England. There amidst new surroundings, and separated by three thousand miles of water from the scene of his insane, and, as he now knew, his blundering act, he hoped to begin his life anew.

Buoyed by such hopes he plodded along towards the East. He saw the ocean at last and an island, which, from Roger Prat's oft repeated description, he knew to be Roanoke. But on the mainland there was no sign of civilization. Clustering near the beach were the rude huts of the natives, but everywhere else the wilderness was supreme. Haggard, with matted hair and bloodshot eyes, garments ragged and stained with marks of his toilsome journey, Jack Coge approached the village and stood before the startled inhabitants. Was he mortal or was he a supernatural being?

He soon proved his human nature by his actions denoting hunger, and he endeavored to establish himself upon a friendly footing with them through the medium of the Croatan dialect, which he had learned from his Indian associates.

But why did they shrink away from him, and why did the men assemble in solemn conclave? As chance would have it, he had encountered the Mangoaks, and his Croatan speech had betrayed him. The members of the tribe had never forgotten the unaccountable disappearance of the Croatans and the English, but had cherished and instilled into their offspring all their bitter feelings at being robbed of what seemed their certain prey. Now they were debating whether to slay Coge, or to compel him to reveal the retreat of the colonists.

In apparent friendship, they again held intercourse with him, plying him with questions about the distance traveled by him, the place of his abode, and his object in

coming to the coast. He, in return for information given, gleaned from them the fact that white men had settled near a great inlet many miles to the northward.

Then his calculation had been correct, and he was to see the fulfillment of his wishes. On the morrow he would start, and he would be on his way to England.

But he reckoned without his hosts. The wily savages, having gained sufficient general knowledge of the existence of the hated colonists, proceeded at once to put into execution the long deferred plans for their extermination. Coge was given the alternative of acting as their guide to Roanoke, or of dying by torture.

Hope fled from the heart of the miserable man. He shuddered at even the thought of death; yet if he lived he would be the instrument for the destruction of his former friends. But the desire for self preservation was uppermost, and the same cowardice that had prompted him to strike dead an unsuspecting rival, and to endeavor to shift the responsibility of the deed upon Sidney More, led him to consent to the proposals of the savages—though he found a poor consolation and excuse in the purpose of eluding by some means the watch of the Indians, and warning the colonists of the threatened attack upon them.

In a few days, therefore, he found himself surrounded by grim warriors, retracing in despair his steps through the wilderness, where but a short time before he had cheered his loneliness by thoughts of escaping forever the scenes and perhaps the memories of the past. To turn back was now impossible; he did not dare to mislead the savages, and his only hope was that a merciful Providence might intervene to enable him to rid himself of their company. But as each day lessened the distance from the colony, and the Indians, in spite of his ready compliance with their wishes, relaxed none of their vigilance, he became more gloomy, and almost wished for death. He was reaping

in bitterness the fruits of his first and only crime.

## V.

The month during which Virginia was to make her decision had passed. She had decided, although no opportunity to make that fact known had been given her by her lover, for Sidney More had not again referred to the conversation. While he did not shun Virginia's society, his visits to her home were, nevertheless, not as frequent as formerly; and indeed, his whole conduct had changed since the trial. From a light-hearted youth, with a kind word and pleasant smile for everybody, he had developed into a silent, gloomy man, avoiding his fellows, and spending most of his time pondering over the contents of his few but valued books, or wandering aimlessly through the forests. Care had set her marks upon his forehead; he lost his sprightly walk and seemed to have become many years older.

Virginia was at a loss to account for his apparent coldness towards her. Had he regretted his word to her, or had he grown weary of what he may have deemed a too ready compliance with his request? She, poor girl, could not solve such questions, and could only hope to crush by pride her real feelings.

One day of more than usual depression, Sidney More failed to find solace in his books; and pushing them aside, he betook himself to the solitude of the mountains. To his great wonder, he there met Coge, who had succeeded in his design of escaping from the Mangoaks, and was hastening to warn the colonists. The two young men gazed at each other in silence for a moment, then Coge advanced with outstretched hand; but his friendly action was not heeded by Sidney, who could only gasp,

“We thought thou hadst died in the wilderness.”

“No,” sadly replied Jack Coge. “Would to God I had perished two months ago.



My rashness in leaving the settlement is about to result in untold misery for you all. Listen to me. Five miles from here is a band of Indians marching to destroy you. Return to Roanoke and prepare for their attack. If any of you escape, quit this place, and search for English friends, who are living two hundred miles from here, towards the northeast. Another matter I must mention---and yet I hesitate. Has the mystery of Ensenore's death been solved? No? Then ask the Indian girl, Sherando, whom she thinks is the criminal. She knows, for she nearly betrayed her secret when she opened my prison door and let me escape, while the guards slept."

"Wherefore dost thou tell me all this? Thou wilt come with me to the settlement, and in person tell thy tale."

"No, Sidney More, I dare not. In time shalt thou know all. Now I must bid thee good-bye forever. If I be not slain by the Indians, who, no doubt, are now hunting me, I shall try to return to the old world. Farewell."

Before Sidney More could utter his protest, or prevent Coge's departure, the latter turned and darted away through the forests. He was seen no more.

Surprised at Coge's unlooked-for return, his strange warning, and sudden disappearance, Sidney returned to Roanoke, and hastily summoning the council, related his experience. They shook their heads doubtfully and some were prone to believe that Sidney's depression had culminated in insanity--so improbable was his tale.

To confirm what he had said, Sidney had Sherando brought forward, and when he asked her abruptly, "What did you say to Jack Coge when you set him free?" the conscience-stricken woman, believing Sidney to be possessed of supernatural discernment, confessed all, her knowledge of the crime, her reasons for silence, and her connivance at Coge's escape.

Only then did the councilors cease doubt-

ing; and as little time was to be lost, they collected all the colonists and cattle within the fortifications, raised the drawbridge, arranged a watch system, and under arms awaited the coming of the Mangoaks.

When he knew that all preparations were completed, Sidney went to seek Virginia. In spite of the threatened attack, he was singularly happy; and by the time he had found Virginia at her home, his wonted cheerfulness had returned.

"Virginia," he said, "I have come to learn thy decision."

"I cannot wed thee," she tried to say; but the long pent tears could not be kept back, and between her sobs she could only murmur: "It's too late now. Thou shalt never know what I might have answered. Why didst thou disturb my happy life by telling me of love, and then casting me aside?"

Sidney allowed her to have done with her weeping, and when she became more calm, he said:

"I can well understand thy reproaches. But, Virginia, I wished not to ask thee to give thy sweet life to that of one who, though acquitted of a grievous crime, is still under suspicion. That was the cause of my silence. But Sherando's confession has almost removed doubts from the minds of the Indians, and, dreadful though it may be, only the appearance of the Mangoaks is necessary to prove my innocence. I could not go into the fight without explaining all to thee. Wilt thou not answer me?"

Virginia crossed the room, placed her hands in his, and with glowing cheeks and eyes filled with a new light, said--

"Until that night, I did not know myself. I have had time to consider, and I know that I have loved thee all the while. That was why I spoke in thy defence at the trial and --- why I have suffered so keenly from what I thought thy coldness during the past long weeks."

"Never mind--all is now made right.

Bide just a little time, and happiness will be ours. I must leave thee now, for the signal for assembling is sounding. God bless thee. Before many days we shall be wedded."

One long, loving embrace, and they had parted. Sidney was at last to be vindicated—but at what a cost!

The hostile Indians, disturbed by the flight of Coge, and believing that he would try to warn the colonists, had determined to attack Roanoke at once, instead of waiting another day. Under cover of the darkness they had crept to within a few feet of the fortifications, and with a wild yell rushed against them. But the little guard were prepared for them, and as they clambered up the side of the ditch beat them back with arrows and heavy rocks—for powder and shot had long since been exhausted.

All night the fighting was continued. Some of the more agile of the assailants succeeded in crossing the ditch and tried to root up the palisade; others cast burning arrows into the village, and shot anyone of the defenders who exposed himself. Discipline and a judicious use of weapons, however, prevailed against the Indians, who were broken down by their long march, and who, expecting an easy victory, had brought but few arrows. At dawn they abandoned their design and retreated, in fear that the survivors might be overwhelmed in a rally by the colonists.

The whites breathed more freely, although their thankfulness at being rid of the Mangoaks was modified by regrets at the death of several of their companions. They prepared the dead for burial, but when Sidney More went to summon Roger Prat to perform the last sad rites, he found the old man in his cabin sitting with his head resting on his arms; age together with the excitement had conquered the pastor, and alone he had peacefully passed away, while the other colonists were watching or engaging in the tumult without.

When the scouts, who had been sent to

watch the Mangoaks, returned and reported that the savages had undoubtedly started upon their homeward journey, Sidney More, who had tacitly been acknowledged as the leader of the colonists, advised that they should leave Roanoke, and travel northward to the English settlement that Coge had told him had been made on the great inlet. The others adopted this suggestion, for they were convinced that the Mangoaks, having discovered their home, would return in greater numbers to attack them. Twenty-five years of life in the wilderness, moreover, had not in the slightest degree deadened their English sympathies, and with joy at the prospect of again mingling with fellow countrymen, they hastened their departure.

## VI.

AGAIN was presented the spectacle of whites and Indians journeying through unknown, pathless forests. A quarter of a century before, some of them had sadly turned their backs upon the ocean and expected friends; but now in gladness, subdued by regrets at leaving Roanoke and the graves of kindred, they were seeking the ocean and old world connections.

It was at the season, when after the first nipping frosts, nature seems to strive after the warm summer days; the foliage takes on again, in deeper hues, the colors of spring, and the dry grasses rustle gently in the wind. Then the dark brown clusters of chestnuts can be seen nestling against the downy lining of the burrs, and the fruit of hickories rattles to the ground to become the winter food of frisky gray squirrels; while man by nature inclined to ease is content to lie in the sun's rays, which through the smoky atmosphere fall slantly across the ground. In later days the backwoodsman learned to look with horror and apprehension upon the advent of this season, then called Indian summer, from the fact that the savages took advantage of the mild weather to renew the



attacks which had been interrupted by the chilly, rainy days of late September and early October. But the little company under Sydney More had no opportunity nor disposition to yield to the lazy, poetic influences of October haze. They must push on rapidly towards the north in order to reach their goal before winter snows should impede further progress.

They did not try to follow a direct line to the region where they supposed the great inlet lay, but hoped by traveling away from the settlement in a direction contrary to the southward inclination of the trees, to reach some river, upon whose waters they might embark in large skiffs, and thus by easy stages reach the inlet.

Recent bitter experience had taught them what they might expect from treacherous savages, and the men therefore were obliged, after the hardships of the day's march, to keep guard at night over the encampment of women and children. But most of the Indians had retired to their winter squalor, and were spending their days watching their squaws bringing in the scanty crops.

When, after many weary days and nights of vigilance, the wanderers paused on the banks of a small stream rushing away towards the northeast, they were persuaded that deliverance from the terrors and fatigues of the wilderness was near at hand; for the narrow brook must widen and find outlet somewhere, and where indeed but into the long sought river?

The golden and crimson hues of the fall, however, had changed to the sombre browns and grays of winter, and, although no snow had fallen, there had been several heavy frosts. Should they follow the course of the stream of unknown length? or should they build rude huts and remain there until the spring? Hesitancy as to which course to pursue gave way to a determination to adopt the latter, when they thought of the probable sufferings of their wives and off-

spring during a winter's journey.

One circumstance that had great weight in bringing about this decision was the alarming condition of the health of Virginia Dare. Since that night attack upon the settlement, which had rudely checked the brief happiness resulting from the perfect understanding between her and Sidney More, a deep melancholy had taken possession of her. On the journey she had endeavored to keep up a good spirit under the cheerful, tender attentions of her distressed lover, but she had not succeeded. In a listless manner she passed her time, and in spite of a powerful will to render assistance to the party, failing strength of body frequently caused her to loiter in some pleasant opening in the forest. In her face appeared that flush indicative of the presence of an insidious disease. When, therefore, a halt for the winter was called, she seemed to be perfectly satisfied, but as day by day she reclined in a sunny nook, sheltered from the cold winds, and apparently watching with interest the busy preparations for the temporary encampment, her thoughts were far away.

One evening a strange silence pervaded the settlement. Men instead of hurrying to their log cabins, as was their wont after their labors of the day, stood in little groups, talking in subdued tones, while the women hushed the playful voices of the children. Something of grave import must be happening. Under a shelter of cedar branches Virginia Dare lay dying. Her weeping friends surrounded her, and Sydney More, striving to appear calm, stood gazing at her through his tears.

For many minutes she lay in a stupor, but at last, as a wonderful twilight glow suffused the landscape and chased the pallor from her face, she regained consciousness. Beckoning Sidney to her side, she whispered:

"Thou knowest how I love thee. Had I not cared so much for thee, our friends, perhaps, might still be happy at dear old

Roanoke. I am going now—It is best for me—for all—farewell.”

Exhausted by the slight exertion, she sank back upon her couch. Those watching her were too awed to break the silence that followed. Again Virginia moved uneasily, looked from one to another of those standing by, as if she were searching for familiar faces, then raised her poor, white hand, and pointing into space, said between her heavy gasps for breath:

“There is a wide ocean—no, it is too smooth and quiet for that. Look! out of the distance come beautiful forms—they are near me—father, ‘Ensenore, mother—Sidney—”

A sigh of perfect contentment, a peaceful smile, and Virginia Dare was dead. Sidney More felt the hand he held, as if unconsciously seeking to retain Virginia, grow colder and colder; he saw the earthly light

leave her eyes; and only then he began to realize his great loss.

The tall chestnut trees swayed softly in the evening breeze, their tops just touched by the sunset’s after-glow, and the minute sounds of evening became perceptible. But Sidney heard or said nothing, and he felt as if the shadows of some great darkness were creeping over him. The vaunting threat of Jack Coge had been fulfilled.

\* \* \* \*

The tale is ended, for the last record made by Sidney More reads:

“Virginia Dare, ye 10th daye November, 1610.”

What afterwards became of the colonists of Roanoke, whither they wandered, no one will ever tell. Save the record of Sidney More, every trace of them has been lost.

*Edward Ingle.*

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### TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA.

The man who inflicted the lugubrious name of Tombstone upon a community of fellow-men must have—for I am told that he still lives—the mark of Cain upon him. But the name, however objectionable, comes, as do many similar ones, of an old and respectable family, among whose members may be mentioned Graveyard, Golgotha, and De(a)dham.

Nothing, however, could be less characteristic of the place itself than the appellation by which it is known—so well known, I venture to say, by this singularity, that a letter directed simply “Tombstone” would not for want of further address fail to reach its destination from any part of the postal world. For while two cemeteries lay claim to the town, as they were rivals for the mortuary favors supposed to be within its gift, neither has thus far (the space of six years),

such is the salubrious climate of the Territory, succeeded in realizing anything like prosperity; and even the few tombs that do break the monotony of their limestone surfaces are, with two or three exceptions, destitute of stones to mark them, the place of such monuments being supplied, in this isolated and remote locality, by slabs of wood painted and lettered in imitation of the genuine marble article.

For the first impressions of this camp one is gradually prepared by his approach to it through a country in which the works of man—consisting chiefly of adobe huts and equally squalid cabins—are in the greatest possible contrast to the creations of the Almighty Architect and Artist. Arriving within the borders of this mountainous realm by night, an early breakfast at Deming calls you out of your berth at an hour



to make you wish it were morning all the day; unless like the Apache—unappreciative native of such a land and clime—one has a soul only “fit for treason, stratagem, and spoils.” For you cannot possess a soul impressionable to the charms that (with the above exception) have power to soothe the savage breast, and not find yourself in the love of nature rapturously awakened to hold communion with her visible forms here; forms that in their height, and length, and breadth, in their tones, suffusions, and blendings, in the near softness of their atmospheric effect, and in the far enchantment of their sublime and azure masses, captivate not only the eye but the soul itself.

But it is at mid-day and at sundown that nature here revels in its wealth of contrasted and commingled colors. At noon, hues from the softest pink to the deepest purple mantle the ridges and veil the cañons of the ranges, which, wherever you may be, surround you on every side, and if you ascend one of them, extend away in interminable succession, as if they were “mountains rolled in mighty billows”—being by the imagination easily invested with motion, a sea of mountainous breakers rolling in upon you; while, as the day departs, their colors change through neutral tints to the cobalt blue of distant sierras against “the gold of awful sunsets.” Here only have I ever witnessed nature’s confirmation of that fiery red in the baleful splendor of which, as if it were a crimson curse, the sun goes down on Turner’s “Slave Ship.”

But even here in this sun-kissed clime these displays are not frequent. Only twice during the past summer have I seen such sunsets. One of them I must more particularly note. A mass of rose-colored clouds, covering the western sky almost to the zenith. Near the horizon, rifts, whose bars were transformed to molten gold, and through which the declining sun shot, and flushed the serried, horizontal edges of the many-curtained vault and its ragged shreds above

with a deep, rusty red. Here and there, thin wracks of smoke-blue cirrus, and for a back ground chasms of dark ruby. The evening star already shining, and a silvery half-moon on the left, fixed features in the scene, completed the glory of the lurid phantasms.

These master-pieces upon the heavens are occasionally alternated with terrestrial pictures different in conception, but of equally mighty genius—the sleeping waters and dreamlike shores of the mirage.

But these excesses of splendor and magnificence are not without their contraries and compensating extremes: long dreary reaches of gray desert; cañons whose rocky cliffs seem crumbling away under the perpetual semitropic suns of countless ages, the glare of which has literally burned out their native color. They want only trees (of which they were not altogether destitute before the necessities of the camp stripped them of their growth) to make the wanderer upon these borders feel as if he were in Dante’s “gloomy wood astray.”

The pioneers of this mining district, when, seven years ago, they came hither in quest of the rich deposits they were destined to discover, penetrated the very heart of the natural domain of the hostile Apache; the stronghold of the tribe under Cochise, its chief (for whom the county of which Tombstone is the seat is named), being in open sight through this distilled atmosphere, fifteen miles away across the plain, or mesa. They took their lives in their hands; and their tentative campaign among these hills was in every movement a march by stealth. They did not dare to fire a gun nor kindle a camp-fire. As soon as a sufficient number could be attracted hither by the report of the discovery of mines, to form the nucleus of a camp—and about the mineral carcass the swift sons of the American eagle gather as by magic—there was no danger of attack from the aborigines. For the Apache is as cowardly as he is treacherous, and has an

innate respect for that organic element in the civilization which he hates, a community. But the hostility of the Apache is not inspired by his instinctive aversion to the repression and restraint that he knows a state of subjection to law would impose. It is rather the inborn sentiment of his nature, a tribal prejudice of his heart, soul, mind, and strength, constituting him the veritable Ishmaelite of the West, whose hand is against every man not an Apache, whoever he may be. This is proven by his history so far back as it is known. For one hundred and fifty years at least, probably for centuries, he has been the terror and scourge of the peaceful Mexican. I have seen but two individuals of this race face to face, and I must confess to an admiration for them outwardly. They were scouts, of about twenty-five years of age, to whose sparkling eye and rich oil-of-olive complexion the photographer does no justice whatever—straight as one of their own arrows, with a suggestion of the antelope in their limbs; their hair long, parted in the middle and falling, black as jet, like the mane of a mettlesome steed, down their shoulders; their forms arrayed in neat buckskin toggery, ornamented with feathers and prismatic beads.

The area of this camp covers forty squares, together with its outskirts. The streets from west to east number from First to Eleventh, the thoroughfares being Toughnut, Allen, Fremont, Safford, and Bruce. In architecture, the town, for one so new, is not behind its peers in size; the most approved instances being the court house, the public school, St. Paul's Episcopal Church, the city hall and Schreffehio Hall. The last was named for the brothers who built it, and who located the first claim in the camp. It is constructed of adobe, as is the Episcopal Church.

Nothing among men, as so many of the readers of the *OVERLAND* know, can exceed in bustle and excitement, the scenes of a

mining community when it is in the flush of its first success, that is, when it is "booming." The fever of speculation enters into all undertakings. Legitimate business becomes a game of chance and the gamester's art legitimate business; and even a lodging-house a grand financial scheme. Every miner's cabin is a castle in the air. For the poor prospector whose word of honor is to-day in pawn for a "grub-stake" may to-morrow be coquetting with rival kings of capital outbidding each other for the coveted possession of another newly discovered kingdom under ground. Money flows like water; and such a camp is the beggar's paradise—though owing to its mushroom rise and fall, and its general difficulty of cheap and immediate access, few there be of these that find it. To become deadbroke is to become the center of a popular sympathy, and to awaken from sudden and extreme destitution as from a dream into an ephemeral opulence whose reality must seem as fantastical as the magic of Aladdin's lamp.

The sentiment of justice accompanies that of mercy; and in a booming camp the jewel of fair play shines with a brilliance and constancy nowhere else surpassed. Without the constituted machinery of law and order, nevertheless the spirit of its equity and authority is justly and swiftly put into practice, the vigilance committee being the effective form in which it spontaneously embodies itself. One of the proofs of this is given in the following transcript from a court record, Judge Lynch presiding:

The subject of this summary justice was one of six desperadoes, known in Western phraseology as "cowboys," who raided a neighboring camp, so late as the spring of '84. By some technicality in the legal process, he escaped the judgment that consigned his comrades to the gallows. Early on the morning of the day of the execution, a committee of the "sovereign people" took him from the jail and hanged him from a telegraph pole near the corner of First and



## Toughnut Streets.

Another instance was that of a miner who had become indebted to a saloon-keeper for commodities furnished, to the amount of thirty dollars, and who was suddenly thrown out of work. The pigmy Shylock, thereupon refusing longer credit, sued his debtor in a justice's court, and it so happened that the jury was empanelled largely of those of the whiskey seller's vocation. The defendant pleaded guilty; and the jury, in the face of the instructions of the court, after a short deliberation, returned the following verdict: "We find, your honor, that the defendant is a — liar and don't owe the plaintiff a cent."

Miners, like sailors, have, as we all have more or less, their superstitions; and one of them is that churches kill a camp. I do not mean that they are believed to do this by making their influence disastrously felt in the suppression of saloons and the closing of the gambler's exchange, but by the actual spiriting away of the mineral resources, and the consequent ruin of the prospects of the camp; as if the argentiferous deposits were the strong box of Pluto himself, who upon the advent of the messengers of his Almighty Adversary, as if they were spies, decamps, taking his treasures with him. I was talking lately with a man of education and large mineralogical experience, who told me that since the church was built in the camp where he then was (there is as yet but one church there) the yield of ore had fallen off fifteen per cent., and that one more would ruin the mine. He spoke sincerely, believing what he said.

The three mines that thus far have chiefly developed the wealth of the Tombstone district are the Contention, the Grand Central, and the Toughnut. The Grand Central has sunk its main shaft to the depth of about seven hundred and fifty feet. This and the Contention had paid in dividends up to the end of last year, the one \$800,000, and the other \$4,000,000. Supposing these

amounts to represent forty per cent. of the total production, the yield of bullion from each then aggregated \$2,000,000 and \$10,000,000 respectively. During the past year, however, this has fallen off, and the working of the three mines has nearly ceased.

Operations in these reservoirs of silver, whose irregular and mysterious formation presents one of the most interesting studies in geological science, were during the years '84 and '85 much interrupted by encounter with the water-level, to obviate which, immense pumping machines were placed; that in the Grand Central at a cost of \$200,000, a sum comparatively insignificant to risk in an enterprise that had already proved so enormously profitable—exactly how profitable, it is impossible for an outside party to ascertain, as the company is a close corporation. Such outlays however, are made in sheer faith, the formation of silver furnishing no indication by which the unknown quantity in advance of the miner's pick can be predicted with any certainty. The region surrounding the shaft must be drained of not only the rain-fall of one season, but of the infusions of years; the radius of the funnel-shaped environment thus dessicated extending finally for miles from the shaft-center. The slow, rhythmic strokes of the gigantic engine surpass in the force and beauty of their action any suggestion of the cosmic harmony of the spheres that I have ever seen or felt in the artificial works of man, being the ideal of the music and poetry of motion, so far as it is possible for the pulse and power of machinery to express them. Similar works have been erected in the neighboring Contention mine, and should deposits again be found at all commensurate in quantity and quality with those of the past, the future of Tombstone as a camp would once more be assured.

Otherwise the place has nothing to hope for. For without copious irrigation, the agricultural resources of this Territory will never be realized to any further extent than

now obtains on the banks of streams and rivers. This town is chiefly supplied with vegetables from the local river, San Pedro, where to the Chinese and Mormons is due even the present limited and inferior supply. The rain-fall of this meteorological region is confined to the months of July and August, and those of January and February, and is sufficient for only a meager growth of the scattered grasses indigenous to the mesas, infused as they are with cactus, mesquite, and other thorny and worthless shrubs.

The stock-raising industry is increasing; but the desert-like character of the country renders this, the least difficult of human enterprises in Arizona, hazardous on a large scale. For a year of excessive drought may occur at any period, and the remoteness of fertile pasture lands is too great to save a famishing herd by transportation.

A plan of irrigation has been proposed which contemplates the building by the Government of immense reservoirs in the mountains. This could easily be done by damming a certain number of cañons in each range. The rain-fall thus saved could be distributed to the surrounding plains and make the desert mesas blossom and bring forth abundantly. The water-works that in this same way furnish Tombstone with an unlimited supply of the best water, prove the project feasible.

One of the most interesting, I may say picturesque, objects which the eye gladly

encounters across the monotonous waste of these terrestrial spaces, is the mule team. These wains of the commerce of the mine, bearing to and fro the ore, and the fuel that is to resolve it, are usually formed of nine teams and a train of three huge wagons. Visible to a great distance, their slow, patient movement, accompanied by a shining cloud of dust, transmutes the industry of these far solitudes into the wealth of the public treasury.

The mule for burden, the horse for message, and the donkey for conveniences too numerous to mention, across plains, through defiles, and over mountains. These are the three dumb allies of man, indispensable in his attempted conquest of this wide, wild realm of still chaotic nature. A caravan-sary of these toilers of the land near my dwelling breaks with the sound of grinding jaws the intense stillness of the Arizona night, whose quiet is equaled by its transparent, star-lit depths, forcibly reminding one of the description of Homer so perfectly rendered by Tennyson:

And when in heaven the stars about the moon  
Look beautiful, and all the winds are laid,  
And every height comes out, and jutting peak,  
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens  
Break open to the highest, and all the stars  
Shine, and the shepherd gladdens in his heart:

\* \* \* \* \*

And champing golden grain the horses stood  
Hard by their chariots, waiting for the dawn.

*J. H. Young.*

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#### A RED ROSE.

“Complex and various is this rose’s heart,”

Said one who passed it, marking how each wind  
Blew odors from its soul to every part.

Each mind lies open to its kindred mind.

The lover knew—Passion his vision is—  
How simple was the Rose’s life—and his.



## IN THE SLEEPY HOLLOW COUNTRY.

## CHAPTER I.

A low valley, almost circular, and around about it bare hills, crouching like uncouth, stealthy animals in the falling dusk. Down through its center a glancing mountain river, singing to the rocks of the sea-shore; and to the south, where the stream cuts the mountain chain, a glint of the sun upon the sea, and the cloudy outlines of the Santa Barbara Islands. Skirting the river bank, the county road from San Buenaventura to the Ojai valley; and on either hand smart-looking cottages, with here and there a crumbling adobe digged from the hills and set apart by playful Titans, standing back amid blossoming orchards of pear and peach and apricot and apple.

It is a dream of beauty, a symphony in dusk and daylight, this happy valley, with its cordon of crouching hills; and over it all, to the north, the hoary front of Pine Mountain towers, a grim guardian.

Even the small boy, shock-headed and shoeless, driving before him upon the road a dozen well kept cattle, seems not amiss in the still-life of the scene. The bell upon the foremost brindled cow mingles musically with the summer gloaming; and the donkey bestridden by the boy shakes his long ears, placidly ruminant.

He was a character, this donkey, a neighborhood institution, wont to roam about and linger in shady places by the river side—his back the undisputed possession of any and all children that could find possible accommodation thereupon. It mattered little to Billy how many bestrode him at the same time. Literally he did not know how to kick—and if his load became too heavy, he could always lie down and let the little ones tumble unhurt upon the soft grass.

The boy upon the donkey was an original, too, in his way, but not nearly so characteristic as the jack. Boy and donkey—the former as son and heir, the latter as personal property—were counted among the worldly possessions of Mr. James Newman, owner of the finest farm in the Sleepy Hollow Country. Jim Newman had other worldly possessions, also, but the ownership of that boy and that jack was the main distinction between himself and the forty or fifty other farmers in the valley.

Yet Newman was not altogether like the others. He was not a type, nor one of a type. He had a fine farm—as the others had; yet he kept a dozen dogs, worthless to the point of sublimity. His out-buildings, barn and fruit-dryer, were neat, substantial, and kept in good repair; yet his house was large, and roomy, and comfortable—so far, at least, as a California farm-house is ever comfortable. He was a good farmer, as the others were; yet found a month every summer to devote to his favorite sport of deer-hunting upon the wooded slopes of the Coast Range.

His wife—well, Mrs. Newman *was* one of a type. An early-faded Western woman—the very antithesis of her youthful-looking, fresh-colored husband—to whom existence was a burden and the very act of breathing laborious. She lived “hard.” All her household work was done with an effort, yet she seemed to accomplish nothing. Her house was always a scene of slovenly disorder, her housekeeping slack, her dinners ill-cooked and worse-served. It was notorious that she had always the best of “help” in the valley, and equally notorious that the “help” always came away from her more or less demoralized. Only one room in the house was kept in order. The front parlor,

large and sunny, with a bow window shaded by inner shutters, was opened and renovated once a year, its furniture systematically disarranged and rearranged with exact mathematical precision, and then the room was religiously closed, excepting upon state occasions, until house-cleaning time the next year.

It always gave one an uncomfortable sensation of fear, as though the furniture were about to jump upon him, to be left alone in this room; for it had the appearance of having stood still in one cramped position for so very long, that tables and chairs and mantel ornaments must do something very desperate before long, if only to relieve the monotony. And then those little brown window blinds—just the same ones and the same number always open, and the same number and the same ones always closed. Irresistibly, as one sat uncomfortably upon a corner of a crouching chair, one fell to wondering what would be the effect if one of the other shutters could be opened, or if it would not be a relief to so change the mathematical squares of light and shade upon the ingrain carpet, as to produce a different geometric effect, or whether any of the other shutters were made to open at all, or only for sham. And then, just as you were on the point of solving these problems by the commission of an overt act, some of the household would come into the room.

Jim Newman felt the somewhat incongruous condition of his home-keeping, as men will, but failed to analyze the trouble, and so betook himself more and more to horses, and guns, and dogs, and farming.

Mrs. Newman, absorbed in selfish cares and self-created sorrows, knew that he had become estranged and finally indifferent, and erected that into another sorrow. Perhaps she had never thought of winning again the lusty young rancher who had courted her beneath the drooping pepper trees fifteen years ago. Had her domestic life been happy, she could not have so enjoyed the

sweets of sorrow. Possibly she could not have won him again, had she tried. Even a man and his wife may come to know each other too well.

Billy and "the Gov'nor" (the boy's name was Charles, but for the twelve years that he had been upon the earth, no living being had called him anything else than "the Gov'nor") drove their cows into the Newman barn-yard that calm June evening; and the Gov'nor went about his milking in the business-like manner of one long accustomed to the task. Billy found more congenial, possibly more profitable, occupation in the alfalfa pasture close by.

It is no small task, milking a dozen cows, and the Gov'nor found the night come down thick upon him and the stars begin to sprinkle the black vault with diamond dust before the task was half completed. But the Gov'nor had no eyes for scenery as yet. He was vastly more intent upon getting his work done and putting all things about the ranch in shape preparatory to the hunt, which his father and himself were to start upon in the morning. Without so much as a glance at the diamond dust then, or at the low hills darkly keeping watch about the valley, the Gov'nor carried his pails of milk into the farmhouse kitchen, set the pails upon a table there, and turned to go about the rest of his evening labor.

At another table in the same room, Mrs. Newman was "washin' up" the dishes.

"I wisht you'd strain that there milk Gov'nor"—and there was a plaintive drawl in the voice. "'Pears that I haint never agoin' to git my work done."

"I haint got no time to strain yer milk. Them there hösses is ter feed yit." There was no shadow of impertinence in this reply, nor any shade of resentment in the matter-of-course manner of its reception by the mother. Impertinence was beneath the Gov'nor. He always treated women-folks with that species of tolerant complaisance which one sometimes sees a mastiff observe to-



ward a poodle. In fact, I am not at all certain that the Gov'nor was not rather sorry for his mother, as being a poor sort of ignorant creature, possessing no soul above house-work and the parlor.

He went out into the twilight from the kitchen, making his way to the stables, to his favorite occupation of feeding and bedding-down the horses. That task must be done unusually well to-night, for the beasts had a long day of mountain travel before them—a long night, rather; for the party were to start in the night. For this, there were various reasons. The close season for deer did not expire until the first day of July—and this was only the 27th of June. In evading a law, even one so loosely enforced as the game law, one cannot be over-cautious. Again, Ramon Soto, the greatest guide and hunter in all that region, had agreed to take the party to a new hunting ground—a ground heretofore untried by any white man—and the utmost secrecy as to route taken was an imperative necessity.

The moon was painting a coronal of silver upon the crests of crouching hills about the valley as the Gov'nor betook himself to the barn, and Billy was singing his usual hymn of vespers to the little feeder.

Just within the stable door the Gov'nor found his father conversing in low tones with—was it?—the sheriff of the county, by all that's good!

"Reckon he's done found us out, dern him!" the Gov'nor soliloquized. "Er else come ter git paw fer jury. Seems 'f I never did lay out ter have some fun 't sumfin' didn't up an' spile it."

Newman stood just within the stable door, and Sheriff Perkins, his hand upon the bridle rein of his showy horse, stood close beside the rancher.

The sheriff was a tall man, handsome and athletic, and a terror to the horse-thieves in all that region. He had almost cleared his county of these gentry, in fact, since his election to office the previous November.

The horse beside him—large, powerful, full-blooded, and high-mettled, accustomed to long night journeys through wild, desolate, dangerous places—well befitted the man whose light touch now upon the Spanish bits held the animal's fire in perfect check.

"Must 'a' been about three o'clock this mornin' they took 'em," the sheriff was saying, as the Gov'nor came up. Neither man paid any attention to the boy, going about his nightly duties with both large ears open to their widest.

"Three o'clock," Newman said. "Lemme see, that 'd fetch 'em along yere 'nigh about half past four. Gov'nor," turning to the boy, "what time did you git up this mornin'?"

The Gov'nor rested his pitchfork upon the manger in front of him, and mentally debated the question. His study was not at all necessary—only it was a habit of the Gov'nor's never to commit himself too hastily. He replied finally:

"'Bout four."

"Well, Gov'nor," the sheriff broke in, "mebbe you didn't see no men with some horses a-goin' by here 'bout half past four?"

"Mebbe I didn't," said the Gov'nor, serenely pitching down more hay.

For once, Sheriff Perkins was baffled. He did not know that the Gov'nor regarded him as an enemy, suspecting him of a deep design to stop the big hunt.

"Now looky yere, Gov'nor," Jim Newman said, "the Sheriff's a lookin' after some hoss thieves an' thinks mebbe they might 'a' gone by here in the night."

"Well, then," replied the boy, only a trifle mollified, "he might 'a' said so. I didn't see no men ner hosses go by yere this mornin'. I reckon he's on the wrong trail."

"I reckon I am," Perkins mused. "I don't often git on the wrong trail, neither. Them fellers must 'a' gone up by Newhall way, an' through the San Francisquito. 'Lizabeth Lake 'll fetch 'em up fer a day er two, likely."

"Sorry I can't help ye out, Sheriff," Newman said.

"Oh, I'll ketch 'em, yit." Perkins was on his horse by this time. "So long!" he shouted from the shadows of the orchard road, down which the steady gallop of his thoroughbred was ringing.

The Gov'nor had finished his feeding now, and father and son stood together in the stable door with the clear moonlight upon their faces. These two had always regarded each other in a quaint fashion as equals.

"We'll likely run acrost them fellers he's after, ef they 're in the Matilija, wont we, paw?"

"No: I don't reckon we will. They're over in the San Emigdio by this time, most like. I don't much keer about runnin' acrost 'em neither."

"Well," said the Gov'nor, "I'd like to ketch 'em, an' help string 'em up," with which vicious speech the youthful "regulator" took his way toward the cow lot to see that the calves were properly fenced off from their mothers during the night.

Jim Newman started slowly toward the farmhouse. Even at the best of times he had no very consuming desire for the society of his help-meet.

"Paw," the Gov'nor called after him, "what time we want to start to-morrer?"

"Jist before moonrise, I reckon. The boys is a comin' over, an' will pack an' start from here."

"Who's a goin' to run the place?"

"Jim Anderson 'll be over yere in the mornin'. You kin show him how things goes. I got to go to town early, an' lay in some grub an' cattridges. Reckon I'll take the big wagon an' the sorrels."

"You better take the spring wagon an' the grays. I got ter use them there sorrels to cultivate them lima beans, an' I heerd maw say she wanted to go ter town in the mornin'."

"All right. Them beans needs a cultiva-

tin', anyhow. I s'pose I kin haul the things in the spring wagon. You better git Jim ter mow that alfalfa, too."

"All right."

## CHAPTER II.

The "boys" came over in the afternoon. They were to have started just at moonrise; but what with feeding and packing and saddling, it was nearer eleven than eight o'clock when they got away.

All was ready at last. Horses were mounted, rifles shouldered, ugly-looking, long knives strapped at sides, and the hunters were riding down the orchard road toward the big gate. Billy and a nondescript animal known as the crop-eared mule were the sumpter bearers of the train. There were five men in the party, counting the Gov'nor—Ramon Soto, the guide and cook, a famous bear-hunter to this day in all that southern country, noted as the man who had killed four grizzlies with five bullets; old Jo Barton, a '49er, a prospector of the old school—a type now, alas, fast fading into the perspective of the years—keen-eyed and enthusiastic, as young when following the trail of deer as even the Gov'nor himself; Jim Newman, with whom we are already acquainted—but who had, besides the characteristics already noted, a slight defect in hearing, which gave rise to amusing contretemps now and again; John Shelton, a "tenderfoot," a sojourner in the southern country for lung weakness, but an experienced Adirondack sportsman for all that, and as eager now as in his best days to renew the mad exhilaration that sets one's blood on fire when a wounded buck, stricken to the death, falls panting and sobbing in the chemisal; and the Gov'nor himself, elate in the possession of a long knife and a brand-new Winchester rifle.

John Shelton was of a class numerous enough. Barely twenty-five years old, in comfortable circumstances, a graduate of



Yale, he found the world opening fair before him—and then his life was blighted by the touch of the grim climatic destroyer. Now he was what Mrs. Newman termed “one o’ them poor consumed critters.” With all the hopefulness of his class, he had thought that a winter in Southern California would “set him up;” and yet he had not seemed to gain strength rapidly. The poison was in his blood, and he came too late. Forsaking the Ojai hotel where he had made the acquaintance of Jo Barton, he was intent now upon a month of “roughing it” in the mountains.

From her kitchen door, Mrs. Newman draws languidly: “Take keer o’ that boy!”

“Reckon I kin take keer o’ myself,” the Gov’nor responds; and in single file, with clattering of pots and pans upon the creaked mule, the train moves out of the orchard gate, into the silver softness of the broad river road and up the long stretch of Sleepy Hollow to where the mountains come down on either hand, and the river rushes out across a broad sycamore dotted flat from its home in a dark mountain gorge—Matilija Cañon. The home of Indian spectres, and hot sulphur waters; the birth-place of all that is wierd, and sad, and spectral in the dark mythology of the Santa Inez Indians.

Here a spring wagon comes rattling along the road, and its occupant hails the train:

“Hello, Barton, is that you?”

“Reckon it is,” replies Jo, a thought surly.

“Which a-way?”

“This a-way,” says Jo.

“Goin’ after deer?”

“Wa’al, we aint a-goin’ arter fish.”

“Who you got?”—meaning, who composed the party.

“You don’t know none of ’em, I don’t reckon. Anyways, they don’t none of ’em know you.”

“Well, success to you,” and the wagon rattles on up into the darkness of the live oaks of Matilija.

“Head off that jack,” shouts Jo, for the social Billy has shown a disposition to get

out of line and follow the wagon, thereby adopting the genial questioner into the party. John Shelton heads off the jack accordingly and falls back into place beside Newman.

“Who was that fool in the wagon?” he asks.

“O, that’s a fellow named Jackson. Lives just up the cañon a piece. Keeps bees, I reckon.”

“Well that is the worst give-away yet. To ride all this distance without meeting a soul—and then to encounter a man who knows Jo just as we are entering the mountains! It is too bad. Of course all the boys will know now which way we have gone.”

“Everybody ’round yere knows Jo, mostly—an’ Jackson aint likely to see no fellers from the Holler.”

“Of course he will. What business has that idiot to be on the road at this time of night, anyway?”

“’S much as us, I reckon.”

“No such thing. I don’t believe he’s a man at all. He’s a spirit. On any bright moonlit morning, at three o’clock sharp, I firmly believe you would meet it at the mouth of the Matilija, rattling along in a rickety old spring wagon, drawn by a pair of dirty gray horses.”

“That Shelton’s a queer feller,” Newman thought; and again unbroken silence settles down upon the train, and the tired beasts plod on through the moonlight, wearily, wearily.

Up the rocky defile, crossing again and again the glancing stream, to camp at last in the shadow of a great rock until daybreak.

Despite their almost all night ride, the hunters arise early—the fresh mountain air, the novelty of their surroundings, their nearness to the life-giving bosom of Mother Earth, the great morning wind that came roaring down around the rocky angles of the cañon, and sundry pebbles that darkness had hidden underneath their unfolded blankets, all contributing to this.

Then a cup of steaming coffee, fragrant as the winds of Araby; and packs, and sad-

dles, and riders are mounted, and so, through the glorious advancing of red-breaking-day, the pack train moves on deeper into the wilderness, now ascending a ridge crowned with the low beauty of spreading manzanita, or, dark in the shadows of whispering pines, following the trail clinging upon a cliff far above the silvery murmur of some mountain stream.

They leave the trail, and are branching off into an unknown land. Only Ramon knows where the new route will lead them, for Jo, much as he frequents the mountains, is out of his reckoning now.

The leader rides out upon a low spur of hills, halting for the others to come up.

High upon the summit of a distant ridge to the north, two bold rocks, landmarks for twenty miles even in that mountainous country, rear their heads close together from a jungle of green brush, chemisal and scrub oak and manzanita, growing so thickly as to be all but impassable for man and beast; and nearer to the observers, but still to the northward, stands upon a bench-like mesa a solitary, stunted pine tree. The road lies between those rocks, Ramon has said, and by the foot of that tree. Once between the rocks they are safe, for beyond them the country is open—bare hills dotted with clumps of live oak. There is abundant water, that greatest of all requisites of California camp life. There are *muchos venajos*—much deer—also, in that promised land.

Down over the swelling spur of hills, and they are riding up a long cañon, which widens here and there into bunch-grass grown potreros, in which there are sheep, but which grows steadily narrower as they approach its head.

The hills come down closer together now, and the cañon divides, the hunters taking the north fork and passing close beside the blasted pine tree. They ride around the point of the pine, following a sheep trail; and behold, the two rocks in plain view, but a short distance ahead—but how steep, and

brushy, and seemingly inaccessible the ridge up which they must ride!

Ride, have I said? Not even so gallant a *caballero* as Ramon Soto dare ride up that precipitous slope.

“Aqui esta!” says the guide, pointing to the rocks, now seemingly so close at hand, and turning in his saddle to smile darkly upon his companions.

“Is them yer two rocks?” growls Jo. “Well, I bet ye can’t never git no pack train up thar.”

“Si, señor,” Ramon replies, and turns resolutely to ascend the steep mountain side. Higher and higher they go, winding back and forth across the face of the ridge—“snakin’ it,” Jo says.

The way grows steeper. They emerge from the thick brush. Only here and there are scattered manzanita bushes, but the footing now is hard sandstone, almost perpendicular, and the rocks are still high above.

Ramon has dismounted from his mustang, and is leading the trusty brute, stumbling and slipping up the rocky road, by the bridle. Incomparable error! Can any student of human nature tell me why great men sometimes err fatally at the most momentous crisis of life? Why should Ramon Soto, an experienced vaquero and mountaineer, lead his horse by the bridle on this occasion, instead of by the rawhide riata about the animal’s neck? Leading by the bridle is precarious business at the best of times, especially with the Spanish bit. Lead by the bridle he did, nevertheless; but the rest of the party, dismounting, followed more slowly, leading by their riatas.

The burros, groaning beneath the weight of their packs, but more sure-footed than the horses, advanced alone, very slowly. They seemed to be almost lifted up the steep by the blasts of crude profanity that Jo sent hurtling out behind them—responding to each round oath as the good vaquero horse responds to the tip of the jingling spur.



But one more steep pull is to be made, and there are the rocks, straight ahead. The pack train is strung out upon the face of the mountain, one animal below the other, but no two faced in the same direction. The men are anywhere that they may most conveniently lead or drive.

Ramon stops and speaks to his fretted horse, low and soothingly, patting the faithful brute upon the neck. The train is stationary, silently awaiting the advance of its leader. Bridle in hand, Ramon clambers over the steep place, assures himself of his footing, and shouts to the horse.

“*Benaca, hombre! Por unto!*”

The obedient animal dashes up the rocky declivity, climbing like a squirrel, slipping back and stumbling, but climbing still. Half way up a loose rock turns beneath one hind foot, and, rearing in terror now, the horse balances upon its hind feet for a moment, pawing the air, and rolls over backward down the mountain. The bridle is torn from Ramon’s hand, and with it a major part of dusky cuticle.

Mercifully, a large bush saves the train below. The falling horse is checked for an instant, then its course is changed, and it rolls, sideways, over and over, down the slope, and past the now thoroughly terrified men and animals.

There is no possibility of a stampede in such a place, but the horses are nearly uncontrollable. Hardly less fearful is the terror upon the faces of the hunters.

Ramon’s horse rolls fully one hundred feet, seemingly turning over twenty-five times in that distance and bodily clearing bushes at least six feet high—and lodges feet down in a large manzanita shrub upon the very edge of a precipice a thousand feet perpendicular. He neither kicks nor struggles to free himself from the saving entanglement of the manzanita. He simply lies there quietly, breathing heavily—but there is an agony of dumb terror in his eyes, and that something of wild reason, too, possessed

by mustangs, which tells him, perhaps, that to move is perilous.

Of course there was a farcical element in all this tragedy. There always is. Tied behind his Mexican saddle was Ramon’s coat, and in a pocket of it snugly lay a pint bottle of aguadiente—a kind of fiery brandy dear to the native California heart. The jar of the horse’s sudden stop threw the bottle from its resting place, and its brown body flashed in the sunshine as it was thrown far forward and dashed to pieces upon the rocks away below.

To unsling hunting knives and hatchets, and cut the mustang loose from its tangle of brush was the work of only a few moments. Then the saddle and blankets were taken off, and gently, with much soothing and petting, the fears of the animal were allayed, and it was got upon its feet and led to a place of safety.

Singularly enough, beyond a slight lameness, the horse was found to be unhurt.<sup>1</sup> The power of sustaining ill-usage inherent in the mustang of California is something wonderful. Perhaps the possession of generations of hardly-used ancestry may explain it.

“I wouldn’t ‘a’ give two bits fur that mustang,” said Jo, “when I seen him a rollin’ down the hill. I see many a hoss fall in the hills, an’ never yit seen one git a tumble like that there an’ not break his neck, or sumpin. Pity to lose so much good likker, too.”

Ramon was not at all discouraged by this mishap. The horse had been over that road before, and should go again. The saddle was readjusted, and “cinched” tighter than ever. Carefully the horse was led past the other waiting animals—by the riata this time—and, with the same dash as before, the ascent was made safely, and Ramon led his horse up to a level spot between the two rocks. Then the man came down again

<sup>1</sup>This accident of the fall and escape from injury of the mustang, is a fact within the writer’s knowledge.

and, one by one, the animals were taken over the danger into the safety above.

Beyond the rocks a beautiful expanse of rolling ridge and broad potrero, dotted here and there with live oaks and with lofty pines, spread before the hunters. Far below, three bucks, startled from their wonted quiet, sprang with long and graceful leaps into the enveloping distance; and from a ridge close by, a gentle doe was seen regarding them with wide-opened eyes. She trotted over the ridge, and there was no other sign of life in all the country.

This was the region that had been promised them—the hunter's paradise. Here was the land where no white man had ever hunted—nor any dark man save Ramon since the days of the Santa Inez domination.

By easy stages the guide led them down upon the bosom of a beautiful little valley—Potrero La Carpa—and to a point where, beneath the shadows of a clump of pines, a living spring gushed from the foot of a beetling rock crag.

"Muy bueno campo," said Ramon, gazing about him with a self-satisfied air upon the wealth of wood, of water, and of horse-feed.

Ay, Ramon, it was a very good camp—a very good camp indeed.

### CHAPTER III.

A HUNTERS' camp—a very ideal hunters' camp, upon Potrero la Carpa. In the shadow of the pines, a pile of miscellaneous stuff—saddles, and blankets, and guns, and ammunition, and burlap sacks, and boxes, full and empty, and tins of fruit and meat, and sacks of flour, and pots and pans of assorted sizes. Here a "side" of bacon and there a can of pressed corned beef with Chicago label, peeping from the capacious depths of an *al forka*—the pannier used by the Mexicans in packing. Long strings of "jerky"—sun-dried venison—hung red in the sunlight, ripening upon ropes stretched taut from tree to tree.

It is a very simple matter the preparation of this jerky, yet the product is most delicious and very highly nutritious. The deer is cleaned first, of course, and the skin removed. Then the venison—will be hung in a cool place for a time, until the meat has lost all animal heat. It is better that flies should not reach it at this stage, although they will harm it but little.

When the flesh has completely cooled, the cutter-up, armed with a keen long-bladed knife, stands beside the hanging animal and dissects it as nearly in accordance with the anatomical structure of the deer as his skill or knowledge will permit. His aim is to cut the most meat from the carcass in the most compact form, rejecting, of course, all that is bloodshot or in any manner spoiled.

Beside him, on the ground, is seated an assistant, also armed with a keen knife. At one hand this assistant has a small, flat board and at the other a tin plate, in which is salt. Before him on the ground is stretched the hide just taken from the hanging deer.

The cutter-up throws down a piece of flesh, the larger the better, to his assistant. Does it fall upon the ground? No matter. Contact with dry bunch grass will only make it better jerky.

This piece of flesh the assistant seizes, lays upon the board, and, with his sharp knife, cuts it round and round and round, turning it deftly from side to side, until the solid mass is resolved into a long string of venison—the longer the better. Then he lays it upon the pile of like strings of meat that has accumulated upon the outspread hide, sprinkling upon the mass, as each piece is added, just the least modicum of salt.

So the process goes on until all the meat available has been stripped from the bones (usually the tenderloins and other choice morsels are reserved for broiling, although these may be jerked also), and these are thrown away to bleach in the sun. It is estimated that the skin of each buck will just hold the meat that can be cut from him



for jerky. When dried, of course the meat loses much in weight and bulk, four pounds of venison generally going to one pound of jerked meat.

After the meat has all been cut into strips and salted, the hide is folded carefully over it to exclude flies, and it is laid away in the shade until nightfall. As the sun goes down, usually a fresh breeze springs up in mountain cañons. Then the skin is brought out and opened, and the strings of meat are hung upon long lines stretched for the purpose; or it may be, upon racks of poles, which are easily constructed.

In the cool air of the night a glazed crust forms, and the meat is beyond all danger of flies. In the morning it is turned, that the part next the rope or pole may be exposed to the air. Then no more trouble is taken with it for three or four days—according to the state of the atmosphere—when it is gathered and sacked, but not packed closely. It is now perfect jerky, a meat touched with the crimson gold of summer sunshine, and breathing out an aroma of whispering mountain pines.

There is one all-important secret in its preparation, however. In first hanging out the meat, let no piece upon the line be placed in contact with another piece. Such contact were fatal to both. After the crust has been formed it does not so much matter.

The camp upon Potrero la Carpa was opulent of jerky in various stages of preparation, and the hunters were happy.

High noon. The sun beat down pitilessly upon camp and tree and bare brown stretch of hill and valley. Ramon, seated apart, busied himself about some strap upon his saddle. He had not been a *paisano* (native Californian) if he had found no occupation with his horse's gear when all else failed. Down where the spring bubbled from the rock the Gov'nor was filling the canteens for to-morrow's hunt. Old Jo, his head half-buried in a pile of blankets, was

alternately fighting gnats and muttering words not in the nature of prayer. John Shelton was sleepily reading a well-thumbed, five-days'-old newspaper; and Newman, seated a little apart, was smoking in silence, and watching a great white cloud, like a mountain of snow, which had arisen above the hills in the west and was climbing, fold upon fold, in dense masses toward the zenith.

Even as he looked, the cloud obscured the sun and flushed a rose pink, deepening to crimson at the western hills and casting a glow of the raging mad color upon hill, and rock, and stream, and forest. The world seemed deluged in blood, drip, dripping from the heavens.

Jim sprang up with a startled exclamation. The change had been so sudden. Old Jo, opening his eyes, half arose to a sitting posture and ejaculated:

"Well, I be damned!"

Ramon looked up from his work and remained, the strap in his hand, staring heavenward in vague terror. His dusky face was pale—the livid pallor of the dark races. Shelton remained absorbed in his newspaper.

Gurgle, gurgle, gurgle, the water of the spring was running into the canteens.

"By jinks!" piped a small voice, "this yere water looks like blood."

Only for an instant did hills and wood retain a crimson hue. The cloud changed again to milky white, to gray, to black, obscuring all the heavens. Then it opened in the west and upon a distant ridge—seemingly riding out from the portals of cloud-land—there came the shadow of a gigantic man upon a colossal horse.

For a full minute the shadow stood there, seeming to wave and beckon, and then the mist upon that high ridge closed down upon it and rolled away again, but the shadow was gone. Shelton actually thought, for a moment, that the lowering cloud had ilfted horse and man bodily into the black vault above.

There was a suspicion of a mountain thunder storm in the stifling air, but it did not come. The black cloud, the mist that had sprung so suddenly over hill and dry proteró, broke up and vanished, and the sun came out, hot and bright as ever. Slowly and lazily the long afternoon droned itself out, but a silence that was not of laziness had fallen upon the camp. For vastly different reasons no man cared to ask his fellow the meaning of what had been seen on the ridge.

#### CHAPTER IV.

The effect of the shadow in the clouds had largely worn off by supper time.

The supernatural impression indeed, had been almost entirely confined to Ramon, who had all the superstition of the dark races, and to old Jo, who had seen many unaccountable things in mountain lands. Shelton knew more or less of atmospheric phenomena, and Newman, if he gave the thing more than a passing thought, supposed that horse thieves, or, quite possibly, another party of hunters, might be in the neighborhood. The Gov'nor summed up his ideas upon the subject when he said:

"You bet I camp down by them hosses to-night."

It was noticed by this sage philosopher that old Jo put away that afternoon vast quantities of spirits which are not gruesome. "An' what 'll we do ef any of us gits snake-bit?" muttered the philosopher.

"What was it, Ramon?" and Jo reached for the kettle and another supply of venison stew.

"A spirit, señor. A <sup>¡</sup>blessed spirit." He spoke in the mongrel musical tongue of the native Californian—for Ramon scorned English gutterals—but all understood him. Even Shelton had fallen in love with the language, as most strangers do, and was already becoming proficient.

"Blessed spirit be damned!" Jo said. "It is the devil, more like."

"It was neither angel nor devil, Jo," remarked Shelton quietly. "It was a shadow in the clouds of some man riding upon that ridge."

"This yere Carpa country looks like it might be a hoss thieves' nest," Newman said—and the Gov'nor repeated his observation about sleeping with the horses.

"Shadder!" Jo's lofty contempt overlooked entirely the last two speakers. "I don't want ter see no more sich shadders."

"It was a holy spirit, señors." The soft voice of the Californian flowed like oil upon the troubled waters of the debate. "It was the spirit of the lost Spaniard."

"Ah, you are acquainted with it, Ramon?"

"Si, señor."

"Do you know, then, what it means?" Again it was Shelton who questioned him.

"Si, señor."

"All right," Newman broke in, "give us the yarn—an' the Gov'nor can keep his eye on them hosses."

"It means—death, señors."

"Hell!" Jo ejaculated. "Who's a going ter die?" The man had faced death by flood and field a thousand times and felt no fear, but this supernatural stealing upon him of the grizzly terror was too much.

"I cannot tell, Don José," the guide made answer. "One of us, perhaps, or some one dear to us."

"It 'll be death to them doggoned hoss thieves ef they come a monkeyin' around this yere camp," said the Gov'nor, having no fear of the supernatural before his eyes; and "Let's have the story," Shelton urged, scenting, it may be, a delicious morsel of Southern California folk-lore.

They pressed close about Ramon as, in a low voice, the liquid music of language dropped from him; and the hills grew dark about the camp in gathering gloom:

"In the old days, señors, many years before the Padres came up out of the valley of Mexico, there lived in this camp of La



Carpa a great chief of the Santa Inez called Mu-pu. This was his hunting ground, for even then game was more abundant here than elsewhere, and here were born to him sons and daughters, a goodly number. One by one his children passed away from him as they blossomed from their youth, until of them all only one, a daughter, the fairest of her race, remained. Lovingly Mu-pu decked her with the wealth of skins which his prowess in the chase brought to him. About her waist she wore a kirtle of the breasts of downy penguins, brought by her father from the cunning Indian workers by the seashore; and crowning her long black hair was a dainty cap of blood-red crests of humming birds. A necklace of shining pearls got in trade from the island Indians, lay softly coiled upon her dusky bosom—and from her shapely shoulders fell away a loose garment fashioned from the skin of a sea-otter. Fringed leggins of buckskin encased her shapely limbs, her moccasins were of the yellow breasts of orioles, and at throat and wrists and ankles she wore broad bands of the precious yellow metal that savage and Christian alike worship. Of all his tribe, only the great chief Mu-pu knew where the yellow metal was most abundant, and he spared not of its abundance to beautify his beloved child.

“One sunny day a stranger—a white man—rode over the trail by which we came in, and halted before the hut of Mu-pu. The great chief had never seen a white man, but he had heard vague rumors concerning them from the Indians of the coast and once, only once, had seen a horse which an Indian from the far east had taken from some white men returning to the south after a fruitless search for the Tierra de Cibolas.<sup>1</sup> Mu-pu welcomed the stranger right royally to the best his rude home afforded—nor did he ask

<sup>1</sup> Probably some of Coronada's party which left Mexico in 1541, are here referred to. It is possible, however, that Ramon's legend may have dated back to the adventurous journey of Alvar Nunez Cabeza de Vaca, about 1527. It is claimed, I believe, that de Vaca reached California, and such being the case, it is not wonderful that these Indians should hear of him.

whence or how far he had come. Unquestioning hospitality was a law of the Santa Inez. The daughter served of the best in the hut—and if a warmer tinge of brown suffused her brow and arms, only the Spaniard saw it; and he made no sign. But the Spaniard saw also the gold that decked the woman, and on that head he was not so silent. Eagerly he sought to know the source of the supply, esteeming his host ignorant of the value of the precious stuff. But the old chief was wily, knowing the Indians upon the Coast would trade him anything for the yellow metal. He told the Spaniard that the knowledge thus sought was a secret in his tribe not to be revealed under pain of death.

“The stranger desisted from his inquiries then, but he remained in the camp of Mu-pu and at last he gained the heart of Co-che-no-no. The simple child of nature knew no reserve in her passion seeing no shame in it, and without hesitation she yielded everything to her new god, and the old chief saw it and blessed her in it, sorrowing to himself the while, as is the manner of the aged. From his Indian wife the Spaniard learned that the place of gold could be visited only once in every moon. That an evil spirit guarded it at other times. That no woman dare approach it at any time, lest great harm befall her.

“The Spaniard plotted then. Co-che-no-no importuned her father for more ornaments of gold. It was enough. One night, when the moon was right, a dark figure crept across the *potrero* from the camp of Mu-pu. Two other figures followed stealthily, for what will not a woman dare for the man she loves. Mu-pu traveled a long distance, doubling and turning repeatedly, until he came to the verge of a lofty cliff. Half way down, a pine tree sprang out from the rock, and brushed with its topmost limbs the verge of the precipice. Mu-pu stooped, caught a strong limb, and swung himself over the cliff. One of the pursuers, the

figure of a woman, came forward and stood fearlessly upon the edge of the precipice. The Spaniard lurked behind, in the dense shadow of a manzanita. There is a noise at the woman's feet. She looks down, and behold! her father is again ascending the tree, bearing a load of the precious earth. He sees her and pauses. Then he climbs up resolutely, and lays his burden at her feet. His arms are about her, gently, but with cruel firmness. He leans over, seemingly blessing her, for he mutters some words in the Indian tongue.

"Then he raises her form aloft, above his head, in his strong arms. She makes no resistance. She does not even cry out; and, before the Spaniard can divine the chief's intention, he has hurled the woman downward into the abyss, and is leaning forward to catch from the depths the faintly echoing death cry. Afterwards there is an instant of silence, and, with a cry as of a horror-stricken wild beast, the Spaniard springs forward upon the Indian. Like a revelation, Mu-pu sees in this mischief the greed of his white son-in-law.

"The men grapple. Neither is armed, but they know the fight is to the death. Youth and strength are on the side of the white man, but the old chief is wary, and his sinews are toughened by years of exposure to the sun and air. Nay, of all his tribe, Mu-pu alone was ever known to break the clasp of the great bear's hug. Nearer and yet nearer, their sinewy forms writhing and bending like two mighty serpents, in the moonlight, they approach to the cliff. With a last effort, just as his feet touch the edge of the precipice, the Spaniard shakes his antagonist from him, dealing, at the same time, a terrific blow in the base of the Indian's neck. The old man reels backward, staggering under the blow. His foot turns under him—else he had not fallen even then—and, throwing aloft his arms, with a wild cry he disappears over the cliff.

"Snatching the treasure from the ground, the Spaniard turns and flies into the night. In the darkness and the strange road he loses the way—and down by the lakes in the Valley of Mexico a fair woman waits in vain for the return of her adventurous soldier. Never again is he seen by his people; and the gold he promised to bring back lies to this day, purged of its dross by the elements of heaven, somewhere out upon the hills of La Carpa. It is through the Indians that the tale comes down to us."

Ramon had told his tale with the profuse dramatic gesticulation characteristic of his race, and told it well—and now he lay in the firelight rolling a brown paper cigarito.

For a while following the recital, a silence fell upon the camp. Only a blaze, flickering upward from the fire of pine logs, cast a red glow upon the trees, the subdued faces of the men, and the queer looking lines of jerked meat. The horses, dimly visible through the gathering darkness, seemed standing dumbly expectant.

"And señors," Ramon said at last, breathing out a thin line of blue smoke, "it is an old tradition that whoever now sees the spirit of the Spaniard must take it as a warning to quit the Carpa for a season. By remaining he will meet with death or will find the lost mine—and the risk is too great."

"Did you ever see it afore, Ramon?" asked Jim.

"My father saw it. The next day he hunted from here, and a bear killed him—yet he was a man who had killed many bears."

"Boys," said old Jo solemnly, "I've seen a many strange things in the hills, an' I ain't a going to hunt in here no more this trip. Le's go down the Sespe an' fish."

"Nonsense," Shelton remarked. "I'm not going to be frightened away from so good a hunting ground by a mirage and an old Indian tradition. Besides, I haven't killed my big buck yet. He is waiting for me, I know, on top of that big red ridge."



"An' we might find that there gold mine," said Newman. "Who knows?"

"Señor"—it was Ramon who spoke—"I hunt no more in La Carpa this year. No Spaniard would do it. Let us go down in to the Sespe."

"After to-morrow." Shelton was growing stubborn. "I must get that big buck."

"Just one more day," pleaded Jim.

"I tell ye, boys, this here is foolishness. We been warned an' we better git," said old Jo.

"Warned, bosh!" broke in John Shelton. "I tell you no phantom can frighten me. I have real trouble enough, without drawing on my imagination, and I intend to have my hunt out."

"What do ye know about trouble, boy?" old Jo said. "I never yit see a man prate about hevin' trouble but what, afore long, he got trouble shore nuff. Look out ye

ain't a drawing nuthin' down on yer head."

"Well, I'll tell you what, Jo," put in Jim. "Me an' John'll go after the buck to-morrow, an' Ramon kin stay in camp, er look fur the lost gold mine an' let the Gov'nor stay in camp."

"You kin jist bet yer boots I aint scared to stay alone;" this from the Gov'nor with an air of vast assurance. "They won't no hoss thieves bother me more'n onst, I don't reckon."

"Hev it yer own way, boys, hev it yer own way," and there was just a suspicion of huskiness in the voice of the old prospector. "I only wisht I'd 'a' up an' tuk a crack at that there spirit 'ith my old Winchester. I lay I'd 'a' fixed him out so't he wouldn't 'a' skeered no more huntin' parties outen this yere kentry."

*S. N. Sheridan, Jr.*

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER]

#### AT LONE MOUNTAIN.

Here all is calm; the toiling city's sound  
 Echoes but faintly in this quiet air,  
 And blooming flowers are wafting everywhere  
 A grateful fragrance. Here the birds have found  
 A fitting home upon this hallowed ground,  
 Wherein to rear their nestlings free from care.  
 Here graceful shapes of sculptured marble bear  
 The words of hope. Beside the grassy mound  
 That holds the form I loved I linger long;  
 I breathe the incense by the flowers expressed,  
 I hear the birds in glad accordant song.  
 Ah happy dead, so peaceful is thy breast,  
 That, could I call thee back, it would be wrong  
 To rouse thy spirit from its perfect rest.

*Charles S. Greene.*

## SATURDAY NIGHT IN LONDON. — —

A FAVORITE manner of passing the hours of his *Paradises Artificielles* by the English Opium Eater was to walk the streets of the humbler quarters of London on Saturday night. He says:

“It is true that different men throw their feelings into different channels, and most are apt to show their interest in the concerns of the poor chiefly by sympathy, expressed in some shape or other, with their distresses and sorrows. I at that time was disposed to express my interest by sympathy with their pleasures. The pains of poverty I had seen too much of—more than I wished to remember; but the pleasures of the poor, their consolations of spirit, and their repose from bodily toil, can never become oppressive to contemplate. Now Saturday night is the chief regular and periodic return of rest for the poor. It is a rest introductory to another rest; and divided by a whole day and two nights from the renewal of toil. On this account I always feel on a Saturday night as though I also were released from some yoke of labor, had wages to receive, and some luxury of repose to enjoy. For the sake therefore of witnessing upon as large a scale as possible a spectacle with which my sympathy was so entire, I used often on Saturday nights after having taken my opium, to wander forth without much regarding the direction or the distance, to all the markets and other parts of London to which the poor resort on Saturday night for laying out their wages. Many a family party, consisting of a man, his wife, and sometimes one or two of his children, have I listened to as they stood consulting on their way and means, on the strength of their exchequer or the price of household articles. Sometimes there might be heard murmurs of discontent; but far oftener expressions on the

countenance or uttered in words, of patience, hope, and tranquillity. And taken generally I must say that in this point at least the poor are far more philosophic than the rich: that they show a more ready and cheerful submission to what they consider as irremediable evil or irreparable losses. Whenever I saw occasion, or could do it without appearing intrusive, I joined their parties and gave my opinion upon the matter in discussion, which if not always judicious was always received indulgently. If wages were a little higher, or expected to be so, or the quartern loaf a little lower, or it was reported that onions and butter were expected to fall, I was glad; yet if the contrary were true, I drew from opium some means of consoling myself,” etc.

*We* never entered any Paradises, real or artificial, during the many years we were familiar with what Carlyle calls that great wen of civilization “with its slums, enchanted aperies, and infernalities,” and our Saturday night observations were certainly less *couleur de rose* than the opium-dyed ones of that master of ornate literary style, De Quincy. Still, we have had an interesting experience there, and seen many a curious picture—for which we may thank De Quincy. For it was the Opium Eater himself who first really opened to us the great world beneath our daily and familiar one, the world which lives from dirty hand to hungry mouth, the world of such folk as people the pages of Dickens, and fill the streets with their shabby and mal-odorous multitudes from twilight until midnight every Saturday. It was directly after reading the Opium Eater that we took it into our heads to desert the whist tables, the classical music and “high-toned” conversation of our fashionable hotel drawing-room at Kensington, and by means of omnibuses and trains, our meanest raiment,



and the protecting care of Cook's deceased husband's brother, penetrate to remote regions where penny bits of fried fish are wrapped in blighted scraps of "Reynoldses," or the "Referee"—or not wrapped at all, but gobbled *sans ceremonie* at reeking counters, where "whelks," tougher than preadamite rubber, dine him who has but a ha'penny, and stale vegetable hucksters in the gutter exert but feeble attraction upon the week's earnings, compared with flaming gin palaces upon the sidewalk.

"Truly one half of the world knows not how the other half lives!" We made this fresh and brilliant remark—unconsciously using the cant whine of the London beggars—during the first of our Saturday night adventures, where we were swept by ghostly petticoats swung from ghostly lines above our heads, were jostled by drunkards, male and female, were bullied by tripe peddlers, and were admired by jubilant 'Arrys who called us "Susan" and asked after our "mar."

"Trew!" answered Cook's deceased husband's brother in his choicest phraseology. "These 'ere's mostly honest. They mostly pays from what they gits, and mostly don't know 'ow lives the hother 'arf as crawls houten its 'oles after these 'ere 'as turned hin, and who scrapes the pavements for what these 'ere 'as throwed away—when no cove don't turn hup handy to knock down.'

Our protector imagined himself telling us of a hitherto unheard of world. Little did he dream that we too had haunted vile dens in the thieves' quarters; that we too had attended schools of pick-pocketry, and even "assisted," in the French sense, at a murder. Little dreamed he that we had shuddered in presence of Fagin, the Jew; that we had sickened at sights of Noah Claypole and Charley Bates; that we had cried over the death of Nancy Sykes.

It was a very Rembrandesque picture in *ensemble*, for the month was November, and the long northern twilights of the English

summer had given place to the thick nights of the fog-pervaded autumn. Gaslights burned dimly in the murky atmosphere, each lamp-post casting faint discs of yellow mist upon Tartarean backgrounds. Between lighted shop windows and the street was a wide pathway of lurid dusk, through which drifted a motley crew of fustian and corduroy, of slink 'petticoats and shabby shawls. The faces in the Spagnelletto and Ribera-like abruptness of detail, light and shade, were almost grotesque, the animality of the English lower classes taking on in that fantastic light curious suggestion of masque and gargoyle designed by Cruikshanks, Doyle, Leach, and Dalziel.

Here and there glowed ambulant furnaces of chestnut and potato roasters; here from a handcart was offered cheap tinware; yonder was one of coarse crockery; still beyond, one of second, third, perhaps even fourth or fifth-hand garments; while every few rods apart stood huckster's carts, which have so much to do with the Rembrandesque illumination of London's Saturday night. For at each one of them, high above huckster and huckstering, flares and flutters in the wind the broad, smoking flame of huge, oil-fed torches, that have, somehow, an uncanny and ghostly effect, as if originally designed for Dantean and Virgilian exploration in regions of the dead, and not for the exploration of cabbages cut in halves and "'eres yer nice fat 'errin's, two-a-penny-sure's-yer-hey!"

In the dimmer spaces between these Dantean illuminations, old women squatted upon the edge of the sidewalk, each with her basket of such salads as are cheap for the season—bunches of water-cress at a penny, stalks of melancholy celery, or unbound beet-tops and turnip leaves for greens.

"How much are your greens, granny?" asked the deceased husband's brother airily.

Cook's relation was rather a swell in his way. At our request he wore his usual gar-

ments—not those in which he mounted the box, but the coquettish negligé in which he ministered to his horses, and one who ran might scent the nature of his daily vocation. In consideration of this occasion and companionship, however, he had not refrained from bergamot and ear-locks, or from manner debonnaire.

“How much, granny?” we heard him ask jauntily, as he touched a mass of verdure with his boot toe.

“More dibs ’n ye’s got, me bye!” was the unexpected answer.

“Do you sell greens or impudence, granny?”

“Git away wid ye—ye don’t want ayther on ’em. Ye’re a larkin’ widout a bob in yer pocket! Thim foine housemaids o’ yourn aint got a barskit between ’em!”

Sapient dame! Behold, she had penetrated our innocent masquerade at sight, and like many another knew that things were not what they seemed!

We loitered along, our faithful escort ever at respectful but protecting distance behind us, looking into wide-open windows of shops, and sometimes entering a shop more curious and strange looking than the others.

One of these was a disgusting hole, ten by twenty, reeking with horrible vapors and diabolical smells. A woman served something in greasy bags over the humid counter; a brawny and unclean animal stirred a seething cauldron behind her with an iron ladle huge enough for services of Brobdignag. Every now and then he ladled something from the bubbling pot and deposited it upon a strainer beside bim. Then we saw that there were two cauldrons superintended by the bipedal bull-dog, one frying the dingy, unwashed slices of potatoes we saw heaping a basket under the counter, the other the bits of stale, oh, horribly stale fish, we saw selling so readily—“heads one penny, middles one and a half pennies, tails five farthings!”

The outer courts of hell cannot be more

offensive than this den where human beings crowded, an endless stream, to eat or to take this garbage away. The human imagination shudders before the attempt to solve the nature of the mysterious liquid in which the stuff is cooked, and not only imagination but the very dullest of olfactories discern that the fish are of smell most ancient and foul.

The man whisked the potatoes out with his ladle; the movement of the fish he accelerated with his filthy paws. When these paws became too slippery with over-acquaintance with greasy fish tails, he coolly wiped them off upon his hair. His head fairly oozed fatness from every tousled hair; the sodden and sullen face was lustrous, and the bare, hairy arms from which loathsome flannel sleeves were rolled high, shone with a brilliancy that was not beautiful.

The horrible creature was snuffing and snarling at his wife as we entered.

“Count the pertayters, you fool,” he growled, “height slices a farthin’! D’ye wanter come out sixpence beyind agin, as ye did last Saturday night? I s’pose ye fancy I *like* to stan’ ’ere a slavin’ and a sufferin’, a sizzlin’ the very heyeballs outen me ’ead, all fur nothin’, just cos ye’re such a domblarsted ejot as to give *nine* slices o’ pertayters for a farthin’, instider height!”

There were very few, almost no, closed windows, and the edibles of all the establishments were reposed upon wide exterior shelves upon the sidewalks. At the pork and cheese shops, the butcher’s, the green grocer’s, the fried fish and hot potato places, buying was principally done from outside, the customer remaining upon the sidewalk, the dealer serving from within or without as might happen. For some reason, however—we never found out what—all the “triperics” were of such dignified character that customers must respectfully approach the dealer within doors, and over marble counters. The tripes were thrown with artistic carelessness but striking effect, in great



masses of creamy, satin-like stuff, damasked with honeycomb pattern, in heaps upon the window shelves.

I asked the price of this wedding garment material.

"Six-pence honeycomb, five-pence t'other," grunted Tripist, evidently as disgusted as if I had asked the market price of milk.

"Sixpence a pound for tripe ! how dear ! I exclaimed incautiously.

My experience of all tripes other than of Parisian restaurants and *à la mode de Caen*, was confined to a rustic American hamlet ages ago, where a yard or two of tripe was thrown in as a bribe for the carrying away of a pound of liver.

"Too dear, is it?" sniffed Tripist. "You'd better heat lights ! Them comes to about your figger I suppose. Or if you've got a cat he might steal 'em for you."

Evidently, Saturday night was not conducive to serenity of the tripal soul. Or perhaps the Whitechapel soul is never serene in presences that ask questions and dispense no shekels. Perhaps *he* also saw that we carried no "barskits."

Just then we caught sight of Cook's defunct relative's relative waiting respectfully for us outside, and we concluded to join him, waiving further tripal enquiries in a quarter of London where "himpudence" seemed general and in such vivid contrast to the kowtowing and salaaming of tradespeople in our own Kensington.

"Do you think we could go in here?" we asked, doubtful but not hopeless, of our escort.

It was before a brilliantly lighted, wide open establishment where men and women passed in and out and we heard joyous clatter of knives and forks, and saw smiling faces at bare tables. An illuminated transparency published far and near the nature of the Lucullian banquet within, special to Saturday Night.

"Oh no, Miss ! Leastways I wouldn't hadvise it. The stewed heels is very nice, but

the chortle might 'appen to turn a little frowsy"

In London equine parlance, "chortle" stands for "conversation." When we read Alice in Wonderland, "He chortled in his joy," we supposed it meant "chuckled."

At the open windows and upon the exterior shelves of all the butchers' shops were ranged bits of meat of every shape and of varying sizes. Each piece was marked in large figures with its price, 6d., 3d., 2d., 1od., and I noticed that each purchaser or would be purchaser, *smelt* of them assiduously and poked and pinched them as fastidiously as *grandes dames* do their shopping at the silk and satin counters of the Louvre or Bon Marché. The fingers were not of the cleanest and noses *have* been more immaculate and less snuffy, but their present operations seemed accepted as a matter of course by the butchers' young men, who yelled incessantly and in voices to wake the dead, "Come buy ! Come buy ! Come buy !"

At a corner of the street, by a glaring gin palace, a ragged and filthy urchin cried as if his heart would break: Upon the curbstone beside him, a sodden woman held a young baby to her dirty breast. One look at the foul creature showed that she was wrapped in a drunken stupor ; another horrified glance at the crimson features and swollen, heavy lids of the babe revealed that it had drawn drunkenness from her breast and was as unconscious as she. We learned from the boy that he had eaten nothing since morning, "mammy" having been "swipsey" all day long and drank up all her week's earnings.

We hustled the wretched child into the nearest cook shop, where a scimitered rufian sliced boiled beef and his plaintive wife dealt out balls of "pease pudding"—i. e. boiled dried peas—at a penny a ball. Packing the wai's tattered pockets with beef and pudding, we generously asked,

"Do you see anything more you would like?"

"Somer that," he mumbled with his mouth full.

"Somer that" was tiny heaps of yellow atoms, large and small, ranged upon the counter beyond our reach. The heaps were of varying sizes and, like the display of the butchers' shops, were distinguished by tickets marked 1½d., 1d., 3 farthings, 5 farthings.

"What's this?" I asked of the slasher, to whom I chanced at the moment to be nearer than to his cowed wife.

The man evidently did not recognize me as companion of her who had just patronized him to the extent of ten pence, for he looked at me as if suspecting a "do" and then answered solemnly, "Daisies, Susan!"

"He's foolin', Miss," said the pale wife apologetically. "That's cheese, the crumbles from cutting the big cheeses. You're not Hinglish, are you? you're Hamerican. I was once 'ousemaid in an Hamerican family. I recognized the brogue the minute you come hinto the shop. I dassay you don't 'ave cheese in Hamerica? It all comes to Hingland?"

Alas! Though we masquerade in faded water-proofs and our steamer hats, behold our "brogue" bewrayeth us!

Not very long before that day we had bought tickets at a railway station for a rural excursion. "We wish *double* tickets" we had said, meaning that we wished to avail ourselves of the cheaper rates for those who bought tickets to go and come at the same time, and flattering ourselves that we used the conventional English term for those double tickets.

"Two tickets, Miss?" asked the seller very much confused by a pressing crowd.

"No, four; *double* ones!"

"Double ones, double ones," echoed the flushed youth. "What does that mean? Do you mean to stay at Finchley when you get there, or to come back again, or don't you know anything about it?"

"Will you please give me two double tickets?" I reiterated with the dignity of a Zenobia, "two to go and two to come back;

that is plain English, I believe."

"Oh, is it?" remarked young Briton. "*It sounds like American!*"

When we reached our destination we asked, and were told that we should not have said "double" but "return" tickets, exactly as in our native vernacular.

We refrained from stewed eels at our guardian's advice, and we entered not into the hundreds of beguiling restaurants scattered along our way. But like peris at the gates of Paradise, we stood outside and flattened our transatlantic and inquisitive noses against the envious glass that made our feast Barmecidal.

We were not the only ones who did so. A couple of girls of nineteen, one with a shawl over her head, the other with a hat apparently rescued from the destruction of Gomorrah, stood beside us, and, like us, stared interestedly at the viands there exposed.

These dainties were both cooked and uncooked, thick raw chops cheek by jowl with musty fruit tarts, wedges of sodden suet pudding balanced by tin pans full of tepid sausages and coarse meat pudding. In the background were ranged plates of various contents—one holding odds and ends of all sorts of cold meats; another a mixture of meat ends and sodden vegetables; a third, remnants of cooked sausages disporting themselves luxuriously upon scraps of blood pudding; one with bits of liver and bacon; while by way of *plats sucrés* there were "crumbles" of cheese-cakes, mingled with fragments of prune tarts. Each plate was labeled with the price, 2d., 3d., 4d.

Our neighbors were of unbeautiful aspect; the human face divine the last thing suggested by their frouzy hair, tip-tilted noses, narrow eyes, and complexions more of poppy likeness than of rose. That they were poor was undeniable; whether they were honest admitted of doubt, in view of the fact that although so miserably clad, they both had the bright metallic tint of



hair which may be bought in Whitechapel for a shilling, although costing ten shillings in Bond street.

"I've a fip for my supper to-night," said one of them—"thripp'nce must go for 'arf a quartern of Old Tom. I b'lieve I'll take that lot of sausidges and bread for tupp'nce."

"I've only got thripp'nce," said the other, "and I'm goin' to keep till Jim comes; p'raps he'll 'ave somethink. I can't go in 'ere anyhow; them knows me. Once I hasked for tick and them wouldn't give it to me, for the fore quarter of a mewer, what they said was rabbit. Nex' day I was in there with a salvation slinger, who wanted to leave a lot o' tracks. Them thought I'd got a mash, and nex' day I got lashin's of stuff on tick, and aint been near 'em since."

Just then a passing couple drew our attention from these peris of cook shop windows. A tidy, eminently respectable looking woman of about twenty-eight, dressed in mourning, approached hand in hand with a neatly dressed girl of ten. At our window the woman hesitated, swaying slightly to and fro, while she endeavored to straighten her crooked bonnet in the glassy reflection, with the air of preposterous and maudlin solemnity peculiar to the intense spiritual conviction that "all the world is tight—tight—tight, never was so sober in my life!"

As we saw this woman in her neat black dress, a remark of the Uncommercial Traveler came to our minds:

"When we made a divergence from the regular species of drunkard, and encountered one of more decent appearance, ten to one that specimen was dressed in solid mourning; the common folks who come unexpectedly into a little property come unexpectedly into a deal of liquor."

Just then we chanced to catch the little girl's eye and a dreadful thing happened.

The instant that pretty, blue-eyed, apple-faced child saw us looking at her, she deliberately *winked* at us—a disgusting, horrible wink and leer of ferocious knowledge of

vice, which said to us as plainly as words:

"Lord, aint we got a good joke on mammy?"

It was the saddest, most depressing sight we had seen that night. It took all further interest from the scene for us, and with heavy spirits we turned our faces towards Kensington. Then we remembered what also the Opium-Eater wrote:

"I paid a heavy price for this [Saturday night wandering] in distant years, when human faces tyrannized over my dreams, and the perplexities of my steps in London came back and haunted my sleep with the feelings of perplexities, moral or intellectual, that brought confusion to the reason, or anguish and remorse to the conscience."

Another Saturday night we saw another phase of London in altogether another quarter. This was a quarter where High Street shops imitate the fashions of Bond and Regent Street at a fifth their model's prices, where are long rows of factory looking and faded lodging houses and semi-detached "villas," once suburban, now metropolitan, with "lawns" like dirty gingham handkerchiefs, and linen bleaching upon sooty shrubbery. The pianos seem all wheezy, and we heard a bath-attendant in the omnibus declare that everybody there took second class baths, when they took any at all.

Cook shops are somewhat less frequent than in Whitechapel; there is more of method in the H.—madness; shawls are not *à la mode* for the feminine head. The butchers' meat looks decent; "pubs" are fewer and farther between. Dress-makers abound; the photographer's displays have the old daguerreotype smirk and simper; and the costumes are of sober and honest, if ungraceful, lower-middle class. The *jeunesse dorée* has a smug and dapper air, as if given to tape measurements and transactions in buttons, and the quarter is to Whitechapel what Mayfair is to it.

This is Islington, and to Islington and "The Egengile" (*vide* every Islingtonian

omnibus conductor) we took our Saturday night's way.

The theatre stands not very far from "The Angel" (an inn, rendezvous of all omnibuses), upon the site of Old Saddler's Wells. Here in the old days belles and beaux in spreading hoops and silken *culottes* drove out from London and drank the saline waters under spreading shade of wide marquees or whispering foliage, going to visit the trained animals in the intervals, or to laugh at the antics of Clown and Columbine.

Theatres have come and theatres have gone upon that site since then, but some sort of a theatre stands there forever, although the springs long ago were exhaled into the mists of the ever greedy metropolis.

The present theatre was then a curiosity in the way of dramatic management. Its doings were occasionally referred to in the strictly theatrical journals, but although its tickets were exposed for sale in nearly all cobbler's shops and cook shop windows of Islington, its name seldom appeared in the general newspapers save to point a moral and to adorn the tale of some managerial eccentricity or abuse.

In itself it is a very pretty theatre interiorly, and outside preserves enough of the architecture of its predecessor to give it a quaintly interesting appearance, reminding us as we saw it in a Saturday dusk, of the style-less but striking buildings of ages-old Ravenna. It was built by the Bateman family who strove to make it a permanent home of legitimate drama in the vain hope of drawing Shakspeare lovers from their fixed haunts of Oxford Street and the Strand. The hope proved futile, and the theatre passed from hand to hand and through many vicissitudes, till now where our omnibus climbed the hills to "The Egengile" it had come into the hands of the manager whose *modus operandi* made him the scoff and by-word of better class managers.

This manager played low comedy upon his own boards; his withered and ancient

wife played intense and emotional young heroines. The other members of the company were theatrical waifs and strays, hired at five shillings the performance, and stage-struck amateurs from shoe shop and tailor's bench, who furnished their own wardrobes and gave dramatic services for the benefit, real or fancied, of gaining stage aplomb and some sort of dramatic education and experience.

We took the dearest places in the house, except the boxes, for which we paid—one shilling! We might have had box seats for a crown, and would have been fairly placed in the first balcony for six-pence, or might have mounted with the gallery gods for "tuppence." We had heard something of the extraordinary management, so when we presented ourselves at the entrance for which our shilling tickets seemed to give us right of entry were not entirely surprised to hear the words "This entrance six-pence extra!"

We walked to the next entrance, not so much to save our sixpences as to test the veracity of all reports concerning the manner of management.

"Sixpence extra," we were again told.

At the third entrance, where we heard the same damnable iteration, somebody asked.

"Is there no entrance for the price of our tickets?"

"Yes, one, somewhere in the rear," was the gratifying answer.

We managed to discover this way to Hades, being guided there by brisk Islingtonians, who evidently knew the ropes.

At the threshold a woman met us:

"Your hats, ladies, sixpence extra."

We declined to be dispossessed of our tiles and were rewarded therefor by supercilious looks from that she Cerberus.

As we entered from the corridor into the dark auditorium, an employé glanced at our tickets.

"Sixpence extra by this door."

We tried another.

"Sixpence extra here!"



By this time we had waxed into a bristling millions-for-defence-but-not-one-cent-for-tribute condition. Sixpence extra? Perish the thought! Lo, we would die first, and the diluted blood, but still indomitable, of our revolutionary sires bedew every sixpence we had, rather than yield one of them to the insatiate Britisher whose territory we had in our turn invaded!

Finally we got to our seats. An employé—there were no regular ushers—offered us programmes, which we took generously, *à l'Américaine*, two or three apiece.

“Sixpence each,” said the staring employé.

The house was full and quite as orderly as the Lyceum or the Princess, save as now and then rose brief, sharp protests as ticket holders, evidently not Islingtonians, rebelled against some more than usually flagrant “sixpence extra.”

The Pickwicks, the Bardwellers, Little Traddles, the Tuppmans, the gentlemen of Dickens with all their feminine belongings, on Saturday night leave, were all about us; the boxes were filled with flourishing green grocers' families, and Pecksniff, with his two daughters and their cousin Jonas, from 'Igh street over the way.

The Pecksniff girls evidently regarded this theatre-going as a distraction of the *haute monde* and had made their showiest toilets, and with bangs colossal had paid uncounted sixpences extra to the Cerberus of the cloak room, feeling themselves the aristocracy of the occasion, and knowing that they filled the very places royalty itself must fill if ever it came to Sadlers Wells.

*Elegantes* though they were, however, they were not proof against the temptation of their class wherever it is found, the temptation of beer bottles and the beguiling of bread and cheese and aromatic sausages. Around us the air was rank with odors not of Araby the Blest, and the crunching of carnivorous jaws reminded us of a menagerie at feeding time. During the *entr'actes* men

moved about with beer glasses upon trays, and the popping of lemonade bottles was festive and gay. Miss Chuzzlewit, who sat just behind us, and who thrust her Fijian frizzes between us incessantly for a nearer view of the stage, had undeniably dined upon a certain pungent esculent, and now finished her repast upon crackling bread crusts and the rankest of dairy products. Her tastes thus were markedly pastoral and bucolic; her speech, however, had something of London sophistication, for she repeatedly and noisily expressed dissatisfaction that the “curting” remained down so long, and “certingly” she could exchange a slice of cheese for one of her friend's, Miss Weller's, sausages; she had taken the “precausing” to bring enough.

When the curtain rose, and the hero came upon the stage to beat his breast with high bred woe and remark:

“I parted from her in this very drorrin' room!” we were sure that a tidal cheese wave swept up from our dim region of the auditorium upon that sentiment-hallowed but dingy “drorrin' room.”

“Lor, Miss, you've nothing to eat!” remarked Miss Wozenham, who sat beside us, with an expression on her face I must say suggestive of two keys. “Will you have a bit of my sandwich? I have more than I can eat; I assure you you're welcome.”

We gratefully declined, having just dined.

“We always eat at noon—almost everybody does in Islington,” she explained.

Thus again were we reminded of the Uncommercial Traveller, and of that sandwich which “we hailed as one of our greatest institutions. It forced its way among us at all stages of the entertainment, and we were always delighted to see it; its adaptability to the varying moods of our nature was surprising; we could never weep so comfortably as when our tears fell upon our sandwich; we could never laugh so heartily as when we choked with sandwich. Virtue never looked so beautiful or Vice so de-

formed as when we paused, sandwich in hand, to consider what would come of that resolution of Wickedness in high boots to sever Innocence in flowing chintz gown from

Honest Industry in striped stockings. When the curtain fell for the night, we still fell back upon sandwich to help us through the rain and mire home to bed."

CHATA AND CHINITA,

A NOVEL OF MEXICAN LIFE.

XVI.

FROM the city of G—— to the hacienda of Tres Hermanos the road runs almost continually through mountain defiles where on either hand the great masses of bare rocks rise so precipitously that it seems impossible that man or beast should scale them; and here, where Nature's aspect is most terrible, man is least to be feared. But there are intervals where broad flat ledges hang above the roadway, or where it crosses plateaus shaded by scrub oak or mesquite, and even grassy dells, where after the rains water may be found, offering charming camping grounds during the noon-tide heat; and precisely at such places the anxious traveler has need to look to his weapons and picket his horses and mules in such order that no sudden attack may cause a stampede amongst them, and that they may, if need offer, form a barricade for their defenders. In those lawless times few persons ventured forth without a military escort, and if possible sought additional security by accompanying the baggage trains which, by arrangement with the party for the moment in power, enjoyed immunity from attack by roving bands of soldiery, and were too formidable to be successfully assailed by the ordinary cliques of highwaymen. Seldom indeed was there found a person so reckless as to venture forth attended only by the escort his own house afforded; and daring indeed was the woman who would undertake a two days' journey in such a manner. The least

she might expect would be to find her protectors dispersed, perhaps slain, and herself a captive, held for an exorbitant ransom, and subjected to the hardships of life in the remote recesses of the mountains, and to indignities, the very report of which might daunt the most reckless or the bravest.

Yet in spite of all this, a carriage containing a lady and her maid—for such were their relative positions, though both were alike dressed in plain black gowns and the common blue reboso—entered in the early afternoon of a summer's day the narrow gorge that led by circuitous windings through the rocks to the great gorge that formed the entrance to the wide mesa whose entire extent offered to the eye the wondrous fruitfulness so rich and varied in itself, so startling in contrast to the desolation passed to reach it.

The midday halt had been a short one, for it was the rainy season, and progress was necessarily slow over the swollen water courses, and the obstructions of accumulated sands and pebbles, the masses of cactus and branches of trees and shrubs, brought down by recent storms. At times it seemed impossible that the carriage, although drawn by four stout mules, could proceed, and from time to time the servant looked anxiously through the window. But the mistress was equal to all emergencies, herself giving directions to the perplexed driver and his *soto*; and though she had been traveling for more than two days over a road usually easily passed in one, allowing no sign or word of weariness or impatience to escape her.



But this carriage and its occupants would have appeared to a passer by the least important factor in the caravan of which it formed a part: for it was encircled and almost concealed by a band of mounted men, clad in suits of brownish leather, glimpses of the red *faja* glistening with knives and pistols showing from beneath their striped *gorongos*, *machetes* and lassos hanging at their saddle bows, rifles in their sinewy right hands, while from beneath their wide hats their keen eyes investigated sharply every jutting rock and peered into the distance with an air of half defiant, half fearful expectancy; for these were men taken from her own estate, who, idle retainers as they had been in her great bare house in the city where Doña Isabel Garcia had lived for years in melancholy state, thrilled with clannish fidelity to their mistress, and passionate love for their *tierra* to which they were returning, and with that vague delight in the possibility of a fight which rouses in man both chivalrous and brutish daring, as the smell of blood arouses the love of slaughter in the sleekest beast.

In front of these rode the conductor of the party, clad in a half military fashion, as became the character he had earned for eccentric daring, the reputation of which perhaps more than actual bravery, made him eminently successful in guiding safely the party wise or rich enough to secure his escort. This man was known as Tio Reyes, though his appearance did not justify the honorary title of Uncle, for he was still in the prime of life; but it was applied to him in tones of jesting yet affectionate respect by the followers who had joined the party with him, and adopted by the others to whom he was a stranger—for at the last moment he had appeared just as they were leaving G—— and with a brief word to the mistress, to which in much surprise and some annoyance she had agreed, had placed himself at their head.

In the rear of those we have described came four or five mules, laden with provis-

ions, necessaries for camping, and some private baggage; these were driven by *arrieros* who ran at their sides, for the traveling pace of horses did not exceed that of those trained runners.

The journey, wearisome as it had proved, had so far been made without alarms, and upon nearing the boundaries of Tres Hermanos much of the anxiety though none of the vigilance of the escort subsided; when suddenly upon the glaring sunshine of the day, all the hotter and clearer from the recent rain, rose in the distance a sort of mist, which filled the narrow road and blurred the outline of the towering rocks. The guide paused for a moment, and glanced back at the escort. Each hand grasped tighter the ready rifle. At a word the carriage was stopped, the baggage mules were driven up and enclosed within the square hastily formed by the armed men, for upon that clear day, after the rains, the tramp of many feet was requisite to raise that cloud of dust, and these precautions were but prudent, whether the advancing troop were friends or foes.

Tio Reyes, after disposing his force to his satisfaction, rode forward with his lieutenant to meet the advancing host, which, in those few moments, seemed to fill the entire range of vision—though at first with confusing indistinctness—as did the sounds that came echoing from rock to rock. The cries of men rose hoarsely above a deep and sordid undertone, which resolved itself at last into the lowing of cattle and the bleating of sheep, harmless and terrified wayfarers, but driven and preceded by a troop of undisciplined soldiery, ripe for deeds more tragic than the plunder of vaqueros and shepherds, who would be more likely wisely to seek shelter in the crevices of the rocks than to defy numbers before whom they were helpless.

“Señora de mi Alma!” cried the servant, catching a word from one of the men, “we are lost! Virgin del Amparo pray for us! These are some of the men of his Excel-

lency, the Governor, and you know they stop at nothing. Ah, what a chance to gain money is this! once in the mountains what may they not demand for you? Ave Maria Sanctissima! Ah, Señora, if you would but have listened to the Señorita! to me!"

"Silence!" said the lady, in a tone as of one unused to hear her actions commented upon. "Silence! thou wilt be safe. If we are captured thou wilt not be a prize worth retaining; it will be easy to induce them to take thee to G——, and obtain a reward from my cousin, Don Hernando."

"No, no!" cried the woman, brought to her senses by this quiet scorn and the startling proposition of her mistress. "Could I leave your grace? No, no! imprisonment! starvation! even to be made the wife of one of those bandits!" and a faint smile curled the damsel's lip, for she was not ugly and knew something of the gallantries of Ramirez's followers, "anything rather than desert my lady! Ay Dios mio! whom have we here?"

It was the Tio Reyes undoubtedly, and with him a military stranger, a gallant young fellow, and handsome, though his hands and face were covered with dust, and something like a large blood stain defaced the breast of his blue coat. "Pardon, Señora," he exclaimed, bowing most obsequiously, and removing his wide hat, disclosing a young and vivacious countenance, "I am Rodrigo Alva, your servant, who kisses your feet, captain of this troop of horses, of the forces of his Excellency, Don José Ramirez, Governor of G——."

"And I am the Señora Doña Isabel Garcia de Garcia," responded the lady, with dignified recognition of the young man's courteous self-introduction, "and as I am unaware of any cause for detention, I beg to be permitted to proceed towards my hacienda, which I desire to reach before night closes in."

"It is not my business to molest ladies," said the captain gallantly, "and I have be-

sides received express orders to defend your passage and facilitate it in every way."

"I have no acquaintance with Señor Ramirez," said Doña Isabel in surprise; "yet more than once have I been indebted to his courtesy," and she glanced at Tio Reyes. "He it was who sent me this worthy guide. I know not why the Señor Ramirez takes such interest in my personal safety, especially as we are politically opposed," and she added with a daring which had somewhat of girlish archness, strange from the lips of Doña Isabel, "He has not the name of a man given to gallantries."

"No, rather to gallant deeds," said the young captain, his voice accentuating the distinction. "But you, Doña Isabel, like us, who serve him, must be content not to inquire too closely into his motives."

"Whatever they may be," retorted she, in a voice of displeasure, "they are not such as will spare my flocks and herds;" and she frowned as a stray ox, upon whose flank she recognized the well known brand of Tres Hermanos, bounded by the carriage, from which the escort had gradually withdrawn, and were now exchanging amicable salutations with the more advanced of the host they would have been equally pleased to fight.

The young man bowed in some confusion. "The men must be fed," he said. "These come from the ranchito del Refugio, Señora, and I regret to say, the huts are burned down and the shepherds and vaqueros scattered—one poor fellow was killed in pure wantonness."

"And you dare tell me this!" cried Doña Isabel, in violent indignation, which for the moment overcame her wonted calmness.

"It was but to explain," interrupted Captain Alva, "that we encountered the famous Calvo there. He has succeeded in raising three hundred men or more to march to the assistance of the double-dyed traitor, Juarez. Fortunately, but a portion of his troops were with him; the rest have joined



Gonzalez, so our work was easy, though the fellows fought well. Three or four were killed, a few wounded, the rest fled to the mountains, and we succeeded in securing the cattle and sheep; and I hope your grace will be consoled in knowing they are destined to feed good patriots."

Doña Isabel waved her hand impatiently. "What matters a few animals?" she said, "but the poor shepherds! They must be looked to. And the wounded—what of them?"

"*Canalla!*" laughed the captain carelessly, "one or two are with us here—tied on their saddles. They will do well enough. Others lay down under bushes to shelter their cracked heads. But one there is, Señora, a foreigner, a mere boy, who was in the party by chance they say, just a boy's freak—but, my faith! he did a man's portion of fighting and has a wound to end a man's life. He must die if he rides much farther lashed to his horse;" and the young soldier, half a bandit in lawlessness, and in his perplexed notions of honor, perhaps, too, scarce free from blood guiltiness, sighed as he added: "But this is no subject for a lady's ear. Permit, Señora, that my troops and their belongings pass by, and may you then proceed in all peace and safety."

"Thanks, Señor," said Doña Isabel, adding half hesitatingly: "And the wounded youth? a foreigner, I think you said?"

"By his looks and tongue, English," answered the officer, with his hand to his hat, as a parting salute. But Doña Isabel's look stopped him.

"You pity this poor wounded creature," she said, "and I can do no less. You are compelled to travel in haste, and the city—if that is your destination—is far distant."

Doña Isabel spoke as if under some invisible compulsion and as against her will, and paused as if unable to utter the proposal that trembled on her lips; but the voluble young officer, with the eagerness of desire, divined what she would say, and so

lauded the appearance and bearing of the wounded prisoner that to her own amazement Doña Isabel found herself making room for him in her carriage, much to the surprise of her maid, Petra, who was mounted upon the led horse, which in thought her mistress had at first destined to her unexpected guest.

However, when under the superintendence of Captain Alva and Tio Reyes the youth was transferred from his horse to the carriage, Doña Isabel saw at once that his strength was so nearly spent that even with most careful handling it was doubtful whether he would reach the hacienda alive. She shrank away as his fair young head was laid back upon the dark cushions, and his long limbs were disposed upon blankets and cushions—as much to avoid contact with that frame so evidently of alien mould, as to give all the space possible to the almost unconscious sufferer. She scarce looked at him, as with effusive thanks Alva bade her farewell, but forced her eyes, though with no special interest or regret, upon the portion of her flocks that was driven bleating before her carriage—with mechanical kindness closing the window as the horned cattle, bellowing and pawing the dust, followed; and breathing a sigh of relief as the last of the revolutionary force rode by, and the sound of their noisy march grew fainter, and she realized that her own escort had fallen into their places around her carriage, the slow motion of which indicated that her interrupted journey was resumed.

For some time the thoughts of Doña Isabel were necessarily directed to her wounded guest. The wound in the shoulder had been bandaged with such skill and care as could be offered by the *ranchero curandero*, for the nonce become army surgeon; and would doubtless have done well but for exposure and fatigue, which had induced fever, in which the patient muttered uneasily, and even at times became violently excited, looking at Doña Isabel with eyes of

inexpressible brilliancy, catching her cool white hands in his own burning ones and calling her in endearing accents names which though untranslatable by her were sweet to her ear. Perhaps they were those of mother or sister; she almost longed to know. Later, when under her tendance and that of the *mozos*, who, when she motioned for the carriage to be stopped, often came to her assistance, he sank into uneasy slumber, she had opportunity to wonder at the impulse that had induced *her* to receive this stranger of a race that, whether American or English, she had long abjured, and to feel once more as she gazed upon his wan features something of the bitter detestation with which she had looked upon Ashley's dead face.

She started; the thought had entered her mind just as they were emerging from the great chasm of rocks which gave entrance to the plain, and she saw once more the Eden from which she had been driven. The house was so far distant still that she caught, across the fields of tall corn, but a mere suggestion of its flat roofs and the square turrets at the corners of the encircling walls; but though more distant, still the tall chimney of the reduction works rose clearly defined against the sky—so clearly that Doña Isabel could see where a few bricks had fallen from the cornice, and how a solitary pigeon was circling it in settling to its nest. What a picture of solitariness! Doña Isabel groaned and covered her face with her hand. It was as she had known it would be; the first objects to meet her gaze were those that could waken the darkest and bitterest memories. Why had she come? Oh that she could retrace the rough path that she had traversed!

The wounded man groaned; he was fainting. "Hasten, hasten!" she cried, "send Anselmo forward; bid them prepare a bed. The road is not so rough; let them drive faster!"

Thus Doña Isabel's words belied the de-

sire of her heart, for she could not by her own wish have approached her house too slowly. This boy was a stranger, not even brought thither by her will, as the other had been; yet as the other had driven her forth, this one was hastening her back. Was it fancy, or did the boy's lips pronounce a name? No! No! it was but her excited imagination. No wonder! Did not the earth and sky, the wide circle of the hills, all cry out to her, "What hast thou done? Where is Herlinda?"

## XVII.

ALTHOUGH Chinita had divined aright when she declared that the carriage she had seen in the distance could be no other than that of Doña Isabel, and the sounds which penetrated from the court announced the arrival of her outrider, she was wrong in supposing that the lady herself would be speedily at hand. Doña Feliz had time to recover outwardly from the agitation into which she was thrown, and accustom herself to this verification of her foresight when upon hearing of the marriage of Carmen, she had felt a conviction that Doña Isabel in her loneliness and the unaccustomed lack of interests around her, would be irresistibly attracted to the home she had virtually foresworn.

Don Rafael having listened eagerly to the courier's account of the meeting with Ramirez's band, left him to give fuller details to the anxious villagers who gathered around—many of whom had sons or husbands at that part of the hacienda lands known as the ranchito del Refugio—and rushed up to Doña Feliz with the news, then down again to the court to mount a horse which had been instantly saddled, and followed by a *dependiente* and some *mozos* galloped away, to give meet welcome to the lady who had just entered upon her own domains.

Calling the maids, Doña Feliz caused the long disused beds to be spread with fresh linen, and completed the preparations for



this vaguely yet confidently expected arrival. "She had felt it in the air," she said to herself, for she knew nothing of any theory of second sight, nor had ever reasoned, on the other hand, that even the most trivial circumstances of life must work towards some given result, which they instinctively foreshadow to the observant, as the bodily eye makes out the reflection of a material object in a dimmed and besmirched mirror. She bestirred herself as if in a dream, her mind full of Doña Isabel and the past. Yet like an undercurrent beneath the flood of her thoughts, flowed the idea of the new element that Doña Isabel was bringing with her. "A *foreigner!*" she muttered as if she could scarce believe her words, "Can it be possible that the hand once stung can dally again with the scorpion? Ah no! necessity wears the guise of heresy, but it is not possible that Doña Isabel can forget."

She glanced around her; Chinita had disappeared. She saw her no more until the long delayed carriage rolled into the court; when she descended to greet her mistress.

The long summer's day had almost waned, and so dark was the court that torches of pitch pine had been stuck into rude sconces against the pillars, and the face of Doña Isabel looked wan and ghastly in the lurid and flickering glare. She could not descend from the carriage until the wounded youth had been lifted out. Doña Feliz had never seen but one man so fair. She started as her eyes fell upon the yellow masses that lay disordered upon his brow, but pointed to a chamber which a woman ran to open and into which the stranger was carried; while Doña Isabel, cramped and stiff, leaned upon the arm of Don Rafael, and stepped to the ground. As she did so she would have fallen, but for two strong, young hands, which caught her own, and as she involuntarily held them and steadied herself she turned her eyes upon the face which was level with her own. Her eyes opened widely, and with an exclamation of actual horror she

threw Chinita from her with a sudden and violent struggle and strode proudly across the court.

Don Rafael and Doña Feliz followed, too astounded to make one movement to assist her ascent, but when they reached the corridor, and heard the door of the bed-chamber heavily closed, they turned towards each other, their faces pale in the twilight. "Her thoughts are serpents to lash her," murmured Doña Feliz, adding with a sort of national pride, "The Castillian woman may choose to ignore but she can never forget or forgive."

Don Rafael shrugged his shoulders. How much with some races a shrug may signify! His then was one of dogged resolution. "It is well," it seemed to say; and he muttered, "As the mistress leads, the servant must follow," while his mother shaking her head doubtfully, pointed to the court below.

Chinita had rushed furiously away from the carriage and the group of men, who, after the first silence of surprise, had broken into but half suppressed laughter, which was soon lost in the babel of greetings that the disappearance of Doña Isabel gave an opportunity for exchanging; and scarcely knowing in her blind rage where she went, had thrown herself upon one of the stone seats that bordered the fountain, and with her small clinched fist was beating the rugged stone. Pedro stood near her, his face as indignant as her own, vainly endeavoring with a voice that shook with anger, to soothe her wounded pride, while with one hand he strove to lead her away. Neither spoke a word. Suddenly, as the young face of the girl was lifted to the light, Feliz clasped her hands together, and leaned eagerly forward. She motioned to Don Rafael—she would not break the spell by speech; but unheeding her he left the corridor and walked away, and presently Pedro was obliged to hasten to his duties at the doorway, and the girl and the woman were left alone in the inclosure. Doña Feliz leaned motionless over the railing. Chinita, still beating the

stone with her fist, sat upon the edge of the fountain. With her native instinct of propriety, she had put on her second best skirt—not the green one—and all her necklaces circled her throat. Her hair was closely braided, but curled wilfully round her brow and the nape of her neck. She pulled at it abstractedly in a manner she had when excited. Her face was turned aside, but to Doña Feliz there was something strangely familiar in her attitude.

While she still sat there Doña Isabel came out of her chamber and crossed to the side of Feliz. Her face quivered as her eyes fell on the child, and she laid her nervous white hand upon Feliz's arm. The two women looked at each other, but said not a word; the eyes of the one were full of reproach, those of the other of defiant distrust. When they turned them upon the court again, the girl had moved noiselessly away. Her passion of anger was spent, and with the instinct of the Indian strain in her mixed blood, she had gone to hide herself away in some sheltered corner, and brood sullenly upon her wrongs.

As she passed through the many courts, reaching at last that upon which the church opened, she was so absorbed that she did not notice that she was closely followed by a man who had been very near when Doña Isabel had repulsed her, and who, with a few apparently careless questions, had possessed himself of all there was to know of Chinita's history.

"Look you!" said one, "did not Pedro say that a man as black as the devil dropped her into his hands? Who knows but she is the fiend's own child? *Vaya*, she struck me over the face with talons like a cat's only last week."

"And well thou deservedst it," cried the boy called Pepe. But he was laughed down by a shrill majority, for Doña Isabel's unaccountable repulse of her had turned the tide of public opinion strongly against the foundling; and the woman towards whom Tio

Reyes—for he it was—now turned for additional particulars, rightly judging that in such matters female memories would prove most explicit, crossed herself as she opined; "That the fox knows much, but more he who traps him, and that Pedro, who had found her, could best tell whence she came"—a saying which elicited many nods and exclamations of approval, for Pedro had never been believed quite honest in the matter. A wild story that he had received the babe from the hands of a beautiful and pallid spectre, which had once been seen to speak with him in the corridor, and that this was the ghost of some lovely woman he had murdered in those early days when he and Don Leon were comrades in many a wild adventure, had passed into a sort of legend, which, if not entirely accepted, certainly was not utterly disbelieved by any one.

"*Anda!* She is the devil's own brat," cried the wife of the man Chinita had once attacked.

"Ay, to be sure!" cried another; "was it not to be remembered how she had struggled and screamed when the good father Francisco baptized her, and had sputtered and spat the salt from her mouth like a very cat, and little good had it done her, for she had never been called by a Christian name."

"Tut! tut!" said the new comer, "what need of a name has such a pretty maid as that, or of a father or mother either? Though ye women have no mercy, she'll laugh at you all yet. The lads will not be blind, eh Pancho?"

"That they will not!" cried the lad Pepe, throwing a meaning glance at Pancho, as if daring him to take up the cudgels in behalf of his old playfellow. "What care I who she is? she's not the first who came into the world by a crooked road; and must all the women hint that it began at the devil's door because they can't trace it back? Ay, they know enough ways to the same place."

"Well said, *amigito!*" cried Tio Reyes,



with a hearty slap on the boy's shoulder. "But hist! here comes Pedro—with an ill look too in his eye. Ah! I thought so," as the men suddenly became noisily busy with the unsaddling of their horses, and the women slipped away to their household occupations. "Tio Pedro is not a man to be trifled with. But, ah, there goes the girl!" and in a moment of confusion he adroitly left the court without being seen, and, as has been said, followed her steps till, as she crouched behind one of the buttresses of the church, he halted behind another, and looked at her keenly, impatient with the uncertain light, eager to approach her before it darkened, yet waiting stoically until she was settled in a sullen crouching attitude, probably for that vigil of silence and hunger in which a ranchero's anger usually expends itself, or crystallizes into a revengeful memory.

After some minutes, though, during which the girl neither sobbed nor moved, he suddenly bent over and touched her on the shoulder. She was accustomed to such intrusions, and shook herself sullenly, not even looking up when an unknown voice accosted her. "Hist tu! I have something for thee."

"I want nothing, not manna from Heaven even."

"Twill prove better than that."

"Then keep it thyself. Thou'rt a stranger. I take neither a blow from a woman nor a gift from a man."

"Ah!" said the man, coming a little nearer and laying a hand lightly on her shoulder. "If thou wilt have nothing, shall I tell thee something?"

The girl shrugged her shoulder uneasily under his hand. "I am not a baby to care for tales," she said contemptuously; yet the man noticed she turned her head slightly towards him.

"Thou art one of a thousand!" he ejaculated admiringly. "Hey now, proud one, suppose I should tell thee who thou art—

what wouldst thou give Tio Reyes for that?"

"Bah!" said the girl, "I have never thought about it." Yet she was conscious that her heart began to beat wildly, and her voice sounded faint in her ears. A little picture formed itself before her eyes, of Pepe and Marta and Ranulfo, and a score of others, waifs of humanity, and herself on a height looking down upon them. She had never consciously separated herself from them; she had never even wished that she, like them, had at least a mother; but presently she was conscious of a new feeling—yet she laughed as she said, "I was born then like other children; I had a mother?"

"That had you, but I am not going to sing all that's in the book, *Niña*. The wise man talks little, and the prudent woman asks few questions, and thus less lies are spoken."

"But thou art not my father?" queried Chinita insolently, yielding to a sudden apprehension that seized her, and turning full upon the stranger.

"*Dios me libre!*" answered he; "badly fared the owl that nourished the young eagle."

"Tell me who I am!" cried Chinita in a sudden passion of eagerness, clutching the man's arm.

"Tut! tut! tut! that is not my business; and as you will not hear my pretty little tale"—for Chinita thrust him violently aside—"I will give you but one word of warning and begone: the old hind pushes at the young fawn, but they both make venison."

Chinita was accustomed to the obscure phraseology and symbolical meanings of the thousand proverbs used by her country people, and she instantly caught the idea the speaker sought to convey; but its very audacity held her silent for some moments. It was only after she had gazed at him long and searchingly that she could stammer, "Doña Isabel—and I—Chinita—the same!"

The man nodded, but put his finger upon his lip. He feared perhaps some wild outburst of surprise or exultation; but instead

she said in an awed whisper, "Is she then my mother?"

Tio Reyes leaned against the church and burst into irrepressible though silent laughter. "What next will the girl dream of?" he ejaculated at length, and laughed again.

"What, am I then such a fool?" asked Chinita coolly, though with inward rage. "Look you, if you had told me yes, I would not have believed you any more than I believed when Señor Enrique said that she had the young American killed who died so many years ago. Bah, one thing is as foolish as the other," and she turned away disdainfully.

"What!" exclaimed the man eagerly, "do they say that? Humph! Well things as strange as that have happened in her day."

"But that is a lie," cried Chinita excitedly, "It was only because she would not interfere to save his son from being shot as murderer and *ladron* that Enrique said so. He went away himself the day after, and he it was who led Calvo to the rancho del Refugio. But what has that to do with us?" and now first—perhaps because there had been time for the matter to take shape in her mind—she showed an eager and excited curiosity. "Tell me who I am; you surely have more to tell me than that I was born Garcia!"

"And is not that enough?" cried the man, "Why for a word thou canst be as good as Doña Isabel's daughter; with that face of thine she dare not refuse thee anything."

Chinita looked at him, as if she would have torn his secret from him. Strange to say, not a suspicion that he was jesting with her entered her mind. Even as she stood there almost in rags, she felt instinctively that she was far removed from him. The one fact that she was a Garcia, one of the family whom she looked upon as the incarnation of wealth and power, overpowered every other emotion, even that of curiosity. She was vexed, baffled that he said no more, yet felt as if she knew all and had but for a moment forgotten. She even turned away from him with a momentary impulse to rush into the

presence of Doña Isabel and assail her with the cry, "Look at me! Why did you thrust me away? I too am a Garcia!"

"Stay!" cried Tio Reyes as she started from his side. Her wild thoughts had flashed by so rapidly that, quick though he was to read the countenance, he had caught scarce an inkling of what had passed through her mind and was certain only of the half dazed affright with which she looked at him. It irritated and disappointed him.

"What, girl!" he said, "is not this news worth so much as a 'thank you?' Is it nothing to you whether you are the dust of the road way, or a jewel of the mine? Well, I lied to you. Ah! ah! what know I who you are. It was my joke! Tio Reyes always likes a jest with a pretty girl."

"But this is no jest," said Chinita, quick to perceive that the man was already half repentant of his words; "You can better put the ocean into a well, than shut up the truth when it is once out. Ah, I did not need you to tell me I was no beggar's brat, picked up by chance on the plain. I have heard them say, Pedro has rich clothes which I was wrapped in. He has always laughed at me, when I have asked about them, but all the same he shall show them to you this very night."

"Chut," interrupted the man, "what should I know of swaddling clothes? 'Tis just a maid's folly to think of such *frioleras*. They would not prove thee a Garcia, any more than the lack of them belies it, or my mere word insures it!"

"That which puzzles me is," said Chinita gravely, turning her head on one side, and lookingly at him keenly by the dim light, "Why you have told me this. Have you been sent with a message from—from those who left me here?"

"No, by my faith," said the man laughing; "And why do you think I laugh? Why you are the first one who ever asked Tio Reyes for a reason. Does anybody who knows me say, 'Why did you take Don



Fulano, with all his *duros* safe through the mountains, and then allow that poor devil De Tal, who had not so much as a *cuartillo*, to be shot down like a dog by the wayside? No, even the village idiot, knows Tio Reyes has reasons too great to be tossed from one to another like a ball; and yet you ask me why I have told you the secret I have kept for years, and perhaps expect an answer. No, no, that plum is not ripe enough to fall at the first puff of wind."

"I will tell you one thing, though you tell me nothing," said Chinita shrewdly after a pause: "It is not from love to Doña Isabel that you have told me this, nor for love of me either. What good have you done me by telling me I am a Garcia? Why, if I had had the sense of a parrot, I might have known it before." It seemed to her in her excitement, as if, indeed, she had always known it.

"A word to the wise is enough," said the man, mysteriously. "Keep your knowledge to yourself, but use it to your advantage. You were sent like a package to Doña Isabel years ago, but stopped by a clumsy messenger. She finds you in her path now; let her find something alive under the shabby coverings. God puts many a sweet nut in a rough shell—many a poison in despised weeds!"

"Oh!" cried Chinita, with a wicked little laugh, though even at that moment the chords of kinship thrilled, "I am but a weed to Doña Isabel, eh? Shall I go to her and say, 'Here is a Garcia to be trodden down?'"

She said this with so superb an air of derision, that the man who, unconsciously, all his life had been an inimitable actor in his way, muttered a deep *caramba* of enthusiastic admiration.

"I would by all the saints I would stay here to see how you will goad and sting my grand Señora," he said vindictively. "Ay, remember you are a Garcia, with a hundred old scores to pay off; I have put the cards in your hands; *Paciencia y barajar.*"

"Patience, and shuffle the cards,"—those cards simply the knowledge that she was a Garcia, with presumably the wrongs of parents to avenge. The thoughts were not very clear in her mind, but the instincts of resentment of insult, and of filial devotion were those which amid so much that is ungenerous, evil, and fierce, ever pervade the breast of the Mexican. She turned again to ask almost imploringly, "My father—my mother—who were they? when she found she was alone. He had extorted no promise of secrecy, offered no bribe; it was as if he had put a weapon in her hand, knowing that its very preciousness and subtlety would prevent her from revealing whence she had received it, and would indicate the use to which it was to be turned.

Chinita leaned against the buttress and pondered. Strangely enough, she did not, for a moment, think to seek the man and demand further explanation. As she felt he had divined her character, so she divined his. He had said all he would say. After all, it was enough!

At the end of an hour, she left that spot, which she never saw after without a thrill of the heart, and walked straight to the doorway, where Pedro sat. He was eating his supper mechanically, with a disturbed countenance, which cleared when he saw her.

"They are *tamales de chile, hija*," he said, pushing towards her the platter, upon which lay some morsels of corn-pastry and pepper sauce, wrapped in corn leaves. "Eat, thou must be hungry."

He sighed, for perplexity and vexation had destroyed his own appetite, and thought enviously, as Chinita's white teeth closed on the soft pastry, which was yellow in comparison. "It is a good thing nothing but unrequited love keeps the young from supping—and that only for a time,"

He watched Chinita narrowly as she was eating, and drinking atole from the rough earthen *olla*. There was some change in her

he could not understand ; quite different from the passion in which he had last seen her, or the languor which would naturally succeed it. She did not talk, and something kept him from referring to the scene in the courtyard. He felt that she would resent it. Two or three times she bent over him and touched his hand caressingly, yet he was not encouraged to smooth her tangled hair, or offer any of those awkward proofs of affection which she was wont to receive and laugh at or return as the humor seized her ; neither did he remind her that it was getting late, but at last rose and took from his girdle the key of the postern.

“Put it back, Pedro !” she said in her softest voice, “I shall never sleep in the *choza* with Florencia and the children again ; and be not afraid, I will not go to the corridor either. There is room and to spare in yon great house. “She nodded towards the inner court, muttered a *buenos noches*, and before Pedro could recover from his

surprise sufficiently to speak, swiftly crossed the patio, and disappeared.

Pedro looked at her stupefied. He realized that a great gulf had opened between them ; that figuratively his foster child had left him forever. He looked like one who, holding a pet bird loosely in his hand, had beheld it suddenly escape him, and soar across a wide and bridgeless chasm. Would it dash itself into atoms against the opposite cliffs, or perchance reach a safe haven ? Such was the essence of the thoughts for which Pedro framed no words. “*Dios es grande*,” he muttered at length, “and knows what He does ; adding with a sort of heathen, and dogged obstinacy. “But Pedro still is here ; Pedro does not forget *Niña* !” He looked up as if to some invisible auditor, crossed himself, then wearily threw himself upon his pallet ; but weary as he was, the strong young subject of his cares was sunk in deep and dreamless sleep, long before he closed his eyes.

Louise Palmer Heaven.

CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

## A LOAD OF WOOD.

TO MY FRIEND UPON HIS WEDDING DAY.

Accept my offering—a farmer’s load—  
The gnarled roots of mesquite and of sage,  
And boles of mountain oak, torn from the soil  
With many a blow of mattock and of axe.

Such uncouth cordwood is in vogue with us  
Who dwell upon the mountain side, where erst  
The scrubby chapperal was all the growth  
That Nature, in a rugged spirit, gave.

And so, in clearing off my foothills farm,  
To plant therein the orange and the vine,  
That better grace this sunny clime of ours,  
My stock of fuel grew. And I have come,  
With wagon clattering down the rugged way,  
And I have brought my offering, as the rest,  
To grace your wedding feast.



Doubt not, my friend,  
 That you shall find the fuel sound and good,  
 Quick to the spark and ready in the blaze,  
 To boil the pot and make the kettle sing.  
 'Tis likewise fairly suited to the grate  
 (Now the long evenings are a little cool),  
 Yielding its store of sunshine to the room.

For every use  
 That men require, in reason, of a fire  
 I do commend this wood. But know you that,  
 Beyond the uses here enumerate,  
 There's magic in it? Wonders, like to which  
 The sorcerers of the East did never work,  
 Shall it perform for you.

The time is come  
 When to yourself you take the heart's best choice,  
 An honored wife. And you have chosen well;  
 For she, not lacking in the gentle grace  
 That Nature but bestows on womankind,  
 Has yet the subtler charm that is vouchsafed  
 To those alone of true and generous heart.

Ensconsed in gown and slippers, sit you down,  
 (Your love beside you), and this magic blaze  
 Shall send a thrill of rapture through your soul  
 That kings and emperors have vainly sought.

Anon the simple meal  
 Her hand prepares above this witching flame  
 Unto your palate shall approve itself  
 Than nectar and ambrosia sweeter far.  
 Into the embers of this mystic fire  
 Gaze you, the while the night is growing old,  
 And (still your wife beside you) there shall be  
 Most wondrous visions to you both revealed.

So, pondering on these things, it seemed most fit  
 That I, your boyhood's chosen friend, and still  
 The boon companion of maturer years,  
 Should your Prometheus be; bringing the fire  
 To consecrate your home. God bless you, Fred!  
 God bless your hearthstone! May its flame of joy  
 Burn on increasing, like the Aztec fires.

*Wm. A. Spalding.*

## THE SILVER QUESTION.

There are three different monetary systems used in the world:

I. *The Monometallic Gold System*, in which gold coins only constitute a legal tender for the payment of debts to an unlimited extent, as in Great Britain and Ireland.

II. *The Monometallic Silver System*, in which the unlimited legal tender quality is given to silver coins only, as in British India.

III. *The Bimetallic System*, in which the unlimited legal tender quality is given to coins both of gold and silver, as in France and the United States.

Which of these three systems is to be preferred?

If the abstract question were asked, whether it were better to use as a measure of values one metal or two metals, it would seem obvious that the answer should be in favor of one metal.

For all the commodities whose value is to be measured vary in value according to the law of supply and demand, and the equation differs with each commodity. But the metals are themselves commodities, and they form no exception to the general rule. To use any metal therefore as a measure of the value of other commodities, is to use a varying standard to measure varying values. To use two metals is to use two such varying standards—standards varying not only as to their own values, but also as to each other's value. If we were compelled to measure lengths with a varying foot, we should undoubtedly consider this a very unsatisfactory method of measurement; but if in addition to the varying foot, we were also compelled to use a varying inch, the difficulties would seem to be very greatly increased.

If, then, we consider metallic money solely with relation to its function as a measurer

of values, and seek for it the greatest theoretical advantage in this respect, it would be natural to conclude that we should find it in the use of one metal only.

But this is very far from solving the problem. Indeed, it may be questioned whether the very apparent reasonableness of this argument has not tended to obscure the main question, for many minds have rested upon so simple and easy an answer, without inquiry into the matter further. A more searching examination will, I think, show that this plausible solution does not go below the surface of the problem.

1. In the first place, the argument proves too much. For if it is better to use one varying standard than two, it would be evidently still better to use a standard that did not vary at all. We started with the admission that each of our metals varied in value according to the laws of supply and demand. But our measures of length, of weight, of cubic contents, do not vary; why, it may be fairly asked, should we use a varying standard of value?

If we follow our premises to their logical conclusion, the end must be that the very best standard of value would be something that itself never varied in value, but always and everywhere remained the same. Now the only things that always remain of the same value are those that never have any value at all. The best possible measurer of values, therefore, must be sought among things that are intrinsically worthless and practically have no value whatever, except perhaps, that which is given them as and for a measurer of values of other things. Since none of the metals possess this prerequisite, they would all be necessarily excluded.

The advocates of an irredeemable paper



currency claim to have found this ideal measurer of values in what is called "Fiat money," the fundamental principle of which is that in itself it is good for nothing, and owes its value solely to the government stamp, which makes it money.

Without entering into the question of the policy or impolicy of issuing this kind of money, it is sufficient to say here that in this particular theoretical advantage of unvarying value it is certainly far superior to any other form of money known, and if this is the only quality that we are seeking in money, we had better at once discard all the metals and take up this stamped paper.

2. But the measurement of values is not the only function of money. It is a very important function, no doubt, but it is neither the only function nor the only important function.

Suppose ten yards of cloth are worth ten dollars in money. We may fairly enough say that the length of the cloth in this case is measured in yards and its value is measured in dollars, and so far both yards and dollars are alike pure abstractions.

But if one buys ten yards of cloth for ten dollars in money, the purchaser gives the seller the dollars that measure the value of the cloth and receives in return, not the yards that measured its length, but the cloth itself. It is as if he had taken ten silver yardsticks, and after measuring their combined length in cloth, had exchanged the yardsticks for the cloth.

A measure of value, then, which can be used as money, differs from all other measures in that it must be capable of transfer; it must be susceptible of manual delivery—or, to use the common and accepted phrase, it must be a *Medium of Exchange*.

For this purpose there are certain properties that are absolutely necessary, and many others that are highly desirable. Professor Jevons enumerates the most important of these in a list, placing them according to what he considers the order of their impor-

tance.

1. Utility and value.
2. Portability.
3. Indestructibility.
4. Homogeneity.
5. Divisibility.
6. Stability of Value.
7. Cognizability.

But in addition to these, it is evident that the substance, be it metal or anything else, that is to be used as money, must exist in sufficient quantities to supply the amount of money required in the barter, trade, and commerce of the world.

Thus it has been said that such rare metals as palladium, rhodium, iridium, and others of the same group, although more valuable than gold, cannot be used as money, because so far as known they occur in too minute quantities to supply the amount needed of a metal that is to be used as a medium of exchange. The same objection was made to the use of platinum as money when coined by the Russian government in the early part of this century, and for this reason among others its coinage was discontinued.

Now it is positively known, as will hereinafter more fully appear, that there is not enough of either gold or silver, taken separately, in the world to supply the quantity that is needed for use as money—unless indeed, the value of the single metal so taken should be inordinately raised above its present value.

To this extent, therefore, there is a decided advantage in using both metals as money over the use of either metal.

3. The use of only one metal as a medium of exchange has a tendency to expose the world's stock of money to great and sudden changes in quantity according as there happens to be an over production or underproduction of that particular metal, and these changes in quantity are the direct occasion of great fluctuations in value. While the opposite system is not entirely

free from this evil, it is a measurable improvement on the other.

Writers on this subject have pointed out the different conditions in which gold and silver occur in nature. Gold is generally found in the native form and usually near the surface of the earth. It is principally obtained by washing and in the form of dust or nuggets. Silver, on the other hand, almost always occurs in veins or deposits in depth, and in combination with other metals or elements in the form of mineralized ores, which require metallurgical treatment more or less elaborate before the silver can be utilized as a metallic product.

The conditions of the occurrence of the two metals being so essentially different, it will not surprise us to find in the history of the precious metals that a very large production of the one metal has been frequently accompanied by a small production of the other, so that the aggregate production of both metals has been subject to very much less fluctuation than the production of either one.

For example, the carefully prepared tables of Doctor Sötbeer, probably the leading authority on this subject, show that between the years 1493 and 1850 the estimated production of gold was 16,368 millions of francs; while the estimated production of silver during the same period was 33,292 millions of francs, being very nearly twice as much silver as gold. But during the years 1851 to 1879 the estimated production of gold was 18,778 millions of francs, and of silver 9,101 millions of francs; being a little more than twice as much gold as silver.

If only one metal were used as money, and these very large changes in the amount of production and consequent fluctuations in value were confined to that metal alone, it is evident that there must be very much greater disturbance in the value of money than if both metals were used.

Indeed, this is admitted by the leading

monometallists themselves, and Professor Jevons—a pronounced gold monometallist—in his well-known work on Money and the Mechanism of Exchange, has illustrated the principle by ingenious diagrams, showing first the lines of fluctuation in value of gold and silver separately; stated in terms of copper, and then the line of extreme fluctuations of both metals taken together, and finally the line of the fluctuation in the value of money when both metals are used; and of this he says: “This line undergoes more frequent fluctuations than either of the curves of gold or silver, but the fluctuations do not proceed to so great an extent, a point of much greater importance.”

Going back now to the plausible solution of our problem which at first seemed so satisfactory, we find that we committed the great error of treating the measure of value as if it were a pure abstraction, like the measures of length or weight; and applying to money the same principle that would have been perfectly correct when applied to yards or to pounds, we concluded that it was better to use one standard of value than two.

But money is not, and never can be a mere abstraction; it is and always must be a tangible and transferable substance, and the rules that govern the measures of length and of weight have no application to the medium of exchange, even although that medium, among other functions, performs that of a measure of values.

The fallacy of the argument clearly appears when we consider the illustration with which it was accompanied. If we were compelled to measure lengths with a varying foot, it would be evidently unwise to use a varying inch or *vice versa*, because even although each of them did vary there would always be plenty of either to satisfy every requirement of measurement. But suppose that instead of being abstract ideas, our feet and inches were tangible substances, and could not be used as measurements without transferring them from hand to hand; then



suppose that there positively was not enough of either to satisfy the necessary requirements of the world ; and finally suppose that we had to dig our feet and inches out of the earth, and sometimes there was plenty of the former and a scarcity of the latter, and sometimes the case was reversed and there was a scarcity of the former and a plenty of the latter. In such a case, it is probable that we should be glad to use both feet and inches even although they did both vary.

Putting then our abstract proposition into the concrete form, we see that even considering money solely from the standpoint of a measurer of values, the use of both metals as money possesses certain marked advantages over the use of either of the other two metals.

4. Bimetallism has a further great advantage in that it prevents excessive fluctuations in the value of either metal, by means of what is called its compensatory or equilibratory action.

Let us suppose that by reason of new discoveries or improved processes, there suddenly occurs a greatly increased production of either gold or silver. If all the commercial and trading communities in the world were using both metals as money, with a fixed ratio between them, it is clear that this increase in the production of one metal over the other would cause little or no fluctuation in the value of either. A largely augmented supply might, of course, diminish the value of money as money, because the stock on hand would be increased beyond the existing demand for its use; but except to the limited extent presently mentioned, there would be no increase or diminution in the value of either gold or silver as compared with each other. A gold dollar would continue to have the same purchasing power as a silver dollar, and *vice versa*, no matter how much the supply of either metal might be increased. In the event that this disproportionate production should be greatly prolonged, it is possible that the demand for the metal lagging behind, for use in the arts,

might tend to give it a value in excess of the ratio fixed by law, but this is a contingency so remote that it is hardly worth considering.

Let us now suppose that instead of all the commercial and trading nations using both metals as money, they are divided into three considerable groups, only one of which uses both metals, while of the other two groups, one uses the single gold standard and the other the single silver standard. This is now, and during the present century at least has been, the actual state of the case.

We will next assume an unusually large production of one of the metals, say gold for example. The gold nations soon discover that they have more gold than they need, and as a natural consequence, in their commerce with the bi-metallic nations, they make use of gold as the medium of exchange. If the increased production continues, they send their surplus gold into the bimetallic countries and exchange it for silver at par, and use the silver so obtained to carry on their trade with the silver group of nations.

It is clear that this process could continue until the great bulk of the silver held by the bimetallic nations had been exhausted, and until this limit was reached there would be but a small undervaluation of gold.

The great commercial advantage of this Par of Exchange, as it has been termed, and its economic value in preventing sudden and disastrous fluctuations, can hardly be over-estimated. In the great majority of cases its effect must be to preserve the equilibrium until the balance of production is restored, and in any possible contingency it would at least moderate and slacken the dangerous consequences which might otherwise ensue.

The operation of this compensatory action has been clearly demonstrated in modern times. The story is so well told by General Francis A. Walker in his admirable treatise on Money, Trade, and Industry,

that I quote the passage entire:

“The most conspicuous example of the replacement of the dearer by the cheapened money metal under the bimetallic system, is that of France after the Californian and Australian gold discoveries. Prior to 1850 the general circulation of France consisted of silver, gold being too valuable to circulate at the ratio of  $15\frac{1}{2}$  to 1. During the seventeen years of Louis Philippe’s reign, gold was coined only on an average of 12,500,000 francs annually. Though the California production began in 1848, the influence of the new mines was not felt until 1850. Immediately thereafter the bimetallic system of France was subjected to a severe trial.

“In 1846 the total production of the world was estimated at \$30,000,000 of gold, and \$32,500,000 of silver. In 1852 the annual production of gold had risen to \$150,000,000, while that of silver had risen to only \$42,500,000. When the California discoveries took place, the stock of silver in existence was at least one-half greater than that of gold. Within twenty years these proportions were to be reversed.

“The effect was of course to cheapen gold relatively to silver; and hence under the French law, the coinage of gold began actively. In 1850 it was coined to the value of 85,000,000 francs; in 1851, 270,000,000; in 1852, 27,000,000; in 1853, 313,000,000; in 1854, 526,000,000; in 1855, 447,000,000; in 1856, 508,000,000; in 1857, 572,000,000; in all, within eight years, 2,721,000,000 francs.

“Coincidentally with this movement, the coinage of silver was checked. For the period of 1800 to 1848 the average annual coinage of silver had been about 81,000,000 francs. In 1853 the silver coinage had sunk to 20,000,000 francs; in 1854 to 2,000,000; in 1855 it rose to 25,000,000; in 1856 to 54,000,000 (these were the years of the war in the Crimea); in 1857 it sank to 4,000,000 francs.

“The effect of the issue of the cheapened metal was naturally to displace a portion of the dearer metal existing in the form of coin, and to cause its shipment to countries not having the bimetallic system.

“In 1852 the excess of exports over imports of silver amounted to 3,000,000 francs; in 1853 it rose to 117,000,000; in 1854 to 164,000,000; in 1855 to 197,000,000; in 1856 to 284,000,000; in 1857 to 362,000,000. In all, from 1852 to 1859 inclusive, 1,127,000,000 francs, computed to be about two-fifths of the French stock of silver money. All this vast exportation had taken place through a premium on silver, which ranged generally between one and three per cent. . . . .

“The effect produced was twofold. Gold and silver were held together at nearly the ratio of the French law,  $15\frac{1}{2}$  to 1. The production of gold in the period following 1850 was sufficiently large to have caused a very great fall in its silver value. Such a fall was apprehended by those who did not understand or appreciate the working of the bimetallic system. It was feared that gold would sink to two-thirds or one-half its former value. A veritable gold panic set in. ‘Frightened,’ says Professor Levi, ‘and not without reason, at the possible consequences, some countries heretofore anxious to attract and retain gold in circulation, even at great sacrifices, showed a feverish anxiety to banish it altogether. In July, 1850, Holland demonetized the gold ten-florin piece and the Guillaume. Portugal prohibited any gold from having a current value, except English sovereigns. Belgium demonetized its gold circulation. Russia prohibited the export of silver; and France, alarmed, but less hasty, issued a commission to inquire into the matter.’

“All these apprehensions were vain, so long as France kept open her mints to both metals, and silver remained to be exported. As M. Chevalier remarked: . . . ‘It was impossible so long as this state of things ex-



isted that gold should fall anywhere, whether at London, at St. Petersburg, or at New York, much below fifteen and one-half times its weight in silver.' The maximum effect produced by the flood of new gold was to change the silver price of that metal  $4\frac{3}{4}$  per cent, and even this effect in any such degree was momentary; gold nearly recovered its price again, the whole permanent effect of the California and Australian discoveries being placed by Professor Jevons at not above  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.

"The second result of the operation of the bimetallic system during this critical period, was that gold and silver thus held closely together by the operation of the French law, both declined in value. Without the bimetallic system, gold would have sustained a great fall while silver would have held its own, or perhaps have risen; as it was, gold and silver sank together, 'the depth of the fall being diminished' says Professor Cairnes, 'as the surface over which it has taken place has been enlarged.'"

The gold monometallists have fully admitted the facts here stated and have acknowledged that the equilibrium between the metals was preserved by the bimetallic system.

Mr. Bagehot, of the London *Economist*, speaking of the bimetallic countries says: "Whenever the values of the two metals altered, these countries acted as equalizing machines. They took the metal which fell; they sold the metal which rose, and thus the relative value of the two was kept at its old point."

Professor Jevons in discussing the same question says that the bimetallic system "cannot prevent both metals from falling or rising in value compared with other commodities, but it can throw variations of supply and demand over a large area, instead of leaving each metal to be affected merely by its own accidents."

"Imagine," he continues, "two reservoirs of water, each subject to independent

variations of supply and demand. In the absence of any connecting pipe the level of the water in each reservoir will be subject to its own fluctuations only. But if we open a connection, the water in both will assume a certain mean level, and the effects of any excessive supply or demand will be distributed over the whole area of both reservoirs."

It only remains to add that France, while performing the great function of equalizing the money metals, herself sustained no injury. Her prosperity continued unabated during the whole of the critical period, and she emerged from it in certainly as good if not better financial condition than when it began.

It would seem indeed that there are certain features in the bimetallic system which under present conditions naturally attract trade and commerce to the country employing it. For it tends to make that country a clearing house for monometallic countries, some of which use the gold and some the silver standard. If a merchant were dealing with persons of whom one set conducted business on a gold basis, and another on a silver basis, he would naturally—other things being equal—prefer to bank where he could obtain either gold or silver as his necessities might require. The same principle would seem applicable to the business carried on by and between the merchants and tradesmen of the different nations of the globe.

It has always been one of the leading arguments against bimetallicism, that it would in practice result not in the use of both metals, but of the cheaper metal—that it would be in fact only alternative monometallicism. There is certainly much truth in the charge. But is it certain that this is a disadvantage? Did not the whole world find safety in it during the critical period of the great influx of gold from California and Australia? Before that period the principal currency of France was silver; during it, a large proportion of her silver was supplanted by gold. Afterwards the silver current re-

turned and the currency became as before. If this is alternative monometallism, is it not preferable to unaltering monometallism?

5. There is another advantage in the bimetallic system, which is especially applicable to the American people and the States of our Union.

The unit of our money—the dollar—while admirably adapted to our wants, is nevertheless too small to permit of the circulation of gold coins representing its value. Accordingly the coinage of gold dollars has been practically abandoned, and the few specimens in the hands of the people are mostly preserved as curiosities. The next highest gold coin—the two-and-a-half dollar piece—is not favored and there are relatively very few of them in circulation. It may be fairly said that the lowest gold coin which is practically available for our circulation, is the half-eagle or five dollar piece.

If, then, we should adopt the monometallic gold system, the absolute necessities of our business would require the coinage and circulation of a very large amount of silver token money, to be a legal tender up to a moderate sum—say up to ten dollars, which is about the English limit.

Now it would not answer to coin any of this token money in the proportion to gold at which our present silver dollars are coined—nearly 16 to 1—because if we did, and silver ever regained its former value, this token money would at once leave the country, its proportion of silver being higher than that of the silver of the bimetallic countries. We lost the greater portion of the silver that we coined prior to 1853 for this identical reason.

It would be necessary, therefore, to coin our token money with a less amount of silver in proportion to gold than the legal tender silver of the bimetallic countries—in other words, it must be less than  $15\frac{1}{2}$  to 1—say about the proportion of our present token money.

Nor would it be practicable to vary the

silver content of this silver money according to the gold value of silver, for that would expose it to the hazard of constant speculation; it would be offering a premium to money brokers, and the amount of this kind of money in circulation would become such a varying quantity that its fluctuations could never be anticipated or provided against. Whatever the proportion, it should be a constant one.

Of course we should meet with the difficulty just mentioned at the very start, for the gold value of our new token dollar would be less than that of our present standard dollar, but this could probably be remedied by offering a slight premium on the present issue, so as to bring them in for re-coinage.

But let us suppose that the new system has been fairly inaugurated, and that we have a composite currency like the present English system, with gold coins that are a legal tender for an unlimited amount, and silver coins that are not legal tender for any sum in excess of ten dollars.

It could then be charged with some justice that we had one money for the rich and one for the poor; that the poor man's money was a debased coin, current only within the boundaries of his own country, no matter what the ratio of silver to gold elsewhere might be, and even at home was a legal tender for only a small amount; while the rich man's money was of standard value, current everywhere, and a legal tender to an unlimited extent. The poor tenant could not use the money with which his daily labor was paid to pay the rent his wealthy landlord demanded, unless, indeed, his tenement was of so small value as to bring its rent within the legal limit. Doubtless this evil might be to some extent mitigated by a statute similar to our present law, under which subsidiary coins may be redeemed at any sub-treasury of the government in sums of twenty dollars or multiples thereof, but in any event it would work an injustice and create a dangerous irritation.



The government that coined this debased money would of course reap a large profit, but unless absolutely unavoidable in carrying out measures for the benefit of the whole people, such a profit would be both unjust and unwise. It may be suggested here that the government of this country is now making a similar profit out of the coinage of standard dollars under the present depreciated price of silver. But the present profit is unavoidably made in attempting to preserve the former ratio between silver and gold, a measure which the statesmen who procured the passage of the law under which this coinage is continued, believed to be for the advantage of the whole people. The object and aim of the law is to prevent the making of this profit.

In the case we are now considering—the adoption of gold monometallism by this country and the consequent issuance of a debased silver token money—the effect would be to perpetuate this profit.

Again, in the case of the standard silver dollars, the government's profit, although an undesirable one, is at least gathered at the expense of rich and poor alike. For standard silver dollars, by reason of their unlimited legal tender quality either as coin or certificates, are equally valuable to both classes. But in the case of a debased silver token money the profit would be derived almost exclusively from the laboring classes, whose peculiar currency it is. This proposition may be doubted. Let us turn it around. Suppose that the government issued a debased gold currency and compelled its acceptance as a legal tender for sums above ten dollars. On whom would the burden fall then?

Without discussing this branch of the question further, it is sufficient to say that there is little likelihood that gold monometallism, with its necessary accompaniment of silver token money, could ever be enduringly successful among our people, for the reason that it would create constant

friction between the richer and poorer classes, and would inevitably become a political question with periodically recurring chances of success or defeat, the very possibility of which would make it undesirable. The recent and divergent action of party conventions in the different States on this question certainly makes this much clear.

6. The most important objection to the adoption of gold monometallism remains yet to be considered.

The amount of gold in circulation as money in the world was estimated in the report of the Director of the United States Mint for 1884 at \$3,293,606,836.

The amount of silver in circulation as money was placed at \$2,754,611,080.<sup>1</sup>

By means of this money the business of the world is transacted. Without it we should be in helpless confusion.

It is of course well known that an immense amount of business can be transacted and actually is transacted without the movement of coin at all, but simply on the faith of its existence. For example: A draws a check on his bank and with it pays his debt to B who endorses it over to C and thus cancels another obligation. C in his turn transfers it to D who deposits it in the bank on which it was drawn. But on the same day D pays A \$5,000 by a check which A sends to bank with his other deposits. It is found in the bank that A's check in the hands of D exactly balances D's check in the hands of A and thus we have the result that \$20,000 of debt has been paid, while not a dollar in coin has changed hands. Of course this use of paper representatives of money may be extended almost without limit and may be further ramified and complicated in a multitude of ways unnecessary to explain, here.

But the important fact must not be lost sight of that such use of paper representatives of money is absolutely impossible unless

<sup>1</sup>The probable amounts of the precious metals in circulation as money in China and some of the other Asiatic countries are not included in these estimates.

the actual coin is ready somewhere to liquidate each piece of paper on presentation. Unless this is so, then that use of a paper representative of money means either fraud or insolvency. In all these transactions with paper there is no new money created. It is simply a very convenient method of handling money that already exists—a method so convenient that by means of it a small amount of money may be made to do an immense amount of business. If A had gone to the bank and got his \$5,000 and carried it to B, and B had then carried it to C, and C had carried it to D, and D had carried it to the bank, the transaction would have been exactly the same; but by this use of paper representatives all this carriage was avoided and the money remained all the time securely in the vaults of the bank.

Let us now go back to our sum total of money. For the purposes of this argument we will assume the grand aggregate to be \$6,000,000,000, one half being gold coin and the other half silver coin. Let us now assume that silver coins are everywhere demonetized and rendered unavailable for use as money. Of course this would reduce our stock of money by just one-half and, as we have seen, it would reduce our ability to do business with paper representatives of money in exactly the same proportion.

It is evident that the result of such a change would be to put the whole work of our grand aggregate of \$6,000,000,000 upon the \$3,000,000,000 of gold remaining available for use as money. Each gold dollar would become twice as useful as it was before and twice as valuable. One dollar after the demonetization of silver would be equal to two dollars before the demonetization.

Suppose this did happen, what harm would result? The man who received only one dollar when he received two dollars before, would soon find that he could purchase with his one dollar what before had cost him two dollars, so that the gains and losses

created by the change would offset each other. To those who survived the painful process of a readjustment of our complicated price-lists this would doubtless be the result as to all future expenditures. But how about antecedent debts? One dollar after demonetization will not pay two dollars of indebtedness incurred prior to the change.

The practical result of the change, therefore, would be to double the amount of all debts.

When we consider the enormous bonded indebtedness of the different nations of the earth, and add to that the additional indebtedness of the multitude of States, provinces, and municipalities constituting those nations, and pile upon this aggregate the almost countless private debts of the individuals living in these States, provinces, and municipalities—a grand total which has been estimated to amount to not less than \$70,000,000,000—it is within bounds to say that such a change as we are now considering would, unless prolonged for a century or more of time, inevitably bankrupt every civilized nation of the globe.

The burden is sufficiently grievous as it exists, but to double it—to make every nation, every State, every province, every municipality, every individual owe two dollars when he owed but one dollar before—would be simply to bring about universal ruin.

If the policy of the universal demonetization of silver were resolved upon, or if such an event were surely impending, could it be prolonged during a sufficient time to prevent or ameliorate the enormously disturbing influence of such a measure upon the business of the world?

We have seen in the past that the market has sustained with astonishing equanimity the immense influx of gold and silver from new discoveries of these metals in the mines of America. But in those times no one could predict how soon the current might slacken or the stream run dry. The pro-



duction of mines has always been precarious, and in no single instance has it been continuous.

Again, economists have long since pointed out that money, unlike all other things that can be bought and sold, is but slightly affected by a merely prospective increase of the metals composing it. Not until the metals have been actually extracted and coined into money, and this money is circulating from hand to hand, does the effect of an increased supply become apparent. In the case of every other commodity,—in wheat, corn, hay, cotton, and the like—the bare prospect of an augmentation of the supply is immediately felt in the market price. The effect of a great increase in production of either metal in the past was therefore but slowly felt.

But in the case which we are now considering, these modifying influences could hardly operate. The demonetization of silver means the annihilation of the value of an *existing supply*. The amount in circulation is easily estimated; the effect of the change is readily foreseen.

In the present condition of wealth and intelligence, with all the facilities of railroads, steamships, telegraphs, public journals, and daily, and even hourly, market reports, the catastrophe could probably not be long delayed. Keen-eyed merchants and brokers all over the world would be swift to take advantage of the coming change, and the event would be discounted in every market long before it actually occurred.

And perhaps if it is coming at all, it would be as well for the people of the world that it should come rather in the form of a cataclysm than of a gradual and prolonged depreciation. For in that case, after the overwhelming effects of the first disaster, all would have an equal chance in the future. We should know at least just what to expect. But if the value of money is to steadily and surely advance during the com-

ing years until it finally reaches the ratio which belongs to universal gold monometallism, then whenever a man borrows money payable at some date a number of years ahead, it must happen that when he comes to pay it, the money will be worth considerably more than it was when he borrowed it. In other words, although the number of dollars will remain the same as when he borrowed them, the value of the dollars will be appreciably enhanced, and it will cost him more labor, or goods, or land to get them. Thus the hill which the debtor has to climb will be made steeper as he ascends it, and the inevitable result must be a tendency to make the rich richer and the poor poorer.

While such a gradual rise in the value of money and consequent depreciation in the wages of labor and the prices of commodities would operate thus disastrously upon the debtor class it would not be without great disadvantages to the creditor class who represent the wealth of the country. For it would bring about a stagnation of capital. Nobody would care to embark in new enterprises or to engage in the development of new lines of industry or trade, when the result must be that the money value of the property involved in them would gradually but surely fall, and the profit on future products would be offset by a depreciation in their price. Therefore the only investment which could commend itself to capital would be bonds or money futures, in which the fixed amount of money to be paid would render depreciation impossible. In other words, capital would prefer rising bonds to falling property. Thus we have seen in the last fifteen years a very extraordinary and unprecedented rise in the market prices of Government bonds (bearing low interest) while the market prices of everything else have been constantly falling. Senator Jones of Nevada has elaborately and fully explained this in a speech delivered in the United States Senate in July, 1886.

With these considerations fresh in our

minds, it will not surprise us to find the gold monometallists of the present day practically unanimous in opposing universal gold monometallism. The author of the article on "Money" in the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, himself an evident adherent of the gold standard, sums up the matter by saying "The immediate introduction of an universal gold currency is by the admission of all parties eminently undesirable, and this is the only settled point in the controversy." It seems to have been rather a sudden conversion, for at the International Monetary Conference of 1867 it was almost unanimously resolved to recommend the general adoption of gold monometallism; and shortly afterwards the Chancellor of the Exchequer of England, the leading gold standard nation, in Parliament congratulated the country that Europe was about to adopt this course.

But at the Conference of 1878 the Right Honorable G. J. Goschen, the chief of the English delegation, stated that while the delegates from Great Britain were not free to vote for any proposition compromising the gold standard, he would personally willingly subscribe to the principle that "it is not desirable that silver cease to be one of the money metals." He added that all of the states ought to work as far as practicable toward the aim to maintain silver as the ally of gold in all parts of the world where this could be done; that a campaign against silver would be extremely dangerous even for countries with a gold standard; "if all states should resolve on the adoption of a gold standard, the question arose, would there be sufficient gold for the purpose without a tremendous crisis?"

All the advocates of gold monometallism in this Conference subscribed to a declaration that "it is necessary to maintain in the world the monetary functions of silver as well as those of gold."

In 1867 they were clear that an universal gold standard was desirable.

In 1878 they were clear that an universal gold standard was undesirable.

It would seem that what these distinguished gold monometallists really want is to regulate the monetary system of their own countries in one way and the monetary systems of other countries in quite a different way, and it must be confessed that it is rather a humiliating confession to make that the success of the monometallic gold system in England must depend on its non-adoption by other countries.

The attitude of the adherents of the gold standard on this point seems to be susceptible of only two explanations.

The first is that since 1867 they have become conscious, more or less dimly perhaps, that gold monometallism is a mistake but they think that if this mistake is not too widely committed, no dangerous consequences need ensue.

The second explanation is that they believe that if the three monetary systems are divided among the nations of the earth in a certain suitable and fixed proportion, then the nations using the gold standard would gain a profit at the expense of the other nations. If this be the true reason, then no gold monometallist has yet either admitted it or explained where the profit was to come from.

It will be observed that even this second explanation involves the admission of a blunder. For at the Conference of 1867 nothing was said about a fixed proportion between the different monetary systems; on the contrary, the proposition put forth then was that gold monometallism was universally desirable.

Again, if the success of the gold standard in the countries that have adopted it must depend upon the division of the other two systems among the other countries of the world in any proportion whatever, then it is obvious that that success might at any time be endangered by any change in this proportion. We have seen what was the effect of the change made by Germany, from the



monometallic silver system to the monometallic gold system. What would be the result if her example should be followed by other nations, for example, by the United States and France?

Further, it is apparent that the gold standard nations would be entirely powerless to prevent any change in this proportion. Every nation is free to change its monetary system according to its own interest or caprice.

Now, considering that the main objection to the bimetallic system is the difficulty of fixing permanently the ratio between gold and silver, the question arises whether this would not be much easier than to continuously maintain a suitable proportion among the countries using the different monetary systems. There is one other possible explanation of the position of the gold monometallists, but if it has operated as an argument I have never seen it brought forward. That explanation is, that while it would be comparatively easy to unite all of the nations using the single gold standard under the bimetallic system, if they were willing to make the change, it would be probably much more difficult to induce the Asiatic nations using a single silver standard to practice such conformity. The result might then be a division of the countries of the world into two groups, one using the double standard and the other the silver standard. This might occasion a drain of silver from the bimetallic nations and a consequent rise in that metal.

But if the claim of the gold monometallists is well founded, that there is now too much silver in the world, this would seem a wise and simple method of rectifying that difficulty.

In this connection, another suggestion becomes pertinent. It has frequently been remarked that the introduction of modern methods of doing business by means of banks and clearing houses, with their machinery of cheques, bills of exchange,

and other paper representatives of money, has had the effect of greatly increasing the efficiency of money. As long as it was necessary to make every payment in actual coin it is clear that a very much larger quantity of coin would be required to do a given amount of business than under the present system, when only the balances need to be paid in money. It follows that a much smaller amount of coin is now required to do the business of a civilized nation than would have been required to do the same business fifty years ago. Now, if China, India, and the other nations using a silver standard should have chanced to learn this secret, or even a small portion of it, they would probably be able to turn it to the same advantage that we have done, and transact their business with a less quantity of money than formerly. I am not in a situation to know whether this has occurred or not, or if it has, then to what extent, but it might possibly be an important factor in the causes which have led to the much talked of diminution of the demand of those countries for silver—if in fact, there has been such diminution in the demand.

To the extent of its operation this would be equivalent to the demonetization of so much silver, and to that proportion would therefore, exert an injurious influence upon the nations using a single gold standard. From this view it might be advantageous to England to discourage the spread of knowledge of modern methods of finance among the Asiatic countries subject to her control.

The position of the advocates of the bimetallic system in the particular which we have just been considering, is in striking contrast to that of the gold monometallists. For the bimetallics claim that their system would be advantageous not to one country only, but to the whole world, and while urging its continued maintenance in the countries already using it, they are free to welcome every new nation which may choose to adopt the double standard.

I have thus far treated the question of the demonetization of silver on the assumption that silver constituted one-half of the stock of six billions of money with which the business of the world was to be transacted, and that the demonetization would be universal and not partial, and that it would probably be more or less rapid.

For the purpose of presenting the question clearly, it seemed proper to treat it at first broadly, using round numbers and leaving for the time restraining or moderating co-efficients out of view. But it is now time to go back and correct the equation.

It is hardly probable that silver does in fact constitute one-half of the stock of money in the world, and to the extent of the deficiency the evils apprehended from its demonetization would be of course lessened, but this is only a question of degree.

Further, it is not at all likely that the threatened demonetization would be universal or even approximately so; but this again is only a question of proportion, and it is certain that the evil effects of even a partial demonetization would be extremely disastrous. Probably the testimony of gold monometallists already cited would be sufficient to show this; but additional evidence could be easily produced.

Prof. J. Thorold Rogers of the University of Oxford, in an article on the Causes of Commercial Depression in the *Princeton Review* for January, 1879, says: "But despite many advantages there is no doubt that prices, profits, and wages are falling in very many industries which have been hitherto prosperous. . . . The first cause in importance, the most general, and in all probability the most enduring, is the rapid rise in the economical value of gold."

Mr. Robert Giffen in a paper read before the London Statistical Society, January 21st, 1879, showed that there had been an average fall in the price of wholesale commodities between 1873 and 1879, of twenty-four per cent. He attributed this, among other

causes, to the rise in the value of gold. He concludes his paper as follows: "It would be nothing less than calamitous to business if another demand for gold like the recent demand from Germany and the United States were now to spring up. Even a much less demand would rather prove a serious matter before a very long time elapsed."

The London *Economist* in December, 1879, in a remarkable article cited by Professor Walker, estimated that there had been a real fall in prices since 1869 of sixteen per cent, and added: "This is an undoubted appreciation of gold, because it represents a real increase in the purchasing power of gold."

Mr. Goschen, speaking of this subject in the Conference of 1878, stated that "The Indian Government had suffered a great loss; the merchants had suffered from fluctuations in value, and public functionaries had suffered from the depreciation."

These statements—all of them from gold monometallist sources—were made upon the facts as they had developed up to 1878-9, when the depreciation of silver had not fallen—except temporarily in July, 1876—below the rates of 18 to 1. Since then the price has fallen still further, until recently it went as low as 23 to 1. I have not at hand any reliable statistics or trustworthy public statements showing the effect upon the price of staple commodities of this further diminution in the price of silver, but from the frequent mention made in the daily journals of meetings and consultations held on account of the difficulties occasioned by it, we know that the evils of a rise in the value of gold have increased in proportion to the cause.

It may be here fairly asked what reason have we for considering this admitted rise in the value of gold to be attributable to the partial demonetization of silver? May it not be the effect of an over-production of silver, or to an under-production of gold, or to some other cause or causes not apparent on the surface?



Fortunately the statistics of production for the years when the rise began and during which it continued are easily accessible, and are believed to be very nearly accurate; and I give below the figures from Dr. Sötbéer.

We will commence five years before any considerable rise in the value of gold became manifest, for the reason that it sometimes happens that an over-production occurs some years before its effect in influencing values becomes apparent.

VALUES IN MILLIONS OF FRANCS.

Year.	Production of Gold.	Product'n Silver.
1866-1870	3,305	1,488
1871-1875	2,940	2,188
1876	591.5	525.5
1877	629.8	539.5
1878	632.6	578.3
1879	540.3	568.2
1851 to 1879	18,778	9,101

There is certainly nothing in these figures that would excite alarm. There is of course a slight fluctuation in the production of the two metals, but it is so inconsiderable that it is impossible to suppose that it has performed any prominent part in causing the rise in the value of gold. Compared with the fluctuations of former years, it is simply insignificant. Thus the same table from which these figures are taken shows that from 1821 to 1840 the production of gold was 1189 millions of francs, while the production of silver was 2348 millions of francs. But from 1841 to 1860 the production of gold was 8837 millions of francs, and the production of silver was only 3725 millions. And yet, during the whole of this time of excessive fluctuation in production, the fluctuation in the ratio between the two metals was only 15.8 to 15.3.

Let us now look further into the fluctuation between the values of gold and silver:

Between 1493 and 1520	the average ratio was	11.3
" 1521 "	1544	" 11.2
" 1545 "	1580	" 11.5
" 1581 "	1600	" 11.9
" 1601 "	1620	" 13.0
" 1621 "	1640	" 13.4
" 1641 "	1660	" 13.8
" 1661 "	1680	" 14.7
" 1681 "	1700	" 15.0

This was a variation of 3.7 points in a period of 207 years, which began with the discovery of America and included the years of the greatest production of the South American silver mines.

The average ratios of the value of gold to silver from 1700 to 1870 are given as follows:

1701 to 1720	15.2
1721 to 1740	15.1
1741 to 1760	14.8
1761 to 1780	14.8
1781 to 1800	15.1
1801 to 1810	15.6
1811 to 1820	15.5
1821 to 1830	15.8
1831 to 1840	15.7
1841 to 1850	15.8
1851 to 1855	15.4
1856 to 1860	15.3
1861 to 1865	15.4
1866 to 1870	15.6

This shows that the variation for 170 years was within one point, the highest being 15.8 and the lowest 14.8. From 1871 to 1879 the average ratios were as follows:

1871 to 1875	16.
1876	17.8
1877	17.19
1878	17.96
1879	18.39

Here was a variation of 2.39 points in nine years. Since 1879, I have no reliable statistics, but in July, 1886, the rates had fallen so that one ounce in gold would buy about twenty-three ounces in silver. From 1870 to July 1886, therefore, in less than sixteen years, there was a fall of seven points.

We are now in a position to ascertain the true causes of the rise in the value of gold.

In 1871 Germany began to change from a monometallic silver system to a monometallic gold system, and began its demonetization of silver, and, commencing in 1873, for some years her sales of silver and purchases of gold created an unnatural supply of one metal and an unnatural demand for other.

The following table shows the sales of silver made by Germany from 1873 to May, 1879, reckoning the marks at four to one dollar:

Year.	Selling Price per oz. in English pence.	Amount of Sales in Dollars.
1873.....	59 5-16d.	2,324,171
1874.....	58 $\frac{3}{4}$ d.	15,283,918
1875.....	57 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.	4,552,112
1876.....	52 $\frac{3}{4}$ d.	23,484,120
1877.....	54 5-16d.	57,606,060
1878.....	52 9-16d.	31,550,963
1879.....	50 d.	6,983,604
Average, 53 15-16d.		Total, \$141,784,948

The amount of gold in circulation in Germany at the beginning of the year 1873, before the change began, is estimated to have been \$23,000,000. From 1873 to the end of 1880, the coinage was \$436,800,000. Deducting from this coinage the amount of gold formerly in circulation, we find that the amount of new gold required by the German mints was \$413,800,000. Of this, \$50,000,000 was received from France as a part of the War Indemnity. The balance was derived from other sources. Between 1871 and 1876, \$119,930,000 of gold was purchased in London alone.

The Scandinavian countries, which followed Germany in making the change, are estimated to have exchanged silver for gold to the amount of \$9,000,000.

In 1874, France and the states of the Latin Union, alarmed at the action of Germany, restricted the coinage at their several mints, which had theretofore been unlimited; and in 1876 France suspended the coinage of silver altogether, and her example was followed in the next year by the other states of the Latin Union. In 1878 a definite agreement was entered into by all these states to suspend silver coinage until such time as resumption should be agreed upon by unanimous consent, and their mints are still closed to this metal.

The inevitable effect of this restriction upon the coinage of silver, was to discredit that metal and create an unusual demand for gold. Accordingly, the statistics of the French custom-house show that from 1874 to 1878, both inclusive, the imports of gold into France exceeded the exports by the large sum of 2,191,062,000 francs, whereas during the three years prior to the restriction

the exports had exceeded the imports by 375,345,000 francs.

In 1879, the United States resumed specie payments. Ten months before, on February 28th, 1878, the Bland bill had been passed authorizing the coinage of not less than two and not more than four millions per month of standard dollars in silver, to be legal tender to an unlimited extent. From 1873 to the passage of the Bland bill there had been no silver pieces coined that possessed the unlimited legal tender quality. Practically there was no legal tender silver in the country when the Bland bill went into operation, and the amount was very small when specie payments were resumed. The mints were closed to silver coinage on private account, and the Government refused to mint more than the minimum prescribed by law. Resumption by the government brought with it, of course, resumption by the banks and by the people, and the natural result was that a very large demand was stimulated for metallic money. But since the coinage of silver was restricted while the coinage of gold was free, the demand became at once concentrated upon gold, that being the only one of the precious metals which could be easily and economically converted into coin by simply depositing it at the mint. As a consequence, while we continued as before to sell the greater part of the product of our silver mines to foreign countries, we not only absorbed the entire product of our gold mines for purposes of coinage but also imported large quantities of gold from abroad. The following tables compiled from the report of the Director of the Mint for 1884, will make this clear.

The first table shows the gold production compared with the gold coinage of the United States from 1878 to 1883, both inclusive:

Fiscal Years.	Gold Product.	Gold Coinage.
1878.....	\$51,200,000	\$52,798,980
1879.....	38,900,000	40,986,912
1880.....	36,000,000	56,157,735
1881.....	34,700,000	78,733,864
1882.....	32,500,000	89,413,447
1883.....	30,000,000	35,936,927



It appears from this table that during these years we coined \$130,727,865 more gold than we produced. The next table compares the imports and exports of gold coin and bullion during the same period.

Fiscal Years.	Gold Imports.	Gold Exports.
1878.....	\$12,976,281	\$ 9,204,455
1879.....	5,624,948	4,587,614
1880.....	80,753,396	3,639,025
1881.....	100,031,259	2,565,132
1882.....	34,377,054	32,587,880
1883.....	17,734,149	11,600,888

This shows an excess of imports over exports of \$187,317,093. While there was this enormous influx of gold during the first few years of our resumption of specie payments, the statistics show that there was an analogous counter-current or outflow of gold during the first few years of Germany's change to the gold standard. From 1873 to 1877, both inclusive, we lost by excess of exports of gold over our imports \$127,466,036.

The next table shows the estimated gold production of the world for the calendar years 1881, 1882, and 1883, compared with the coinage of the United States for these years.

Calendar Years.	Gold Product of world.	Gold Coinage of U. S.
1881.....	\$103,023,078	\$ 96,850,890
1882.....	53,699,588	65,887,685
1883.....	94,027,901	29,241,990
Total....	\$295,750,567	\$191,980,565

From these figures it appears that the gold coinage of the United States during these years was equal to nearly two-thirds of the entire gold production of the world, and in the year 1881 it was more than twelve-thirteenths of the entire product of that year. The estimated amount of gold coin in this country at the close of the year 1873 was \$135,000,000. The estimated amount October 1st, 1883, was \$610,000,000. Assuming that these figures are approximately correct, we gained in a little less than ten years about \$475,000,000 of gold.

It is impossible that these coincidences should be accidental. Taking all the facts

together and making all possible allowances for errors and for the alternate exportations and importations of gold by France and the United States disclosed by the tables, it is entirely safe to say that the demonetization of silver by Germany and the Scandinavian states, the restriction and subsequent total suspension of silver coinage by France and the Latin Union, and the resumption of specie payments, under restricted silver coinage, by the United States, caused an unusual and excessive demand for gold to the extent of at least one billion of dollars. The result was of course a gold famine. That metal rose in value not with reference to silver alone but with reference to everything which is bought and sold. While the exclusion of so much silver from its ordinary use as a circulating medium had of course the effect of depressing the market price of that metal, this seems to have been small compared with the rise in the value of gold in consequence of this extraordinary demand created for it. Measured in gold, the fall in the price of silver was very great, as we have seen, but measured in the amount of staple commodities for which it could be exchanged at its gold value, it was inconsiderable. Thus Senator Beck, in a recent speech in the United States Senate, demonstrated from the statistics of the Treasury Bureau for 1885 that a dollar would then purchase of such staple commodities as corn, wheat, flour, cotton, leather, mineral oils, bacon, hams, lard, pork, salt beef, butter, cheese, eggs, starch, sugar, and tobacco, from 25 to 30 per cent more than it would in July, 1870.

The effect of this governmental action was to increase the purchasing power of the gold unit—to give it about twenty per cent greater value than it formerly possessed. We first created an artificial scarcity of gold, and thus raised its value, and having thus raised its value, we next adjusted the prices of all other articles to conform to the raised price of this one article of gold. The complaint has been frequently heard that by

reason of the Bland bill the public were compelled to accept eighty cents worth of silver for a dollar; the complaint would have been more just if it were said that by reason of legislation hostile to silver the public were compelled to give a dollar's worth of goods or labor for eighty cents worth of gold.

Nor was the influence of this hostile legislation confined to the actual changes in the currency created by it. The financial markets of the world were filled with fear and doubt lest some further step should be taken, or some additional nation continue in the work of demonetization. There arose a widespread distrust of silver and a general apprehension that its use as a circulating medium was in danger, if not of discontinuance altogether, at least of further and prejudicial restriction. The situation was well described by Mr. Goschen in 1878 when he said: "At present there is a vicious circle; states are afraid of employing silver on account of the depreciation, and the depreciation continues because states refuse to employ it."

Speaking of the action of Germany, which was the beginning of this hostile legislation Gen. Walker says: "The history of the century will be searched in vain for a political blunder of equal enormity." I cannot forbear quoting his clear and convincing statement of the result of this action:

"Measure," he says, "the force which the bimetallic system had previously exerted in holding the metals together. The mean annual rate of exchange by weight of silver had been to one ounce of gold—in 1867, 15.57 ounces; in 1868, 15.60 ounces; in 1869, 15.60 ounces; in 1870, 15.58 ounces; in 1871, 15.58 ounces; in 1872, 15.63 ounces.

"In 1873, the silver price of gold fell to 15.92 to 1; in 1874, to 16.77; in 1875, to 16.58; in 1876, to 17.84, while in July of the latter year it fell to 20.17.

"The two metals had for seventy-five years been held together by a tie which did not allow even the floods of Californian and

Australian gold, unprecedented in the history of the world, to move the silver price of gold permanently more than  $1\frac{1}{2}$  points in 100; which did not permit their relative value to change greatly between the time when three dollars in silver was produced to one dollar in gold and the time when one dollar in gold was produced to twenty-seven cents in silver. Yet no sooner was the tie snapped, this purely legal arrangement broken up, than gold and silver rushed apart with a violence which in three years caused a maximum variation of 1 in 4."

We have seen that the recent rise in the value of gold and relative depreciation in silver are due, not to an overproduction of the one metal or an underproduction of the other, but that they are directly and distinctly traceable to governmental action intentionally or unintentionally hostile to silver and favorable to gold—that they are the work not of nature but of man. We may draw the line still closer. The great fluctuations in value and disturbances in trade that have arisen from these causes are attributable not in any degree to the action of the nations of the East whose civilization we consider "backward or stationary," but exclusively to that of the highly cultivated and enlightened nations of the West. It has been frequently said that the fall in silver arose from a cessation of the demand for that metal in India and the East, and that there can be no hope of improvement until there comes some favorable change in the mysterious and complicated influences which govern the trade and prejudices of Asia. The following table taken from Prof. J. Laurence Laughlin's recent work on *The History of Bimetallism in the United States* would seem to demonstrate the fallacy of this theory.

It shows the net imports of silver and gold into British India between the years 1867 and 1882 with the council bills sold and the excess of exports of merchandise over imports.



## VALUE IN MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.

Years.	Excess of Imports of Mds. over Exports.	Council Bills Sold.	Net Imports of Silver.	Net Imports of Gold.
1867-68..	76.0	20.7	27.9	23.1
1868-69..	85.5	18.5	43.0	25.8
1869-70..	98.0	34.9	36.6	28.0
1870-71..	104.5	42.2	4.7	11.4
1871-72..	155.5	51.6	32.5	17.8
1872-73..	117.0	69.7	3.5	12.7
1873-74..	106.0	66.4	12.2	6.9
1874-75..	100.5	54.2	23.2	9.4
1875-76..	96.0	61.9	7.7	7.7
1876-77..	117.5	63.5	36.0	1.0
1877-78..	118.5	50.7	73.4	2.5
1878-79..	115.5	69.7	19.8	4.5
1879-80..	130.0	76.3	39.3	8.7
1881-82..	.....	.....	19.4	18.3
1882-83..	.....	.....	26.9	24.2

The decline of shipments of silver to India between 1871 and 1876 is explained as owing to an increase of payments from India to London of money borrowed prior to that time for internal improvements in India. Now turning to our table of ratios of silver to gold, we find that from 1871 to 1876 the average did not rise above 16 to 1. From that time on, the ratio commenced to rise rapidly but we look in vain for any corresponding diminution in the amount of silver imported into India. Indeed, the whole table indicates that the Indian silver demand is governed by influences that operate entirely apart from those that operate in Europe, and that European and American legislation could have had very little effect upon it.

Before leaving this branch of the subject it is proper to notice the novel theory advanced by Prof. Laughlin, in his recent book, to which reference has already been made, according to which a prominent factor in the recent depreciation of silver is the natural preference which men have for gold over silver. To quote his words, "Monetary history reveals in every modern commercial country a prejudice in favor of gold as against silver.... The world of commerce, whatever the reason may be, *believes* in gold.... Gold satisfies the desires of men for a medium of exchange better than silver." He then shows that between 1493 and 1850 there were produced \$3,314,553,000 of gold to \$6,741,705,000 of silver, or about twice

as much silver as gold, and between 1851 and 1875 there were produced \$3,317,625,000 of gold to \$1,395,125,000 of silver, or about two and one-half times as much gold as silver. During the first period, in consequence of there being so much more silver than gold, men could not indulge their natural prejudice for gold; but in the latter period gold became so plentiful that the human race began to gratify its long cherished desire to use gold rather than silver and thus the abundance of gold had the effect of raising its own value and depreciating the value of silver.

If Professor Laughlin means that men naturally choose the more valuable of the two metals on account of its value, and prefer gold to silver just as they prefer silver to copper, just as they prefer a fifty dollar bill to a five dollar bill—nobody would probably gainsay him. But if he means that men prefer gold to silver because the one is yellow and gold and the other is white and silver, then he can justly claim to have presented a solution vastly more inexplicable than the original problem. To say that a glut of gold has increased the value of gold ought to satisfy the appetite of the most paradoxically inclined. But apart from the startling nature of the fundamental proposition, even if we assume that Professor Laughlin is quite correct in his view of this mysterious prejudice in the minds of men for the yellow over the white metal, there would seem to be some difficulty in explaining why this prejudice, after submitting to strict restraint for so many centuries, and enduring even the great influx of gold from California and Australia with decent tolerance, should choose the precise time of the demonetization of silver by Germany to break forth with irrepressible violence.

It is probable that if the preferences of men were consulted as to the particular kind of circulating medium to be employed, they would choose neither gold nor silver but would rather select paper representatives of

money, which are far more convenient than either of the metals, since they can be easily handled or transported in large amounts and may be readily concealed.

Summing up now our investigation, we find:

I. That the bimetallic system has a great advantage over the monometallic system in that the use of the two metals as money, each having different conditions of occurrence and production, tends to counteract dangerous fluctuations in the stock of money which would be likely to arise if either metal were used alone as money.

II. That the bimetallic system has another advantage (under the present division of the different monetary systems among the nations of the world) in that it tends, by means of its compensatory or equilibratory action, to spread the fluctuations in value caused by the excessive production of either metal over the entire stock of both metals.

III. That it is also superior in that it supplies convenient coins of the lesser denomination without the necessity of debasing their value, and provides a currency satisfactory to the laboring classes without taking from it the legal tender quality.

IV. That it is also superior, because to adopt either metal as money to the exclusion of the other is to add to the value of the metal so adopted to the extent of the demonetization of the other, and thus to increase the value of the monetary unit—a result in the highest degree detrimental and dangerous.

Collaterally to the main question and incidental to its investigation, we have seen:

1. That a partial depreciation of the value of silver and rise in the value of gold has already taken place, and its effect has been precisely what might have been anticipated, namely, it has lowered the prices of staple commodities; it has reduced the wages of labor; it has increased the burden of indebtedness; it has unsettled market values, and has created a wide spread alarm

and discontent among the trades and industries.

2. That this depreciation in the value of silver and rise in the value of gold is due, not to the natural incidents of production, such as the over-production of one metal or under-production of the other, but, on the contrary, it is clearly and certainly traceable to governmental action intentionally or unintentionally hostile to silver.

Let us now examine the arguments against bimetalism, and ascertain whether they are weighty enough to counterbalance the arguments in its favor which we have just been considering. We must admit at the start that the greater portability of gold over silver of equal value gives it an advantage when large sums are involved. But the preponderating and increasing use of paper representatives of money, by means of which only balances need to be paid in coin, has in modern times so lessened the value of this greater convenience and portability, that it is now generally admitted to cut little figure in deciding the question.

The principal argument against bimetalism and the one which is most frequently and forcibly urged against it is substantially the same as that with which we began this discussion, and to which we have since had occasion to make frequent reference, viz: it is claimed that it is impracticable to maintain a definite ratio between the two metals; that the value of the one will always vary as to the value of the other according to the accidents of production, and that the necessary consequence must be, not the unvarying use of both metals but the alternate use of such one as happens for the time to be produced in greater abundance. It cannot be denied that this argument has a great deal of force, and perhaps if nothing else were to be considered, it might be decisive of the question; but, starting with the admission that it might be difficult to maintain such permanently unvarying ratio, we will next inquire how serious this difficulty is in



actual practice, and to what extent it may be avoided or mitigated and finally we will contrast any, evil effects resulting from it with those which we have found to be inseparable from the monometallic gold system. Mr. Goschen at the Conference of 1878 said, "The American proposal for a universal Double Standard seemed impossible of realization, a veritable Utopia; but the theory of an universal Gold Standard was equally Utopian, and indeed involved a false Utopia. It was better for the world at large that the two metals should continue in circulation than that one should be universally substituted for the other." Let us now compare these two Utopias.

*First.* The difficulties in the way of establishing a definite ratio between the two metals have not in the past proved wholly insurmountable. The ratio of  $15\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 established by France in 1785 continued unchanged until the demonetization of silver by Germany in 1873, and for that matter remains unchanged yet, although of course silver is no longer coined at the French mint. It is undoubtedly true that during this period of nearly ninety years there were, owing to unprecedented changes in the amount of the production of the two metals respectively, times when the value of gold as compared with the value of silver varied slightly from the legal ratio. But nobody has ever undertaken to point out that any consequences detrimental either to France or to the rest of the world resulted from this variance. On the contrary, it is now universally admitted that but for the existence and maintenance of this ratio in France during the time when the immense overproduction of gold in California and Australia endangered the equilibrium of these metals, the whole financial world might have met with disaster. Between 1785 and 1870 the highest average ratio was 15.8 and the lowest 15.1, showing that the variance was at no time a very serious one.

*Second.*—We have already seen that from

1700 to 1870 the variance in the ratio between silver and gold was within one point, the lowest ratio being 14.8 and the highest 15.8, and that this period of 170 years included times when there were very great fluctuations in the relative production of the two metals. We have further seen that from 1870 to July 1886—about sixteen and one-half years—hostile legislation alone was able to create a variance of seven points or from 15.8 to 23. Now it is demonstrable that at least during a considerable part of this period, when the ratio remained so nearly uniform, the conditions were nothing like so favorable to uniformity of ratio as they might easily have been made by a concert of action among the nations practicing bimetallism. We can now see that it was in the highest degree unwise to coin silver in the United States at 16 to 1 while the French mint was coining the same metal at  $15\frac{1}{2}$  to 1, for it amounted to offering at one mint a premium on coin imported from the other. If in spite of such circumstances as these, the ratio was preserved so near uniformity, what might not be the result of a judicious international agreement as to this ratio?

*Third.*—It is obvious that universal bimetallism would completely solve all the difficulties which the situation presents. It has already been shown that in that event we should have nothing to fear from an overproduction, however great, of either metal, for the effect would be, not to disturb the ratio between the metals, except under contingencies too remote to excite apprehension, but to increase the stock of money in the world. So far as I am aware, no political economist has ever disputed this proposition but the argument has always been, like that quoted from Mr. Goschen, that the scheme was too impracticable to be realized. Perhaps it would be impossible to induce all the nations of the earth using a circulating medium, to agree upon a fixed ratio between the two metals, notwithstand-

ing the evident wisdom and desirability of such a measure. But is it necessary that all the nations should unite to this end in order to bring about the good effects which would result from it? Never in the history of the civilized world has the power and influence of governmental action over the ratio between the money metals been so clearly and unmistakably shown as during the sixteen years when governmental action has so profoundly disturbed that ratio. It is clear now that but for the action of Germany in 1871-3 the ratio would have probably continued unchanged: All the other steps, except the resumption of specie payments by the United States and the resulting importation of gold into this country, were directly induced by that one false move; and American resumption, if it had not occurred at that precise period, would hardly have occasioned any considerable disturbance. If then the action of one nation can be so potent for evil, why would not the combined action of several nations be sufficient to restore the balance and prevent danger of continued disturbance in the future? Gen. Walker has shown that "every additional state that joins the bimetallic group strengthens the system in two ways, first by contributing to the stock of the metal which may, under the natural or commercial conditions prevailing at the time, tend to become dearer, and secondly by withdrawing itself from the list of states which may contribute to the demand for that metal." It would seem therefore, that to reach the end sought, it is not necessary that all the great nations of the world or even that a very large proportion of them should unite in fixing this ratio.

If we are correct in the foregoing, then it follows that the difficulty in fixing the ratio between the gold and silver used in the bimetallic system, while admittedly an evil, is nevertheless not an insuperable one; that the experience of the past has shown that it is possible so to adjust this ratio as to with-

stand great fluctuations in the production of either metal and there is reason to believe that by means of concert of action between bimetallic nations a still better adjustment could be made in the future; that it is not necessary in order to obtain the beneficial results of bimetallism that all nations should unite in adopting it—although all might be safely invited to join—but any considerable group of nations would be sufficient to make it practicable. Finally its advocates may confidently challenge the whole field of monometallists to point out a single instance in the history of the world where the use of the bimetallic system has operated injuriously to the nation or people who practiced it.

Now how is it on the other side? We have examined the difficulty which is admitted to attend upon bimetallism and made inquiry as to its extent and how far it may be avoided or mitigated. We now turn to gold monometallism—the false Utopia of Mr. Goschen—and make similar inquiry as to past experience and future prospects. As to the future, all the principal gold monometallists of the world are united in depreciating a further extension of the gold standard; as to the past, let the experience of the past sixteen years answer. The attempt to add to the nations using the monometallic gold system has resulted in such universal and unnecessary depression in values as the whole financial history of the world does not elsewhere exhibit. What the demonetization of silver means, we have already seen. Nobody has yet ventured to show how its disastrous results could be either averted or ameliorated.

Starting then with the admission that both systems are necessarily accompanied by certain evils, the old-fashioned maxim applies, "of two evils choose the least," and there ought to be little difficulty in deciding.

It remains only to discuss the policy of the American Union as to these different monetary systems. We have at present the bimetallic system combined with—or rather



retarded by—the restricted coinage of silver. Our gold is an unlimited tender and its coinage is free to all upon payment of the necessary expenses of mintage. Our silver money is coined on government account exclusively. Standard dollars are unlimited legal tender, but all other silver coins are debased token money and legal tender only for sums not exceeding ten dollars.

Our people are divided into three factions : first, those who favor the present system, and are opposed to changing it in either direction ; second, those who are in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of standard dollars; and third, those who favor the adoption of the single gold standard. It is probable that the people are, by an overwhelming majority, opposed to the single gold standard, and the whole question is practically reduced to this: "Shall the coinage of silver be free and unlimited or restricted and governmental?"

It is obvious that the full advantages of the bimetallic system can only be obtained by the free and unlimited coinage of both metals. It is essential to the proper operation of the system that both metals should be treated precisely alike. To accept one metal at the mint and refuse the other is to strike a crushing blow at the credit of the rejected metal. It might well be impossible to preserve the ratio between them when the government so persistently favors the one and discountenances the other. Such action is therefore in the highest degree inconsistent and can only be defended by showing it to be imperatively demanded by the public safety.

Again, we are interested with the rest of the world in preventing the further demonetization of silver, in arresting the depreciation of that metal, and in restoring it, if possible, to its former position. The evil effects of this depreciation, universally admitted by the partisans of all the different systems, have already been pointed out; it is sufficient to say here that they are and

must be as detrimental to us as to the people of Europe. In some particulars we are even more interested in this movement than most of the other civilized nations. We have adopted, for better or for worse, the bimetallic system, and we are ourselves large producers of silver. As the matter now stands, English merchants can purchase our silver at its diminished market price, send it to India, and have it coined into rupees, and use these coins in purchasing wheat to bring to Europe and sell for gold in competition with our wheat, for which the full gold price must be paid to the producer. It seems that while in the great cities of India, the depreciation in the price of silver is well understood, in the interior and among the natives it is still current at its former value. The same amount of gold, which under the old ratio was exchangeable for seventeen rupees in silver, is, at the present low rate of silver, convertible into twenty-three rupees—that is, this gold will buy enough silver to yield twenty-three rupees at the free coinage mints of British India. With this silver, the wages of labor in the grain fields may be paid just as before the depreciation began. Mr. Moreton Frewen has made this clear in a letter published in the *St. Paul Globe* of October 4th, 1886. He says "The present fall in the price of silver is ruinous to the farmer of England and the United States by stimulating the growth of wheat in Asia at the expense of the Anglo-Saxon producer; the Indian cannot afford to sell wheat in Europe for less than twenty-two rupees per quarter. With silver at sixty pence per ounce, and wheat at present gold prices, the Indian could only get seventeen rupees in London instead of as now twenty-three rupees."

What then are the arguments against free coinage? The gold monometallists oppose it of course, for it is another step away from the system which they advocate, and all their arguments against bimetallicism would be applicable here. Apart from these, there

seems to be but one argument brought forward, and that is that such a measure would be extremely dangerous, because to open our mints to the free coinage of silver would be to invite all the silver from the rest of the world to come to our country and displace our gold. But where would this silver come from? Who has it to spare? At the conference of 1878 it was estimated that Germany had only \$75,000,000 left to sell. It is stated that sales were discontinued in 1879. The amount still remaining unsold cannot be very considerable. In addition, it is quite possible that a portion at least of this stock will be needed for an additional coinage of silver money which has been recently discussed, the former proportion of ten marks per capita having been found insufficient. The population of Germany in 1880 was 45,194,172; the legal silver coinage for this population, at the present established rate of ten marks per capita, would be very nearly \$113,000,000, and at the new proposed rate of twelve marks per capita would be a little over \$135,000,000. The actual silver coinage under the new system at the end of 1884 amounted to \$107,119,153. The estimated amount of silver in France September 18th, 1884, was \$537,000,000, against \$848,000,000 of gold. There was also \$57,900,000 of token silver money. Great Britain and Ireland, July 26th, 1884, had \$95,000,000 of token silver money, against \$583,500,000 of gold. There is, of course, an immense amount of silver in British India and in the rest of Asia, but it will hardly be contended that any portion of this will be brought into this country, especially since the mints of British India are open to free coinage. On the contrary, Asia will certainly continue her demand for silver, and the European nations which trade with the Asiatic nations will need all the silver they can spare to satisfy the necessities of that trade.

Turning to the other metal, what reason have we to suppose that there would be a

heavy drain upon our resources of gold? Being constant and large producers, we could sustain a considerable export of gold without injury; but does there appear to be any pressing danger of an exceptional export in case we should commence the free coinage of silver? From present indications it would seem that the abnormal movement of gold has about spent itself. The countries which lately exhibited an extraordinary demand for it seem to have mostly supplied themselves with all they needed. A profound distrust of silver and an almost universal alarm still prevail, but the causes which produced them seem to be no longer actively at work. For example, it appears from official sources that in the year 1884—the last year for which returns are available to me—Germany exported gold coin \$5,542,764 and gold bullion \$2,282,236 or a total of \$7,825,000, and imported gold coin \$2,928,892 and gold bullion \$1,760,525 or a total of \$4,689,417, showing a net loss in gold of \$3,135,583. These figures and especially the large exportation of gold coin indicate that her gold requirements have been about satisfied. The total gold coinage of Germany up to the close of the calendar year 1884, amounted to \$474,099,551. The recent alternating importations and exportations of gold, by the United States indicate that the gold famine has abated among our own people. The percentage of gold to silver in France is, as we have already seen, unusually large. If Great Britain has any silver to exchange for gold, it does not appear in the published statistics.

Whence then is to come this avalanche of silver? On whom are we to pour our flood of gold? Looking at the whole question broadly, it is evident that there is but one demand which can be safely relied upon, and that is the demand of Asia for silver. This demand, Europe, and especially Great Britain must satisfy, on pain of losing the trade with the East. What reason then is there to suppose that Europe will send us what it



cannot spare in exchange for what it does not want? If it be suggested that the European nations might send us merchandise in exchange for our gold, the conclusive answer is that the balance of trade is overwhelmingly in our favor. The excess of exports over imports of merchandise by the United States was in 1876, \$79,643,481; in 1877, \$151,152,094; in 1878, \$257,814,234; in 1879, \$264,661,666; in 1880, \$167,683,912; in 1881, \$259,712,718; in 1882, \$25,902,683; in 1883, \$100,658,488; in 1884, \$72,815,916; in 1885, \$164,662,426. Nor would it be possible to send to us Government bonds and exchange them for gold, for the report of the Register of the Treasury for 1885 shows that only a little over one-tenth of one per cent. of the registered bonds of the United States are held abroad.

Under these circumstances the fear that we should be deluged with silver if we commenced free coinage, certainly seems very chimerical. It recalls the oft-repeated prediction made before January 1st 1879, that our resumption of specie payments on that day must result in disastrous failure, because, it was said, the moment resumption actually began, everybody who held an obligation of the government would rush forward and demand the coin for it, and since we had not enough coin in the treasury to satisfy all demands, the end would be that we should lose all the specie on hand, leaving reams of unsatisfied paper still outstanding. But the day came and passed without the expected catastrophe. The demand for specie was insignificant; the credit of the government rose instead of falling; the holders of government obligations prized them more highly than before and exhibited less desire to part with them, and resumption became an established fact almost before our disappointed prophets had ceased holding their breaths in anticipation of disaster.

Since then our condition has vastly improved. We are financially stronger than

ever before in our history. We have immense reserves of both gold and silver and we have the additional advantage of being ourselves the largest producers in the world of the precious metals. Resumption has been for seven years an assured success; we have prodigiously reduced our public debt, and both as a nation and as individuals we have prospered exceedingly. It must be admitted, even by the bitterest opponents of the measure, that we are very much better prepared to resume free coinage now than we were to resume specie payments in 1879. The conditions are not only encouraging at home, but, as we have seen, they are also favorable abroad.

There is but one contingency which could retard or endanger the complete and immediate success of this measure, and that is that France and other bimetallic nations might seize the occasion to change over to the gold standard. While such action on their part is highly improbable—especially in the case of France, which has always and persistently avowed her preference for the double standard—still it ought not to be difficult to guard against even this remote possibility.

In 1878 we invited the European nations to a conference, for the purpose of suggesting the restoration of silver to its former place as a money-metal and the ally of gold. Our proposals were received with scant courtesy and little favor. Germany refused to attend the conference at all and Great Britain sent a delegation only upon the express understanding that they were in no event to compromise her use of the single gold standard. Under such conditions it was with difficulty that the conference was prolonged beyond its first sitting.

Let us now call a conference of the bimetallic and monometallic silver nations and of them alone. Let there be included in the call, all the nations using either of these systems, whether they be in Europe, Asia or America. To such a conference

let us propose the adoption of an international silver coin to bear either of the old ratios between gold and silver, as may be agreed upon, and to be everywhere of the same weight and fineness, and to be of free and unlimited coinage in all the countries represented in the conference, and to be in all of them an unlimited tender to the fullest extent. Each nation should guarantee the purity and accuracy of its own coinage, and in this way all danger from light weight or lack of standard fineness could be avoided.

I believe that the adoption of such a measure would solve the silver question

rationally, conclusively, and without difficulty or danger.

Over and above all this, I believe that this concert of action, in a matter so vital to the interests of the people of the different nations taking part in it, would tend to bring these nations nearer together; this joint creation of a common international unit, easily understood, everywhere accepted, universally current, would remove embarrassing obstacles, which now obstruct commerce and business between the countries, and would stimulate to the highest degree trade and friendship between the people thus united together.

*John H. Boalt.*

#### LIFE IN AN EX-DAIMIO'S HOME.

Life in one of the old families of wealth and position in Japan, is full of unique and picturesque interest. We may call it heathen if we will, but it is still a home, and replete with suggestive home history.

Well do I remember one such, a grand old house of solid timber, sixty feet broad by one hundred deep, with lofty rooms and long, wide corridors. Its one story had an immense and imposing sloping roof, which covered fourteen apartments and many balconies. The sliding partitions could all be removed, and make on occasion a noble hall with many columns. The ceiling was made of fine-grained wood, and fifteen feet from the floor.

The front of this house was protected from the inquisitive gaze of the world by a wall of tiles built with cement, and lined with a row of firs of mighty girth and far-spreading branches which "measured their height by rods, and their shadows by furlongs." The main gate of the court-yard was supported by heavy tree-trunks, and covered with a handsome roof, while just within was the porter's lodge.

Near this lodge was a clump of evergreens, and under their shadow stood an ark cut from solid stone, perhaps four feet high, used as the family shrine, and holding in its depths sacred emblems and holy symbols. Just beyond was a rockery of great beauty, where fountains tossed their spray, and played with sun and moonbeams. Here and there the mockunji tree shed its purple blossoms to the breeze from lofty heights, while azalias and starry asters bloomed about its foot.

All about the garden, camellias of brilliant red or purest white unfolded their lovely buds from low growing shrubs, while now and then a camellia tree towering fifty feet in the air drew the eye with its lovely wax-like blossoms.

Moats of running water were bounded by stone walls, moss-covered and flower-decked, where, in the deepest and clearest of water, darted and dived the varied tribes of fish. Here grew and blossomed the lotus—king among the flowers of Japan. Hither came happy children looking upon the unrivalled beauty of the lotus, with unspeakable delight.



Into this charming garden the baby was carried by its nurse, where it grew up the playmate of butterflies, bees, and birds, and thus early was fostered in its heart that passionate love for Nature that is so marked in the people of Dai Nippon.

In this home an ex-Daimio and family dwelt, with whom I exchanged frequent hospitalities during my sojourn in Japan. As I was one of the family in which the Daimio's youngest brother and eldest son had found a home while pursuing their education in America, I was cordially received by the ex-prince in turn. The family then consisted of his wife, two little girls, two grown daughters, and three sons—one a baby—and the grandmother of these children—a charming old lady—three nurses, and a large retinue of servants.

One little son, five years old, I dearly loved. Strange, indeed, did it seem to see the little fellow with his gold-hilted sword hung in his girdle, while a lad three times his age attended him, bearing the long badge of rank. The beautiful brown tint of his skin, through which flashed the blood of rosy hue at every change of mood, his merry black eyes, and winning ways, will not soon be forgotten.

The father was a noble specimen of devotion to his country, yet withal, an apostle of progress. He was one of the many who had consented to the destruction of the old government, and had voluntarily yielded his revenues and title without a murmur, for the public good.

The lady-mother and eldest daughter were peers of the ladies of any land in their love of beauty, ornament, elegant dress, and neatness, and in their skill in household management, as well as in those social amenities and tactics of polite circles that etiquette prescribes.

This mother was as strong in tenderness, patience, and long-suffering for and with her children as her European or American sisters; and equally faithful and assiduous in

their training and education, according to her knowledge. She taught her daughters as her mother had taught her, that the three fundamental duties of woman are obedience to her parents when a child, obedience to her husband when married, and obedience to her eldest son, if she becomes a widow.

She also instructed them from the Japanese Ladies' Library, which is a compendium of the moral and physical duties of woman. It includes the subjects of household and social management, rules for the strictest etiquette, a guide to letter-writing, proverbs, poems from a hundred authors, memoirs of noble women, and ordering for the whole conduct of life. They were likewise taught to read the standard histories of Japan in Chinese characters, and both boys and girls were thoroughly drilled in the traditionary heroic, and mythological lore of their own land.

The sons were trained to manly sports and exploits, and their ambition fired by historic tales of heroes. They were urged to overcome obstacles, by the symbol over the massive outer door, where swung the huge paper carp suspended from a bamboo pole, ever reminding the youth of Japan how the carp leaps the waterfall.

These lads were also taught natural sciences and military tactics, from English and Dutch authors. Often in their half-holidays have I found them constructing miniature earth-works, by the aid of book, diagram, and trowel.

Then came the tutor with lessons in fencing and wrestling, and the use of cross spears and swords, in the handling of which they became marvelously expert. The father instructed the sons in the Chinese classics himself and stimulated their young souls by tales of classic lore.

When I ventured a morning call upon this charming household, I was immediately ushered into the long dining room, with its cool, matted floors and soft, luxurious cushions. The low table was often

decked with bouquets of many-hued camellia and twigs of blossoming cherry and plum. Costly vases of bronze held Japan's rarest flowers; while huge pyramids of half peeled oranges and sliced sponge cake stood to entice the appetite.

Soon obsequious servants appeared with lacquered trays of dainty plates and confections, and tiniest cups of tea set in metal sockets. When we had been served, they bowed with their heads to the floor and disappeared.

We would chat upon the evolutionary changes then in progress, and upon the educational systems of America. The ex-prince expressed the conviction that it is the religion of the two nations that has made them to differ.

If an invitation was sent me to dine or sup, an elegant tray would be brought, holding a delicate box of exquisite workmanship, which would contain choice confections and a ceremonial folded paper, often blank, but symbolizing friendship,—tied with daintiest red and white silk cord.

When dining, we would find upon the board a fine fish and leg of venison, a goose or duck, with sweet potatoes and eggs; a basket of pears and oranges, or a tray of persimmons, sweet potato custard, cakes, and lemon jelly.

Often have I sat in the wide corridors during the noonday heats, watching the ladies weave their embroideries or paint on silk; or paced the garden-paths, while the moonlight sifted through the tall firs, silvering the spray of the fountains, and illuminating the lotus-blossoms in the moat—listening to tales from the quaint grandmother, and little lady mother, or the courtly speech of the father: of the dwellers in this old house of more than two hundred years ago; of the children who had grown and played among these flowers, picking the lotus-petals for banners and its leaves for sun-shades; of the many births and deaths beneath this roof; of the sickness and joyous banquet

and marriage.

One of the interesting customs I thus learned of in the life of this house was that of the many festivals—the Feast of the Dolls for the daughters of the house, when year after year the great nursery was decked with blooming boughs, and the many toys in which Japan abounds, while a pretty mimic life of motherhood and housekeeping prevailed for one whole day; of the Feast of the Banners, when the boys were marched out in triumph to the streets, with emblazoned banners to enact a mimic war; of the New Year's Day, when prince and retainers, master and servants, pledged anew their devotion to each other, and received gifts of good things; of the religious festivals, when the master's household, like a great heart, beat for the birth and death, the joy and sorrow, of his tenantry.

Here, for two centuries, the daughters of the house had been given in marriage, without spoken vow or priestly rite; but by gift and song, dance and cheer, began their new career. From thence had gone out the father to Yeddo or Fukui on public or private business—the sons for education and culture, the daughters for travel or religious duty. These walls had echoed with songs and laughter, with cries and sobs. Here, in time of bereavement, in the oratory of the house, where the sacred lights and incense burn, one after another black tablet was set, gilt-lettered, to be honored by later generations.

In the path by the old shrine, made sacred by the reverent beliefs of generations, I took my final leave of this interesting family. I asked for a memento from its hallowed contents, and the ex-prince gave me a case of light wood, containing an amulet written in Sanskrit and Chinese, for the protection of this ancient house; and as I passed out of the great gate, I stood under a pile of charms a foot in thickness, which had been added year by year, to ward off sickness and harm.



Turning again for one last look at the grand old roof, beneath which I had watched the play of life and love, heroic patriotism, aestheticism, and principle, and remembering that everything is sacred, but most of all, heart-creeds, I was not ashamed

of tears, as I prayed that the religion of Christ, so potent to purify from superstition might exalt this Japanese home into the liberty and beauty of a Christian home, and thus supply its only lack.

*Helen H. S. Thompson.*

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### AN INLAND AUTUMN.

Sere, blank, and yellow, orchard, field and plain ;  
 On drooping boughs some dead-ripe fruit is hung ;  
 With thrifty care is garnered all the grain :—  
 The summer's ended and her birds have sung.

Her birds have sung and, wearied, seek to rest ;  
 There's scarce a chatter in the sun-burnt hedge ;  
 And dry leaves rustle in the spring-built nest,  
 As where no more the little groups should fledge,

As where no other summer's birds should come  
 To brood the tiny quartet and the choir,  
 As where, henceforth, all music should be dumb  
 Or with the dying landscape all expire.

Hard, dry, and bare lie silent hill and plain ;  
 Once tumbling streams are summer-dried and still ;  
 Yon airy flecks are but a taunt of rain  
 To mock with promises but ne'er fulfill.

The moping cattle bawl, the horses troop  
 In wandering squadrons o'er the drouthy range ;  
 The barn-yard fowl stand here and there adroop,  
 Nor quest the empty crannies of the grange.

All—all seems finished ; Time himself might stay,  
 October end the seasons and the years,—  
 As if could come no fitter date or day  
 For final ending of our toils and tears.

Still time ne'er halts, the sun fails nor the morn,  
 And fires the flaring east each day too soon ;  
 Long, empty noons drag on, and I, forlorn,  
 Would have the month a night lit by the moon.

But hark, a sudden breeze sweeps from the south,  
 Comes hurtling o'er the distance and the hills !  
 A fragrant freshness quenches half the drouth,  
 And checks my sombre catalogue of ills.

The day grows dark, but with no shade of gloom ;  
 The heavy clouds make lighter hearts below ;  
 Yon pompous fowl begins to strut and plume,  
 And, weather-wise, proclaims his signal crow.

A picture of the ocean lines the skies,  
 As skies are sometimes imaged in the deep,  
 And silent billows roll and sink and rise,  
 And surging breakers o'er the mountains sweep.

And falling now ! In pelting drops it falls !  
 In bending lines it drives across the plain ;  
 About the farms are hurried shouts and calls,  
 As down it pours, the sparkling, longed for rain.

The coveyed quail troop from their wonted screens,  
 Their crested leaders calling loud and shrill ;  
 And yonder jay his ruffled color preens,  
 While for the time his husky voice is still.

The horses canter o'er the softened range,  
 With muffled tread the quiet cattle browse,  
 And busier sounds revive the sleepy grange ;  
 The smoke curls livelier upward from the house.

The fragrant fields and streams exult, renewed.—  
 Methinks November should begin the years ;  
 While men forget their woes and sullen mood,  
 Breathe in new life, and laugh to scorn their fears.

*Charles L. Paige.*

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#### ETC.

We made some comment last month on the impending State election, saying that neither in candidates nor platform was there any serious divergence between the two parties, and that the situation afforded an excellent opportunity to the voter of independent judgment to be guided by his preference in candidates. The only difference in State action that can be made by the election of

one or the other party ticket, will be the choice of a Democratic or a Republican United States senator. As senators of either party from this State are certain beforehand to take identical ground on all questions of public policy now before the country—tariff, silver, Chinese treaties, etc.—it is hard to see why even this should be a vital matter, save as a mere point in the game for party advantage



We said, also, last month, that, recognizing the general respectability of the State tickets, and the absence of any great import in the result, the campaign showed a marked apathy and good-nature, the newspaper attacks on either candidate an evident perfunctoriness. We are still of this opinion: it is true that the blood of the public has been expected to run cold over the suspicion that the one candidate once rented a house to a Chinaman, or that the Japanese servant of the other is really Chinese; but it seems incredible that anyone can read this laborious stage-thunder without hearing the rattle of the machinery that grinds it out. On the streets and boats and trains, in the clubs and shops, no such campaigning is heard. This is a state of affairs that always makes a good year for "third tickets," and it cannot but be evident to any observer that there is real zeal enlisted in several of these. The "American," Prohibition and "Labor" tickets are all backed by voters who really believe in them; and we doubt if the oldest and shrewdest observer has any very accurate idea how much of a showing they can make on election day, or which party will suffer most from the three combined. None but enthusiasts expect either revolting ticket to accomplish more than a demonstration, but they introduce more than an element of uncertainty into the regular party contest.

THE last month's political work, which is mainly municipal, presents some very curious and instructive features. No less than eleven municipal tickets are enumerated, over which perhaps four or five different full sets of nominees are spread, the same names appearing in endless variety of combination upon the different tickets. Of all the eleven, there is no reason to suppose that one represents to any convincing extent the only principle a right-minded man should wish to vote for in municipal matters—that of taking the city government out of the hands of politicians and making it a purely business matter in the hands of the most trustworthy and public-spirited representative men. The two "regular" tickets not only represent the folly of preserving national party lines in local matters, but are also admittedly machine tickets of the most decided character. The "Labor" and Prohibition parties represent real and sincere issues to some extent, but issues that have no present relation to municipal politics.

A party pledged, if successful, to the stringent execution of the existing ordinances for the regulation of saloons would mean something definite; but one pledged to the total prohibition of intoxicating liquors, when no legislation is yet passed under

which this can be done, has an unpracticality and indirection about it which do not recommend it. It is perfectly true that the unpracticality of voting in municipal matters merely for the sake of the demonstration in favor of certain measures of State legislation, is not so great as that of doing the same merely for the demonstration in favor of certain measures of national legislation; but the example of this folly set by the two old parties is now so familiar that it seems a matter of course to voters, while they are quite aware of the unreason of the same thing done on a smaller scale by a new organization. The professional politicians of course understand that there is something more than a demonstration in the party vote for municipal tickets. The city machines are the means by which certain cliques can keep control of the State organizations. Theoretically, they are used merely to promote the facility and efficiency of action in these organizations; this to a certain extent they do, and this service seems to party men sufficient to more than balance all their evils. But if this sort of city politics is good logic for Republicans and Democrats, it is good logic for Prohibitionists. We repeat, however, that voters generally have not yet drawn this parallel.

IN LIKE manner the vote for the municipal "Labor" ticket can legitimately mean nothing but a demonstration to awe legislators into passing measures desired by the organization, or else a step toward the organization of a city machine, to help the State party (should it attain the permanency and coherence to constitute it a party, as labor organizations have hitherto totally failed in doing), to elect legislators committed to these. There is usually, however, in political movements avowedly in the interest of labor, another purpose, more direct and practical, but less legitimate—that is, to control not legislative but *executive* action in the interest of the class they represent. This shows a dangerous view of the functions of government, for the duty of an executive officer, be he president or mayor or postmaster or policeman, is to carry out the laws as they stand, in the interest of no class. A city government is chiefly executive, and that it should be avowedly organized in the interest of any one class of the people, would be a misfortune. Private bias or the power of money often result in its being practically worked in the interest of the wealthy, of the saloon class, of this or that; but this evil is to be remedied only by the citizens becoming *less partisan, less willing to vote for men according to their class or party name instead of their individual worth—and not more.*

THE "AMERICAN" ticket, again, like the Repub-

lican and Democratic, Prohibitionist and Labor tickets, represents certain views as to legislative action, which have no possible connection with municipal affairs, but it has the additional purpose of emphasizing a desire to have the municipal offices administered only by native Americans. This is a comprehensible purpose, and one whose relation to city affairs is direct and logical: it brings in however, a discrimination between classes of citizens which—backed though it is by some real and sound reasons, such as command the sympathy of the most intelligent, even among foreigners—must, in our judgment, ultimately fall to the ground. So long as, under the law, the newly naturalized foreigner and the thorough American stand on the same ground, discriminations between them will not only prove impracticable, but are not just. They have the grave defect of drawing lines by *class* instead of by individual qualities. That some modification of our immigration and naturalization laws is necessary, probably all sensible people believe; that some restriction of the franchise to those who comprehend at least the rudiments of free government is desirable, most sensible people also believe: but a party organized to accomplish these things in State or national legislation, cannot undertake to control city government without falling into the usual error of making class distinctions irrespective of individual qualities.

Indeed, even in its legislative programme, the "American" party commits the grave error of drawing lines without regard to individual worth. The wisest and most devoted lover of this country, from abroad, who understood its institutions better than most of its old inhabitants, and might prove its one savior in some crisis, would be as much discriminated against as the most dangerous anarchist or brutish tramp. A Lafayette, a Von Holst, a Freeman—students of America, enthusiasts for America—would fall under the ban. So long as it is perfectly open to our people to adopt the just and proper regulation of refusing to naturalize any foreigner until he can read and write the English language and explain intelligently the rudimentary principles of our government and constitution, thoughtful people can hardly give in allegiance to these clumsy and less efficient devices for restricting our citizenship to proper persons. If the public should farther reason that it would not hurt our own people to be obliged to show some such elementary fitness for taking part in government before they are permitted to do so, no harm would be done.

To RETURN to municipal politics: besides some

small special groups, there are four or five organizations whose nominal object is exactly that which is right in a municipal election—namely the repudiation of party and class lines in the interest simply of trustworthy and competent men. But to be of any great value, movements of this sort should be of considerable mass and manimity, directed toward a single object, and of a sincerity and zeal and a uniform high grade in nominations such as to put them above all suspicion of any personal motive. No one of the "independent" organization seems to be entirely without genuine patriotic motive, nor entirely moved by such motive; no one is an unmistakable rally of the best elements, nor altogether a refuge of the disappointed or a "side-show;" no one has nominated a ticket that altogether commands, or altogether repels confidence. Their existence is evidence of a general restlessness and discontent with the old parties, an unorganized and unofficered dissent from boss-rule, partly taken advantage of by petty politicians for their own ends and swayed by the grudges and disappointments of these, partly directed by disinterested men trying to array it in the interest of reform; rather than a distinct revolt against corruption and party tyranny. It is the raw material of a reform movement, needing strong leaders and such journalistic backing as it is now impossible for it to get, to mould it to any good end. Meanwhile, since all the tickets contain some good names and some bad, it is plainly a good citizen's duty to make up his own ticket, by a liberal use of the pencil, from among the whole dozen.

One matter involved in the coming municipal election is of peculiar importance—an importance not political, but educational, and therefore eminently within the OVERLAND'S field of comment. That is, the constitution of the Board of Education. This, neglected though it nominally is, is a matter of the greatest importance in any election; but hitherto the decision to be made has been simply between individuals who might be more or less fit for school directors. This year the question is also of a policy—that of constituting the Board of men and women in equal numbers, or, at all events, of placing several women upon it. Among the better class of the community, especially those familiar with the political movement that has been allowed to befall the schools, this move toward taking them out of politics has been received with all but mixed approbation, irrespective of party. That, under the present political *regime*, much demoralization has befallen the schools; that, while a few excellent gentlemen have found their way to the Board, it has also been largely sought by a low class of politicians, attracted by the money and



patronage handled; that positions in the department have been bought and sold, and that such purchase, together with favoritism and political influence, cannot fail to place sometimes in teachers' positions persons entirely unfit for the charge of children; that the five or six hundred young women teaching in the schools are forced—unless they have influential friends to back them—more or less into politics, to secure and retain their places; these things are well enough known to all who have concerned themselves to know anything at all about the matter. That the supervision of hundreds of young women, many of them without families in the city, many of them absolutely dependent for their livelihood and that of others upon the retention of their positions, should not be vested solely in a dozen men, frequently professional politicians, would seem to be obvious. Even more obvious is it that a young girl applying for positions should not be forced to go from one to another of a Board of such men, seeking them at their places of business, offices, saloons, workshops, behind the counter, as may be, or at their houses, urging her claim or her need, bringing to bear such influence as they may be able to command, following the course of political intrigue, and mingling in it for the sake of learning how to command the vote of some director. Nor can the women, or the men, victorious in competitions thus conducted, be nearly always those to whom the city should entrust its children.

THE presence of half a dozen dignified and sensible women on the Board at once secures to these young girls a freedom from all these political necessities, a right and proper corps of guardians and helpers. Such women the persons in charge of the movement have had the wisdom to place in nomination—women of education and practical experience, retiring and yet courageous, conscientious, kind, reasonable, and sincerely devoted to the interests of education. The success of women in educational office has been of course abundantly established by the experience of Boston and other cities of Massachusetts, by the work of Miss Helen Taylor and her coadjutors in London, and by that of Mrs. Coleman and other county superintendents in our own State.

THE first movers in the present nomination of these women for the San Francisco Board seem to have scarcely expected more than to familiarize the public with the idea; but so cordially has it been received that it has become evident that only two forces can stand between them and election: the direct efforts of politicians who desire to retain the patronage of the schools, and who are able to secure

the silence of journals on the subject, even where the managers are known to be personally friendly to the reform, and in like ways to suppress and discourage active help to it; and the carelessness and inertia which might lead many who would perhaps rather than not vote for women on the Board, to fail to do so, because it involved scratching the straight party ticket, which it is so easy to drop into the box as it stands. That among the reading and thinking classes, and those specially interested in education, this scratching will be very heavily done, is already evident; if it extends in any like proportion throughout the rank and file of the voters there can be no question that the movement will be carried. Whether it will so extend, remains, of course, to be seen. The opposition that might have been expected in a community of more fixed prejudices, to the effect that "women in politics" was an objectionable thing, has scarcely made the most rudimentary appearance; it has apparently been at once evident to the good sense of the community that the question was not of putting six lady directors into politics, but of taking six hundred school-mistresses, and a good many thousand little children, out of politics.

#### From the Train.

Nebraska's ocean prairies vast,  
Stretch far as eagle's eye can scan,  
Horizon lined.

The corn fields green are swiftly passed,  
The plowman and his weary span  
Are left behind.

The struggling town, the broad expanse,  
Fade, as the tireless engine flies  
And bears me on;  
But in my memory elings a glance  
Which caught my idly wandering eyes,  
And lodgment won.

Within an humble cabin door  
A maiden clad in spotless white  
Glanced shyly out.

'Twas simply this, and nothing more,  
And surely insufficient quite  
My heart to rout.

It may have been her modest mien,  
Mayhap her unexpected grace,  
That moved me so.  
But fancy holds the winsome scene  
And from my mind I know her face  
Will never go.

C. A. Murdock.



At Mission Dolores.

The Monument (to the first Spanish Governor).—The Church.—The Old Adobe.—Spanish Children.



## How the Cattle got into Newport Bay

*An incident of Southern California Pioneer Life.*

See the broad and level valley,  
Stretching far and stretching farther—  
From the mesas next the foot-hills  
To the mesas next the ocean—  
Flat and level like a table.

Through it winds the Santa Ana,  
Scant and sluggish in the summer,  
Burrowing in the sands and hiding  
From the heats and glare of summer.  
But when falls the rain of winter,  
Falls the semi-tropic rain-flood,  
Then it spreads a turbid torrent,  
Overruns its banks of willows,  
Fringe of reeds and guatemoles,  
Frights the rabbit from his thicket;  
Floods the lurking place of coyote,  
Rouses from his sleep the badger,  
And in hole or deep dug burrow,  
Drowns the squirrel and the gopher.

But the valley, fairest valley!  
Tempered by soft ocean breezes,  
Fertile, healthful, ever lovely.  
Here the raisin grape doth flourish,  
Thrive the wine grape's juicy cluster,  
Thrives the apple and the orange,  
Thrives the apricot and walnut,  
Olives, figs, pears, plums and peaches,  
Nectarines, persimmons, loquats,  
Fruits from every clime and country.

Thither from the Mississippi,  
Wended once some hardy settlers;  
Bought huge tracts of untilled ranchos;  
Grazed their cattle and their horses,  
Burnt off fields of weedy jungle,  
Broke the unaccustomed stubble,  
Sowed their corn and sowed their barley;  
And in tents or rude adobes  
Patient watched the work of nature.

Sweetly blew Pacific's zephyrs,  
Glowed the semi-tropic sunshine;  
Upward sprang the corn and barley,  
Flourished like the hopes of settlers.  
"Never saw such corn and barley!  
Sure the crop'll beat the dickens!"

But alas for fertile promise!  
Dawned a morning bright and lovely;  
Lo! what are those moving creatures?  
Far away on corn and barley,  
Trampling down its green luxuriance,  
Range strange flocks and lowing cattle.  
No vaqueros there to guide them,  
No vaqueros there to stay them.

And all idly in his "dobe"  
Sits and smokes the swart ranchero.  
"Zounds! but this is past endurance!"  
Cries the thrifty, hardy settler.  
"Zounds! I'll blow his old black head off!"  
Fiercely mounts his fractious bronco,  
Seizes whip, all lithe and ready,  
Chases off the hungry cattle,  
Chases, swears, and sweats with fury.  
Then unto the swarthy rancher:  
"I won't 'low no more sech foolin';  
Damn it! whereat's that ar' cowboy?  
He had better mind his bus'ness!  
Ef I catch them cattle poachin'  
I will shoot them down like rabbits."

Then the Mexican, all slowly:  
"Señor, I am very sorry,  
But vaqueros are so lazy,  
And our cattle are so vagrant.  
When you find them in your corn-fields,  
When they trample o'er your barley,  
Señor, you had better chase them,  
Lash and thrash and chase them ever;  
But—don't *shoot* them, gentle señor;  
Shooting's something *two* can play at."  
And the cool and wily greaser  
Laid his hand upon his rifle.

Vexed and baffled felt the Hoosier,  
As he rueful viewed his grain fields.  
Still, consoled himself by saying:  
"There is yet a monster crop left;  
Surely now they'll watch their cattle."

Vain his hope, and vain his trusting.  
Ever and again the cattle,  
Vagrant, hungry, slyly ranging,  
Seek the luscious green of barley;  
Trample down the juicy corn-stalks.  
While the rude, unkempt vaqueros  
Roll their eyes up in amazement;  
Say: "O Señor, we did sleepa!  
Jesu! Señor, dey *veel* vandars,  
Tires of filari' and clovah."

Yet again the settlers planted;  
Yet again strange cattle raided;  
Till at last, all patience vanished,  
One fair night when glowed the moon-beams,  
'Neath a sycamore were gathered  
All these stalwart, wrathful Hoosiers,  
Counselling in eager whispers  
How to outwit such rude neighbors.

And again (the moon full tardy  
Lingered long behind Trubuco),  
Met upon the plains the Hoosiers.  
What are all these moving creatures

Guided by the wily settlers?  
They are Mexicano cattle,  
Gathered here and gathered yonder,  
Piloted by plotting Hoosiers  
Softly, slowly, surely southward,  
Through the malva and the mustard,  
O'er the "filari'" and fox-tail,  
By the sloughs and by the tules,  
To the mesas near the ocean.

When the moon beyond Trubuco  
Rises full-faced and expectant,  
Lo! far out upon the mesa  
Goaded on by strange vaqueros,  
Are those roving, thieving cattle.  
No more will they tramp green barley;  
No more crunch the juicy corn-stalk;  
Wild-eyed, snorting, plunging, bellowing,  
Southward, southward, ever southward,  
They are prodded, they are goaded,  
Lashed and thrashed to wildest fury.

See! the bay beyond the mesa  
Softly glimmers 'neath the moonlight.  
Ah! what breaks its dimpling surface?  
Churns to foam its deeps and shallows?  
Down the steeps that guard its border,  
Pell-mell, rolling, leaping, tumbling,  
Come these vagrant, poaching cattle!  
O'er the cliff they goad each other;  
Stain with blood the peaceful waters,  
While from hill to hill wild echoes  
Each dumb brute's last cry of anguish.

When the sun from o'er Trubuco  
Looks again upon the valley,  
Scurrying hither, thither, yonder,  
Run unkempt, perplexed vaqueros.  
"Jesu! Jesu! Oh! *car-r-amba!*  
Hast thou seen our cattle, Señors?"

And each Hoosier, calmly smoking,  
Lazily on rifle leaning,  
Answers slowly, answers sternly:  
"Whereat are those vagrant cattle?  
Damn it! I am not your cowboy.  
Ef they're not upon my rancho,  
In my corn or on my barley,  
Where they are is none my fun'ral,  
They may go straight to the devil.  
Gad! but *he's* the kind of cowboy  
Fittest for sech poachin' creeters!"

Augusta E. Towner.

### The Triumph of Art.

The old Greek legend of Zeuxis and Parrhasius, the artist fooled by art itself, was re-enacted a few days ago in San Francisco. On the south side of

Clay street, over the Savings Bank is a suite of rooms well adapted for artists' use. Some years ago they were occupied by Rodriguez and some fellow painters who covered the walls in their leisure hours with every device of the idle brush, making the helpless plaster bear the work of their wild fancies.

Young Barkhaus, the promising young artist, who died recently in Munich, was often there and contributed his quota to the designs. One day he amused himself by painting on the wall in one corner of the room down near the baseboard, a hole in the plastering, as though some ill natured fellow had vented his spite against the world by kicking a hole in the wall.

The picture was capitally done; there was an ugly ragged hole in the plastering with huge gaping cracks radiating from the corners, here and there round the edges of the hole a bit of gray mortar, where the "hard finish" had scaled off, and in the middle of all the bare laths, with bits of plaster between them.

Time wore on, and Rodriguez left the rooms; another tenant came in and wanted the place cleaned up and put in order before occupation. Orders were given to repair the walls and kalsomine them. The artist of the kalsomine brush repaired thither with his men, armed with buckets of plaster to fill the numerous nail-holes and scars in the walls. His attention was at once directed to the big hole near the baseboard, and he himself started to repair it. He kneeled down before it, dipped his brush in water to wet the laths before putting on the new plaster, and laid it gently on the supposed board—and then for the first time realized that he was taken in. The artist in oil had deceived his fellow of the kalsomine brush completely.

I will spare his blushes by not giving his name, for he owned up like a man and confessed he was "sold." It is needless to say the "hole" was not kalsomined but remains to take in some future plasterer.

### To My Correspondent who writes of the Weather.

Write all about *yourself*, my dear!  
For I don't care, I'm sure.—Oh,  
Reports as if from "Probs" to hear,  
Or from the Weather Bureau.

I wish to hear of *you*—the straws  
That show which way you're blowing;  
I want to know your life, because  
Your life is worth the knowing.



I long to follow all your hours;  
Your dreams when day is winking;  
And what you like, in folks and flowers,  
And what you think you're thinking.

Then put away upon a shelf  
The outside world; and whether  
It snow or blow, just write *yourself*,  
And never mind the weather!

### In Stubblefields.

I have seen growing far reaching grain fields,  
Emerald and shining;  
Gray were the beards that seemed as mists floating  
When day is declining.

I have seen grain fields golden for harvest.  
While as a glory  
Each spike were bearing its gleaming arista,  
Like saints of old story.

I see those grain fields covered with stubble,  
Empty and lonely;  
Gone are their beauties and all I find there  
Are memories only.

*Charles A. Gunnison*

### On Cheyenne Mountain.

August 1886.

Upon the "Singer's Hills," O soul!  
Thou dwell'st, where purple splendors roll  
Across thy sight;  
In that new light,  
Above those mountains of red gold,  
Dost thou look back upon the cold  
Of dull, grey vapors that enfold  
This earth?  
Has birth  
Into the life where souls are known,  
Made thee forget how to thine own,

Our skies and hills were dear? And how bright  
wings

Did glisten in the tangled "hedge-row things"  
So loved by thee?

Now thou art free

From eumbrous burden of the failing clay,

And know'st the glory of the spirit day,

Dost thou look back upon us here

To this lone spot where, for a year,

Has lain thy form so dear—so dear?

And does our light seem dark to eyes

Grown used to suns of paradise?

This spot where glad free creatures come and go,

And, loitering on the grasses, seem to know

How dear the place to her who lies below;

This spot where thou didst dream—

Does it in twilight seem,

And we but shadows as we pass,

When kneeling on the scented grass,

We reverent touch the fragrant mould

Which doth such sacred treasure hold?

Or dost thou know, beyond,

Our hearts' deep throb and foud

As we the wild kinnikinnick unbind

And its long shreds about our fingers wind?

O humble shrub, what trust is thine!

Above such dead more closely twine,

And swing thy pink-white bells with churchly  
pride,

Thy holly-berries for her Christmas tide

Spread bright beneath thy crystal snows;

Anemone and low wild rose,

And every tiny bud that blows,

Make ye mosaics in God's patterns laid

Above this tomb beneath the pine trees' shade.

For O! she knows and loves you still,

All ye wild things upon the hill,

And in the kindling morns and evening glows

Sees you with joy. Grow well—she knows, she  
knows.

*Amelia Woodward Truesdell.*

## BOOK REVIEWS.

### Robert Fulton.<sup>1</sup>

This volume insures an interest from its being the biography of the man who made the first practical demonstration of the use of steam as a motive power in the propulsion of vessels. He never claimed to have been the first to suggest steam

<sup>1</sup>The Life of Robert Fulton and a History of Steam Navigation. By Thomas W. Knox. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

navigation, but simply to have devised improvements by which it could be successfully accomplished. Apart from his efforts and experiments in the use of steam, from the crude beginnings up to the successful use of it, there is not much in the book. As a boy or man there was little in his life worth telling; but the early enthusiasm of a mechanical genius is interesting to witness, and his persistent efforts and progress to the consum-

mation of his desires make a theme that enlists the attention and ensures the entertainment of most intelligent people.

Robert Fulton was born in Pennsylvania in 1765, and died in New York in 1815. His first successful steamboat was "The Claremont," which was built at a shipyard on the East River, and was completed in the spring of 1807; and the first trial trip was in August of the same year from New York to Albany, making the passage up the river, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, in thirty-two hours, an average of five miles an hour. The return trip was made in thirty hours. The rest of his life was devoted to steamboat building, to working improvements upon his earlier inventions, to litigating with the swarm of persons who crowded about anticipating him in energy sometimes in acquiring patents upon his own inventions, in building ferry-boats, submarine boats, and in the accomplishment of one of his most noted successes, that of the first steam frigate that was ever built, "The Demologos," but subsequently named "The Fulton the First."

The body of Robert Fulton was buried in Trinity church-yard in the city of New York, and it now lies there in the vault of Robert Livingston.

"Fulton's name," says his biographer, "is not upon the slab, nor is there any monument near the spot to show that his remains are there..... The grave of the builder of the first successful passenger steamboat and of the first steamship of war that was ever launched, is unmarked by a monument, or even by a stone of any kind, bearing his name..... The grave is but a few yards from the elevated railway, where every day pass hundreds of trains bearing thousands of passengers in their journeys between the business and residence portions of New York. How many of these thousands know where Fulton is buried?"

Scarcely more than a third of this volume is devoted to the life of Fulton. The remainder is given up to a pleasant and concise history of steam navigation since his day, in America, in Europe, and in Asia, the Cunard, the Collins, the Inman, and other great steamship lines, with a full and particular account of the Great Eastern, her achievements and failures, with details of her structure and capacities, and much interesting matter concerning torpedoes and torpedo-boats, iron-clads, and the navies of the world.

#### Memoirs and Letters of Dolly Madison.<sup>1</sup>

Mrs. Madison ("Queen Dolly") deserves a more lively biography than is here given by her grand-niece. For sixteen years (1801-17) Mrs. Madison

<sup>1</sup>Memoirs and Letters of Dolly Madison. By her Grand-niece. Houghton, Mifflin & Co: Boston. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Chilton Beach.

was, what our society reporters are pleased to call the "first lady of the land" for Jefferson, being a widower, relied upon the beautiful and amiable wife of his Secretary of State to do the social honors of his administration; and when her husband became President, she was already enthroned in the affections of a people susceptible to the charms of womanly grace and goodness.

The influence exercised by Mrs. Madison in her day and generation came entirely from the femininity of her character. Beauty, grace, tact, good memory, and genuine kindness of heart, with warm affections, were all hers and from childhood won for her love and consideration.

Our authoress describes Mary Coles, the mother of her heroine, as a great belle with many admirers, including Jefferson; and then on the next page says of her and her husband, that they were strict members of the "Society of Friends." We may, perhaps, conclude that Mary Coles, after her marriage, changed from a society belle to a strict Quaker; but how can we reconcile her Quaker principles about dress and jewelry, the latter being entirely denied her daughter, with the statement that little Dolly was sent to school each morning "equipped with a white linen mask to keep every ray of sunshine from the complexion, a sun-bonnet sewed on her head, and long gloves covering the hands and arms?" Did mothers in those days, Quaker mothers, too, take such precautions to keep sun and wind from the complexions of their little daughters? While incredulous as to any such custom, yet we find other pictures of life and manners that make one of the chief features of interest in this little volume.

For example, when Dolly, now Mrs. Todd, a young widow, became engaged to James Madison, she and her lover and a party of friends went from Philadelphia where she was living, to the residence of her sister in Virginia, to be married. The weather was fine (September, 1794). The prospective bride with her little son, her maid, and a sister of twelve, occupied a carriage, while Mr. Madison and several friends rode on horse back. The gay cavalcade were a week on the way. What a delightful time they must have had! Railways have spoiled such pleasant journeyings.

Mr. Madison was twenty years her senior and a confirmed bachelor when he first saw the charming young widow. He surrendered at once. His marriage brought him a sympathetic and affectionate wife, as well as a society queen to grace his administration. Her influence did much to soften the asperities of politicians. In his time personal bitterness exceeded anything we have known in ours; "yet she was beloved by all parties, and embittered politicians who never



met save at her hospitable board, forgot all their quarrels under the influence of her gracious tact. The magical effect of her dainty snuff box [*sic*] was potent." She cared not for study and very little for reading, but her amiability and ready tact made all classes her friends.

The second war with Great Britain came on, and Madison was not intended for a war President. The inefficiency of the defense of Washington seems incredible. He must be held chiefly responsible for the disgraceful panic that gave up the capital of the country to the British without a struggle. Mrs. Madison seemed to forget her husband was the head of a nation, and was mostly concerned for his personal safety. What a sorry figure he cuts, hiding in a hovel in the woods, for fear the British may find him!

At the expiration of his term of office he retires to his plantation in Virginia, his wife apparently not regretting the change. His health, always delicate, becomes miserable, and for nearly twenty years, and until his death at the age of eighty-five, she devotes herself to him, sometimes not leaving the house for months. At sixty-five she is again a widow, and soon returns to Washington and resumes the position in society to which her amiability, tact, and antecedents entitle her. She died at eighty-five, greatly beloved and regretted. One would suppose a more readable book could be made of the materials at the author's disposal. But as Mrs. Madison never said anything or wrote anything to be remembered, but was only a womanly woman, who diffused love and happiness all about her, the memoirs of her life, we suppose, could not be very lengthy, or, to those who did not know her, very entertaining.

### The Cruise of the Alabama.<sup>1</sup>

ONE of the latest narratives of war adventure is this little volume, purporting to be written by a foremost man on the Alabama. Like most of the crew, our author was from England, and makes some claim to good birth and breeding—notwithstanding a hanging in the family for highway robbery—and to have begun his nautical career as an officer on a British man-of-war. He frankly intimates, however, that he left the navy for the navy's good. The language of his first lieutenant about himself and comrade, who both left the service at the same time and for the same cause, was "that our high spirits might be appreciated in social circles ashore, but were an infernal nuisance on board one of her Majesty's ships." Young, reckless, full of animal spirits, he found himself stranded in

The Cruise of the Alabama. By One of the Crew. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by C. Beach.

Liverpool as the Alabama was getting ready for sea, and shipped as a common sailor aboard of her.

The yarn he spins is amusing, but one has a suspicious feeling all the time that it is like other sailor-yarns, and not too highly flavored with truth. Not the least interesting part of it is the comments now and then thrown in about men and affairs. For example: "I have found that wherever the English rule a subject race, they do it justly and well, but they do not win their love and respect. Your Englishman is by nature arrogant and overbearing in manner, and if he does a favor for one that he is not afraid of, he generally accompanies it with a kick, and is appreciated accordingly.

The crew that manned the Alabama were just such blackguards and cut-throats as one would expect on a ship engaged in the business of capturing and burning merchantmen. McGregor, the rigid Calvinist, but "a cool, remorseless, determined villain," is too bad for belief. His tales of murder and piratical adventures shocked even his scoundrelly mess-mates. When these worthies were discussing what single act a man could do that would most likely insure him salvation, they agreed that of their number Flaherty had as good a show as any of them because he once killed a policeman.

The book is readable.

### Meditations of a Parish Priest.<sup>2</sup>

The Abbé Joseph Roux discovered himself to the editor of this volume by two or three *chansons de geste* in the *Review of the Romance Languages*. A correspondence sprang up between them, and M. Mariéton sought out the Limousin author, only to find him a voluminous writer, behind a great pile of manuscript, not merely of poems, but of meditations upon a multitude of topics, and a publisher of nothing. Seeking a poet, he found a remarkable French prose writer and philologist.

The Abbé Roux was born at Tulle in 1834, of a humble and numerous family. He has lived the life of a priest, apart from the world, a man of melancholy and thoughtful disposition, of poetic sensibility, of fine powers of observation and analysis. With a style pointed and epigrammatic, he has indited his meditations upon a myriad subjects that interest observant and thoughtful people. The result of the acquaintance of M. Mariéton with the Abbé was that the former set about to edit a part of the works of the latter, and make known an author who has now become one of the most widely known among the lettered men of the South of France.

This volume is a welcome contribution to the literature of the paragraphists, and is valuable not

<sup>2</sup>Meditations of a Parish Priest: Thoughts by Joseph Roux. Introduction by Paul Mariéton—Translated from the third French edition by Isabel F. Haggood. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., 1886.

as a contribution to theology, but as acute and wise reflections upon topics of temporal discussion, questions of everyday interest to thinking persons. It is a book of paragraphs, from a single line to two or three pages in length. They are introduced by the editor with a short account of the life of the author, and a criticism upon his works. The meditations are placed under various subdivisions, classed as thoughts upon Literature and Poets, Eloquence and Orators, History and Historians, Mind, Talent, and Character, Joy, Suffering and Fortune, Time, Life, Death, and the Future, upon the Family, Childhood and Old Age, the Country and the Peasant, Love, Friendship and Friends, and upon God and Religion. In the prelude to the thoughts we find of some of the most noted writers of France—Pascal, La Rochefoucauld, La Bruyère, Chamfort, Joubert, Vauvenarques, Swetchine—delightful short analyses and comparisons. Under Literature and Poets, there are brief and charming summaries of the characteristics of the greatest writers of the world—of Virgil and Homer, of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, of Calderon and Lope de Vega, of Boileau, of Shakespeare, Addison, Milton, Goldsmith, Scott, Moore, and Byron, of Goethe, Schiller and Klopstock, of Chateaubriand and Victor Hugo, Beranger and Sainte-Beuve, and many lesser names. What he says of Eloquence and Orators includes brilliant appreciation of Demosthenes and Cicero, and in what he writes of History and the Historians are vivid pictures of Hannibal, Marius, and Augustus, of Suetonius and Tacitus and Livy, of Jeanne d'Arc and Christopher Columbus. His thoughts upon the general subjects that complete the volume are frequently crisp and wise and delightful.

"The witty man is reputed malicious," he says, "and in general wrongly. He malicious? Good heavens! smile at the epigrams which he lets fly at you and out of gratitude he will fall upon your neck!"

"However much light there may be in a mind, there is always some corner which remains in shadow."

"We love justice greatly, and just men but little."

"Etymology, true etymology, is good and useful. It is profitable for the grammarian, the poet, the orator, the historian, the philosopher. Words are shells. Open the shell, you will find the kernel which will delight you."

"The muses love not tumult any more than bees love it. *Musæ serena*, said the Ancients.

"Let us be gentle, let us be pacific, let us be thoughtful, and the muses will hasten to us, will surround us with the sound of their wings, and perhaps will place upon our lips one of those combs of

honey which rendered Ambrose eloquent, Virgil melodious, and Plato divine."

"A fine quotation is a diamond on the finger of a man of wit, and a pebble in the hand of a fool."

"When unhappy, one doubts everything; when happy one doubts nothing."

"Man is a braggart! 'I am killing time,' he says, and it is time which is killing him."

"'Eloquence,' replied the ancient orator, 'is action, still action, and ever action.'

"Action! what does that signify?"

"Did he mean gesture? voice? attitude? bearing? delivery? movement of ideas? the vivacity of images? the vehemence of discourse? the combined effects of the proofs? the order of reasoning?"

"Yes, all this at once."

Spending his life among the peasantry he has studied and knows thoroughly their character, and one of the most interesting parts of this volume is that in which he draws the peasant, depicting vividly his whole figure as stamped upon his own sensitive mind by experience, his hardness, coarseness, ignorance, selfishness, and superstition.

"The peasant loves nothing and nobody except for the use he can make of him."

"The peasant is a sullen payer, like the soil which he tills."

"The peasant never takes a walk. The peasant gives his arm to his wife, for the first and last time on their wedding day."

"The people of Tulle call our peasants *peccata*. This nickname contains an admiral meaning. The peasant is, indeed, sin, original sin, still persistent and visible in all its brutal simplicity, in all its simple brutishness."

#### Briefer Notice.

*The History of Democracy*<sup>1</sup> is no historical study, but sheer invective, which only escapes being the merest campaign writing by undertaking to review not alone the so-called "Democratic" party of the United States, but the popular or "democratic" parties of all nations and all times, apparently considering them successive stages of the same party, or at all events of the same tendency. The book is not worth serious attention.—For those who read German, rather than for use in classes as a textbook, Pauline Buchheim has collected a number of Schiller's letters<sup>2</sup> in a very pretty and well-printed little volume. Although not for young students, notes enough are appended to help out the reader

<sup>1</sup>The History of Democracy, considered as a Party Name, and as a Political Organization. By Jonathan Norcross. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1886

<sup>2</sup>Schiller's Ausgewählte Briefe, Selected and Edited, with an Introduction and Commentary. by Pauline Buchheim. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Chillon Beach.



somewhat in the more idiomatic phrases and obscure references. It is an interesting collection—A neat paper edition of Carnegie's *An American Four-in-hand in Britain*<sup>3</sup> is among the cheap books of the year, and a good selection.—“With a view of adding new oil to the recently kindled fire of interest in Russian literature,” Nathan Haskell Dole who has already translated several Russian books, now translates from the French M. Dupuy's essays upon *The Great Masters of Russian Literature*.<sup>4</sup> Gogol, Turgénieff, and Tolstoi<sup>5</sup>—the three already best known to readers in our language—are the three treated of in these interesting essays. The translation is timely and welcome.—*Tokology*<sup>6</sup> is a book of advice for women on the bearing and care of children, which seems to be very widely read. It contains much wholesome advice; and though any book of this sort should be used only as a source of possibly valuable suggestions to be followed under the direction of a discriminating physician, it will, subject to this proviso, prove useful. The chapters on Dress, Diet, Exercise, and Care of Infants, are especially worthy of attention.—Mr. Hutchings, the veteran guardian of Yosemite, has written and published a book upon the Valley, historical and descriptive. It has been evidently a loving service, and every word and detail of the book reveals the devotion and enthusiasm with which the writer has labored to make it, in his own phrase, “worthy of the Valley.” To this end, a very pretty piece of book-making has been done, profusely illustrated, with some of the best work in process reproduction that we have seen done upon this coast. Besides reproductions of photographs, some most interesting sketches by artists, especially those of early days, have been preserved in these pages. Mr. Hutchings calls his book *In the Heart of the Sierras*.<sup>6</sup> He adopts the spelling Yo Semite, and seems to make it clear that

the run-together form, Yosemite, has never had the slightest authority. We fear, however, that the corruption is now too thoroughly established to be displaced. Indeed, Mr. Hutchings, upon the authority of the Indians, gives Yo Hamite as the true form of the name, and, we think, establishes his point: he defers, however, to the right of the member of the discovering party who conferred the name as Yo Semite. The book contains a history of the Valley and Mr. Hutchings' own connection with it, a full guide to the different routes, with descriptions of the Big Trees and other interesting places outside the Valley, a still fuller guide to trails and points of interest within the Valley, and some briefer notice of other places in the High Sierra. The long familiarity of the writer with his subject enables him to sprinkle the account with interesting anecdotes and reminiscences of distinguished visitors to the Valley, of incidents and pioneer episodes; and his personality, in spite of modest effort to suppress it, makes itself naïvely and attractively felt. Though Mr. Hutchings does not write from the point of view of an Indian sympathiser, he is yet not obtuse to their side of the loss of the Valley, and half-unconsciously, makes evident to the reader the many excellent qualities of the tribe, and the pathos of their fate. The readers of the *OVERLAND* are already somewhat familiar with the descriptive writings of Edwards Roberts. In the pretty little volume he has just put forth, Mr. Roberts is dealing with a congenial subject, a subject that in large measure justifies his eulogistic style. Those interested in Southern California will read the whole book with pleasure. A larger circle will be glad to learn from its chapter on “The House of Ramona,” how close to truth are Mrs. Jackson's descriptions.

<sup>3</sup>*Tokology; A Book for Every Woman.* By Alice B. Stockham. M. D. Chicago: Sanitary Publishing Co. 1886.

<sup>4</sup>*In the Heart of the Sierras—The Yosemite Valley.* By J. W. Hutchings, Pacific Press Publishing House, Oakland, 1886. For sale in San Francisco by A. Roman.

<sup>5</sup>*Santa Barbara and Around There.* By Edwards Roberts. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1886.

<sup>3</sup>*An American Four-in-Hand in Britain.* By Andrew Carnegie. New York; Charles Scribner's Sons. 1886.

<sup>4</sup>*The Great Masters of Russian Literature in the Nineteenth Century.* By Ernst Dupuy. Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1886.

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## THE BEET SUGAR INDUSTRY IN CALIFORNIA.

Of the many plants from which sugar can be extracted by the hands of chemists, practically only three can now claim rank as producers of commercial sugar—the sugar which every one means, and expects to get, when he asks for that substance across the grocer's counter (although now-a-days that expectation is not always strictly fulfilled). Of the three plants alluded to, two—the tropical sugar cane, and the sorghums—belong to the grasses; the third, the humble beet, to a relationship in which beside itself and spinach, the ordinary observer recognizes only “weeds”—plants that perversely persist in being and staying where they are not wanted. The beet itself, whose wild ancestor is still a weed on the sea-shores of Europe, owes its emergence from the rank of a simple vegetable entirely to the curious investigations of chemists, who early in the history of their science ascertained the existence of a number of different kinds of sugar in plants, and were thus led to the discovery of the true cane sugar in several roots. The investigation of the German chemist Marggraf on this subject, published in 1747, forms the starting point of the beet sugar industry: but his observations on the especial

richness of certain beet varieties in the true cane sugar had no immediate practical outcome. Marggraf's pupil, Achard, repeated and expanded his master's observations so as to include nearly all European culture plants; and he was the first to carry the extraction of sugar from beets into large-scale practice. Under the stress of the commercial disturbances of the time, he, with the aid of the Prussian government, established the first beet sugar factory in Silesia, a few years before the end of the last century. Its measurable success soon caused the erection of other factories, whose increase was still farther stimulated and favored by the first Napoleon's blockade of continental ports against English colonial products; and the alarm created by their success and their threatened competition with colonial sugar production, caused successive indirect offers of large sums of money from the English Colonial office to be made to Achard, in order to induce him to repudiate, as a failure, this child of his genius. These offers he simply declined and does not even mention in his classic work on the manufacture of beet sugar. So general was the alarm in England that even Sir Humphrey



Davy condescended to aid his country's cause by a treatise, in which he tries to show that beet sugar is incurably bitter to the taste.

From Germany the industry soon extended to France, where under the powerful patronage of Napoleon it was greatly fostered, while at the same time its processes were improved under the hands of the French chemists.<sup>1</sup> After the fall of Napoleon and the raising of the continental blockade, the beet sugar industry declined in Germany on account of the renewed competition; and from 1812 to 1836, France was its chief nursery, partly as a consequence of the national antipathy to England and English products. Under the stress of the competition of colonial sugar, a diligent study of the processes and strenuous efforts to improve them, more than doubled the percentage of refined sugar originally obtained from the raw material. Instead of 2 to 3, as much as 5 and 6 per cent was now obtained; and as a consequence, the production of beet sugar rose from 4,000,000 kilograms in 1829, to ten times that amount in 1835. About that time the industry received a renewed impulse in Germany, also; and under the united efforts of French and German chemists and manufacturers, it has steadily progressed ever since. At this date probably one-third of the total amount of sugar product of the world is derived from the beet, and is produced in the countries which, prior to the introduction of the beet sugar industry, were wholly dependent upon the tropics for their supply of sugar, which in consequence had remained an article of luxury accessible only to the well-to-do classes of the population.

It is interesting at this time to recall these early experiences and note the recent repetition of similar ones, when beet sugar threatened to compete with the "colonial" product almost on its own ground. For in Southern California, at least, a patch of *caña dulce* formed, and to some extent still forms,

a part of the home comforts of most of the native Californian cultivators; and the expansion of its culture there appears to be purely a commercial question. It was here, in the fields of Los Angeles, that the sugar beet and the sugar cane, the two competitors for the championship of the world in sugar-production, met face to face perhaps for the first time in the history of the industry; one of the many examples afforded by the Californian climate, of the bringing together of cultures elsewhere separated by wide climatic and geographical intervals. But the real conflict was not in the cane patches and beet-fields of Los Angeles. The great Hawaiian cane plantations were, and still measurably are, on one side; on the other, the struggling beet sugar factories of the central part of the State, most of which have, at one time or another, felt the heavy hand that wielded the same weapons that were employed at the beginning of the century in the same fight, by the English colonial interest<sup>1</sup>, and to which all but one—the Alvarado "Standard Sugar Refinery"—have succumbed.

But before discussing the merits of this contest and the probabilities of the outcome, it is necessary to refer briefly to some technical points in the question, which are necessary to its understanding by the general reader.

Among the rather numerous substances now known to chemists that are classed as sugars, there are three principal ones (with some minor modifications) that concern the large-scale production of sugar. These are cane sugar or *sucrose* (no matter whether produced from the tropical sugar cane, sorghum, maple, or sugar beet); grape sugar or *glucose*, the solid sugar of grapes and other fruits, and artificially manufactured

<sup>1</sup>Including even the assertion of the inferiority of refined beet sugar to that derived from cane, to which some color was given by the fact that in the early days of the industry on this coast, imperfectly refined beet sugar was put upon the local market. The bad name thus acquired lingers yet, to the extent that inquiries respecting the fitness of beet sugar for preserving and putting up fruit are still annually addressed to the agricultural department of the University.

from starchy grains and vegetable fiber; and fruit or syrup sugar, also called *levulose*, the syrupy and non-solidifiable sugar that forms the chief body of molasses and similar products, as well as of honey, and part of most fruit juices. Of the three, the last named (syrup sugar) is probably the sweetest, equal weights being considered; but it is troublesome to handle, and difficult to obtain free from foreign flavors and other "non-sugar" ingredients; hence, it is ill adapted to most of the uses to which consumers of sugar desire to put it. The second, glucose or grape sugar, can be obtained free from extraneous matters and tastes more readily than cane sugar although not as easily; but it lacks sweetness to such an extent that to many tastes, three times the amount is required to produce the same degree of sweetness as cane sugar. It is the latter which combines the two important properties of intense and pure sweetness, and easy purification from foreign matters by virtue of its tendency to crystallization; hence its pre-eminent fitness for general uses. But in order to secure these properties to the full extent, it is necessary that it should be as nearly as possible free, not only from all "non-sugar" substances, but also from the other two sugars; which in some cases occur with it naturally, in others are formed in the process of manufacture. For, although cane sugar has not thus far been obtained artificially, it (as well as starch, gums, woody-fiber, etc.) can readily be transformed, first into a mixture of grape and syrup sugars, and finally into the latter alone, by continuous boiling even with water alone, but much more rapidly when heated with water containing free acids, or mineral salts. Free alkalies, such as caustic soda, potash, or lime, act but slowly on cane sugar, but quickly darken the other sugars.

Since boiling-down, or at least evaporation, constitutes an essential part of every process for obtaining sugar from natural juices, it follows from the above premises

that in order to secure the largest outcome of pure cane sugar, it is necessary that the juice treated should be:

1. As rich as possible, to shorten evaporation;
2. As free as possible from acids and mineral salts, so as to prevent transformation into other sugars;
3. As free as possible from gummy and other substances that prevent "granulation" or crystallization<sup>1</sup>; and,
4. The evaporation should take place at the lowest temperature compatible with rapid evaporation.

It happens that, of all juices known, the first three conditions are most completely fulfilled by that of the *Tropical Sugar Cane*, which when mature contains from 18 to as much as 22 per cent. of cane sugar<sup>2</sup>, associated with from a mere trifle to as much as two per cent. of glucose, a very small proportion of gummy and albuminous substances, and a little over a fourth of one per cent. of mineral salts. This high degree of purity explains the facility with which cane sugar has for ages been produced from it by the rudest processes, and the comparatively pure and agreeable taste possessed even by the rawest manila, or even the *jaggery* of the ryots of India. Hence also the edibility of the syrup sugar or "molasses" formed in the process of sugar-boiling from cane; a process which can be more simple in this case than in any other, and yet yield a fair product.

<sup>1</sup>The calculated percentage of sugar in the solid contents of the juice is called its "purity co-efficient," and is a factor of prime importance, since the possible output of refined sugar from the same diminishes in a geometrical ratio as purity co-efficient falls. Thus, a beet juice showing 10 per cent. of sugar and a purity co-efficient much below 70 could not be profitably worked, while if the latter factor were as high as 80, it would pass muster; and similarly a sugar percentage as high as 15 might offset a purity co-efficient down in the sixties. But pure juices are preferred even with a lower percentage because of the greatly increased difficulty in handling them when charged with a large proportion of extraneous matters. The purity co-efficient of the tropical cane juice ranges as high as 95, and even more.

<sup>2</sup>The sugar cane of Louisiana, according to the investigations of Prof. Wiley of the United States Department of Agriculture, is of very much lower quality; but I assume with him, that this is not necessarily the case but is due to long neglect of selection of improved varieties, and other preventable causes.



The juice of the *Sorghums* is much less pure at best, and varies greatly in the different varieties. In the first place it contains, besides the true cane sugar or sucrose, a variable but very considerable amount of glucose or grape sugar, which is predominant at first, then gradually diminishes as the maturity of the cane is approached, and forms an inevitable source of difficulty in the making of sugar from the juice. In other respects, likewise, (e. g. in the contents of mineral salts) the sorghum juice is not as pure as that of the sugar cane; and as the stem is not nearly as juicy as in the case of the latter, its product per acre, with the ordinary processes, is at best considerably less. But it can be grown where the cane cannot, and geographically is the real competitor of the sugar beet, since both flourish in the same climates and soils, at least in this country. The average sugar percentage found in sorghum, in the East, is about 14.8 per cent.; the average of three California samples, not yet quite mature for sugar-making, which the writer examined in 1880, was over 14.3 per cent.; the juice contained at the same time, however, an average of 6.5 per cent. of impurities which stand in the way of the granulation of the sugar. This proportion would probably have been materially improved upon by greater maturity of the cane. But it is nevertheless true that when worked on the large scale, the sorghum juice, in consequence of uneven maturity of different stalks and of the several parts of the same stalk, has averaged only about from 10 to 11 per cent. of cane sugar, with some 4 per cent. of other solids. From these causes, sorghum has been until recently regarded as adapted only to the manufacture of syrup or molasses, and it has gained wide acceptance in this capacity in the Eastern States; while the production of sugar from it is as yet in its infancy, with the chances of financial success apparently against it, from causes inherent in the nature of the plant.

As regards the *Sugar Beet*, its juice is in some respects the least pure of the three. When the ordinary process of sugar-boiling is applied to it, there results a black, tarry-looking mass, whose taste fully justifies its nauseous aspect, and from which little sugar will separate even upon long standing. It certainly required the confidence of a chemist in the resources of his science to take hold of the problem of making white and pure-tasted sugar from such a raw material; and the solution of the problem stands as one of the most striking instances of the utility of apparently recondite research in developing latent resources for industrial uses.

The juice of the beet (of which from 75 to 80 per cent. can be extracted by hydraulic pressure) ranges in its sugar contents from 6 to as much as 21 per cent.; but the average content of the beets worked in Germany does not exceed 12 to 13 per cent. of cane sugar, the best annual average of one factory having nevertheless ranged as high as 15.6 per cent. The beet juice, however, does not naturally contain any other kind of sugar that would follow the cane sugar into the purified juice, as in the case of sorghum. Besides the sucrose, the beet juice carries only what the manufacturer designates as "non-sugar;" and practically all of this "non-sugar" that is of vegetable origin, can be more or less readily separated out by the treatment of the juice prior to or after the final evaporation. After this purification there remain in it, with the cane sugar, only the greater part of the ash ingredients—mineral salts derived from the soil. The quantity of these is from twice to as much as five times greater than in the tropical cane juice; but apart from these salts, and a usually smaller percentage of sugar, the purified beet juice stands even with cane juice as regards purity and consequent facility of granulation.

These saline ash ingredients, as stated before, tend to transform the sucrose into

other sugars during the evaporation; their presence is, therefore, very objectionable, and when of a certain kind and in considerable amount, they may render the profitable production of sugar from the juice impossible, by the excessive formation of molasses; a product which as derived from beets is of very little value, being uneatable and, under our present laws, not even capable of profitable transformation into alcohol.

From this unfavorable character of beet molasses there results, also, the propriety of combining the complete purification of the product into "refined sugar" with the working-up of the raw material, with which it forms, practically, one continued process. A beet sugar factory is almost of necessity also a refinery, and turns out only white sugar; while in the case of cane, the juice is first converted into an intermediate product—brown sugar, muscovado, &c.—at the plantations, and is then usually shipped beyond the sea to refineries located in the great commercial centers.

Before discussing the relative commercial prospects of the two prominent sugar crops, it will be proper to give the general reader some insight into the processes through which a beet must pass before acquiring the dignity of white sugar. Most of these may be found illustrated at the Alvarado factory (at this time the only representative of its kind in the United States) and in its neighborhood.

First, as to the root itself, it should be understood that the production of such giants as we are wont to see in the line of common beets and pumpkins, is most emphatically out of place in the case of the sugar-beet. Within reasonable limits, and other things being equal, the smaller the (mature) beet, the higher are, as a rule, its sugar-percentage and purity. Roots above two pounds in weight are usually rejected by the factories, and one and a half pounds is the maximum weight desired; the reason of this will be obvious to any one who will

taste, against each other, the central and the exterior parts of a large beet. The latter will be found very sweet, while the central parts are sometimes almost devoid of sweetness, even to a slight saltiness. Now a small root is "all outside," while its big brother is chiefly "inside." Hence it is obvious that lands whose exuberance cannot be restrained (such as black adobe and rich alluvial soils), are not well adapted to the production of sugar beets, and for obvious reasons saline and "alkali" soils must also be avoided. On the other hand, roots much below three-quarters of a pound in weight, are often fibrous and poorly developed.

Of soil ingredients favorable to the best development of the sugar-making qualities, *lime* stands foremost: and as analysis has shown our soils to be almost throughout rich in that substance, most of the State would on that score be suitable for this culture. But climatic considerations as well as soil quality point especially to the valleys of the coast region, from Mendocino to Los Angeles, as adapted to it; since the excessive heat prevailing in the interior valley in summer would probably prove too much for the preservation of that crispness which is deemed essential in a first-class sugar beet. All the essential conditions of success in its cultivation seem to be combined in a large portion of the "Alameda plains" and other level or sloping lands of the bay region and lower Sacramento, where the lighter sediment soils prevail, and where at present cereal culture, or that of fruit, constitute almost the only alternatives. Between Oakland and San Jose, and in the valley beyond, there is abundant room and excellent opportunity for this addition to diversified agriculture; and with a sufficient number of factories to insure a market, wheat would probably, in this region, soon be abandoned for this sugar crop, so far as the soils permit. The Los Angeles region has already, as above stated, given excellent results as re-



gards both quality and quantity of the beet crop, and Ventura and San Luis Obispo can with certainty count on a similar outcome. Parts of Solano, Yolo, and Sacramento Counties, also, will doubtless be successful in sugar beet culture. In fact, the highest sugar percentage until recently known to the writer—19 per cent—has been reported from Sacramento County. As the crispness alluded to as important, is so only with regard to keeping qualities, it may turn out that interior localities having cheap water transportation to the factories, can grow the sugar-beet advantageously for immediate use by the latter. It is intended to test this question practically during the year 1887.

Good beet lands should yield from sixteen to twenty tons of roots per acre; near Alvarado, twenty-four tons has been not an uncommon yield. As the price paid for beets, delivered at the Alvarado factory, has averaged about \$4 per ton, the crop is likely to pay quite as well as the average of orchards, and many times better than wheat, so soon as a local market is assured. It is however absolutely essential that the greatest care should be exercised in the selection of seed; this is very commonly undertaken by the factories themselves, they being the parties most deeply interested in the high quality of the crop. It is in fact through the influence of the intelligent self-interest thus brought to bear by the factories, that the sugar-contents of the beet have been raised to so high an average, and in some cases actually to the full percentage of the tropical sugar cane. Moreover, deep and thorough tillage, and clean culture, are necessary conditions of success. The best roots have rather short, spreading tops, of a light green tint, and maturity is indicated by the yellowing and drying-up of the older leaves. The roots are then loosened, but not plowed up, by means of a deep-running subsoil plow run between the rows, after which they are taken up by hand.

The roots are expected to be delivered

with the tops trimmed off, but not otherwise cleaned. It is important that they should be bruised as little as possible. From the dump at the factory they are fed into a hopper from which an apron, or preferably a stream of water, conveys them to the washing tanks. In these they undergo a thorough cleansing by the action of revolving stirrers, which, being invisible beneath the muddy water, impart to the beet multitude a ludicrous appearance of eager and apparently unprovoked activity, from which they presently emerge as "neat as a pin."

In the older practice of the art, still prevailing to some extent, the roots are now delivered into the hoppers of huge revolving graters, to be converted into a soft mush, from which the juice is then extracted either by means of centrifugals or hydraulic presses, or by displacement with water (maceration), or by both methods combined. The press, with its unavoidable incumbrance of costly manual labor, is, however, being more and more replaced by the use of the "diffusion" process, in use at the Alvarado factory, in which the roots, not grated but finely sliced by a machine, are subjected to the action of warm water in large cylindrical closed tanks called "diffusers," and arranged in a series or circle styled a "battery." In such a battery the water used in extraction passes successively through the entire series of tanks charged with the sliced beets (technically called "cossettes") and becomes warmer and richer in sugar at each passage, until it emerges from the last tank sufficiently rich for boiling. When the cossettes in tank No. 1 have become exhausted of all their sugar by the continued passage of fresh water, the contents are discharged through a man-hole, and replaced by a fresh charge. No. 1 now becomes the last in the series, the richest juice being passed into it from the rest of the battery; No. 2 is the next to be exhausted and re-charged in its turn; and so on continuously.

As a matter of course the juice so ob-

tained is weaker than would be that obtained by pressing, to the extent of the water used in the diffusion process, say about 15 per cent on an average; but the additional cost thus incurred in the evaporation is amply made up by the more complete extraction of the sugar; and other advantages of too technical a character to be here explained.

Beet cake, whether from pressing or from diffusion, is a very valuable food for cattle, and forms one of the regular sources of income for the factories. In Europe it is not uncommonly exchanged weight for weight, for the fresh roots; at Alvarado it is thus far sold at the low rate of one dollar a ton.

The juice, whether obtained by pressure or diffusion, passes on to the steam-jacketed "defecating" pans or tanks. It reaches these as a usually dark-tinted, unattractive looking and smelling liquid, which on being rapidly heated up to about 180 degrees Fahr., deposits a flocculent mass which is chemically similar to albumen or white-of-egg, and thus on coagulating incloses within its flocks most of the fibrous and fleshy particles still floating in the liquid; corresponding precisely to the "skimmings" in domestic jelly-making. This alone, however, would not purify the juice sufficiently for the sugar-boiler's purpose; he therefore adds to it, during the heating-up, from two to five per cent of lime, previously slaked. The lime, combining with the acids and most of the gummy and albuminous matters, as well as with some of the sugar of the juice, forms with the former a thick, greenish scum, beneath which the juice appears almost clear and of a yellowish tint, and can be drawn off after a few minutes' rest. The scum and sediment remaining in the pan (from 18 to 30 per cent) is drained of its juice as far as practicable, in flat filtering bags or boxes, in which it is afterwards subjected to hydraulic or other pressure to obtain the remainder. The limy residue constitutes a good fertilizer for the neighboring

beet fields; but at Alvarado is thus far mostly used in road-making.

The clear juice still contains an excess of lime, which would be prejudicial in the succeeding operations. This excess is removed by bubbling through the boiling juice, by means of a pump, air charged with carbonic acid gas, obtained by the combustion of coke or charcoal in a special furnace. The lime separates out in the form of whitish flocks; and if the beets were of good composition and the operations have been carefully managed, the sweet juice ("thin juice") is now ready for the charcoal filters.

These filters do not serve to remove any remaining turbidity, which should not exist at this stage; but are intended to free the juice from impurities remaining in solution, which resist the lime defecating process, and would seriously impair the quantity and quality of the sugar product. The charcoal used is made from animal bones ("bone-black"), and is prepared for the use of refineries in special establishments, of which several are in active operation in San Francisco. The bone charcoal is used in a state of coarse granulation resembling black blasting powder, and is carefully freed from dust. The granulated bone charcoal is packed into iron cylinders, varying in their dimensions from 12 to over 24 feet in height and from 20 to 38 inches in diameter, which are usually arranged into "batteries" of from three to five cylinders, connected by pipes through which the filtered juice passes automatically, by liquid pressure, from the bottom of one to the top of the next, so as to insure its adequate purification. The charcoal has, however, only a limited power of absorption; it gradually becomes saturated with the impurities of the juice, and can take up no more. It is then washed with water to remove the sugar remaining in it, and afterward discharged in order to undergo the "reviving" process; while the cylinder,



charged with fresh charcoal, now takes its place as the last of the battery; precisely as is done in the diffusion process when the sugar of a charge of cossettes has been exhausted.

The "reviving" of the charcoal, for the restoration of its purifying power, is done by successive leaching with weak acid, which dissolves the lime and other mineral substances absorbed; then a process of fermentation, whereby the bulk of the vegetable substances retained by it is destroyed or rendered soluble in water. It is then washed, and finally heated to low redness in closed retorts or cylinders set in a furnace. From these, after cooling, it returns to the filters.

The evaporation of the filtered juice is accomplished in two successive periods. During the first, it is reduced to about one-half of its original bulk, in a battery of "evaporators;" the juice thus concentrated ("thick juice") is once more passed through the charcoal filters for a final purification; after which it is subjected, in the "vacuum pan," to the final boiling for "masse cuite" or syrup, which on cooling solidifies into crude sugar.

Both evaporations take place in closed vessels in which the best possible vacuum is maintained by means of air pumps, in order that the liquids may boil at as low a temperature as possible; their vapor being condensed by means of a spray of cold water, which with the condensed vapor escapes through a vertical pipe constituting a giant barometer, with overflowing reservoir below. The ingenious arrangements by which the vapor from the evaporators as well as the escape steam from the engine are made to do double and triple duty in aiding the low-temperature evaporations, are too complex to be more than mentioned here; but it is only fair to state that the refinements of thermic science have been brought into play in this connection, resulting in a material saving in the cost of manufacture, and often

turning the scales as between profit and loss.

According to the method of boiling-down, as controlled by a skilled sugar-boiler, the product is either a very thick syrup, which is left to solidify gradually; or, in the practice most generally prevailing, the "boiled stuff" already comes from the vacuum pan filled with granulated sugar of greater or less fineness, at the option of the boiler. In the older process of refining this brown sugar, it is placed in sieve-bottomed boxes from which the dark-colored syrup drains gradually, and is then followed with a "white syrup" or a solution of pure sugar, which soon displaces the colored one and leaves behind a pure white mass. According to the more modern practice, the cooled "masse cuite" is placed in "centrifuges"—cylinder-shaped sieves—which revolve with great rapidity inside of another cylinder. The holes of the sieves, while retaining the grains of sugar, allow the syrup to pass through in the form of spray, which collects in the outer casing, followed, as in the case of the stationary sieve boxes, by either white syrup or simple water, sprinkled on the inner surface by the operator; or else by steam blown in, which first condenses and so supplies the needful water, but afterwards heats and partially dries the sugar, which is now clean and white; and for transformation into the "granulated" grades of commerce, only requires to be thoroughly dried. This is commonly done in a horizontal, cylindrical drying chamber, within which revolve little stirring shovels, that at the same time move the drying sugar forward to the farther end. The final phase is seen in a rather noisy "clog dance" executed on revolving platforms by the familiar white barrels, while being filled with the now floury, dry sugar. The knowledge of the fact that this is done for the purpose of closer packing, hardly detracts from the amusing effect of this final jollification, after so many hardships undergone in the sugar's course from the field to the cask.

It is often asked how long it takes for any particular batch of beets to reach this final stage. It has been calculated that it can be done within sixteen hours' time: but more commonly it takes from twenty-four to thirty hours.

There still remains the syrup that dripped from the raw sugar, constituting from 32 to 50 per cent. of the total weight of the boiled stuff as it came from the vacuum pan. From this *raw syrup* a farther amount of crystallized sugar can be obtained, varying considerably according to the original quality of the beets, and the greater or less perfection with which the processes of purification have been conducted. As previously mentioned, beet molasses is a most unsavory article of diet; whatever part of it cannot be converted into solid sugar can only be utilized for the production of alcohol by fermentation, and is therefore of much less value than the corresponding article derived from sugar cane. Much effort has been expended in diminishing the amount of this final offal to the greatest possible extent; yet it commonly forms from 16 to 30 per cent. of the boiled stuff, and therefore represents a most serious loss, especially where, as in this country, the manufacture into alcohol would be unprofitable under the present revenue laws.

As the chief obstacle to the farther production of sugar from the raw syrup is the abundance of mineral salts contained in it, various methods for the removal of these have been resorted to. Among the most successful of these is the method of Dubrunfaut, which depends upon the fact that when such syrup is placed within a pervious membrane, such as animal bladder or parchment paper, and is thus immersed in water, the mineral salts will soak through the membrane into the water much more rapidly than the sugar; so that, while a part of the latter is sacrificed, the remainder within the membrane will be better adapted to re-boiling for white sugar. From several

causes this method has not obtained general acceptance, but the necessary apparatus (dialyzers) having been introduced into the Alvarado factory, it has, in the hands of the present superintendent, Mr. Edward F. Dyer, been modified so as to lead to the entire suppression of the production of beet molasses, with a clear gain of two per cent. in the production of sugar from beets of a given richness; say from an average of eight to nearly ten per cent. From this cause, the working results of this establishment have for the past two years been on a level with those of the best European factories; and hence its present survival, alone, of all its sisters in the United States.

The latter fact naturally leads to a general consideration of the adaptation of California to this industry. How is it that in its exceptionally unfavorable position with relation to the very brunt of the free sugar imported under the Hawaiian Treaty, this small factory, for want of capital not nearly up to the mark of the best practice in its appliances, has not only not succumbed, but even was able two years ago, under a normal condition of the sugar trade of the coast, to make a showing of a handsome profit balance upon its six months' campaign?

As before noted, the production of sugar from sorghum may be with the experience now before us, left out of the discussion of this question. If that production should assume larger proportions, the inevitable great increase in the simultaneous production of syrups will tend to depress seriously one of the sources of profit to the sugar cane planter, and thus bear much more heavily on tropical sugar production than on that from the beet, which now more than ever bases its success solely upon the manufacture of refined sugars. The real competitor of the beet, the tropical cane, supplies to commerce first the various grades of brown sugars, of which a large proportion is thereafter subjected to purification in separate



refineries. As in the refining process the sugar has to be dissolved in water and the latter evaporated once more, it will be noted that there is one point scored in favor of the beet—its product is subjected to but one evaporation, that of the cane to two.

But why is this so?—why is not the rich and pure juice of the cane carried directly forward to the refining process, in the countries where it is grown, thus saving the expense of a repeated dissolution, purification, and evaporation, and transporting only the pure products?

The answer to this simple question is a very complex one, as it involves to some extent a discussion of the causes and effects of differences of climates and races. Apart from the influence of the protective policy of most extra-tropical countries, whereby refined sugars are burdened with a heavy import duty in favor of domestic producers and refineries, it cannot but be noted that thus far the political, social, and commercial conditions in most of the sugar-cane growing countries of the world have been adverse to the establishment of great manufacturing industries, and to the profitable application of the refinements of technical science; and that many fortunes have been lost in vain attempts, to overcome these apparently natural obstacles. Much philosophical discussion has been spent on the question whether this will ever be otherwise, or whether tropical countries are destined to remain permanently in a relatively crude condition—furnishing to commerce only raw products—as the result of an enervating climate that in the long run demoralizes the best of northern energy that may be imported, which will, like the seed of certain vegetables, require continuous renewal from without; and can as a rule command the aid of relatively unintelligent laborers only. The adaptation and application of the improved processes developed by the beet sugar industry to tropical sugar production, has been begun at various points,

and promises well so far as the production of raw sugar is concerned; yet it may fairly be doubted that these methods, requiring heavy investments in the shape of costly and complicated apparatus which, with corresponding experts, must be imported from a distance, will make rapid headway within the tropics themselves.

The present advance of American railways and ideas into Mexico will put this question to a practical test, under circumstances as favorable as are ever likely to occur, since only artificial boundaries divide the two countries, and the thinness of the Mexican population may, for a time, permit of a repetition of the process by which semi-tropical California has become so thoroughly Americanized. That is, while a few of the original inhabitants have remained and adapted themselves more or less to the habits of the invaders, the bulk has been and is now receding towards Mexico. The American advance may continue similarly into Sonora and Chihuahua and other border countries of similarly temperate climate. But as the native population is thus compressed into a smaller space to southward, and passes onward to tropical territory, it will find itself better and better adapted to its surroundings; while the “gringo” may gradually either find himself in a place too hot for his well-being, or else adapt himself to the surroundings in deference to the principle of the survival of the fittest, and lose a corresponding portion of his surplus energy. If, on the other hand, that energy should remain sensibly undiminished, the exuberant resources of the tropics, and with it the production of refined sugar directly from the cane, might assume a hitherto unexampled development. Whatever may be the ultimate outcome of the American advance towards the tropics, it lies some time ahead of the present date; and for this generation, it will be safe to discuss the industrial problem involved, on the basis of existing conditions, which of course form

an essential element in the consideration of the beet sugar question.

As regards, within the United States, the sugar cane industry of Louisiana, it labors under worse disabilities than even those resting on the beet as a source of sugar. In the tropics, successive crops of cane can be made to keep the costly improved machinery running nearly throughout the year; in Louisiana, on the contrary, the cane harvest must be cut and the sugar be made within six or eight busy weeks, if it is not to run the risk of being cut short by frosts. Within the same time, the seed cane for next season must be provided for; a state of things graphically expressed by the Louisiana sugar planters in the statement that "it takes thirteen months to make a crop of sugar." Cane cannot, like the beet, be preserved for future working, but must be put through the mill and pans as fast as possible. This creates, during a short period, an excessive demand for laborers of whom only a small proportion can be profitably occupied during the remainder of the season. It has been proposed to slice and dry the cane; but the damp climate and frequent rains of tropical countries render this procedure impracticable. It might be more feasible in the dry climate of southern California; where, between successive crops and dried cane, the activity of a sugar factory might be kept up during the entire year, so far as the material is concerned.

Under these disadvantages, the average product of raw sugar per acre in Louisiana is only about 1600 pounds, while in Mauritius and other inter-tropical countries where improved methods are practiced, the product ranges from 3500 to 5500 pounds per acre. Even on this point, however, the beet is not distanced by its tropical competitor; for the average working yield of good beets is not less than two tons per acre, and this figure is very commonly exceeded at Alvarado. This result is ob-

tained in the course of a five months' culture, while the tropical cane requires not less than twelve and at some points as much as eighteen months' cultivation before arriving at maturity.

In the case of the beet, the material can on an average be kept long enough to keep the machinery busy for four to five months in the year. In California, with proper care in regard to early and late plantings and conservation, the campaign need never be shorter than six months. Beets can be planted for a succession of crops, in the central coast region, from January to the middle or end of May, without irrigation; and taking the time required for proper maturity at about five months, fresh material for the beet sugar factory will then come in from, say, the first of August to the first of November.

In the northern countries where the beet sugar industry flourishes, the seed is sown in April or May, with constant dangers from late frosts. The crop then comes in, in a lump, in October and November. It must then be carefully stored away in subterranean cellars or pits, well ventilated and closely watched, lest either the cold of winter or the heat generated by some injured and consequently fermenting root, should invade and spoil a part, or sometimes the whole, of a large hoard. Despite all precautions, the sugar percentage soon begins to diminish, and with it the "non-sugar" and the difficulties of purification increase in a geometrical ratio, so that the campaign is usually brought to a close by the first of January.

In middle and south California no more costly protection than that of open sheds to keep off the rains, is required from the time of harvest to the end of the campaign, and the perfect ventilation so secured maintains the sugar contents of the roots unchanged for a much greater length of time, the temperature being sufficiently low to prevent a tendency to sprout, until about



the middle of February; when as a rule the beets are still in better average condition than where they have to be stored underground. There is thus no difficulty whatever in lengthening the annual campaign in central California to six full months, and probably more, if early shipments from the great Valley should be found feasible.

In respect to the growing and cultivation of the beet, also, California enjoys a not inconsiderable advantage in the fact that the absence of summer rains in ordinary seasons does away with a large proportion of the expensive manual labor in hoeing and weeding, which forms a considerable item in the cost of production both in Europe and in the East. With thorough preparation of the soil, a single weeding is sufficient where elsewhere three are necessary in order to carry a clean crop to maturity.

To these *certain* advantages should be added another very probable one, namely, the higher sugar percentage that, by proper selection of seed, can be secured in California. In Europe this percentage now ranges from 12 to 14; in the best Silesian factory at Stöbnitz, as high as 15 to 16. The daily records of the Alvarado factory not only show, in former years, an average fully up to this point, but of late years the weekly averages have been steadily between 16 and 17 per cent. This season, 1886, the daily average was, on August 23d, at the extraordinary figure of 20.5 per cent. of cane sugar, with a purity co-efficient of 82, and an *average* above 19 per cent. for the week in which this occurred. Thus the California beet has risen above the average given for the tropical cane, and that in a season which was not an extraordinary one, but (as *e. g.* in the case of the grapes grown in the immediate vicinity of these beet fields) one of low sweetness for the fruits. The cause of the gradual improvement of the beet near Alvarado lies undoubtedly in the long-continued selection of the best roots for seed by the proprietors of the factory.

That still farther pursuit of the same enlightened policy will result in still farther improvement can hardly be doubted; and when such material as 20.5 per cent. beets with a "purity co-efficient" of 82, can be had for a manufacture which flourished on three-fourths of that percentage, the boasted superiority of the tropical cane becomes one of serious doubt. The highest percentage claimed for California beets before was 19, as already stated.

There is still another possible point of vantage for California sugar beet culture, that if fully realized would afford a culminating and thus far unexampled advantage for this industry. Among its drawbacks has been the enforced idleness of the costly plant for from 6 to 8 months of the year, the only other possible use to which it could be put being that of refining other crude sugars; but this resource has, from commercial causes, but rarely been open to the factories. Many expedients have been suggested to obviate this drawback, and among them, drying of the beets by artificial heat has been more or less successfully resorted to elsewhere, despite the increase of cost resulting from two successive evaporations of the juice. But in the extremely dry and warm atmosphere of a California summer and autumn, which permits the sun-drying of raisins, there is little difficulty in drying the sliced beets by the same natural process; the more as, unlike grapes, they are not protected by a dense skin and the evaporation is very rapid. This was done with excellent results on a small scale in Los Angeles county, in 1879. In from three to four days, according to the condition of the weather, the fresh beets were reduced to one-fourth of their weight, and thus converted into a material containing from 56 to 63 per cent. of cane sugar, which, of course, would readily bear the cost of shipment to any reasonable distance; but they were actually in demand for shipment East. There could be no difficulty in keep-

ing such a material in properly prepared bins, in this climate, for years; and the extract from it was found by me to be fully up to the standard of purity observed in the fresh beet juice itself.

In 1880, these experiments were repeated, unfortunately on too large a scale for an untried industry. The season was unfavorable in every respect, the sugar-percentage being low and the weather at the time very cold and foggy, so as to retard the drying and render the product liable to spoiling, without special precautions for which no preparations had been made. Yet the samples examined by me at the time were quite satisfactory both as to sugar-percentage and purity of extract, which corresponded to those of a good quality of fresh beets. This result was as good as could be looked for, although there was disappointment in not securing a purer product, which could have been worked with less expensive apparatus than the fresh beets. Partly in consequence of this, the process and its product were withdrawn from the supervision of the expert who had thus far managed the enterprise; and when, some months later, the bulk of the dried roots was sent to the Alvarado factory for working, it was found that the extract was excessively impure, and that only a very small product of sugar could be obtained; the cane-sugar percentage having fallen to about half of the original one. My examination showed that the beet chips had undergone a partial fermentation, evidently from an exposure to dampness that could and should, as a matter of course, have been avoided by proper storage. This was the extent of the failure which, at the time, was claimed by some as disposing finally of the project of sun-drying beets in California. So far from this, it has merely shown that the rough, wholesale method of procedure for which Californian agriculturists seem to entertain a special predilection as the only "practical" mode of doing things, cannot be

applied to this industry; and that, like winemaking, it requires some technical experience, and reasonable care, to be successful in this preliminary step of the manufacture, as in the succeeding ones. But that with some experience, and with the proper appliances, this mode of conserving the raw material for the beet-sugar factories throughout the year can be made successful and profitable in California, I see no reason to doubt. If so, it will constitute a special advantage for the industry, that can probably be realized in few other countries, for just as the beet and the tropical cane have for the first time met face to face in this State, so the raisin industry meets here, for the first time, the lowly northern vegetable; and between them at least there will be no antagonism.

There is, then, abundant reason for the assertion that the beet sugar industry should be successful and profitable in California if anywhere, unless an unfriendly commercial policy on the part of the Government should interpose artificial obstacles. The principle of the survival of the fittest has had a remarkable exemplification in that of the Alvarado factory, which certainly has been exposed to adverse conditions to the fullest extent, in the most direct competition with the cheap product of plantation labor imported free of all duty from the Hawaiian Islands under the provisions of a so-called Reciprocity Treaty, which, while ostensibly reciprocal in principle, in practice works all one way. To discuss this treaty in all its bearings is foreign to the purpose of this article, and would but rehearse what for several years past has been abundantly and well said in speeches and publications advocating its abolition. One of the main arguments relied on by its disinterested advocates has been the claim that on account of the distance of the ports of entry from the cane region of Louisiana, no important American industry was being kept down or competed with by the free Hawaiian sugar.



But the sturdily struggling little factory at Alvarado is a living and irrefutable answer to this assertion, even if the people of Louisiana had no cause of complaint. A better case in favor of home industry against unlimited free trade could hardly be imagined. Abolish the Hawaiian treaty, and the beet sugar industry will under the genial skies of California take a development such as, for lack of similar natural advantages, it has not taken and cannot take anywhere else. Thus one more important and lucrative industry will be added to those which already show so bright a future, and have diversified so advantageously the dull routine of grain-growing, which is fast dwindling into unprofitableness alongside of the vineyards and orchards that have taken its place. It is now feared by many that fruit-growing and wine-making will be overdone. If there is any danger of such a thing, it will be averted by the introduction and fostering of other branches of agriculture, among which the beet sugar industry is certainly one of the most promising now in view, for the employment of capital in large factories supplied with the most improved modern appliances; it being well known that this manufacture is most profitable on the largest scale compatible with the capital at command.

But it is also said that sugar production is already overdone: witness the present low price of its product. While it must be doubted that sugar will again rise to the high prices that have ruled in the past, it is also true that the present low prices will greatly stimulate and increase consumption when their effect shall have had time to make itself felt. Within the easy recollection of the present generation, sugar was a luxury, too costly to be used otherwise than sparingly, and diligently proclaimed to be particularly injurious to children in general, whose natural appetite craved a more liberal allowance of what is now justly considered an alimentary article; of which the use, like that of any other created thing, may be

abused, but whose supposed unhealthiness has largely vanished from sight since its purchase does not tend to unduly deplete the purses of parents. The tables below<sup>1</sup>, showing the consumption of sugar *per capita* during different periods and in different countries, may serve to allay the apprehensions of those who fear that sugar will shortly become a drug in the markets of the world.

Table showing consumption of Sugar in the United States per capita, from 1867 to 1884 inclusive.

Year.	Sugar Consumption per Capita.
1867	28.9 lbs.
1868	32.9 "
1869	34.0 "
1870	35.3 "
1871	39.9 "
1872	39.9 "
1873	39.9 "
1874	41.1 "
1875	39.5 "
1876	37.1 "
1877	36.2 "
1878	36.0 "
1879	38.3 "
1880	41.2 "
1881	43.9 "
1882	45.7 "
1883	48.2 "
1884	51.4 "
1885	.....

Table showing consumption of Sugar in England per capita, from 1876 to 1884 inclusive.

Year.	Sugar Consumption per Capita.
1876	59 lbs.
1877	56 "
1878	62 "
1879	62 "
1880	62 "
1881	64 "
1882	63 "
1883	67 "
1874	67 "

Consumption of Sugar per head for various Countries.

Countries.	Year.	Lbs.
United States .....	1884.....	56
England.....	1884.....	67
France .....	1881.....	25
Germany .....	1881.....	18
Holland .....	1881.....	18.5
Austria.....	1881.....	13.0
Russia .....	1881.....	7.7

<sup>1</sup>See Bulletin No. 5 of the chemical division of the Department of Agriculture. By H. W. Wiley, 1885, pp. 11 to 13.

Two prominent facts are shown by the above tables. The first is that in the United States and in England, the consumption of sugar increases in a much more rapid ratio than the population; and similar tables show the same to be true of all European countries at least. Regarding the showing here made, Prof. Wiley says: "From 1876 to 1885 the consumption of sugar in England rose from 59 to 67 pounds per head. During the same period in the United States the increase was from 37.1 to 50.4 pounds per head. At this rate of increase, in another decade the quantity of sugar required for each inhabitant will be as great in this country as in England, viz. about 75 pounds. But our population is increasing much more rapidly than that of England, and in ten years from this time it will be nearly seventy millions, and the amount of sugar used in this country will be five thousand millions of pounds! this country will be the great sugar market of the world." The only possible flaw in this reasoning might be that there is probably a natural limit to the possibility of sugar consumption even by the American boy and his elders; but it is not likely that that limit will be reached within this century.

The other point, shown in the third table, is that if sugar consumption is not, like that of soap, to be considered the criterion of the most civilized nations, it seems certainly to follow closely the ratio of their progressiveness and commercial relations with the world at large. Thus England stands at the head and Russia at the foot of the scale. But if this is true it inevitably follows that as social progress and intercommunication of all nations advance (and that this will be the case no sane person will question) an increase of sugar consumption will be sure to follow. The time between

the present and that when the sugar consumption of all nations shall have reached its natural maximum, would seem to offer an ample margin of safety against a glutting of the market for some generations to come.

In connection with the above figures of prospective consumption of sugar, it is of interest to consider the possible production of beet-sugar in this State. Taking as an example only the region within which the sugar-beet is known to attain its highest degree of excellence, viz., the Alameda plains and Santa Clara valley within the limits of the two counties of the same names, lying within immediate reach of the bay and city of San Francisco, we have an area of about 380,000 acres, of which (excluding the heavy adobe, saline, and very gravelly lands) at least one-half, or 190,000 acres, is well adapted to sugar-beet culture, and each acre of which can readily produce 4,000 pounds of refined sugar. This gives for the possible production of these two counties alone, the enormous sum of 760,000,000 pounds. The Coast Range valleys alone could quadruple this production; and if, as is probable, at least the middle and northern portion of the Sacramento valley can also be counted on for beet-sugar culture, California alone could readily supply the entire present and prospective sugar consumption of the United States, and still leave ample room for orchards and vineyards, and the production of the home supply of breadstuffs. It is perhaps not probable or desirable that this one branch of production should be pushed to this extent; but it would be strange indeed if, with such extraordinary climatic advantages, it failed to attain a very prominent and lucrative position among the agricultural industries of California.

*E. W. Hilgard.*



## THE POET'S PIPE.

No slim, archaic reed, or sylvan flute  
 Of soft and pith-like utterance, I sing—  
 'Tis but a brown, gnarled bowl of briar-root,  
 Wedded to its mutè stem with twisted string.

What time, of old, the satyr, rapt in song,  
 Charmed the young night with gently breathing notes,  
 Or swaying, ran his willowy hands along  
 The unctuous reed with its seven bird-like throats.

The Poet, resting from day's ruder cares,  
 Puts fire and fragrace in this voiceless bowl,  
 And, leaning back with face against the stars,  
 Stains it with the concoction of his soul.

Look where the subtile essence out and in  
 Impregns the winding fibre of the wood  
 With figures intricate and Damascene—  
 The very labyrinth of the Poet's mood!

In this charred cavern, where the kindling weed  
 Throbs with the potent alchemy of fire,  
 Think what celestial emanations breed,  
 What airy 'bodiments of soul's desire,—

Divine creations, spun of flame and smoke,  
 And wreathing heavenward in the calm of night;  
 Finer than e'er were written in a book:—  
 Only the spirit can pursue their flight.

Farewell, thou antiquated pipe of Pan!  
 Fit symbol of the infancy of song,  
 Untutored as that wild and gout-like man,  
 Who fashioned thee with patience rude and long.

Henceforth the Poet shrills upon no reed,  
 When meditation's subtle mood is ripe;  
 But spiritual numbers sweetly lead  
 His fancies, as he breathes upon—his pipe.

*James Buckham.*

## THE WRITINGS OF LAURA BRIDGMAN. II.

The interest which centered about Laura Bridgman in her early life was twofold—humanitarian and philosophical. The former has in large measure accomplished its mission and declined. The latter also has in part declined, because Laura's case has not furnished the evidence expected from it, upon certain philosophic questions. Her condition was supposed to be essentially that of a person blind and deaf from birth, and consequently, because she was thus cut off from receiving ideas from others, fitted to furnish a practical test of the doctrine of innate ideas. But subsequent study has thrown grave doubts upon the trustworthiness of her case in this regard.<sup>1</sup> The contents of her mind and its mode of action, if they could be come at, ought to furnish further evidence, pro and con, and it is for what her writings may furnish toward this end, that they are worthy of further consideration.

But too much must not be expected from this source. Language, certainly, is the chief index of mind, and in the main we are justified in arguing peculiarity of thought from peculiarity of expression; but such inferences must be made with the utmost care, for the possibilities of error are manifold. This is especially true when the quantity of language to be studied is small and the meaning of the words themselves somewhat uncer-

<sup>1</sup>When we reflect on the rapidity with which relations of time, space, and the properties of matter are learned during the first few months of infancy, we must believe that some trace, though it be vague as Platonic reminiscences, of these experiences must remain. The right eye distinguished the light of a candle, the window, and possibly some shades of color, up to the seventh year. The facility with which Laura learned to run about, to knit, sew, braid, etc., before she left her home; the suddenness and completeness with which, after a few lessons with objects and labels at the asylum, the idea of thus communicating with others came to her mind; her freedom at all times from what instructors of the blind designate as *blind-mindedness*, or want of capacity to comprehend space-relations, all indicate that possibly her condition, when she came to the asylum, was not so identical with that of a child blind from birth as even Dr. Howe supposed, and that thus her marvelous curiosity, as well as her quickness of comprehension may be in part accounted for.—*Professor G. Stanley Hall, Nation*, Vol. 27, 259.

tain. Both these causes operate in Laura's case, and we must content ourselves with broad and sketchy outlines of her mind and its furniture instead of the minutely accurate pictures that could be desired.

In considering her use of language, some of her simpler mistakes will first be noticed, and later such usages as bear more directly upon her mental state.

It should be observed by way of preface that in her girlhood at least, Laura was more liable to errors in writing than in conversation. Mrs. Lamson quotes from her journal as teacher, an entry made in December, 1843, as follows: "Her written abstracts do not compare favorably with the oral ones, for she cannot be made to feel that it is necessary to take time and paper to write fully as she talks, and in attempting abbreviations she makes mistakes." How far her later writings were affected by this carelessness, it is difficult to determine.

Three kinds of errors, as was said in the previous paper, may be expected in the form of her writings as opposed to their substance: first, mere graphical errors, such as every one makes, which are not surprising in the manuscript of one that could not revise; second, errors of misinformation arising from her misunderstanding of her teachers or from a too general application of the rules of language; and third, errors resulting from mental peculiarity, if any such exist. These will be briefly taken up in their order.

Graphical errors are not on the whole very numerous. One as frequently found as any is the dropping of a letter; as "huner" and "huger" for "hunger," "hal" for "hall," and "boo" for "book." Sometimes a final letter is dropped by anticipation, as "bes things" for "best things," or the process is reversed, and by recollection



of the final letter of the preceding word one or more are omitted from the following one, as "have en" for "have been" and "dearents" for "dear parents." She makes a few careless mistakes like those of hasty writers generally; for example, "smope" for "smoke" "foyful" and "fourney" for "joyful" and "journey" and "cottabe" for "cottage." In one respect, however, her *lapsus pennae* seem to differ from those found in ordinary manuscript. The substitution of letters there seems at times influenced by the *sound* of the letters; in Laura's manuscript this is seldom or never the case.<sup>1</sup>

With syllabication, if any attempt was made to teach it to her, she clearly had difficulty, for, though sometimes dividing a word correctly, she gives us such examples as "mola-sses" and "misch-ief" in her autobiography, and such as "ble-st," "shou-ld" and "contain-s" in her letters.

The causes that produced literal errors in her manuscript produced similar verbal ones. Occasionally in the journal a sentence is quite unintelligible, and at times, though not often, her inability to see betrays her into anacolutha in quite simple sentences. She proposes to write of her "very pleasant and thriving feelings which I am very eager to have you read some of my ideas," and again, "he [the whale] eats very many little fishes and other animals that he likes them very much to eat himself." In the same way it happens several times that she inserts a negative when the sense of her sentence obviously requires its omission, or omits one where it should be retained; for example: "he wished that he would [had] give[n] his fishe(s) to the boys, he did not think it would not be good to carry fishes home in his hands," and "I hope that she will hurt my tiny, tender and fragile heart, when she feels vexed in her heart." For the same

reason, probably, she wrote a few times sentences in which verbs that should be co-ordinate throughout, do not agree in tense, as: "they were gay and run in the fields much."

The errors of misinformation are of two kinds: errors of vocabulary—that is in the meaning and use of single words—and errors of syntax.

The first words of a child's vocabulary are learned by associating the verbal sign with the thing which it signifies. The baby sees a dog, and his mother repeats the word till a connection is established in his mind between the impressions made on his eyes and ears. A large number of words is learned in this way by the senses, and, as it were, unconsciously. Later, words that stand for supersensual things are learned, through their metaphorical connection with words already learned, by analogy and derivation, by observation and introspection, or by a combination of processes; very many of them, in spite of their signification, depend for their complete understanding upon the action of the senses. But there are still others, words like the technical terms of mathematics and logic, the meaning of which must be learned laboriously and consciously by definition. This method is well enough suited to the exact nomenclature of science, but not to the more picturesque language of conversation and literature. It may not be difficult to frame a botanical definition of a tree, but to make a definition that should convey any real notion of a tree to one totally ignorant of such a thing, would be difficult if not impossible. In attempting such a thing we begin at once to prop our verbal effort with pictures or examples, thus confessing the insufficiency of pure definitions, and calling the senses to the aid of the intellect.

The number of words that Laura could learn, either directly or indirectly, through her senses, was, on account of her loss of sight and hearing, greatly diminished, and the number that she was obliged to learn by

<sup>1</sup>There are instances in her manuscript where a letter is influenced by an adjacent one, as "ggain" and "ggo," and some which suggest that the graphical form of the letter led to the confusion, and others where the interchanged letters are made in the mute alphabet with somewhat similar positions of the fingers; but the data are insufficient in all cases to show anything conclusive.

definition was greatly increased. The process of definition itself was, at first, made more than ordinarily difficult by the smallness of her vocabulary. Words whose objects appealed to her sense of touch, she learned rapidly and used with few mistakes; but where the help of her senses was wanting she learned slowly and with difficulty, and made much more frequent mistakes.

But imperfect definition is not a hopeless bar to the understanding of new words. It is possible to supply its defects, in part at least, by observation of the use of words in the discourse of others. Indeed, we learn the fine distinctions of language, and fit our tongues to the intricacies of idiom, by this kind of unconscious study, to an extent at first thought quite surprising. In no other way is it possible to account for the exactness and certainty with which subtle shades of meaning, which no dictionaries notice, are recognized by all educated people. Yet even this means of correcting her verbal aberrations was not possible to Laura in full measure. It is true that she was not wholly without opportunity for observation; she had prolonged manual conversations with her teachers and friends, and her own social disposition made her inclined to converse. Nevertheless, her opportunity was limited; she never could profit from the talk of third persons, for she could only perceive what was addressed to her directly; and besides, in spite of the rapidity with which she could receive and her special teachers could communicate, the rate for the average of all who talked with her must have been quite slow; so that even if she had spent as much time daily in the observation of language as other children do, she could not, other things being equal, have acquired their language experience.

Some help in this matter might have been expected from her books; but she had not many, and her reading, if we may judge by her success with the Scriptures, seems, even as late as 1847, when she was seven-

teen years old, to have been laborious, and her understanding of what she read somewhat uncertain.

The age at which she began to learn probably increased her difficulty; for it is reasonable to suppose that the time when children learn language in the natural course of things, is the time in which they learn it most easily. But Laura began to learn at an age when other children can express themselves freely. This made it less a matter of imitation with her and more one of conscious effort than it otherwise would have been.

The difficulties already mentioned seem to be the chief causes of Laura's errors of vocabulary, though others co-operated. She had something of the preference of the half-educated for long words in place of short, and Mrs. Lamson notes in addition a desire to use newly learned words in place of familiar ones, which sometimes resulted in the use of those not quite learned. But tendencies such as these are often outgrown; and the other, more radical difficulties also, except those directly dependent upon the state of her senses, from their nature disappear in a widened vocabulary and an enlarged language experience; so that there has been no necessary limit to her continuous improvement in many matters of language, except that which rests in her powers of observation and memory. It must therefore be borne in mind that part at least of the verbal errors even of her mature writing have no sure evidence of permanency.

Examples to illustrate these errors of vocabulary are not hard to find. Many were indicated by the bracketed corrections in the extracts from her autobiography in the first paper, and further instances will be given below. By far the larger number of them are cases of what might be called false synonyms; *i. e.*, Laura replaces the normal word by one of similar but not identical meaning, without apparently knowing that she has altered the meaning of her



phrase; as, for example, when she says, "she searched her couch," for "she sought her couch;" or, "I could scarcely feel with my hands in making the benumbed beds." Sometimes the grammatical setting of a word is such that the substitute not only does not fit, but the rejected synonym may be at once determined, as in the following case corrected in the autobiography, where she says of Mr. Tenny's teaching, "he was very incapable of instructing me geography," in which the double object points to the insertion of "instructing," for the more familiar "teaching." In other cases the exact word cannot be so easily determined, though something of the same kind has taken place. The following are a few of the many examples to be found in her journal; the bracketed dates give the approximate time of the entry: [Dec. 1843, or Jan. 1844] "god put [made] grass and all things good." "i held it [*i. e.* a baby] all the time and made [put] him to sleep and sang for it," "they make [put] it [*i. e.* hair] into lime and sand and water to make mortar." [March, 1845] "help find [hunt] for the poor boy." [Jan. 1848] "I exerted myself to articulate [communicate] with the people, but I was inarticulate or incomprehensible." [May, 1848] "religious [holy] angels." [June, 1848] "It might have deposited the dust and heat down [if it had rained]." But a few days later she writes: "The rain was very useful to lay the dust also to cool the hot earth." [July, 1848] "I could not utter [speak] to them or talk to them with my own fingers." In a paper which cannot be earlier than the fall of 1850, are found the following: "it rendered [caused] my long sighs to come so high from my poor lungs;" "She daily went out to reap most delicate oranges, bananas, etc." An example or two from her letters will show that the failing was not a temporary one. [Feb. 1870] "I should enjoy the observation from [of] the style of those strangers and to survey the arrangement of the gifts by your

help." [Aug. 1876] "How highly hilarious, if we could greet one another and have an interview with great pleasure and delight." Several times in the course of her journal she gives words with definitions of them as she had understood them from the explanations of her teachers; a few are here given as illustrating the difficulties under which she labored. [March, 1844] "goodness and badness is bad quality; sour bread is bad quality, sweet bread is good quality;" "upper and under are surface,"... "all things are 'surface.'" [Feb. 1845] "some colors are principally than any thing else, but some cotton cloth is all white" ... "Spanish people are brown; they are nearly principally." [Sept. 1845] "necessity is to want;" "relieve is to make better;" "circumstance is anything that is pleasant, we had a pleasant circumstance of going to see miss j. in dorchester;" "scanty is little," "we had a nice supper in our room on a scanty table, and we had a pleasant circumstance in the evening." These last examples, as will be noticed, are chosen from an early year of her journal, and must not be taken as showing her final understanding of the words defined.

Laura's syntactical errors are mostly errors of clause construction, but a few are of a simpler nature. She sometimes puts a verb in a wrong tense ("is" for "was" or "had had" for "have had"); she rarely confuses the potential auxiliaries, and a few times seems to have written the uninflected present of a verb for an inflected form (as "pluck" for "plucked"), possibly by an unconscious reversion to her use of verbs in that way before she had learned their inflection. There are however, no errors that are repeated frequently enough to warrant any conjecture as to their cause, beyond that of carelessness. A little more marked is her use of certain verbs. "Suspend," for example, commonly transitive, is used both transitively and intransitively, and "recline,"

commonly intransitive, is made transitive and reflexive, "reclining her weary body," "reclined herself."

Her use of the superlative degree of comparison is interesting. Usage allows the superlative form of adjectives made with "most" to stand regularly for the intensive form made with "very," but much less frequently allows the form in "est," though examples are found. In most cases the use of the latter strikes the ear as strange and the mind as illogical. Laura, however, uses the "est" form and the other with almost equal freedom; for example, "like a sharpest needle," "to breathe the purest fresh air," "Mr. Tenny was very patient with a slightest or greatest trifle." It is to be noticed here, and it may be laid down as a general principle for nearly all of Laura's syntactical peculiarities, that she simply extends legitimate idiom.

Laura's sentences are almost without exception short and simple, and errors of arrangement are not frequent. The only mistake of the kind that merits notice is that of separating the relative and its antecedents; as, "She is going to reside in Concord during the summer, whom I shall miss very much." This she does not a few times in her later journal entries, and there are examples even in her autobiography.

In the matter of clause constructions, as in that of verbal forms, much allowance is to be made for Laura's having written without revision. For this reason certain scattering cases of error in the formation of conditional sentences will be passed over. But some of her temporal clauses are a little better authenticated and offer interesting parallels to idioms foreign to English, but native to kindred tongues. The following examples suggest French and German constructions: [Nov., 1849] "I am . . . strong and well for a fortnight." [June, 1861] "I am visiting a friend, a Mrs. Glass, a month since." [March, 1873] "It is much milder weather for six days

past." The extension of the intensive use of the superlative noticed above has parallels in classical usage. Laura's hitting upon the idioms of a foreign language of course proves nothing. But in view of the statement that the same thing is common in the early language of children, it suggests the question whether the peculiar constructions of any language are not the result of causes accidental rather than inherent in the so-called genius of the language, as for example, the popular imitation of the personal idioms of a dominant writer, class, and so forth, (such as Luther, or the influential court circles); so that a child in learning the language would not follow any inner necessity in the choice of its idioms, but after some experimenting of its own would yield to the current usage of those about it.

Another syntactical peculiarity of Laura's is her use of the infinitive. Her usage follows the general principle before laid down; that is, it is merely an extension of what in a more restricted way is common and established idiom.

The following may stand as typical examples: [1845] "tremont street and park street and beacon street are filled with people to look out of the windows." [1854] "sometimes he picked up a tiny switch . . . and managed it in my little hand to stoop low . . . and hold the stick in the water . . ." These seem to be related to the common infinitive of purpose e. g. "A. came to dine." [Quite early] "and when he [i. e., a dog] is very tired he breathes very fast to run and jump and hop much." [Probably still earlier] "swift was very sick to get cold." These seem to be extensions of such phrases as the following: "The farmer was a fool to plant corn." [1848] "She was too obstinate and heedless to use her poor, sore, weak lungs, who was unwilling to follow her uncle, the physician's, best advice." [1849] "for the purpose to-morrow to examine the school."



[1850] "So powerful to leap a great distance." The first of these becomes normal on the dropping of "too" or by changing it to "very;" the second, by putting "on" in place of "for the;" the third is archaic usage as it stands and seems perfectly natural when "able" is substituted for "so powerful." The expression "dream to hear" or "dream to see" for "dream that you [or he or I] hear or see" is said to be established in Laura's daily speech. Similar expressions are found in the colloquial phrase "She said to come," and the like.<sup>1</sup>

Laura had considerable difficulty with what the Latin grammars call indirect discourse, at that time, at least, when she was required to write out from memory the stories that had been read to her. In 1843 she wrote the sentence given below. The parallel is what seems to have been its direct form.

"Mrs. Taboul said you must not put her bonnet and shawl and books in the chairs. She hopes you will try to be gentle a week. She said she will try to be good."

Mrs. Taboul said to her daughter: "You must not put your bonnet and shawl and books in the chairs. I hope you will try and be gentle a week." She replied: "I will try to be good."

The difficulty probably was that she had had scarcely a chance to compare the direct and indirect forms of any remark; that is,

<sup>1</sup>The following sentences from the note book of a teacher of deaf mutes show many errors remarkably like those of Laura.

- "I must to go in the house."
- "The mother lets the child to play in the yard."
- "The man told the boy that he stayed in the wagon. [told him to.]"
- "I asked a boy that I wanted his help."
- "The girls changes [puts on] an apron."
- "The girls asked their mother to play each other."
- "The bird is tired to fly."
- "John refuses to me to take his top."
- "The grass is little tall."
- "I am afraid to the snake."
- "Once day a cat watched a bird to come."
- "The water out of which a fish is taken, will die."
- "I got a letter because I was glad."
- "The child loves and obeys to her mother every days."
- He also quotes as deaf-muteisms, the following:
  - "The statute of woman is a beautiful art."
  - "The people often shudder to see, with much interest, the works of Nature."
  - "A teacher must exercise kindness to the pupils."
  - "We must work, or poverty will be our residence [we shall live in poverty.]"
  - "It was a great bore to me in being a farmer."

Douglas Tilden in OVERLAND, May, 1885.

she had had too narrow an experience in language. In 1871 she made the following indirect quotation without difficulty, though to be sure the case is slightly simpler than the one just noticed. "I had 1 long pricked letter from dear george. He said in it that he is in hope for me to be spared to him for many years, if [it] is the will of our Heavenly [Father]."

More space may seem to have been devoted to these errors than their importance warrants, since many of them could be duplicated from the written exercises of any district school. But it is perhaps for that very reason that the space given them has not been wasted; for the resemblance shows how nearly Laura's case was like that of a normal child; and the differences which do exist show how little her mind, considered by itself apart from her conceptions, was affected by her condition.

One more peculiarity of Laura's writings remains to be spoken of in this connection, namely, her strange style. Its strangeness is in part due to the youthfulness of her thought, which will be considered presently, and to her small use of even ordinary figures of speech, but in a much greater degree it is the result of overloading simple sentences with ponderous and unaccustomed words. Her style has been described as Latinistic and such a term represents in some degree the effect of some passages; but there is little Latinity in the structure of her sentences and she does not choose Latin words as such. Her preference, as noted above, was for words newly learned and for long words. This would lead in the main to the choice of words of classical origin, though, on the other hand, an unusual Saxon word would displace a commoner one of classical derivation.<sup>1</sup> Except, therefore, what may be implied by the immaturity of its thought, her style shows nothing of defect beyond insufficient familiarity with the language.

Turning now from the form to the mean-

ing of Laura's language, it will be interesting to see first, in what degree she had correct conception of the senses of which she was deprived. But too much in the way of evidence must not be expected from this source. People are common enough who glibly use the language of subjects of which they are ignorant. For a case directly in point, the frequency of color-blindness was unguessed till more searching tests than those of language were applied.

That she had some general notion, however, of the powers of sight will appear from the following quotations: [1849] "I think that he would admire to contemplate the country." [1869] "How do you like yourself in the West? do you like the view of the place?" [1850] "My friends would be struck with astonishment by noticing my approach a great way off." This from the journal of her teacher adds further evidence. "May 27 [1842]. Laura has been told often that she must not displace things in the parlor, and yet the figure of a monk and a little dog belonging to her are always found turned round facing the wall. To-day I asked an explanation and the reply was 'To have them see the pictures on the wall.'" The following is her version of an account of the prospect from the top of Bunker Hill Monument; it would seem to indicate a little confusion as to the *modus operandi* of sight: [1845] "marco was very much pleased with a brightness of variety of view. it seemed to go down by houses and churches and fields

<sup>1</sup> It has been suggested that Laura's preference for long words may have had a root in the importance of touch in the circle of her senses, bringing about that words should seem strong or weak according to the space they occupy. Or, again, that she used long words for the reason that children, according to some systems of teaching writing, are taught to make the letters large so that the points of difference, though relatively unchanged, may be actually made more apparent.

While I am not prepared to say that the space character of words had no influence in guiding her choice, yet the causes mentioned in the text seem to me by far the more important. It must be remembered that but a small part of all Laura's use of language was in writing, the larger part being manual conversation, in which words would have no space relation at all.

The second suggestion also seems insufficient; for long words offer more points of resemblance as well as of difference among themselves, so that the scale may sometimes be turned in favor of short ones; for example, "precious" and "previous" (which Laura at least once confuses) differ in a single letter, while "dear" and "before" have but "e" and "r" in common.

and streets and orchards and charlestown and cities and bays and harbours. he could see very far off. they looked very small.' Of many of the facts of sight she was of course ignorant. She thought the zinc sheets in some of the veranda windows of the Institute were transparent like the glass above them, and that because her teacher could see the windows in the houses in Boston that she could also look through them and see what was going on inside.

The words of sight which Laura uses show still further the limitations of her notion of that sense. Such verbs as "see," "look," "gaze," "glance," "survey," are used, sometimes of herself, sometimes of others, which might imply that she conceived her method of perception to be not unlike that of seeing people. She uses such adjectives as "bright," "brilliant," "glorious," "splendid," but under circumstances which suggest that the first two were terms which she had learned from others as applying to the heavenly bodies and the like, and that she attached no meaning to the last two except a metaphorical one, in which they might characterize the weather or a fancy basket. It is suggestive that she uses few or none of the picturesque sight-words like "flash," "glitter," and "dazzle."

What were her conceptions of color, or if she had any, it is almost impossible to tell from any indications in her writings. She uses the words of color, to be sure, and in more than a hundred cases collected, in which she speaks of over twenty shades, she only makes one decided and certain error. That time she speaks of the "blue and pink roses." It is, however, a single case, and may very well be a mere slip in composition. On the other hand, it is certain that she uses words of color only where she might easily have heard them applied by others; so that her use of color language proves nothing either way.

The following strange expression occurs in her account of a call she once made: "a



very estimable lady sat so closely to us. . . . It produced an impression on my eye, it puzzled me that it was natural for this lady to be very lovely, placid in her personal appearance and manner."

The testimony of her writings is in a degree conflicting, but this much at least seems clear: she knew that sight was a sense which perceived objects at a distance and that the eyes must be turned in the direction of the objects to see them. She possibly thought sight was something like touch, and when seeing is reduced to the distinguishing of light and darkness, it certainly has great likeness to the temperature section of that sense. When her friends did not seem to notice some new part of her clothing, she placed their hands upon it, as was her custom in showing things to the blind. But to her mind this resemblance did not extend to a restriction of the range of vision. She seems to have had enough conception of light to understand the reason for day and night when the thing was illustrated by a ball hung before the fire. In short, and this is about all her writings show in the matter, though her conception of the sense was vague in its detail, she was not blind-minded.

For a conjecture as to her notion of the sense of hearing, there are even fewer data than for that of sight. In the stories which she wrote out from memory, she often had occasion to tell how one and another heard, and she uses the words correctly. But in the matter of her own composing, she speaks of hearing less freely than of seeing. She knew it, however, as a sense that her teachers and others possessed. She refers to their going to hear music; she knew that she must move silently, if she wished not to waken sleepers; she knew that others could be summoned by calling. Once being told of the great distance at which the roar of Niagara could be heard, she asked if it could be heard where she then was. But altogether there seems to be

nothing to show that she had any idea of sound as sound, or of hearing as a sense. It is worth noticing in passing that though the contribution that Laura's writings make to our knowledge of her ideas of the senses of sight and hearing is so small, nevertheless what evidence there is concurs with what might have been argued *a priori* from the fact that her sight did not altogether fail till fully four years after she ceased to hear.

The office of the sense of hearing was in part performed by her extremely delicate perception of vibrations. To use her own expression, she heard with her feet. In 1850 she writes: "I placed a little chair before me. I put the musical box on it so I could feel it play with my feet [on the rounds of the chair]." She had a watch of some sort, of which she says: [1848] "As [when or although] I was extreme sound asleep the watch aroused me from slumber. It makes much louder noise than usual, for it was thoroughly repaired accurately [just?] last week." But a few days earlier she says: "I felt the watch ring at 4 o'clock." Her feeling for such vibration was so acute that sitting once in a room where two persons were conversing she got knowledge of the fact from the vibrations caused by their voices, and at another time she noticed the resemblance of the heavy voice of a lady friend to that of a man.

The correlative of hearing is speech. In the ordinary sense of the word Laura had no vocal language, but she had in fact a large number of sounds by which she designated persons of her acquaintance. They had to her mind a certain fitness in each case and served in a degree for proper names with appropriate adjectives. She had besides certain emotional sounds of the nature of interjections. All of these she unfailingly distinguished, but not as sounds; they stood to her as muscular adjustments and accompanying vibrations. She writes of laughing or crying *loud*, which only means with explosive breathing and forceful vibration in

the throat. That she had any true idea of the letters as signs of sound seems improbable, at least, when the following journal entry was made. "I talked with my mouth *mother* and *father* and baby and abby." What she really pronounced was "ma" and "pa" or "mamma" and "papa."

The language of the other senses, taste, smell, touch, besides that of the internal sensations (heart-ache and the like), is used by Laura, but need not detain us further than to mention that touch, especially the temperature sense, fills a large place in it.

Another interesting question is whether or not Laura brought through her early sickness any recollection of the time before it. If by recollection is meant conscious and definite reproduction, it is quite certain that she recollected nothing; few normal people remember anything that happened before they were twenty-eight months old. Her earliest real recollection, according to Dr. Howe, was that of lying in her mother's arms and taking medicine, probably during her convalescence. Another more indefinite and unconscious kind of memory—one perhaps more likely to survive the shock of sickness, but less easy to demonstrate—is found in a ready understanding of certain optical ideas, like perspective, in the preservation of certain gestures, and in otherwise unaccountable preferences and the like. No one of course can say certainly that her comprehension of the matters of sight was not the result of experience later than her sickness, till it can be known exactly how well her sight was preserved while it remained. If it was at no time better than it was a few months before she went to Boston, she could have learned little from it. She can, however, understand that it is impossible to see the opposite sides of a house at the same time, a thing that often puzzles those born blind. A case of the second, preserved gesture, is found in the nod or shake of the head which Laura used like others in affirming or denying. This is

something which children learn when very young, and she probably had picked it up by imitation before she was two years old. A case of the third, unaccountable preference, seems to me to be found in her liking after her sickness for the little hymn-book, which had been her plaything before, and the word for which she had learned to pronounce.

The general features of Laura's mind have been sufficiently brought out by what has gone before, but it will be interesting perhaps, to follow particular powers further. Imagination, for example, was exhibited in a certain degree by some of Laura's plays, both before and after she went to the Institute. Her journals when she was about eighteen or twenty years old show a considerable development of this faculty in a more conscious form. She amused herself at times by the thought of flying; once she works out in some detail a plan for giving gas to her brother and treating his disabled eyes, and concludes by saying: "I enjoyed building such an incredible castle in the air very much."

Related to the power of imagination is that of understanding and using figurative language. But she had herself difficulty sometimes in knowing what was meant by it. In 1849 she writes of a friend: "I fear that it would consume my body and my spirits, if she delays too long writing to me. She could feed my poor heart and mind;" and then adds in explanation: "I love to write such figurative sentences to make my friend puzzle out."

Though not understanding a joke readily, Laura nevertheless, has a sense of the ludi-

<sup>1</sup>Dr. Francis Lieber in a paper on the Vocal Sounds of Laura Bridgman, Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge, Vol. II. Art. 2, takes exactly the opposite ground. He says: "Laura constantly accompanies her *yes* with the affirmative nod, and her *no* with our negative shake of the head. Both are with her in the strictest sense primitive symphenomena of the ideas of affirmation and negation, and not symphenomena which have gradually become such by unconscious imitation, as frequently may be the case with us." Both caution and modesty would forbid a difference of opinion with a scholar of such eminence, but the explanation which I have given seems to me the more natural and probable. Why should she not nod *up* like a Greek?



crous. She laughed at the identity of name between her teacher (Miss Swift) and the swift which her mother used in winding yarn. When she had mastered the use of a word, it amused her to find others misusing it. Once she conducted a mock wedding ceremony, marrying a couple of her lady teachers. She says of one of them: "R— was a very haughty and wrong husband to desert her best wife," and jokingly proposed tying them together. At another time she says of a thievish rat: "I must ask W— to please teach him about right and wrong and [being] honest in the night."

In a certain way she was even introspective. When quite little she used to say, "think is tired," when weary of study. Later she observed her mind more consciously. In 1849 she writes: "I had very numerous very pleasant and comical thoughts in my mind." About the same time also: "It made a very strong and hollow impression upon my external mind, as well as [like?] a cup, because I did many very arduous sums with so perfect accuracy and great zeal." "It sounded [seemed] as if an angel had been so near to my mind that it could help me think of arithmetic very attentively."

Two general peculiarities of her mind ought to be noticed: the youthfulness of her thought, mentioned in connection with what was said of her style; and her matter of fact way of receiving what she was told. Her thought gives an impression of youthfulness partly because it is so much occupied with particulars as opposed to generalizations. A certain amount of this is not unnatural in journals, autobiographies, and personal letters, and alone would be of no great weight; but there is besides a lack, even in the latest

productions that have come to my hands, of thought upon those subjects, except religion, that exercise mature minds. The age at which she came to the conscious power of imagination and introspection argues that her development was somewhat retarded, and the youthfulness of her style would add that she never reached full mental ripeness. How much of this was due directly to her state, and how much to the asylum life and her ignorance of the common emotional and other experiences of life which that necessitated, is hard to determine.

Her matter of fact attitude shows again a certain childlikeness of mind. She found figurative language difficult, as was mentioned above, because her tendency was to take it as literally true. A like incapacity was found in the celebrated Caspar Hauser, and is said to be somewhat characteristic of the blind, which would point to its cause in Laura's case.

To gather all the evidence of Laura's writings as to her mental constitution into a single sentence, it may be said that she was eccentric, not defective; she lacked certain data of thought, but not in a very marked way the power to use what data she had.

The history of Laura Bridgman abounds in pedagogical as well as psychological suggestiveness. Though her case may have been unproductive to philosophy, her present state remains an inspiration to teachers and a masterpiece of education. An education, be it observed, the staple of which was language, not taught as grammar by inflections and syntax, nor yet as philology, but by a method near to that of nature, as the means of receiving and communicating thought.

*E. C. Sanford.*

## MARGOT'S APPLE SPRIG.

In certain provinces of France the young girls have an innocent and pretty custom amongst themselves. Christmas eve, on returning from midnight mass, each maiden plucks a sprig of apple tree, which she places in a vial of water and hangs in her chamber window. If by Easter the sprig bears a blossom, it foretells the happy maiden's speedy marriage.

Christmas eve, some fifty years ago, the inhabitants of one of these simple provinces were returning from midnight mass. The elderly matrons, as they passed out of the church, cast disapproving glances at a party of merry youths and maidens—the servants of a neighboring château—who, as they tripped along the frosted road, sang rousing choruses and filled the air with peals of ringing laughter. What cared they for the sharp night air and the snow-covered hedges? The heavens were bright with twinkling stars, and their light feet danced over the crisp snow.

There was Marie, the cook, and Pierre, the coachman, as jolly a couple as ever you saw; behind them came a train of pretty maids with their sweet-hearts—bold, handsome lads; bright, laughing lasses. Of all the gay company, one alone was without a companion. It was little Margot, the poorest and humblest of them all—so poor that she had not a pair of silver earrings to bring her husband as a wedding dowry; so humble, that she walked far behind the others, like an outcast.

If the starlight had been brighter, you would have seen how fair a face was hidden beneath the hood that covered Margot's drooping head; you would have seen, too, tears falling from the heavy downcast eyes. Three months ago, on Margot's sixteenth birthday, the good curé had taken her from

the asylum, where all her life had been spent until then, and had brought her to the château on the hillside. Margot's sweet face and gentle manners so pleased the great lady of the castle that she decided to take the orphan child under her protection. She exchanged Margot's heavy sabots for dainty high-heeled slippers, and placed on her beautiful head a cap of fine muslin and lace; she then gave her gentle work to do—such as befitted a child of her tender years—and Margot became henceforth an inmate of the château.

But the humble child was very lonely in her new home; she often sighed for the simple friends of her convent days; though she was fair in her fresh young beauty as a spring morning, no one had ever told her so. When the jealous maid-servants refused to talk to her, or cast scornful glances at her from over their shoulder, she bowed her head and asked the good God to make her more worthy of the love and respect of her companions. Margot's heart ached for a little human love. To be sure, Baptiste, the butler, had always a word for her pretty face, and Jean, the footman, heaved eloquent sighs whenever she passed; but Margot's heart craved better love than that. She gave no answering smile to the sighs and glances of her would-be admirers, until, smarting under the neglect, they deserted her for lasses with more responsive hearts.

All during the holy mass Margot's thoughts had drifted to her lonely self, to dwell upon a secret buried deep down in her innocent heart. It was the same sad thoughts that filled her eyes with tears and heaved her bosom with tremulous sighs, as she walked slowly behind the others this peaceful Christmas eve.

They were now close by the orchard of



Père Dubois; each laughing maiden as she passed plucked a sprig of the old apple tree, whose brown leafless branches hung far out over the roadside. Margot's heart gave a sudden throb when she too stood in the shadow of the great tree. Though she was so poor and humble, she was a woman after all; why should not she have an apple sprig too? She was far behind the others; no one would ever know.

Alas! alas! barely had Margot's trembling fingers snapped off the brittle twig, when the sharp ears of Angèle, my lady's black-eyed maid, caught the tell-tale sound, and she whispered to her companion, the grave, handsome Jacques, that the little beggar, Margot, had actually plucked a sprig of the apple tree. The idea of Margot daring to dream of a husband! The news was too good to keep; Angèle soon told it to the others, and by the time they reached the château, everybody was laughing over Margot's unfortunate act.

The innocent child, thinking her secret safely hidden under the long cloak, passed by unheeded the scornful smiles that greeted her. The unkind words she heard served but to hasten her steps towards the only refuge she possessed—her little bed-chamber, perched high up as a bird's nest under the roof of the old stone tower. There, safe from prying eyes and sharp tongues, Margot brought forth her treasure; only a little brown apple sprig, as barren of leaves and blossoms as Margot's own loveless life.

Margot felt like one committing a crime, as she put the branch in water and hung it in the lattice window, where the sun would kiss it all day long, and the fair moon would bathe it in her silvery light. What right had such as she to dream of lovers or husbands?"

When Margot had finished her preparations for bed, she knelt down before a statue of the Holy Mother to repeat her evening prayers. But it was hard to pray that night. A grave face, with tender blue

eyes, *would* thrust itself between Margot and her prayers. But being a pious child, she begged heaven's forgiveness for such awful distractions, and, creeping into bed, she fell asleep with her blessed beads clasped close to her breast.

When Margot awoke next morning, the first thing her eyes fell upon was the apple sprig swinging in the sunny window. But she had no time to lie dreaming; there was work for her to do. Her charge was to fill the urns and vases of the great drawing-rooms with fresh flowers from the hothouses.

Margot must have dearly loved her work, for when she stood ready, basket in hand, at the door of the conservatory, her face was smiling and her beautiful eyes were soft with a tender light.

Ah! foolish little Margot; maidens' cheeks don't blush for flowers and their eyes don't glow at the sight of green leaves. Jacques—the grave, handsome Jacques—was guardian of all the wealth of plants and flowers, for which the château was famous. Jacques was far too grand for a simple child like Margot; he was tall, broad-shouldered, and strong; his eyes were blue as forget-me-nots, and the hair that covered his sun-burned cheeks was of the rich red-brown one sees in autumn leaves. Margot's eyes were deep as the purple pansies Jacques nursed with such tender care, and her hair was bright as their golden centers; she was lithe as a willow-wand and her pretty head reached no higher than Jacques's brave heart—that heart, alas! too far above Margot's own to hear its passionate beating.

Margot hid behind the broad leaves of a tropical plant, where she could watch unseen the form her soul loved. Jacques stood on a high ladder, cutting bunches of purple grapes from the over-laden vines; his dark blue flannel cap was pushed back from his forehead, about which the crisp hair clung in tiny moist waves. Could any maiden ask for a nobler sight?

But, ah me! gazing at Jacques's handsome

face did not fill Margot's basket; with a sigh she remembered her errand, and striving to force back the treacherous blushes, she came forth from her hiding place and stood at the foot of the ladder upon which Jacques was at work.

Jacques had little time for bright eyes and soft cheeks; there was more serious work for a wise gardener to do. But when he saw the sweet face beneath him and looked into the depths of the beautiful eyes upturned to his, he thought of the picture of the Virgin Mary in the painted window at church, and recalled with a mixture of angry wonder, the jests flung at this fair child by her companions of the night before. What need had she, with her gentle face, of silver earrings or gold beads to win a husband? It was well for the bold Angèle to talk of such things, thought the indignant young gardener, as he went about filling Margot's basket with roses and heliotrope from his fragrant store.

When the basket was heaped to overflowing, Jacques turned and broke off a cluster of half-open roses. "Give them to the Holy Mother for me," he said simply, laying them on top of the others in the basket.

Margot was too overpowered to speak, but Jacques must have been hard to please indeed, if her happy, blushing face were not thanks enough. How could Margot speak when she could scarcely breathe for joy? It was so wonderful that Jacques should think of her. *Was* he not thinking of her, though he did say the flowers were for the Holy Mother? Margot, as soon as she was out of the hot-house, hid the precious flowers in her bosom, and when her work was done, she laid them warm and moist from her heart, upon the altar, as Jacques had bid her do. And Jacques—the wise Jacques—mixed up pansies and soft eyes, and roses and bright cheeks in a dreadful way all that day. Would it be such a wonder if the apple-sprig should blossom after all?

From that day forth, the little white

statue in Margot's room was never without an offering of fresh flowers; each morning, when Jacques had filled Margot's basket, he gave her a cluster of sweet roses, for which she had learned to thank him—in the name of the Holy Mother—with a smile and a glance from her deep-fringed eyes.

One morning—it was two months now since Margot plucked the apple-sprig—Jacques gathered a deep red rose and placing it with a tiny spray of forget-me-not, he looked tenderly into Margot's wondering eyes and said:

"Wilt thou not take these flowers for thyself, Margot?"

And Margot—happy, trembling, bewildered Margot—what could she do but clasp Jacques's offering to her heart and answer his questioning eyes with the sweet secret in her own.

Like one dazzled from a wondrous dream, she picked up her basket and left the hot-house to climb up the broad marble steps that led to the château. The warm blushes had not yet faded from her cheeks; the love-light from Jacques' eyes still beamed in her own, as the sunlight beams in the bosom of a gentle lake.

"*Bon jour*, my pretty Margot," cried a sharp voice from the terrace above. "What dost thou hide so slyly in thy bosom?"

Margot started to see looking down upon her the vicious black eyes of Angèle, the maid—Angèle, who made no secret of her love for the handsome gardener. She was too simple a child to speak falsely. "It is but a red rose Jacques has given me to lay on the altar of our Holy Mother," she answered, and passed quickly on.

"The little serpent," hissed Angèle between her sharp white teeth. "With all her blushing face and downcast eyes, she knows how to make the silent Jacques give her choice roses. For the Holy Mother! Bah! One does not love roses for the sake of the Holy Mother. Ha ha—my lady Margot, somebody's heart shall ache to-day."



Jacques stood where Margot had left him, with his grave head full of foolish dreams. Each leaf and flower as it stirred in the soft air, seemed to whisper to him, "Margot loves thee; Margot loves thee."

"Good-day to you, Monsieur Jacques," called a soft voice, while a dark face peeped roguishly from between a mass of starry jasmine.

"*Bon jour*, Mademoiselle Angèle," Jacques answered, hastening to busy himself amongst the flowers. He was too civil not to return a lady's greeting, but he loved none too well the forward lady's maid, who sought his company when his heart craved sweeter society, and forced soft words from his unwilling lips.

"You never have roses to give me, Jacques," Angèle said, with the air of a spoiled child, coming beside him to throw a melting glance into his face.

"I am not master here, mademoiselle," Jacques answered coldly, turning away from the bold eyes.

Only a bed of innocent pansies saw the look of jealous rage that flashed over Angèle's dark face. When she spoke again, it was with laughing lips.

"Well, well, Monsieur Jacques," she said gaily, "though you may not give me flowers, you cannot refuse when my lady, the Countess, asks for a red rose to place in her hair. She has sent me to gather the richest and rarest that grows."

Jacques immediately laid down his pruning knife and hastened to where a group of roses lifted their lovely heads. They were blossoms coaxed to bloom in a foreign land, for none other than the great lady of the castle. Jacques, with tender care, gathered a glorious flower, with petals like crimson velvet and leaves of a wondrous green. Angèle laughed merrily, when he pierced his finger with a sharp thorn hidden beneath the treacherous leaves. She was thinking of a heart that would bleed deeper than Jacques's wounded finger.

Margot, with her flower safely hidden beneath her gray bodice, smiled and dreamed to herself all through the happy day. What cared she now for cruel words or sneering glances! so long as Jacques loved her, her heart was satisfied.

It was customary when work for the day was over, for the servants of the château to gather around a blazing fire in the great hall and pass the evening in lively converse. Margot, always deserted, sat in a distant corner, knitting gray stockings and happy thoughts together; when she looked up from her work, it was to meet a pair of tender blue eyes looking into her own and to know that somebody's heart was beating in unison with hers. This night, Margot, tremulous with her new-born joy, took the flowers from her bosom and fastened them in the belt of her dress. Though the blossoms were faded and scentless, Jacques would not care, for he would understand their message.

Filled with these sweet thoughts, Margot crept to her little corner and timidly lifted her eyes to see—ah me! the withered flowers; ah me! the bleeding heart—Angèle smiling by Jacques's side with a red rose in her hair.

The blood rushed from Margot's heart to her face, as blood rushes from a sudden wound. The thorns of the red rose pierced sharp and deep.

"See the rose in Angèle's hair," whispered a heartless companion in Margot's ear; "only Jacques can give such splendid flowers."

"Somebody's apple-sprig will blossom this year," said another, with a knowing glance.

Bowed under the awful shame, crushed by the cruel sorrow, Margot stole from the room. Up the long stairs she crept to her desolate chamber. There, throwing herself upon her knees, she begged the good God to let her die; for her life had become as withered as the flowers that drooped in her belt. The apple-sprig in the window pierced

Margot's heart anew with its sharp branches. No apple-sprig would ever bloom for Margot now. Angèle was the chosen one. Had not Jacques proved it by giving her the rarest of flowers that grew?

Who was to blame if Margot had taken the flowers Jacques had given her in simple kind-heartedness for the Holy Mother, and had woven them into a love-wreath for herself? Who was to blame but Margot's own weak, vain heart? Too well she knew it. Alas! she was suffering now for her folly; she would always suffer for it, though she might learn to hide the wound and bear the pain in silence. Henceforth, she would devote herself to the duties of her station, and would dream no more of earthly things. If Jacques still gave her flowers she would take them, because she had no right to refuse offerings to the Holy Mother; but she would wear them no more in her bosom; their perfume would never again be incense to a human heart. But the apple sprig should remain forever in the window to remind her of her folly.

Poor little Margot! her dream of love was short as sweet. Each day a red rose shone in Angèle's hair; each day Margot's face grew whiter and sadder, and her eyes were dim with tears. Angèle saw them, and her wicked soul danced for joy; Jacques saw them too, but Margot had no word or look for the young gardener now; and in the depth of his sorrowful heart, he said; "The gentle Margot cares naught for such a rough creature as I; the flowers I give her serve but to adorn the Holy Mother's altar; they speak no message to my little Margot's heart."

So the honest Jacques strove hard to hide his love; he gave Margot no more passionate roses or tender forget-me-nots, only simple flowers, such as saints and angels love.

Foolish Jacques! you can see the tiniest leaf of a budding flower; why can you not see the red rose in Angèle's black hair?

The weeks came and passed; the apple-trees in the orchard were covered with leaves, the apple-trees in the hot-house were white with blossoms. Only the sprig in Margot's window hung barren as ever.

When Easter Sunday came with glad rejoicing, Margot arose with the early sun to deck the great urns and vases of the chateau, in readiness for the happy day. On her sorrowful way to the hot-house, whom should she meet coming towards her but Angèle, with a huge bunch of purple lilacs in her hand.

"Look!" she cried, waving the flowers triumphantly before Margot's eyes. "See, what Jacques has given me; he has promised too that he will sit beside me at the feast to-night."

O, the cruel, false heart! Hidden amongst the lilacs was a spray of apple-blossoms—a gift coaxed from the unwilling gardener for some treacherous purpose of the wily maid.

Angèle passed on, leaving behind her a delicate fragrance of spring and an innocent heart, crushed by the weight of those purple flowers. Margot struggled to hide her grief from Jacques's inquiring eyes, but the quivering lips, the fast-rising tears, betrayed her.

"Margot, Margot," Jacques cried tenderly as he seized her little trembling hands in his own; "thou hast some grief upon thy heart; let me help thee to bear it."

But Margot snatched her hands away, and fled to hide her shame and sorrow in her lonely chamber. She could bear no more. Her love for Jacques was too deep and honest for frivolous pastime. To-morrow she would go back to the asylum—to the kind sisters who had guarded her childhood; and she would become the simple-hearted little Margot of yore.

That night there was to be a grand feast in the servants' hall, but Margot had little heart for gaiety. What was mirth to others, was heavy grief to her. How could she bear to see the triumph of Angèle smiling



into Jacques' dear face? Long she knelt on her knees to the good God, begging for strength to bear her trial; and when the hour came, she arose, and putting on her light blue skirt with its bodice of white muslin and black velvet girdle, she descended to the servant's hall.

"Margot," screamed a chorus of voices, as she entered the room, "thy apple sprig; why hast thou not brought thy apple sprig, as the rest of us have done?"

Margot, bewildered at the sudden attack, stood speechless in the middle of the floor.

"Quick, Margot, thy apple blossoms," came from a score of lips.

"I have no apple blossoms," Margot answered timidly.

"*Menteuse*," screamed the shrill voice of Angèle from the door way, in which she suddenly appeared. "Thou speakest an untruth; I myself saw thee pluck an apple sprig last Christmas eve."

"I have spoken the truth; the sprig has not blossomed," Margot replied simply.

"What of that?" shrieked the heartless crowd. "Thou must fetch it all the same; art thou ashamed to confess there is to be no husband for thee this year?"

"Who knows, Margot," sneered the spiteful Angèle; "thou art so good and beautiful, who knows if the Holy Mother has not performed a miracle for thy sake? Go see if the sprig has not blossomed."

A deafening peal of laughter burst forth at these taunting words.

Thus pressed, Margot left the room on her pitiless errand.

How could there be apple blossoms on her sprig? Had she not seen it but a moment ago, hanging withered and brown in her lattice window? It was cruel of them all to force on her this new shame. Was it not disgrace enough to have her folly known, without exposing her confusion before that mocking crowd down stairs? Must she stand there and know Jacques's eyes were

upon her too? It was hard—very hard to bear.

Margot stood on the threshold of her little room; as she lifted her eyes to where the apple sprig hung in the window, a cry of wonder burst from her lips; the breath came quick and hard from her panting bosom. The humble brown twig, as it hung in the magic moonlight, looked as though covered with a wealth of fair blossoms. The more Margot gazed the more real they appeared to be, until it seemed to the unhappy child as though heaven itself had conspired to taunt her with a mocking vision. Awestruck by the thought, Margot crossed herself devoutly, and murmuring an Ave Maria under her breath, she advanced fearfully into the room.

Still under the influence of her superstitious fears, she raised her hand for the withered branch hanging above her head. Holy Mother! what lay in Margot's trembling fingers? Not a withered apple sprig; not a leafless twig; but a branch of apple blossoms, fair as the driven snow; fragrant as the breath of heaven.

Too bewildered for a moment to think, Margot could only stand in speechless contemplation—as dumbfounded as though a cluster of stars had dropped into her hand—then in a rush of sudden joy, the truth burst upon her.

"A miracle! A miracle!" she cried, flying down the steep steps and into the crowded servants' hall, "the apple sprig has blossomed!"

A yell of mocking laughter greeted Margot's words; from every side arose cries of "*O la stupide!*"—" *Un miracle!*"—" *O la folle Margot!*"

Above them all rose a sharper, shriller voice, "*Un miracle, mon Dieu!* Ask the brave Jacques to explain the miracle of the apple blossoms," it shrieked.

Like a flower in a hail-storm, Margot drooped beneath Angèle's cruel words. She

understood all now; Jacques had betrayed her; his was the hand that had struck this mortal blow. She would never lift her head again.

Dazed and speechless, she stood with the white blossoms crushed against her bosom; no words passed her quivering lips; no tears fell from the wide-open eyes. Little Margot's heart was broken.

Suddenly a voice, 'clear and deep as a church-bell, rang out above the confusion of shrill laughter and chattering tongues.

"Cowards!" it cried, and the tall form of Jacques, the gardener, rose in the midst of the startled crowd.

"Cowards!" he called, "how dare you torment this innocent child who, in her purity is amongst you like an angel amongst fiends; and you, *you*," he cried, scornfully, turning his flashing eyes upon the cowering Angèle, "go down on your knees before these people; show them your black, false heart; tell them how you deceived me as

well as that innocent child. Shame on your wicked soul; shame, shame upon you all."

With a movement of disgust, Jacques freed himself from the abashed people about him, and stood beside the trembling Margot.

"The apple sprig has spoken truly, Margot," he said tenderly. "If thou wilt have me for thy husband, it will not have bloomed in vain. What sayest thou, little one?"

With all her soul in her eyes, Margot looked up into Jacques's eager face. There was no doubting, no questioning now; all the love she saw there was her own. With a sob of joy, she laid her hands in Jacques's and with them, the sprig of apple-blossoms—the emblem of their tender love.

While the orchards were still white with blossoms, Jacques and Margot were married. Thus, speedily was verified the sweet promise of Margot's apple-sprig.

*Becca M. Samson.*

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## ST. ANDERS.

### A DANISH LEGEND.

Oh, Anders was a Danish priest,  
 A Danish priest was he,  
 Who served the little village church,  
 In good old Slagelse.

Nor did he worship God alone  
 With sacrament and prayer,  
 But of his scanty dole each day  
 He gave the greater share

To feed some child that else had felt  
 The pangs of hunger gnaw,  
 Some aged man or widowed wife;  
 He gave, but no one saw.



A man he was of lowly look,  
 Not learnéd in the school,  
 But yet who kept his simple life  
 Close to the golden rule.

Now once it chanced a prelate who  
 Dwelt near in mighty state,  
 Resolved that with his presence he  
 Would further consecrate

The rugged hills of Syria  
 And Judah's rocky plain;  
 And, to that end, prepared a ship  
 And brought a thronging train.

Right royally the prelate fared,  
 And numerous his band,  
 That sailed away from Slagelse  
 To view the holy land;

And as they left the Danish coast  
 That sunny summer morn,  
 Far streamed the purple pennon out,  
 And blithely blew the horn.

Then Anders, 'mid the brilliant throng,  
 A humble-hearted priest,  
 Sailed from his home, but had no share  
 In pageantry or feast.

His the long vigil in the night,  
 The penance and the fast,  
 His only wish to kneel before  
 A Saviour's tomb at last.

And when through many an alien sea,  
 By many a foreign shore,  
 Where monsters show their uncouth shapes,  
 And ceaseless surges roar,

They came to where the Savior walked  
 The trodden ways of men—  
 To dusty paths whereon the feet  
 Of God's own Son had been,

To hoary olive groves whose shade  
 Had screened that holy head,  
 To where, within the caverned rock,  
 The Christ lay pierced and dead—

The prelate and his shining train,  
With show and pompous state,  
Of course, since 'twas for this they came,  
High mass did celebrate.

On golden censers incense burned,  
Clear rose the hymn of praise,  
And graceful priests in splendid robes  
Adored in varied ways.

And when 'twas done, why, then they sought  
The ship that waited near,  
And slowly, slowly in the west  
The white sails disappear.

Now Anders, distant from the crowd,  
Where Christ had lain in death,  
Prone on the rocky pavement poured  
His supplicating breath.

He heard not, saw not, only knew  
That there dead Jesus lay;  
He cared not for the tawdry show;  
Alone he wished to pray.

They did not miss him when at last  
The spectacle was o'er;  
They did not miss him when again  
They sought the sandy shore.

He was not of them; none recalled  
The plain old parish priest,  
He had with them no part nor share  
In pageantry or feast.

So slowly, slowly down the west,  
The sails grew less and less,  
And all that desert shore was left  
In peaceful loneliness.

The idle waves broke on the shoals,  
And died upon the strand;  
The hot, fierce sun it left no shade  
In all that weary land.

And far, far up against the sky  
Three circling vulturès flew,  
There was no single cloud afloat  
In all the vault of blue.



Now Anders, when as from a trance,  
He woke and looked around,  
Saw no companions standing near,  
And listening heard no sound.

He sought his friends in every place,  
He sought them anxiously;  
And when he found them nowhere near  
He journeyed to the sea.

He reached the strand, and far away  
He saw the stately ship;  
The careless sailors could not hear  
The cry that passed his lip.

With straining eyes he watched the sails  
Far in the west grow less;  
And then upon that arid shore  
He wept in bitterness.

With hopeless wish and sickening hope,  
He paced the shingly beach;  
With anxious eye he scanned again  
The far horizon's reach.

He thought he saw approaching sails—  
'Twas but a sea gull's wing;  
He thought he heard a Danish word—  
The waves were whispering.

But, as he paced the naked sands,  
Desponding in his soul,  
There came a mild-eyed man who rode  
Upoh an ass's foal.

The mild-eyed man he spake him fair,  
He bade him mount and ride;  
And humble Anders mounted up  
Full thankfully beside.

And then he looked into the eyes  
Of that good man so mild,  
Till sleep stole o'er him, sweet as when  
His mother held her child.

Oh, calm and soft his slumbers were;  
'Twas morning when he woke,—  
And o'er the Danish woodlands fair  
The early dawning broke.

And just below him in the vale  
 His native hamlet slept,  
 And up the slope whereon he lay  
 The mists of morning crept.

There in its plot of holy ground  
 His little church uprears,  
 And from its spire the matin bell  
 Salutes his wondering ears.

A year and day went slowly by  
 Before across the sea  
 His storm-tossed comrades came again  
 To good old Slagelse.

And now where on the sleeping hill  
 The humble Anders lay,  
 A shrine it marks Saint Ander's Rest,  
 And kneeling pilgrims pray.

*Charles Noble Gregory.*

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## IN THE SLEEPY HOLLOW COUNTRY.

### V.

Coldly the wind swept down from the pine-covered sides of the great San Emigdio and howled in sweeping surges across the open of La Carpa. Only the faint gray of the dawn in high altitudes rested upon the loftiest of the distant mountain peaks, and a curtain of darkness still drooped low over the camp on the *potrero*.

Jim Newman raised his figure, swathed to the ears in blankets, and leaning over, shook the shoulder of the man lying next him.

"Git up, John. It's time we was on the hills. This is our last day."

John Shelton threw his blankets from him, springing to an upright position.

"Jove, isn't it cold!" he said.

Then, with much shivering, hats and overalls and coats and long boots were donned (no true hunter sleeps in his clothes, nor does he carry a tent with him), and Jim proceeded to build a fire and put on the coffee, while John went tramping through the rank wet grass to bring up the horses. A series of welcoming whinnies greeted him from the shadows, which were only blacker than the surrounding darkness. He approached one of these black spots and then a second, gathering the wet riatas in his numb hands. From the distant camp, a spark of fire glowed like a wavering beacon; and he could see a dark form crossing and re-crossing before this will-o'-the-wisp. One could almost imagine that it was a dance of goblins, so wierdly the fire-light played on man and tree and rock and shrub. John led



the horses down to water, then to the camp, and saddled them.

"Drink yer coffee," Jim said "an' le's be off."

He sat down upon the ground before the fire, where a steaming tin cup of the black beverage awaited him. Jim had thrown all of his enthusiasm into that coffee. It was a tawny amber, clear as topaz, fragrant as the gales of Araby, strong as the rectitude of an honest man. As Jo would have said, "It went clean down to a feller's boots."

Standing in the shadows, the mustangs champed their bits as a sign of impatience. The long riatas, stretched upon the ground, kept them quiet. Perhaps they thought that they were tied. It is a fact that no other precaution than this is necessary to keep a true vaquero horse standing all day.

The coffee is consumed, and the men buckle knife and cartridge belts around them, take their rifles in hand—how bitter cold the octagonal barrels are!—and wind up in neat coils the long stake ropes. Then they are in the saddles and riding at a brisk trot across the long rolling sweep of *potrero*. The donkeys of the pack train wail out a dismal farewell, and from the gloom where the beds are, come the muffled words:

"Good luck, boys. We mus' laar out o' here by noon."

They ascend a low ridge and ride out upon a high red point just as the sun strikes it with one long ray of clear light. Here they dismount and tie their horses to clumps of scrub oak. It is almost a needless precaution. Down in the deep gorges the shadows of the night are still brooding, and along the great valley of the Cuyama to the north a bank of fog from the sea one hundred miles away is creeping and rolling and tumbling in like a vast ocean of silver, fringed with a spray of ragged mist. The hunters, rifle in hand, are creep, creeping down parallel ridges, which jut off from the high point.

Aha! there he stands! The buck that

was waiting for John Shelton upon that red ridge. Do you see him? Just yonder, beneath that clump of manzanita. See how clearly his body is defined against the faint red glow of morning sky. Do you not see his splendid antlers, branching upward from the noble forehead? You can almost catch a glint of the fire in the magnificent eyes, flashing even in repose!

Slowly the rifle came to the hunter's shoulder, and the practiced eye fell into position back of the hind sights. The buck threw up his head the merest trifle, and in that one instant there was a sharp ping! and the leaden messenger of death sped on its mission. The buck sprang forward and then, suddenly, collapsed. It was a good shot at five hundred yards. His back was broken.

John Shelton started on a run down the ridge, unsheathing his hunting knife as he went. From his ridge Jim heard the shot, faintly, but could see nothing. The brush was very thick. Cocking his rifle, he awaited developments. Soon there came floating to him, faint and far off it seemed, a cry of "Help!" Knowing the defect of his hearing, he awaited a repetition of the cry—but none came. The great silence of the mountain morning settled around him yet more deeply.

This suspense was unbearable. He crashed through the brush and down into the cañon, making for the opposite ridge. Yes! There are tracks, and here is blood, and yonder yet is more blood, and just upon that point of loose rock are the signs of a great struggle. But man and game alike have disappeared.

Newman crossed the point of rocks, and before him yawned a deep, precipitous gorge. At first he hardly dared look into it. Nerving himself, he came nearer and gazed down into the abyss. Twenty feet down the cliff, hanging it seemed upon nothing, was the apparently inanimate form of John Shelton. The face, pale and

blood-stained, was upturned, and the hands had fallen back and were hanging lower than the head. Down further, upon the rocks in the bottom of the cañon, a buck was lying—motionless—dead.

For just one moment Jim's thoughts traveled backward to the vision of the day before—and then, leaving his rifle there, he made what haste he could back to the horses. He took a stake-rope, the longest, his canteen of water, and a small flask of whisky, and returned to the point of rocks. Making fast his rope to a thrifty young pine, it was with no small measure of gladness he saw it reach down to and a little beyond the jutting ledge that had caught the form of Shelton. Putting the flask into a pocket of his overalls, Newman took his knife in his teeth, slung the canteen over his shoulder, and descended the rope hand over hand. It was a desperate chance, but the only one. The frail line swayed backward and forward with his weight, cutting his hands cruelly.

Just as his feet were about to touch the prostrate form, Newman saw that Shelton had caught upon a ledge before what seemed to be the mouth of a cavern. Swinging his form backward from the cliff, he alighted with the skill of an athlete upon the floor of this cave. Then, placing an arm gently about it, he drew the inanimate form in from its perilous lodgment.

Though stunned by his fall, strangely enough, Shelton had received no apparent serious injury. Only that narrow ledge had saved him from a thousand feet below. He was scratched a little, but soon revived under Newman's almost womanly ministrations.

"Well," he said breathing deeply, and the sportsman in him rising, as he struggled to a sitting posture, "this is a go. Where is my buck?"

Jim stepped to the mouth of the cavern and pointed downward.

Then Shelton recalled it all, and shud-

dered. The rope still swung against the cliff without. He extended his hand to his comrade:

"And you came down here to save me. I shall not forget it. It was a close call, old man."

"How was it?"

"I hardly know. The buck was standing upon the point. I shot him—and, from the way in which he fell, thought I had broken his back. Of course I rushed up to cut his throat, and then the devil got up and came at me, and I did not notice the gulch, and we went over the bank together, and—I don't remember any more. But where are we?"

"I reckon we air in the lost gold mine," Jim made answer.

"You don't say so?"

"I do say so. Didn't you jist hear me say so?"

"Let's explore," starting to his feet.

"How kin we explore without candles? Le's go back to camp an' fetch Jo out here."

"Good enough. Jo is an expert in such things—and the place *is* as dark as Egypt. But we must get that buck. I would not take a fortune for his antlers now."

"Shucks! Better think o' gittin' out o' here ourselves. How on earth air we to git that buck anyway?" advancing again to the mouth of the cavern and peering down.

"Easiest thing in life. Take a horse to the head of the cañon, and so lead him down."

The rope hung motionless now, and, catching it, Jim slowly began the difficult feat of climbing to the top of the ridge. Holding on below, Shelton steadied him. Reaching the summit, he looked down over and said:

"You air too weak to make it. Tie the rope under yer arms, an' I'll yank you out o' there in no time."

Shelton followed these directions and so, holding by the rope above his head and pressing against the sides of the cliff with



his nail-shod boots, he was slowly extricated from danger—and just as his head appeared over the brink he said to Newman:

“I wonder how the mischief that old Indian ever got down there?” He was a believer in the legend already you see.

They returned to the horses, and Shelton, emptying the flask of its remaining contents, tightened his horse’s “cinch” and started off back down the ridge. His quick eye, even while being drawn up the cliff, had discovered a path by which the game could be reached. Jim followed along after him, inwardly fuming.

The little cavalcade reached the rocks where the buck lay, without mishap. The deer was bruised terribly by its fall, of course, but was still good meat. Near by lay John’s rifle battered beyond all future usefulness.

“It’s a pity to lose so good a gun,” Shelton said, gazing sadly upon the wreck.

They lifted the deer—it dressed one hundred pounds—placing its body across the saddle and tying its legs beneath the barrel of the horse. Then they climbed the ridge and, one on horseback and the other afoot and minus a gun, returned slowly to camp.

## VI.

It would seem that this morning had been full enough of episode—but there was another yet to come.

Wearily they toiled toward the top of the ridge which would lead them down into La Carpa—winding in and out among the patches of scrub-oak.

The bare top of the ridge was in sight—and a well-mounted horseman stood before them.

Newman gave a startled whistle.

“The phantom greaser; by all that’s holy!” Shelton said.

It was no phantom, for it spoke—a broken mixture of Spanish and English:

“*Buenos días*, Señors. You haf bean

honting, ees eet not?”

“Yes.” Shelton spoke shortly enough.

“Do you know that ees not safe, to hont een La Carpa?”

“Why not?”

“There are bears, Señor—and my mane do not raileesh thees deestorbance. You baitter geet out thees place to-day. I deen’t want tail you another time. Adios, Señors!”

He wheeled his horse suddenly, as the *paisanos* have a way of doing, and rode away over the ridge.

For an instant the hunters stood looking after him in silence. Then John Shelton said:

“Well, I wonder who the devil that is?”

“Yes,” said Jim, not catching the remark, “I think so too.”

Then Shelton spoke louder:

“Who the devil is that?”

“I dun’ know,” Jim said, “but it looks a blame sight like Manuel Lopez, the hoss thief. I seen Manuel onct, at the Mission. Anyways, he’s a ridin’ a hoss which was stole offen ole Jo Grimes las’ fall. Wha’ ’d he want?”

“Ordered us to leave La Carpa to-day.”

“Then I reckon we better up an’ leave.”

“And what about the gold mine?”

“Oh, it ’ll keep, I reckon. This feller probably aint alone in these here hills. I wisht the sheriff knowed what we seen this mornin’, though.”

“And shall we tell Jo of the cave?”

Shelton ignored the latter part of the remark, probably not understanding it.

“No. I don’t reckon we better. Like’s not he’d want ter see it, an’ then we’d git into trouble with them greasers—an’ they aint no use a puttin’ yer head into a sling.”

They rode down into camp over the ridge, and found all things in readiness for departure—even to the packing of Billy and the crop-eared mule. Vanished were the long strings of jerky, the pots, and pans, and kettles, and cans, and sacks, and boxes.

To save and swing at saddle horns the hide and hams and horns of the buck upon Shelton's horse was the work of a very few moments, and the little pack train moved briskly over the brushy ridge, between the two big rocks and down into the grand cañon of the Sespe.

On their second day in the gorge it was that the tragedy came, turning their pleasant trip into a funereal procession.

They had camped in a grove of shady sycamores, close down by where the clear stream, strong now in volume below the sandy shallows, flowed into the yawning of the chasm—to emerge five miles below, and leap, a lusty young giant, from the hills.

A breakfast of venison steak and mountain trout, and then packs and saddles and away into the gorge.

For a mile or more the horses were stumbling breast deep in water, among the boulders in the creek bed—and on either side so close as almost to touch them, the walls of sandstone rose sheer a thousand feet into the blue sky. It was cold, dark, Dantesque, awful.

At last there was a break in the wall to the left, the trail turned into a side cañon and, one by one, the hunters came up floundering out of the depths.

The Gov'nor was riding ahead—somehow the Gov'nor was always riding ahead; Billy followed him; then came Newman, whose province was to drive the jack—which animal never in this world required driving when on a trail; the crop-eared mule followed, and upon him old Jo was wearing threadbare an almost unlimited stock of patience, a rifle barrel, and a very choice assortment of profanity; Shelton followed Jo, and Ramon, darkly taciturn, keeping an eye out for stray deer, was in the rear.

Still ascending a little cañon the trail turned down by the bank of a mountain rill and through a clump of low willows.

There was a loud cry of "Snake!" from Shelton—followed almost instantly by the

sharp report of a rifle.

The Gov'nor stopped his horse and turned in the saddle, and his attention was at once drawn to the peculiar actions of Billy. The animal had stopped and was lifting one fore foot from the ground, as though in pain.

"Pa," the boy said, "dog my cats ef that there jack aint snake bit."

Newman was off his horse in an instant.

Billy had turned now and was staggering blindly back through the train toward his master—a last, dumb, instinctive appeal for comfort. This unheard of proceeding threw all the animals into confusion, and for an instant there was almost a stampede.

Order was restored at last, and Shelton held up to view a black diamond rattler four feet in length, four inches in diameter of body, and boasting sixteen rattles.

Newman and Ramon caught and hurriedly unpacked the donkey, while the Gov'nor was tearfully securing a ligature upon the injured member. They bled the brute; they poured whisky down his throat, they applied strong ammonia to the two tiny punctures which were just an inch above the hoof. It was in vain. The hot sun beat down upon them pitilessly now, and in fifteen minutes from the time of being bitten, the faithful brute was dead.

Poor, poor Billy! No more will you laze in shady places by the Sleepy Hollow river! No more will little children climb fearlessly upon you—and never again will your long ears wag in jocular rhythm, when the little ones are tumbling harmlessly upon the grass about your too suddenly recumbent form! Never again will you bear your load bravely over hill and mountain valley! You have struck death's trail at last, and right well have you met the common lot—in harness. Your bones bleach in the cañon of the Sespe, and carrion vultures gorge upon your carcass—but your gentle, kindly, patient, and enduring spirit will not soon fade from memory. You will be remembered, oh Billy, when many who have used and



abused you are forgotten dust—and around many and many a hunter's camp fire, out under the bright Southern stars which look down upon your bleaching bones, will be told the tale of how bravely and patiently your meek spirit went out upon the trail of death. *Vale* Billy, prince of pack mules!

The party must travel on the back track now. They cannot go forward for one man must henceforth be afoot, and death, even the death of an animal, has cast a gloom upon them. The Gov'nor makes a manly struggle to choke back the sobs which will arise at thought of the untimely taking off of his favorite—and there is a suspicion of moisture in even Jim Newman's kindly eyes.

It was decided to put the pack upon Ramon's horse—as being the one most accustomed to such service—and in silence the party is soon again on the backward trail. No more, alas, is the jocund Gov'nor leader. Perhaps as rear-man, he can the better indulge his feelings. Perhaps his horse, responsive, is in more subdued spirits than heretofore.

Back through the little cañon, down into the gorge and the cool water, and so to the camp of the night before.

Decidedly it was a subdued party. Conversation around the camp-fire languished, and trout and venison had lost their relish.

Shelton, at a loss for a topic, mentioned now for the first time the cave upon which he had literally fallen.

Old Jo pricked up his ears, as a war-horse might, hearing again afar the sound of battle.

"Why didn't you tell us that afore?" he asked. "The jack might 'a' been alive yit, ef yer hed."

In the firelight the Gov'nor glared at Shelton, and vague thoughts came to him of the man's responsibility for the work of the black diamond rattler.

Shelton briefly related the encounter with the strange horseman upon the hills, and concluded:

"Besides, you were anxious to leave, and Newman and I concluded not to balk you. I broke off a piece of rock from the ledge in front of the cave, though. It is in my satchel."

"Lemme see it."

Shelton produced his treasure, and there was a profound silence while the old man bent his gray-bearded face close to the firelight to examine the specimen.

Then, with a muttered oath, Jo flung the rock from him, and it splashed from sight in the darkly gleaming waters of the Sespe.

Shelton was a self-contained man. "Is it no good, Jo?" he asked, quietly enough.

"Umph! Should say not. Nary a ounce of gold in forty acre of it."

"What is it?"

"Yaller sandstone. I might 'a' knowed they wa'ant no gold in this yere Coast Range."

"And what do you think of the horseman?"

"Wa'al, I think it was thet cussed Lopez. Him an' Ramon's greaser is the same fellows, I reckon. I'd like ter help Sheriff Perkins hunt the damn rascal down, an' I'll do it yit, but I wisht I'd a fetched a crack at that apparyition 'ith my Winchester. I lay I'd 'a' done crippled up' one ghost."

There could be no question of the old man's courage where material terrors were concerned.

## VII.

Jim Newman found that another domestic element had been introduced into his home, upon the party's return from the mountains. Indeed, two new elements had been introduced.

Mrs. Newman had quarreled with her "help"—no unusual circumstance—and that spirited Yankee girl had very readily found a home with one of the neighbors.

In her place Mrs. Newman had secured a Chinaman, *Son Ki* by name, who was a sort

of silent symphony in white and yellow. On the whole, or rather on the score of domestic peace, the change was an improvement. With the best intentions in the world, it is well nigh impossible for the most unamiable woman to quarrel with a Chinaman. They adapt themselves so readily to all manner of circumstances, are so closely and persistently imitative, so unobtrusively and silently faithful in all manner of outward observance, are so mechanically correct in doing no more than they are bidden, that finding fault with them is almost equivalent to accusing one's self. Mrs. Newman could never be brought to accuse herself. Excusing was her specialty.

The second new element was Jim Newman's niece, the only child of his only brother, home now, with her education completed, from the Sisters' Convent in Santa Barbara. She was a new element, decidedly, in the sense that education and the ripening from girlhood to maturity makes a woman a new individual. Otherwise her coming was but the readjustment of an old element of domestic economy, for she had always made her home with the Newmans.

Eduarda, her Castilian mother had called her—but to the Newmans she had been Eddie, always.

The girl was a strange creature—a mingling of the passionate fire of old Castile and the cold vacillation of her western father.

It had been rather a blow to the Newmans, simple farmer folk though they were, when Edward married Tranquilina Ayala. Quite possibly it had hastened his mother's death. He was her favorite—and after all, Lina was only a Spanish girl. What did the proud blood of the *Conquistadores*, a skin like Parian marble flushed to life, eyes like gleams of dusky fire, or a face pure as a Raphael madonna, matter to this prosaic American woman? Some distant Cavalier ancestor had planted a touch of poetry in the boy's soul—a something in which the

mother had taken great pride, though her pride had been mixed with awe at times when this spark of divinity flashed full upon her. Of course this poet's soul had mated with the first ideal woman coming in its way—and the boy had married a Spanish girl; a woman of alien race. The mother's love could not survive the shock to mother's pride. She passed away as one who goes to sleep.

And the Spanish girl had pride, too. The pride of ten centuries of unblemished ancestry—the pride that can suffer, and die, and make no sign.

She never showed to Edward Newman how much his mother's coldness had hurt her—but, when the little Eduarda came, she had laid the child in her husband's arms and had died blessing him. Her only request had been that the daughter should be educated in her own faith.

Edward Newman had been rather a weak man, wont to lean on his stronger mother, and, when that support failed him, upon the firm nature of his wife. When his last prop was taken he had groped and stumbled alone for a time, and then, turning his wailing burden over to the care of his newly married younger brother, lay down forever beside the two women who had made up his world.

And now Eduarda Newman came home to the house of her uncle a finished young lady—in so far as modern accomplishments constitute a finish. Such anomalies as she are not at all uncommon in American country life to-day. It would be better, perhaps, if they were.

That the girl was beautiful was a point that did not admit of two opinions. She was not tall—being rather under the medium height, indeed—but with a peculiarly willowy slenderness which gave her an appearance of height. This appearance was strengthened by the rhythmic swaying of her body as she walked. It was neither a swagger nor was it an appearance of floating—



but an indescribable something between these two, which was the perfection of grace. She was fair, undoubtedly, but it was the creamy fairness of the tropics, and there were hints of brown below the milky whiteness of the skin. Her features could not be called regular, yet were not irregular. The face, as a whole, was a rather long oval. The nose, just touched with an aquiline curve, shadowed a small mouth with pensive drooping corners, and there was a suspicion of firmness in the short upper lip, which was not borne out by the small, delicately rounded, beautifully dimpled chin. Great masses of hair like burnished copper grew in low waves upon her temples and rippled back from her low forehead—and her penciled brows and long, curving lashes were of purest black. But it was her eyes—those eyes which, veiled or open, spoke ever an eloquent language of their own—that were Eduarda Newman's strong point. The best seasoned man in the world was apt to forget her other features, when gazing into the depths of Eduarda Newman's eyes. They were of a bewildering, coppery brown, having in them something of the sheen which was upon her hair—verging into a black which was almost steel blue when she was aroused. Her manners—but I will let John Shelton describe them. He is writing to his favorite chum in Boston :

“ She has seen nothing—and yet she has the air of having seen everything. She is the only woman I ever saw who seemed born to the purple. Her half-suppressed languor—her appearance of being *ennuyée* with everything—are perfect, in their way. And yet she is neither a drone nor an idler. You have no idea what a change her presence has made in this slovenly, ill-kept farm-house. Even my hostess sports a clean dress (calico) occasionally. Do not think, my dear fellow that I am smitten; and, above all, do not think that the divine Eduarda—yes that is her name; prettily Spanish, isn't it?—is touched. The cool disdain which she ac-

cords me is superb, in its way. I suppose it does not lie in my debilitated body to waken the soul which is sleeping somewhere in the depths of those copper-colored eyes. I shudder to think, though, what havoc a full-blooded man like yourself could make in these preserves just now. It needs but a touch to set the tinder going—and much I doubt me whether any farmer hereabouts possesses the touch-stone. After all, perhaps the girl would be happier if her soul were never awakened. Souls are confoundedly uncomfortable things—as you and I know—and if one can dream one's life away with never a real awakening, perhaps one has touched the acme of heavenly bliss.

“ I hardly understand your reference to Edna Summers. I assure you, upon my honor, that she is nothing, less than nothing to me; and I never was more than a pastime to her, I *know* that. Our affair at the seashore two years ago (it cannot be possible she still remembers it. Why I'll wager my hopes of long life she has gone through the same thing with half a dozen better fellows than I) was only a harmony in sea and sand and sunshine. There was nothing, absolutely nothing, which all the world might not have seen. For heaven's sake, my dear boy, do not let one thought of me or my feelings stop your pursuit of happiness. I assure you that I can utter my congratulations with as sincere a smile as ever Damon gave to Pythias.”

Yes, Jim Newman had introduced a third new element into his household.

Shelton had expressed himself weary of hotel life, weary of such idyllic life as one leads at the Ojai cottages; the air of the Sleepy Hollow country was famed for its salubrity: and Newman had taken rather a fancy to the young Easterner, who paid his way, who was a genial companion, and who suffered so intensely in silence.

The front room over the bow-windowed parlor was refitted by Eduarda's deft fingers—and it was known in the Hollow that the

Newmans had a boarder.

It was not so easy to foretell how the new elements would harmonize. Newman, of course, had given the matter no thought whatever. Son Ki would provoke no discords, at any rate. As to the others, it will be observed from his letter to Will Corey that Shelton was already interested in the study of the people about him—beginning, as was natural to youth, with the fairest. Now a woman with bewildering eyes and hair like burnished copper may be—and doubtless is—a very interesting study; but a study it will hardly do to scan too closely. A graduate of Yale—even one far gone in the grasp of consumption—may possibly find such study grow altogether too absorbing for a man's earthly well being.

And who can say how much or how little a young girl, just released from the restraint of convent life, studies the first fair looking, well-bred young fellow with whom she may be thrown into contact?

Possibly Eduarda Newman wrote long letters to her familiars also.

### VIII

I have said that John Shelton was far gone in the grasp of consumption. It is a fact. He began to realize it himself, after awhile. The mountain trip had done him a world of good, of course, but the reaction had been great—and then, that fall. Little as it had seemed to affect him, the shock to the system had been severe—all the severer, perhaps, because of the long delay in showing its effects.

Yes, he came to a realizing sense of his debility, after a awhile. It happened in this wise.

They, the Newman household, had packed a sumptuous lunch in the spring wagon one fair July Sabbath, and driven down the county road to San Buenaventura, out across the little river in the west, past the blue flax fields of San Miguelito, down upon

the beach in the shadow of great bluffs, at whose feet the Pacific rolls ever its squadrons of crested breakers, and so to the rocks at Punta Gordo for a clam-bake.

Then, after luncheon there in the sun by the tumbling waves, Shelton and Eduarda had walked far off across the smooth, wet sand until the picnic party seemed only moving specks in the lessening perspective.

Shelton called a halt at last, for he felt a most unusual weariness come upon him; and in the shade of a great rock, with the spray of the surf falling, snow-like, upon them, and its thunder beating incessantly in their ears, they sat down and gazed far out across the blue water.

In the distance were the islands, blue and shadowy—and a solitary sail, like a white-winged bird, was slowly beating up the coast.

Back of them the mountains, like waves congealed in mid-career, came down boldly to meet the sea—and far off across the shining sand a solitary horseman was galloping toward them, rising and falling in his saddle with a peculiarly rhythmic motion.

Even as they sat there silently, the horseman came nearer, and, galloping swiftly by them, lifted his broad felt hat with a singularly graceful motion, which courtesy the woman acknowledged by a slight bow.

Just one passing glance of the dark, handsome face Shelton caught, and at once began wondering where he had seen the man before.

It seemed absurd—incredible. He looked at the girl beside him quickly, but something in her face forbade the impertinence of a question.

Necessarily Shelton was forced back upon his own thoughts for a solution of the mystery—and verily his own thoughts were chaotic enough. The horseman of the beach—the man who had bowed so sweepingly to Eduarda Newman—and the horse-thief of La Carpa were one and the same man. Never in his life had John Shelton been mis-



taken in a face—and yet the absurdity of it! If the girl knew Lopez at all, she must know that he was a horse-thief. The man and his doings had been discussed often enough at the family table. And what could there be in common between a hardened criminal and this woman with the pure face of a madonna. Yet there she sat beside him, and in her face was that inscrutable forbidding of questioning. Perhaps already he felt a deeper interest in her than he dared acknowledge even to himself, for he resolved to override the barriers of good breeding, and at once acted upon his resolution. Hesitation, he knew, meant relenting.

“The horseman is some friend of yours, I suppose,” he said. For his life he could not ask her directly if she knew Lopez.

Without a moment’s hesitation the girl answered him, looking fearlessly into his eyes:

“Among my people, Mr. Shelton, it is customary to salute strangers whom one meets upon the roadside.”

“Ah, a very pretty custom. Shall we return to the others now?” he said lightly—but for all his lightness he had noticed that she had given him a very equivocal answer. Somehow the brightness had all gone out of the sand and the sea and the sunshine. It was a very damp, dreary, miserable place indeed to which they had come—and so they arose and sauntered back across the sands to join the others.

## IX.

Evening again in the Sleepy Hollow country. It is late in July, and the passion vine upon the Newman veranda hangs heavy with its seed-pods of golden yellow. In a lazy chair upon the porch John Shelton is smoking his post-prandial cigar, and from the cow-lot beyond the orchard comes the musical tinkle of old Brindle’s bell.

The parlor with its crouching furniture and geometric window blinds is open—for a

wonder—and floating out from it into the twilight is a flood of clear contralto:

“Where is the heart that does not keep,  
Within its inmost core,  
Some fond remembrance hidden deep,  
Of days, of days that are no more?”

Did those summer days by the sea-shore two years ago come back now to John Shelton, and fade from memory with the vanishing of his smoke-rings?

The girl’s enunciation was perfect—and yet there was about her words an indescribable something, a softening of the sound of “i,” and a lingering upon the aspirants, which was not an accent—it was only the intangible shadow of one. The singer’s voice rose higher:

“Who has not saved some trifling thing,  
More prized, more prized than jewels rare?  
A faded flower, a broken ring,  
A tress of golden hair.”

“Eddie!” The voice was from the kitchen—harsh and querulous.

The song ceased suddenly.

“Yes, Aunt Mattie.”

“Air you never agoin’ to get those apy-cots?”

Five minutes more, and the slender figure stepped from the parlor door upon the veranda. A long braid of the hair like burnished copper escaped from under a jaunty sunshade—and in one hand was held a small wicker basket.

John Shelton arose promptly from his lazy chair. He was hardly so strong now as he was that day upon the beach, but he was as gallant as ever. He cast aside his half-smoked cigar, and stepped forward to take the basket.

“Whither away, Miss Eduarda?”

She answered him simply enough but the bewildering eyes were shaded:

“Aunt Mattie desires apricots for breakfast—and they are better if gathered over night, I believe.”

“Ah, that I could catch that shadow of an accent,” Shelton was thinking.

"Why better?" he asked.

"I do not know. Possibly the night air cools them."

She did not understand this young man, with his strength and his weakness—his culture and his evident liking for the uncultured men about him—his very evident luxuriousness and his ready appreciation of rude farm-house comforts. Perhaps she was the least bit in the world diffident with him—and a dim consciousness of this unusual fact made her assume an air of forced boldness. She was neither bold nor diffident by nature. She was only a woman.

"It has been a perfect day," he said—for silence had fallen between them as they went down through the dusty orchard road.

"All days are perfect," she answered softly, "in California."

"A perfect day," he repeated; "and a perfect evening. See how deep the shadows lie upon that peak yonder."

"But one grows weary of scenery. It is always scenery here or climate."

"Are you weary of Sleepy Hollow, then?"

"I do not know," with what he called her longing indifference; "I have never been anywhere else, only in Santa Barbara."

"This is one of the fairest spots on earth."

"Ah! You are a judge. You have traveled. But how can I tell?" raising those wonderful eyes to his face. "Sometimes I fairly burn with a longing to go out into the world—to see houses, and towns, and cities, and people. To see men."

"There are men all about you."

"But I wish to see the East. The men of the East are different."

"No; it is the men here who are different. The men of the East are of a type—he is thinking of the far East, evidently.

"Like you, for instance?"

"No, please God, not like me—and yet, barring my ill-health, I am rather a fair sample of Easterners, perhaps."

"I do not believe that you are one of a type. How can I, when the type here is

so different? But here is the tree I want."

"Let me gather the fruit for you."

"It is no trouble," she said, taking the basket from him—and, indeed, it was not, for the apricot tree of Southern California is rather a low-spreading bush than a tree.

In a very few moments the basket was filled to the brim with red and golden beauties. Shelton, meanwhile, had sunk down upon a rustic seat beneath a spreading pear tree. The late warm weather had weakened him painfully—and it was rather a long walk from the house.

"You are tired," she said, pitifully, coming close to him. "I should not have let you come so far."

"It is nothing," pressing his hand to his chest. "Only these warm days have been a little too many for me. Shall we return to the house?"

"If you are thoroughly rested."

"Oh, yes; I will carry the basket—if you please?"

"But I do not please. It is not at all heavy, and I am stronger than you."

"Thanks. That is decidedly complimentary to my physical strength. I should not judge you to be very powerful."

"Should you not? That is all you know about it. I am vastly stronger than I seem—strong enough, some day, to lift myself out of all this," with a sweeping, disdainful gesture of the disengaged hand.

They were just opposite to the barn door, now. The Gov'nor had finished his milking, and was balancing his two pails deftly upon a couple of posts in the rail fence. Jim Newman, standing in the big barn door, was chewing a meditative straw—his favorite evening station and occupation.

"Fine evenin'," he says, to the couple who are passing him.

"It is, a glorious one," Shelton replied, pausing and turning to face the speaker.

Euarda did not stop. She went on swiftly toward the house, bearing easily her basket of fruit, and Shelton, looking after



her, saw the sheen of the setting sun upon the glory of her hair. That slender figure and perfect neck and willowy walk were not the least among her beauties.

"Gad" he mutters, "how I should like to see her in a ball-room."

Perhaps his wish is nearer to fulfillment than he knows.

"How has that last lot of fruit turned out?" he asked of Newman.

"Tip-top! come down ter the dryer an' see it."

"Thanks, no. I have already walked rather more than is good for me."

"A little onstiddy on yer pins yit, eh? Well, I only wisht all o' my apyrcots 'd turn out as well 's that there last batch. I'll fetch some of it up ter the house, to-morrer, an' let you see it."

"By the way, did you see that handsome horseman who was here asking for you yesterday? I told him you would return from the Santa Ana to-day."

"You mean that big feller on the bay hoss? Yes; the Gov'nor was a tellin' me about 'im. That was Sheriff Perkins. He was here this evenin' agin. I was a tellin' 'im about us a meetin' that scamp Lopez a ridin' Grimes's hoss. He wants me to go up an' show him the place—an' likely I'll up an' do it, after fruit dryin', I wouldn't mind takin' a crack, myself, at Lopez."

"By Jove, I should like to go myself!" Shelton said. An inner something, he could not tell what, forbade him to tell of seeing Lopez again upon the beach at Punta Gordo.

"Well, mebbe you kin," Jim said, "I reckon you'll be strong enough fur the trip afore next month."

"But why doesn't the sheriff get Ramon for a guide—or Jo?"

"Well, Ramon he wont go—no way. Says he's afeard o' sperrits—er sumpin' like that. I reckon likely he's a standin' in with Lopez. An' ole Jo, he's a prospectin' over in the San Emigdio."

"And do the *paisanos* shield each other,

then—even in horse stealing?"

"N-o, I reckon not. But I wouldn't trust no sich fellow as Ramon very fur. I don't take much stock in none of 'em, no way."

"But there must be some good men among them."

"Yes, I reckon likely they is—some. It's almighty hard to find 'em, though. I aint never seen none of 'em yit—an' I've lived in this country nigh on twenty year."

"And this man's brother married a Spanish girl, and Spanish blood flows in the veins of the niece he has so tenderly reared." Shelton mused, sinking into his favorite seat on the veranda. "If the mother shared this son's sentiments—and I suppose from what I have heard, that she did—it must have been uncommonly pleasant for the Spanish girl. I wonder where this girl gets her marvelous beauty, for, by George, it is marvelous. Certainly there is no beauty gone a begging in the rest of the family." He lighted a fresh cigar, and his eyes wandered away to the dying sunset on the distant ocean. "Her mother must have been pure as an angel and lovely as a Raphael madonna" going on with his musing. "Gad! What an ideal couple she and Tom Carver would make. She is just his style too, How her brown eyes would gleam against his flashing blue ones, and how her braids of copper would shine in contrast to his short black curls. She is just the right height for such a great six-foot giant as Tom. 'A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,' and the rest of it. Edna Summers herself would pale in the light of this undiscovered luminary. I wonder," puffing a dense blue cloud about his head, "I wonder if Edna does sometimes think of that moonlight night down by the waves, and of the hop at the Ocean House, and of the last waltz that we walked through down under the silver maples on the lawn? Ah, well, I might have been a different man, if I could only live that summer over again—or if I had

known. And now—it is too late. Tom is a good fellow—a royal good fellow. I can wish no greater good now than to live to see those two—the best man and the best woman in the world—happy together. And—yes—I could heartily wish them happiness. What does it matter. When I am gone, Tom and Edna will remember me kindly, and their children, perhaps—” We will not follow his musing beyond this point if you please.

He sat there until the stars came out, and the air grew chill, and the crouching hills about the Hollow began to tumble into their strangely uncouth night shapes.

Then he started up, as one awakes from sleep, and throwing away his megrims and his cigar together, turned to seek his room.

A piping voice from the path beside the house arrested him:

“I say, Mr. Shelton!”

“Well, Gov’nor?”

“They’s a goin’ to be a dance up at the schoolhouse a Friday night.”

And this was Thursday.

## X.

A country dance. Shelton certainly anticipated a treat. It was not the Assembly Room at the Ocean House, to be sure—but after all perhaps he might see Eduarda in a ball-room.

Newman broached the matter at breakfast table.

“I reckon you wimmen folks ’ll want ter go to the dance to-night?”

“Well, I dunno. Seems ’s if I never could git nowheres.” It was the plaintive drawl of Mrs. Newman.

“There is no reason why you should not, Aunt Mattie; Ki can certainly do the work for one evening,” Eduarda said.

“Well,” Newman went on, blissfully unconscious of all side remarks, “I wisht you’d all git ready early an’ go. Marion Grimes was a sayin’ yesterday he’d like ter

see us all out. Marion’s quite a likely fellow since he’s bin to the Los Ang’les Normal,” and he cast a covert glance in Eduarda’s direction. “He tole me partic’lar,” Jim resumed, “to ask Mr. Shelton here.”

“Thanks.”

Shelton again smoked a cigar in the cool shadow of the passion vines after breakfast. Eduarda, dusting brush in hand and with some sort of gay woven cap covering her coppery braids, stood again in the door of the parlor. The girl seemed to take peculiar delight in disarranging the mechanical set of that state apartment.

Shelton threw away his cigar as she came out upon the porch. So much of old-time courtesy had survived his latter-day breeding.

“Shall you attend the hop this evening, Miss Eduarda?”

“Certainly,” she answered—and there was much more of decision in the answer than the simple question seemed at all to warrant. She always championed the people about her when she suspected him of a desire to ridicule them. “You are going, of course?”

“Yes.”

“Ah! You anticipate intense amusement at our uncouth antics, I dare say.”

Shelton was conscious that he did anticipate amusement—and her quick intuition disconcerted him. He was not accustomed to being disconcerted by women.

“It depends upon the meaning which you give to the word. I should be delighted to waltz with you—for I am certain that you waltz divinely.”

“Are you quite sure you are strong enough?” and again there was that air of longing indifference.

“Quite.”

“And how do you know that I waltz at all?”

“I do not know it. I divine it—perhaps from your walk or your music.”



"Ah, well, I do waltz—a little."

"Let it be the first, then."

"As you like," turning to go into the house.

"May I not have a schottische, also?" raising his voice. He was not at all anxious that she should leave him.

"I cannot promise so much as that." She was well into the house by this time. "I shall have no dearth of partners, I assure you—and it is not my way to accord too much to one cavalier."

"But I must have the schottische, you know." He had followed her into the parlor, determined not to be shaken off. "And I did not know that you had a 'way' at all."

This was a very near approach to a tangible impertinence—probably the nearest John Shelton had ever made. Let after events be his justification, if he need one. For an instant he saw a gleam of blue fire in the brown eyes which flashed upon him. Then the eyes were veiled, and over the girl's face there stole a creamy shade of cold pallor.

"Pardon me, Mr. Shelton. I am about to dust this room. Perhaps you would breathe more freely in the open air."

She was distinctly angry, and showed it. Of course he bowed himself out. There was nothing else to do.

"There is a devil of tropical passion in her somewhere," he muttered, making his way down through the orchard. "I shall rouse her occasionally, just to get a glimpse of him."

The most gentlemanly men have this weakness for playing with fire. With true masculine loftiness, they consider themselves above danger.

Down by the drying-house Shelton came upon a most unusual scene. Mrs. Newman, her arm about the neck of the Gov'nor, was conversing with her son in a low, confidential whisper. Strangely enough, the boy seemed not at all averse to

this kind of treatment. From sheer surprise the man stopped to view this manifestation of sentiment by so very unsentimental a couple. The Gov'nor was the first to observe the intruder.

"Oh, lemme go, maw," he said, impatiently shaking off her arm.

Mrs. Newman caught sight of Shelton, and started back blushing, as one who was caught in the commission of some grave enormity—and in a manner peculiarly his own, the Gov'nor explained:

"She's a tryin' ter git me to fetch that there big calf of a Lou Grimes, to the dance to-night. Maw she's always a lallygaggin' 'round me that a way when she wants me to do some awful thing."

Pending the explanation, Mrs. Newman made her escape to the house, and Ki, in shrill falsetto, summoned the family to dinner, the midday meal.

Eduarda, in bright calico, was particularly gracious, and Mrs. Newman was unwontedly silent at table. She even seemed to have forgotten her customary plaint over the "poar quality of the vittels." She could not get that encounter at the dry-house out of her mind and, try as he might to put her at ease, she stammered and reddened painfully whenever she encountered the kindly twinkling eye of her guest.

Certainly the meal needed no apology, save, perhaps, for its tendency to superinduce dyspepsia.

At the head of the table there was a round of beef—rich and juicy—and in the dish with it, piles on piles of brown sweet potatoes. Then there were potatoes broken up with string beans; and green peas with milk, and new potatoes; and great wedges of cold boiled ham; and fried chicken, Southern style; and hot biscuit, light and flaky; and pickles and catsups; and pats of yellow butter; and tea and coffee, thick with yellow cream; and lemon pie; and green apple pie; and iced pound cake; and, to crown all, big saucers of Lawton blackberries, fairly

smothered in cream and sugar.

Shelton sighed as he gazed upon the spread—for all of these things were in sight at once, served in heavy, much-nicked Queensware upon the snowiest of linen; and Ki, in spotless white, with shining queue deftly curled upon the top of his head, smiled a Celestial welcome upon the invalid.

It was left for Jim Newman to apologize for the food this time, and right well did he perform his duty as host. A dinner is not a dinner in Sleepy Hollow unless it be seasoned with an apology. Of course in such cases, the guest is expected to temper these excuses with most extravagant praise of the viands set before him. The apologies are offered, in fact, to give occasion for the flattery.

Unfortunately for his popularity, perhaps, Shelton was unused to this custom, and had grown accustomed to swallow his food and the apologies together, in silence. Table conversation as such, aside from praises and excuses, never began until the meal was well-nigh ended.

Now, as he finished his second dish of berries, Jim Newman pushed his chair back from the table and remarked:

“ ‘Pears to me like them Lawtons hain’t sweet enough.”

“Bellies heap sweet,” Ki said, grinning from ear to ear, and reaching over Shelton’s shoulder with a rusty fork to sample the contents of that gentleman’s berry dish.

Mrs. Newman had served the Gov’nor the same way only yesterday.

“Ki!” again there was a gleam of blue fire in Eduarda’s bronze eyes. “How dare you, sir! Leave the room!”

Ki departed for the kitchen—still blandly smiling. It is a peculiarity of certain of his race that nothing disturbs their outward serenity.

“The impertinence of that fellow is unbearable,” Eduarda said. “Let me get you a fresh dish of berries, Mr. Shelton.”

“Well, I dunno,” Newman remarked.

“I reckon you wimmin folks spiles ’im a heap, an’ like’s not he seen some one else do that way. Air you all agoin’ to the dance to-night?”

“Well, I reckon I will. I ain’t got no clothes to wear, neither.”

“Oh, shucks!” said the Gov’nor. “Go jist as you air. They won’t none o’ them young fellers up an’ run off with you, ’t ain’t likely.”

The Gov’nor had not yet forgiven his mother for compromising him in the eyes of the boarder.

By this time Shelton felt his curiosity in regard to the dance more than ever awakened. He wanted to see the Spanish girls dance—for he had heard long ago of their grace—and then there was his desire to see Eduarda in a ball-room. Insensibly he had begun comparing her with Edna Summers, and now he desired to carry out in all things the parallel he had drawn. Of course he realized that allowance must be made for surroundings and advantages and worldly ignorance. Throughout the whole affair he was just—a true gentleman. A country school-house was not the Assembly Room of the Ocean House, he knew, nor could a crowd of farmers and their families out for a summer evening’s merry-making be in any way compared to the people who frequent the fashionable resorts along the Atlantic Coast; but there was yet enough similiarity in circumstances for his purpose.

Eduarda came down into the parlor after tea that evening—supper, they called it, and made it as elaborate a meal as the mid-day dinner.

Under the passion vine Shelton was smoking his usual after-supper cigar, but it was different to-night. He was in full evening dress—a survival of his society wardrobe—and, instead of watching the dying lights upon the western hills, he sat where he could command a perfect view into the lighted apartment.



The girl came forward from a side door and stood just under the pearl-shaded swinging lamp. Even Edna Summers could not have entered a room with more sweeping elegance of grace. And yet the girl was over-dressed. Shelton felt it instinctively, though he could not for his life have told where the fault lay. The costume was of delicate yet rich blue, under some fleecy material that floated down about her like mist—and as she turned, he saw that her hair fell down upon her shoulders like long sun rays piercing a cloud. The corsage was cut high in the neck, but the sleeves were short, showing six inches of a shapely arm like polished ivory, and about each slender wrist was twined a silver serpent. There was silver twined in the hair, and clasped at the throat—but no ornament marred the shell-pink of the ears.

“How do I look?” she said, catching the eye of the watcher from the outer darkness.

“Charmingly, of course. You know that.”

“How do I know it, sir?”

“When was ever woman who did not know herself well dressed?” A mocking laugh was her answer, as she went from the room to don her wraps.

## XI.

A low, pine-ceiled room, long and narrow, with its windows all upon the southern side, lighted by innumerable sperm candles stuck into rude tin sconces about the walls, and with a floor of smooth pine boards, plentifully coated with shavings of paraffine to be reduced by hurrying feet to a waxen polish. A single row of chairs around about the sides of the room—and, at the eastern end, upon a slightly raised platform a dusky violinist flanked by a still duskier guitarist, each one tuning his instrument.

Seated in the chairs about the room were healthy, rosy-cheeked lasses—from fairest,

blue-eyed Saxon to darkest, olive-brown daughters of the soil—in all manner of attire; comfortable-looking, smiling matrons and stately señoras; big girls and little girls of assorted colors and in various stages of sleepiness. Grouped about the doors on either side of the room were men—old men and young men, middle-aged men and callow boys—in “store clothes” and tailor-made suits, homespun and Scotch tweed, short coats and frock coats, overcoats and dusters, great coats and no coats. There were dancing pumps and congress gaiters, Oxford ties and stogy boots, high-heeled calfskins and laced slippers.

Tum ! tum-ti-tum ! tum ! went the guitar; squeak ! squeak ! squeak ! went the violin, as the Newman family party, leaving their wraps in the little cloak-room, swept into the hall.

Mr. and Mrs. James Newman—he in business suit of gray tweed, very uncomfortably new ; she in trailing robe of silver gray poplin, very comfortably new—came first. Then the Gov'nor, who found a lodgment with the boys and men at the door—where his father soon joined him. Lastly, Shelton and Eduarda—the dress suit of the former attracting scarcely less attention than the elaborate toilet of his partner ; certainly it attracted less remark than did his very simple action of sitting down beside his lady after seating her.

Sitting down beside one's lady and openly conversing with her before the entire crowd was a social innovation in the Sleepy Hollow country ; and a swallow-tailed coat was an innovation also. Combined, they were a cataclysm.

Possibly, had Shelton attempted either one of these two things, he would have been mobbed. Successfully carrying through both of them, the one neutralized the other, and he became an object of admiration not unmingled with awe.

It requires a courageous man to brave the public sentiment of even a rural com-

munity—and if the braving be done unconsciously perhaps the courage is of even finer quality than ordinary.

“The poor thing don’t know no better,” Mrs. Grimes whispered to the neighbor on the right. “Them tenderfeet is awful guys.” They could forgive much to a tenderfoot—a kindly tolerance caught from their Spanish neighbors, perhaps—and an invalid is always privileged.

Bless you, they knew well enough that he was an invalid. His pale cheeks and hectic color betrayed him—and what does not a country community know concerning the affairs of its neighbors?

But the music has struck up—low, sensuous, dreamy, breathing of palm trees and the passionate languor of the tropics. A young man in trim cutaway coat of gray, delicate lavender trousers and almost painfully high-heeled boots, steps into the middle of the floor and announces, in a voice that seems to come from somewhere under the high bridge of a very prominent hooked nose:

“Partners for a waltz!”

“Who is the master of ceremonies?” Shelton says, arising and offering his arm to Eduarda.

“That? Oh, that is Marion Grimes.” She arose and stood beside him.

“Ah! the graduate of the Normal School. He seems possessed of much assurance.” His arm was about her waist now, one of the rose-leaf hands was upon his shoulder, and he had taken the disengaged one in one of his.

“Bah! A conceited puppy! I detest him.”

There is no conceivable reason why this remark should make John Shelton’s heart beat a trifle faster—and yet it had precisely that effect.

But the charm of that sensuous music was upon him—breathing of tropic birds, and waving, feathery palms, and cool, dense forests and passionate languor—and in perfect

rhythm they were floating around the room. Candles and people were whirling about them—off into infinite space. The dreamy languor of the music seemed to enter his blood. He floated in air—tireless as a stormy petrel. Certainly the girl was a divine waltzer. For once intuition was correct. He no longer heard the music. It had entered him. It was a part of his life. He felt it. The blaze of the candles gleamed soft as an electric chandelier—the walls expanded—the ceiling rose—and it was Edna Summers resting so lightly upon his arm, and they were floating out together into an eternity of melody and moonlight. How the music throbbed and died and rose again, flowing ever onward like a river warm with tropic life!

Crash! The dream was broken, for a great lumbering couple, careening from side to side like a catamaran in a head wind, had collided with the dreamers, knocking the breath and the charm of the music out of them together.

Now that it was over, Shelton found himself very nearly exhausted.

“You waltz—like an angel,” he said to his companion. “My divination was correct.”

Eduarda was panting, but happy. It was odd how slight a thing from him pleased her. She made no reply to his compliment—not even thanks—and Shelton turned to watch the couples—some half dozen or so—who were whirling about him.

There was the usual proportion of graceful dancers—the usual number of gasping, panting, blundering, ungraceful leviathans. One or two dusky maidens, graceful as Undine, glided over the floor and lifted upward to their partners deep brown eyes into which the very spirit of the music had entered. Stand aside here! Across the room, backward and forward, in long leaps like a kangaroo, came Marion Grimes and a fair-haired partner. The lavender trousers are confused inextricably with a flouncing skirt of white—and the little bobbed tails of



the cut-away coat are flapping up and down incessantly like nothing so much as a pair of animated flails. How detestable—how odiously ungraceful is that nondescript thing which has been dignified with the title of “hop waltz !” Hop it is, most certainly—but waltz ! no maniac in his wildest dreams ever conceived of such a form of waltzing as this. Verily, Eduarda shines a very queen of the dance in this crowd.

Shelton bent down to her :

“Let us go on. It is a sin to lose this.”

The girl had forgotten his illness, forgotten everything, in the charm of the music and the touch of his hand upon her. Again the music was throbbing in their veins, and they were gliding on and on—out into a future of longing pleasure and passionate pain.

The music ceased suddenly, and the dance was ended. Leaning upon the back of Eduarda’s chair, Shelton felt a deathly faintness come over him. The stimulus of the music and the magnetism of her touch were withdrawn—and this was the reaction. But he cannot go yet.

“Partners for a quadrille!” comes from the lofty nose above the lavender trousers—and Shelton stood up for a duty dance beside Mrs. Newman,

He saw the couples ranging themselves in long lines facing each other on opposite sides of the room, and cast a quick interrogative glance toward his partner.

“It’s a Spanish quadrille, I reckon,” Mrs. Newman said, answering his glance.

Opposite them the diminutive Gov’nor was bowing before a large lady in black—a six-footer weighing three hundred if a pound.

“See that there boy a dancin’ with ole Mis’ Grimes,” said the fond parent. “I’ll bet she ast him.”

A tall man, heavily bearded, had mounted the barrel beside the musicians, the music struck up and the tall man shouted in stentorian tones:

“Right and left! Balance yer part-

ners! Ladies’ chain! Balance yer partners! Swing!” Shelton found himself swung and swung by each lady in succession until his head was fairly spinning. Then his partner came to him again, the music ceased and there was a breathing spell.

The music began again. The stentorian voice of the prompter was again heard:

“First couple polka around!” and the Gov’nor and his three-hundred pounder go about in lively style. “First gentleman cross over!” The Gov’nor drops the leviathan and comes to Shelton. They join hands behind Mrs. Newman’s back, each taking one of her hands. “Forward threes along the line.” Back, turning Mrs. Newman and throwing their joined hands in front of her. Then forward again, bringing Mrs. Newman’s arms into theirs by a simple turn. They clap their hands—and the leviathan is bearing down upon them. In an instant she has seized the Gov’nor—and all about them giddy couples are whirling to places.

Again the music ceased for an instant. Then it began again.

“Balance yer partners! All promenade! Next!” and each gentleman drops back to the lady next behind him. So they go until they regain their original partners. “Once and a half around!” Mrs. Newman locks her right elbow into that of Shelton and whirls him around. Then the next lady seizes him by the other elbow and whirls him in the opposite direction. So it goes—right elbow and left elbow—around the circle, “All join hands! Molinetto!” In an instant the lavender trousers have broken the ring and their wearer is hopping up and down toward the center of the room, pulling the line after him. He approaches a lady and gentleman and, ducking his head, dives under their clasped hands. All the dancers follow him, ducking their heads. In and out he goes, hopping backward and forward, through here and under there, twisting and turning the long line of dancers about in

well-nigh inextricable confusion—but, no matter how intricate the twist and turn, never breaking hands and never ceasing hopping. “Balance yer partners! Swing!” and all at once the line breaks up and the dancers are again whirling about to places. “Grand right an’ left! Promenade! Seats!” The queer quadrille is ended.

Shelton, thoroughly exhausted, excused himself and feed the Gov’nor to drive him home—but long after he had smoked a cigar to quiet his nerves, and long after he had sought his restless pillow, the dreamy music of that waltz was ringing in his ears, and he felt again the throb of longing that swept

over him as the warm wealth of her bronze hair brushed against his breast.

Even in dreaming his body swayed to the rhythm of the music—and in the morning, arising unrefreshed from fitful slumber, he caught himself muttering to his ten by twelve inch looking glass.

“Edna Smmers never in her life can reach the perfection of poetic motion that is born in this girl.”

He did not say, as an Oriental would have done, that one woman’s step was to the other’s as the waving of palm branches to the stately swaying of tall pines.

*S. N. Sheridan, Jr.*

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

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## OUR FORESTS.

The California State Board of Forestry is now engaged in making an accurate forest map and a complete report on the condition of the forests of California. We are also using every effort to stop the fires that do our forests so much damage, and the stealing of timber from the School Sections of the public domain.

We are much hampered in our work by the indifference of the people and by the lack of officers and men to carry out our wishes. The Forest map and report required an engineer and assistants, whom we were obliged to take without any forest training. But the energy and interest they have thus far shown in the work will, we trust, compensate for their lack of technical training.

Our plan and work strain our finances greatly, and unless further aid is given us by the next legislature we shall be unable to complete our map. This year’s report will contain a forest map of those portions of the State that we shall have thus far surveyed. It was deemed best to do well what

we could, rather than to make a hasty and inaccurate map, which would necessarily be largely based on guess work.

Nowhere in the United States is a preservation of the watersheds from undue denudation, and the forests from waste and the destruction of their reproductive power, so essential as in that part west of and including the Rocky Mountain Range. California is especially likely to be greatly injured, if not altogether ruined as a home for any considerable population, if proper measures are not taken to preserve her forests and watersheds. The State has two great ranges of mountains running through its length, with many minor ranges near them or connecting them. From these mountains, where the snow and rain are precipitated, come the streams and rock-veins containing the water of our springs. We depend largely on these for irrigation. In some parts of the country irrigation is absolutely necessary for the support of the present population, to say nothing of that which is to come. This water is also needed for stock,



for domestic use, and for the supply of cities. Our long dry season demands a perennial supply of water for the farms, fruit orchards, and cities. The existence of this supply depends on the preservation of the receptive power of the mountains for water. This again depends on these mountains being covered with trees and brush to attract the rain and so detain it after and as it falls as to allow the water to penetrate into the ground and rocks, from which it can emerge slowly and during a long period. The trees also prevent the too sudden melting of the snow, which is itself a reservoir much depended on for irrigation in California.

Without our forests the extremes of heat and cold, of flood and drought, and of wind, would be far greater than now. Thus the lovely climate of California, of which the prosperity of the State so much depends, would be injured by a continuance of the present improvidence in forest management.

No state is more liable to the creation of terrible and destructive torrents than California, with its long dry season and steep Sierras. If the mountains be denuded of their present covering of verdure, torrents must form, taking off the soil and rocks to cover the valley farms and destroy them.

A supply of lumber and firewood in perpetuity should be provided by a reasonable exploitation of the forests, which now are being deprived by fire and wasteful methods of their reproductive capacity—not as yet in all parts of California, but very generally in the south and east of the State.

It may not be uninteresting to know what forest denudation, only now beginning in earnest, is doing in California. I condense the following from an account of the phenomena of the floods of January 1886 and their significance, written by myself at the time for a local paper.

These floods were very damaging in Southern California. The bridges and a

\$10,000 dike in Los Angeles, together with many houses and five human beings, were swept away. The railroads were damaged and destroyed at the Tejungas and in the Soledad, Cajon, and Temecula passes, and our local road lost culverts; had embankments damaged, and also had its passenger station washed away. These larger losses by flood were not the only ones. There were losses amongst the farmers and orchardists of land and soil, caused by washes and cuts. Streams took new courses and these washes and cuts occurred where water never before ran.

The causes of such unexpected rushes of water, sand, and boulders as then took place in the San Gabriel River, in the Soledad, and the two Tejungas, are worthy of attention. Then the causes of all those entirely new water courses that have been formed within three years in the San Fernando, San Rafael, and San Gabriel valleys, and on the recently opened lands near the Mojave desert, should be studied and done away with. If these causes are allowed to increase as they have done during the last three years, then, judging by the damage done within that time, a serious and permanent destruction of values will take place in this country. Many lands now producing and paying taxes will do so no longer. Many families now well off will live to see their property swept out of existence.

What are these causes?

About six years ago I settled in the San Gabriel Valley. The road to my ranch from Los Angeles passed through what is now the town of Pasadena (then consisting of one store, a school-house, and a number of orchards). The road passed on across the San Pasquale ranch, most of which was then used to pasture sheep. At that time between the Arroyo Seco and Precipica Cañon there was not a single water course, not one place where, through pebbles or cuts, a water channel could be recognized.

During my residence, until less than three years ago, no water ever ran across the San Pasquale ranch between the points named. While these lands enjoyed an immunity from torrents, the foothills and mesas were covered with native growths of brush and chaparral, scrub oaks, greasewood, sage brush, and so forth. Every succeeding year has seen more of this covering removed from the land by clearing or by fire, until now nearly all the mesas are completely bare of verdure. Trees and bushes, and in fact all vegetable growths, have a great power of holding rain water and retarding its flow until it has time to sink into the earth. The leaves, twigs, and branches intercept the rain-drops and diminish their force. The roots, and the fallen leaves and sticks, hold back the water and divide its currents. Besides this, these impediments protect the soil so that it does not cut; thus the water does not get into well defined channels where it can concentrate its force. The humus, or soil of the forest and brush land, has remarkable powers of absorbing moisture. It is like a sponge in this respect, a quality of the greatest importance to perennial springs. Thus the destruction of the bushes has caused another change. The rains that were formerly absorbed on these lands are no longer taken in. Torrents have been born; orchards, vineyards, roads, fields, and fences, formerly safe, and which no one ever thought exposed to floods, have been damaged, partially destroyed, or altogether washed away.

Three winters ago a torrent, now very plain, crossed for the first time several orchards and ranches in this vicinity. Winter before last, though the rains were so light, this torrent ran several times. Last winter the heavy rains caused much injury along its line. Orange trees and hedges were rooted up and carried off. In some places, deep gullies were cut, in others sand and gravel were deposited, in one or two places to the extent of several feet in thick-

ness. Moreover, the torrent now cut farther and reached the county road where it was joined by another new water course. This new one came down the Villa road to the Mission, tearing the road to pieces as it came. The two joined washed away many lemon trees, and injured or carried off fences and gates. Thence they went on, cutting deep gullies in a road that connected several residents with the school-house of the district, making it completely impassable; then devastated a pasture field, cut up the main road from Rose's and the St. Anita to the Mission, and seriously injured lands below this road.

Another torrent on the San Pasquale came down Allen Street, cutting the lands of several residents, and crossing Villa Avenue made that avenue impassable. Two more crossed the same roads, by different channels; and farther east, where land owners had cleared the foothill lands extensively, several torrents originated that went on down into the valley, injuring the lands of a number of men, besides tearing the county road into holes and ditches that made it dangerous to travel.

On the upper part of this district I have had for some years a ditch bringing water out of Precipica Cañon to irrigate my lower lands. This ditch ran along a bluff that had no cut or marks of a stream passing over it. Three winters ago a cut began which obliged me to bridge with a flume the chasm made. Last winter it was more deeply cut by what must have been a large body of water, which rolled out great boulders, dropped my flume bridge and left a great projecting talus of glittering rock where before no such thing was seen.

These water cuts are new in the country. If they have not resulted from the lessening of the power of the upper lands to hold water by the removal of the brush, then what has caused them? It cannot be heavier rains than formerly, because winter before last there was a small rainfall, still that year water ran in these new torrent beds.



The burning of the brush and forests on the watershed of the Soledad has been followed by floods that have been so destructive to the railroad as to interrupt travel and in fact all communication for considerable lengths of time. One stock raiser from Ravenna set fire last year to the forests in the Sierra Madre Mountains, in this watershed, to improve his range, he said. Several hunters from San Gabriel were witnesses of the affair. So the watershed of the Soledad does not hold water as well as it used to.

The two Tejungas are in the same condition. Greater bodies of sand, boulders, and water come down them than before; consequently great injury has been done to farms, and the railroad embankments and bridges, renewed and strengthened from the previous floods, were last winter again washed away. Within the last few years the water-sheds of these streams have been denuded of timber and trees for the brick kilns and fires of Los Angeles, while wasteful and unscientific methods of cutting have prevented a new growth. Fires from carelessness, and often willfully set, have destroyed still more of the native growth,

The attention of the Los Angeles Board of Trade was some time ago called to the consequences of the wasteful and thoughtless destruction of the covering of the mountains around us. It was urged that our mountains are so steep as to be totally unavailable for agriculture and for the most part for everything, except attracting and distributing moisture. This, their only use, should not be destroyed and the blessing of wooded hill and perennial springs changed to the curse of bleak, rocky peaks and dried up fountains. The rains from such peaks would descend in torrents, devastating the country with sand, rocks, and water. What is verdant plain and fertile orchard now would then be beds of glittering gravel. After the meeting several gentlemen spoke to me of the importance of this matter, among others a large real estate dealer Mr.

M. L. Wicks, a very keen business man. He told me that the preceding summer some three thousand acres of land belonging to him in the Tejunga Valley were burned over, and brush and trees on the mountain sides destroyed. The rains of last winter came down from these bared mountain flanks, washed out land, and made barrancas that are impassable for teams, where no water-marks were before known. This in one year. He thought action should be taken to put an end to such criminal carelessness as is shown in our annually destructive mountain fires. Mr. Frank A. Gibson spoke similarly. Mr. E. T. Wright, the county surveyor, than whom no one is better able to judge, took the same view and said that during the preceding summer a fire had been started on the San Rafael ranch, which burned over a mountain behind some of his land. That winter a torrent came down that washed away three acres of his property in a place where there was no track before.

The same facts have been observed all along the foot hills and mesas of the San Gabriel Valley. Mr. P. L. Washburn, of the Los Angeles *Herald*, who owns four hundred acres in the southern end of Kern County, this side of the Tehachapi, tells me that a similar state of things is going on in that section. He travels over that country in going to his place, and he says that summer before last alone, probably owing to the large influx of settlers, 50,000 acres of brush and forest land were burned off on the north side of the Sierra Madre range, from the Cajon Pass west to the mountains where he is. Consequent upon this the water is cutting gullies in numerous places and is running during the rains in dangerous and destructive torrents. He spoke of one instance on the Cottonwood Creek where a man had ten acres of corn land swept away by a new torrent that originated in a twice burned off mountain.

Torrents caused great damage last winter in San Luis Obispo, Ventura, San Bernar-

dino, and San Diego Counties. All of these have been much denuded of brush and timber within the last two or three years. I published some time since a very instructive letter from Mr. Canfield on the results of burning off the watershed of Mission Creek in Santa Barbara. The winter floods were greatly increased in intensity. Boulders and sand were brought down, filling the water company's dam, which had not before happened, and this occurred over and over again. In summer, on the other hand, the perennial character of the stream nearly left it, and its waters were seriously diminished. The wooded mountain was transformed from an evergreen hill into a mass of repulsive rock, the soil from which had been carried off to injure property below.

The water from the mesa clearings is a pretty serious thing, but it can be handled and it must be looked after and given courses least injurious to the community. But when it comes to the mountains, no necessity exists for creating torrents from them. There is no use to the community nor to any individual in burning the brush and destroying the forests. On the contrary such acts do incalculable injury. The torrents that have already increased so much or come newly into being are nothing, not a fly patch, to what we must see if the present criminal destruction is unchecked. The present torrents have arisen from the denudation of comparatively level country. What it will be when the mountains are bared, as they certainly soon will be at the present rate, we can only judge by what has taken place in foreign countries.

Whole districts in Asia have become deserts. Most of Palestine, once rich with its cedars of Lebanon, and flowing in milk and honey, is now a desert. Its trees were cut, its springs dried up, and its valleys were made sterile. Spain, once so well forested, has now scarcely any trees. Its mountains, bare and barren, glare at the sky, but in revenge Spain has plenty of fine deserts. The population

of that country, like that of most of Asia, has decreased and its tax paying power has diminished.

The same is true of Italy, Austria, Germany, and especially France. Surrall in his "*Etude sur les Torrents des Hautes Alpes*" says:

"Several persons have told me that they have lost flocks of sheep by straying in the forests of Mont Auroux, which covered the flanks of the mountain from La Cluse to Agneres. These declivities are now as bare as the palm of the hand. The ground upon the steep mountains being bared of trees and the underwood killed by the grazing of horned cattle, sheep, and goats, every depression becomes a water course."

Again, on page 153:

"Every storm gives rise to a torrent." "Examples of such are shown which, though not three years old, have laid waste the finest fields of their valleys, and whole villages have narrowly escaped being swept into the ravines formed in the course of a few hours. Sometimes the flood pours in a sheet over the surface, without ravine or even bed, and ruins extensive grounds, which are abandoned forever."

Arthur Young, one of the most attentive observers who has left memoirs of his travels, wrote in 1789 a description of the country about Barcelonette in France. He says, as cited by Marsh, "The hill pastures feed a million of sheep, besides large herds of other cattle;" and he adds "With such a soil and in such a climate we are not to suppose a country barren because it is mountainous. The valleys I have visited are generally beautiful." In 1806 Hericart de Thury said of the valley of Embrun in France: "In this magnificent valley Nature has been prodigal of her gifts. Its inhabitants have blindly reveled in her favors and fallen asleep in the midst of her profusion."

Now let us see what has happened to these beautiful countries after the trees and undergrowth on the mountains were destroyed. Blanc, a celebrated French political economist, in a memoir published in 1843, says:

"The clear, brilliant Alpine sky of Embrun, of Gap, of Barcelonette, and of Digne, which for



months is without a cloud, produces drouths interrupted only by diluvial rains, like those of the tropics. The abuse of the right of pasturage and the felling of the woods have stripped the soil of all its grass and all its trees; and the scorching sun bakes it to the consistence of porphyry. When moistened by the rain, as it has neither support nor cohesion, it rolls down to the valleys sometimes in floods resembling black, yellow, or reddish mud, sometimes in streams of pebbles and even huge blocks of stone, which pour down with a frightful roar, and in their swift course exhibit the most convulsive movements. The elements of destruction are increasing in violence. The devastation advances in geometrical progression as the higher slopes are bared of their wood and the ruin from above, to use the words of a peasant, helps to hasten the desolation below. The Alps of Provence present a terrible aspect. In the more equable climate of Northern France, one can form no conception of those mountain gorges where not even a bush can be found to shelter a bird; where at most, the wanderer sees in summer here and there a withered lavender; where all the springs are dried up; and where a dead silence, hardly broken by the hum of an insect, prevails. But if a storm breaks forth, masses of water suddenly shoot from the mountain heights into the shattered gulfs, waste without irrigation, deluge without refreshing the soil they overflow in their swift descent, and leave it even more seared than it was for want of moisture. Man at last retires from the fearful desert, and I have the present season, found not a living soul in districts where I remember to have enjoyed hospitality thirty years ago."

Thus we have the evidence of accurate observers as to the beauty and productiveness of this part of France and we have also the testimony of scientific men as to the desolation that now reigns in these districts, which has followed the destruction of the forests and undergrowth. Marsh shows that the denudation of the mountains in Provence did not commence until the close of the fifteenth century. At that time Provence was the wealthiest and most celebrated part of France. In the sixteenth century the destruction of forests was great. In the seventeenth we see the statistics changing. Marsh says:

"There was an alarming decrease both in the wealth and in the population of Upper Provence and Dauphiny, although by the clearing of the

forests, a greater area of plow land and pasturage had been added to the soil before reduced to cultivation. It was found, in fact, that the augmented violence of the torrents had swept away or buried in sand and gravel more land than had been reclaimed by clearing; and the taxes computed by fires or habitations underwent several successive reductions in consequence of the gradual abandonment of the wasted soil by its starving occupants."

The physical decay of the uplands was such that considerable tracts were deserted altogether, and in Upper Provence the fires (or habitations) which in 1471 counted 897, were reduced to 747 in 1699, to 728 in 1733, and to 635 in 1776, and this while those parts of France not subject to torrents were rapidly increasing in wealth and population.

Provence, in climate and soil, is very like Southern California. Causes in active operation here have injured the whole of that once fertile and beautiful country, and altogether ruined much of it. These causes ought to be suppressed and stopped. The people of France have long since recognized the value of forests as holders and distributors of moisture as well as for other purposes, and they have a well regulated system of forest preservation, whereby the products of the forest are used, and bring in a vast revenue of from two to three dollars per acre a year, and still the cutting is so regulated as to insure a new growth and prevent the birth of torrents. A sensible and progressive people like the Americans should certainly not wait for ruin and desolation to force us to enormously expensive reforestation, which would still leave the productive lands destroyed forever desert.

The fires around Pasadena and San Gabriel Valley summer before last were nearly continuous for several months. Two very senseless ones started in the Arroyo Seco. These fires in the mountains not only do damage in drying up springs and water supplies, and increasing torrents, but they also materially increase and make excessive the heat and dryness of our summers, and es-

pecially of the autumn months. The air is made artificially dry and irritating, and vegetation is injured.

Mr. John E. Jackson, for many years the county surveyor of Los Angeles, who in his long residence has become officially acquainted with every mile of this and the adjoining counties, recently made at my instance, a thorough map of the forest and brush lands of Los Angeles, San Bernardino, and a part of San Diego counties.<sup>1</sup> In speaking of his experience in Southern California, Mr. Jackson told me that there was not a single important watershed in the section that had not been more or less devastated by fire. Equally, that there was not an important water course in the section that had not within his personal knowledge materially changed in character. Every one of our water courses, Mr. Jackson says, is now bringing down more sand, boulders, and debris than was formerly the case. The same rainfall now creates more rapid and destructive floods than formerly. The perennial flow of the streams with equal amounts of rain is less than it was many years ago.

This fact has been independently noted by Mr. James Craig, a distinguished member of the Geological Society of France. His observation was on the water of the Precipica Cañon, which, subsequent to the great Edwards fire on its watershed, diminished seriously in its summer flow.

Mr. Jackson estimates that thousands upon thousands of tons of the mountain soil is being removed from the uplands and deposited in the valleys, to the disadvantage of both mountain and valley, especially to the damage of the water-holding property of the mountains. This effect he attributes altogether to the destruction of the forest and brush lands, principally to their destruction by fire.

Mr. Jackson is a man thoroughly conver-

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Jackson made no charge for his invaluable services in this matter and he deserves the warmest thanks of the people for the excellent work done.

sant with the country. He has occupied for years positions of trust and importance in regard to the lands of which he speaks. He is now the land valuer of the Southern Pacific Railroad for the southern country.

The vital question before us is: How shall we remedy the wrong now going on?

The Forest Commissioners of California have decided as a first step to ask the National and State governments to withdraw all forest lands from market until a definitive survey shall establish what portion of such lands should remain in forest for the best interests of the commonwealth.

The preservation of favorable climatic conditions, the protection of the watersheds, and the maintenance of a permanent supply of lumber and fuel should be the principal considerations in estimating what amount of land should be permanently reserved for forest. This reserve once ascertained, the lands within it should be finally withdrawn from sale, and all timber cutting and all control of such forest lands should be placed under the management of the Forest officers of the States or the National government.

Second: A corps of assistants should be at once provided to enforce the present laws as to the forests on the public domain, and to prevent the waste and destruction now going on by fire, robbery, and so forth, and to be ready to take up the management of the forests when turned over to them. Our commission will also ask for the establishment of an Arbor Day as a permanent holiday for the planting of trees and the encouragement of forestry.

The Commission of Forestry of this State will do everything in its power to aid in the work of forest preservation and tree planting. Our State is one of those in imminent danger from the destruction of its mountain forests and reservoirs, and all coöperation possible is necessary to the good work of preventing this great injury to our people.

*Abbot Kinney.*



## AN EPISODE OF CHUB GULCH.

[THE Forty-Niner usually sits in an easy chair on the south side of the piazza of the Santa Cruz House, these sunny afternoons, and smokes a funny manzanita pipe. We think he made the pipe himself. It is in the shape of a head—a dog's head, perhaps, or it may have been intended for the head of a sheep, or a horse; there is a delightful uncertainty about it.

There is also a delicious flavor of mystery about the Forty-Niner himself. He is not one of the fashionable sea-side boarders, yet the handsome proprietor and his sweet-faced mother treat him with a consideration suggestive of plethoric pocket books and an awe-inspiring bank account.

He is modest and quiet, and seldom indulges in the luxury of a coat, yet his navy blue shirt and his brown duck overalls are scrupulously neat and fresh. He has a peaceful and contented demeanor and spends much time reading the San Francisco papers through spectacles quite too "young" for him. His Mexican sombrero, and his long beard, white and silken, give him a picturesque appearance, which our artist delights in. She has at least a dozen sketches of him in her portfolio, very good ones, too.

He seems to live in the past, that golden era of romance in the annals of California, of which he is the most charming chronicler. We gather around him in the mellow sunshine, the half dozen early comers, and a hint from one, an adroit question about old times from another, strikes a chord in the old man's memory, and, as by fairy enchantment, we are transported to

"The days of old,  
In the days of gold—  
The days of Forty-Nine."

Yesterday, in response to a suggestion

from the golden-haired school-mistress, he discoursed as follows:]

Women, did you say? Wal, they was as sca'se as nuggets in a snow-bank for the first two year; but along in fifty-four'n five, they begun to come in right smart.

Lemme see—'twas the summer of fifty-three that Sandy Wright an' me made our big strike at Sky High—took out seven thousand dollars in less'n two months; then the claim petered out, so't we couldn't make grub. I s'pose ther was two hundred men at Sky High and nary a woman.

Then we went over to Chub Gulch, an' ther was three women thar—no, four. We sot a heap by Eunice Lowry. She was tall, an' bony, an' cross-eyed, an' hadn't a tooth to speak of; but she was a stavin' good woman, you betcher life! If anybody was sick, first ye knowed here comes Eunice, right in without knockin', just like yer own mother or sister, with a bowl of nice meat broth or somethin'—none of yer pasty gruel—an' if it was fever, she'd bathe yer face an' hands, an' shake up yer piller, 'f ye had one, an' tidy up yer cabin; not once or twice, but ev'ry day, till a feller got round again. Doc. Conway used ter say Mis' Lowry used to save more lives'n he did. Ther aint many women like Eunice Lowry.

Then ther was Mrs. Judge Dunn. The boys called her stuck up, but mebbe she was only shy. She was from Maine, and they say Maine women are as shy as partridges, afraid to speak to a man, 'f he happens ter be a stranger. I don' know why.

Cap. Williams' wife, and Doc. Conway's wife war pretty young things, and gay and lively as kittens. They seemed to sorter brighten things up like.

Then came Mary Winter an' Danny. Did I tell ye about them? I tell so many

goldarn yarns, I forget sometimes who I tell 'em to.

Wal, ye see, when me'n my pard got to Chub Gulch, one of us had to take the dust to the bank so I took a run to Frisco while Sandy prospected for gold diggin's.

I deposited the gold, sent a check home to Sandy's folks and mine back in Illinois, bought up a stock of minin' tools an' clothes, an' started back steamer day.

Thar was a powerful lot of passengers that trip, an' the Sacramento and Marysville boats was just swarmin'. I went up on the *Henry Clay*. I knowed the cap'n, Web Snow. Him'n' me was chums on a Mississippi flat boat.

The *Henry Clay* was a little, dirty, ornery looking craft as ever you see, and she wheezed and squeaked all the time 's though she was jest goin' to pieces. Ther was another spick'n' span little steamer on the Sacramento—I disremember her name; she was pooty's a pink—but lor' bless ye, the *Henry Clay* alwuz left her out o' sight the first ten mild.

I didn't see any women aboard on the trip, but when we got alongside the Marysville wharf, I seen a woman leanin' over the rail holdin' a six-year-old kid by the hand, an' watchin' out as if she expected somebody.

Ye didn't see the Marysville wharf in '53? Thunder and Mars! Of co'se ye didn't. Ye wasn't borned then. It was a funny kind of wharf, though. Nothin' in the world but the hulk of an old ship, that some o' them cute Yankees had towed up from Frisco, and was jist gitting rich collectin' wharfage on. Didn't cost him a blamed cent, nuther, 'xcept the towin'. Ye see, they used to load up old condemned craft in New York 'n' Boston, with Yankee notions, sail 'em round the Horn, and before they got into port they would sell the ship, cargo and all, to the Jews that come aboard with the pilot. They knew they couldn't get a crew back to save 'em, even

if they wanted to. Sometimes they jist give the ship away; then the cap'n, crew, an' all would strike out for the diggin's. Men e'en-a-most went crazy for gold them times. They bought the old ships for storehouses at Frisco.

I missed a lot o' my shovels, an' me'n Cap. Snow went below to hunt 'em, 'n' when we came on deck again, thar she was standin' yet, watchin' an' waitin'.

"'Xpecting friends?" says the cap'n. She kinder started as though she was frightened, then she smiled.

She was a little, slender thing, them days, with fair hair 'n' big blue eyes, 'n' the sweetest smile ye ever seen I 'low. The tears were standin' in her eyes, but I could see she was a brave, high-sperrited little creatur by the way she looked up. She was a born lady, too.

"I'm lookin' for my husband," says she; "he wrote he'd be sure to meet us at Marysville. But mebbe the steamer got in sooner than he 'xpected."

"Yes, that must be the reason he didn't come," says Cap. Snow; but, land alive! he knowed the Panama steamer was two days overdue, 's well as I did; but Web alluz was soft hearted.

"Ye better go up to the St. Charles," says he, "an' when Mr.——"

"Winter, James Winter," says she.

"O yes," says he. "When Mr. Winter comes I'll send him up. He's sure to be along in an hour or so."

Then she brightened up, amazin'. Cap. Snow was one o' the cheeriest fellers alive. She said she'd go to the hotel 'n' wait, if he'd show her the way. I knowed by that she didn't have any money to spare, for thar was two or three cabs waitin', so I says if she would wait a bit till I got my freight out I'd walk up with her. She thanked me with her sweet smile an' says, "Come Danny, papa 'll soon be here now."

On reachin' the hotel, I showed her into the ladies' parlor, and told her I would



look round for her husband, "though like's not, he's concluded to go to Frisco to meet ye thar, 'n' you've passed him on the way,"

She laughed right out, 'n' said it would be just like him, for he was alluz makin' blunders.

But night come 'n' Winters didn't put in an appearance. She looked dretful anxious, an' wanted me to get her a *cheap* room to stay all night. I took out my purse to lend her a couple o' twenties, but she got so red, an' looked like she was goin' to cry, that I had to put 'em back again.

She said she had ten dollars left 'n' mebbe that would hold out.

Then I asked her where she was goin' an' bless ye, she says, "Chub Gulch, west branch of Feather River." She was pleased as a child when she found I was goin' to the same place, 'n' when I told her I was goin' along with the mule train to look after my freight, she wanted to go that way, too, for she was dead sure, now, that Winter had gone on to Frisco. Then she talked to Danny 'n' told him how nice it would be to go home 'n' fix everything up fine 'n' tidy, 'n' have a good nice supper ready when his papa got home, 'n' they laughed like two happy children.

I saw Scott, the boss packer, an' when I told him the story 'n' how she only had ten dollars, 'n' axed him what he'd charge to take 'em up, he says:

"What in — do you take me for? Do you think I'd take a woman's last dollar? Go to Sheol!" says he, "'n' pack yer shovels on yer own back!" says he, only they didn't call it "Sheol" them days. Scotty had a heart as big as an ox's. Better'n that, he had a gentle mule 'n' a side saddle. Danny rode a-straddle some soft freight on a pack-mule, the happiest boy in the kentry, while Scotty rode his vicious little black mule he called Lightnin'. He said he named him Lightnin' because he was lightnin' on dogs when they came out to bite his heels. He led an old gray mare

with a bell on her neck. It's funny how mules think thare's nothin' on earth half so fine as an old gray mare. They'll foller her right into the fire. Packers alluz used ter have a gray bell mare on the lead o' their pack trains; then the mules 'ud go along stiddy, an' tend right to business.

It kinder seemed to me as if that was the pleasantest ride I ever had in my life. All along o' Mrs. Winter. Everything was new to her, an' she jist enjoyed it every minute. Scotty picked manzanita blossoms for her, and she thought the quails looked like 'nchanted princes and princesses. She sung little bits of songs, jist like a bird; 'n' when she sung "Do they think o' me at home?" I hed to fall into the rear 'n' cry like a baby. I suspicioned Scotty, too, for he seemed to have a powerful bad cold in his head about that time. Ye see she had settled it in her mind that Winter had gone to Frisco, sure. She never thought of nothin' else. 'N' every little while she would laugh and joke about it with me 'n' Danny.

We got into Hamilton 'bout four o'clock. This was the stoppin' place. Jist as Mis' Winter went into the hotel, here comes Poker Dave on his pided mustang.

"Howdy," says Dave, 'n' we both says "Howdy."

"Who's yer passengers?" says Dave.

"Jim Winter's wife 'n' boy," says Scott.

"Good God!" says Dave, 'n' he turned white's a ghost.

He sort o' dropped down onto a pack of overalls as if he was sick. I pulled out my whisky bottle—beggin' yer pardon, I don't kerry none now—I thought he was faint. Ez soon ez he could speak, says he:

"Didn't you hear 'bout it? Jim Winter's dead 'n' buried. Shot in a scrimmage at the Alhambra, night afore last, by accident. God-a-mighty! don't she know?"

My knees felt powerful weak, an' Scotty had turned the color of a dandelion. I wouldn't ha' knowed his voice when he said:

“A mighty sorry Christmas for them poor things! You go ’n’ tell her, Dave.”

“Heavens! I’d sooner be shot!” says he.

“So’d I, a hundred times over!” says Scott.

Ef a Californy lion had attacked that woman, or the kid, Dave or Scotty would ’a’ bounced him in an instant, bare handed, an’ I dunno but I would myself, leastways I always kerried a revolver them times. But now we were three of the miserablest, mean-sperried cowards in the kentry. I always felt ashamed of that part of the business. It don’t seem quite manly to shirk such work, an’ we was mean enough to shirk it onto a woman, too—poor Eunice Lowry!

“Somebody’s got to tell her,” says I.

“I’ll go straight back,” says Dave, “an’ tell the boys she’s coming. Mebbe Parson Kelley will tell her, when she gets to Chub Gulch. He knows how to talk. He made the speech at Jim’s funeral yesterday, I never heard such a tarnation good prayer’s he got off in all my life.”

“No, you get Eunice Lowry to tell her,” says Scott; an’ Dave says, “By George! that’s better!”

“I’ll send her on in the stage, Dave,” says Scott, “I can’t stand it to see her laughin’ an’ chirpin’ about surprisin’ him. Did Winter leave any money?”

“About two ’n’ a half. He was jest openin’ up some new diggin’s. But the boys’ll make that all right. Here’s a twenty, Scotty. Give her that in the mornin’, and say as how Jim’s pard went along in the night and ’lowed she might need some money. Tell her it’s Jim’s money, ye know.”

“All right, Dave; she’s a proud-sperried little thing, but dainty an’ sweet as a rose.”

I ’lowed I would ride back with “Poker Dave,” as they called him. I never knowed his other name.

It was nigh onto ten o’clock at night when we tied up at the Alhambra.

I believe our painter gal here would like to ha’ made a picter of the old Alhambra s’loon that night.

[“Tell us all about it, Uncle Solomon, and perhaps I can paint it from your description; you make such delightful word pictures; one can almost see those old scenes,” said our Artist, drawing nearer to the old man, and looking caressingly into his face. How did she know his name was Solomon?]

Wal, the Alhambra was built outer logs, a kinder long, low building, an’ a canvas ruff. One part was the dwellin’ house, another was the store, an’ the biggest part was the s’loon. That night the s’loon was fixed up mighty pooty, with green branches, manzanita flowers, an’ those bright red berries they call “holly-berries,” though they ain’t real holly, ye know; fer next day was Christmas, an’ the proprietor of the Alhambra was alwuz getting up something to please the boys—sometimes it was a horse-race, or a gander-pullin’, or a shootin’-match, or chuck-or-luck, or the like.

There wa’n’t no cheers to set on, but ther was plenty of benches, an’ a big fire-place made things cheerful. Ther was card tables, an’ newspapers, an’ crib an’ checker-board. But the bar took the cake. I hain’t no jedge of picters, though our painter gal, here, makes dredful pooty ones of wild flowers an’ babies; but I used ter think that bar was quite magnificent. It was made of sugar pine an’ the top was painted to look like white marble with veins in it. Most everybody thought it was real marble, till they drummed on it. Then underneath was panels, an’ every panel had a beautiful picter on it. One was a ship sailing on a stormy sea, that made you think of the v’yage round the Horn. Right by the side of this ’ere, was a painting of autumn woods, all red an’ yellow an’ the leaves a fallin’; a squirrel was a settin’ on a limb, an’ two boys an’ a gal was gatherin’ nuts. Wal, I’d ben *thar* too. Next to this was a “castle on



the Rhine"; then came a picter of coastin' an snowballin'. I knew all about that, ye know. An' last of all was a fambly a settin' round, father, mother, children, an' gran'mother, an' the old gran'sir a reading outer the Bible. I tell ye that made a feller think of home. An' whenever I looked at that, I didn't take any more drinks that night, ye bet.

When Dave 'n' me went in, most all the boys round Chub Gulch, Yankee Hill, Frenchtown and Spanishtown—about a hundred an' fifty were thar. They were surprised to see Dave back fer he had started for Frisco.

"What ye back for?"—"Pony buck ye off?"—"Hamilton poker sharps clean ye out?" was what they were saying; but when Dave told em how Jim Winter's wife 'n' child wor at Hamilton an' would be in on the stage in the mornin', ye might 'a' heard a pin drop in that 'ere sawdust. Even the gambling games all stopped.

"That's what he fixed up his cabin so tidy for," says one.—"An' he never let on to nobody they was comin'," says another.—"Poor devil! says Baldy Bulow, "why didn't some o' the rest of us get that stray bullet, what haint' got no wife nor child?"

"Parson," sez Cap. Strover, "didn't I tell ye that Providence makes dretful mistakes sometimes? an' this 'ere's one of 'em. You'll give in now, betcher life!"

Cap. was awful contrary, an' he never missed a chance for an argument with Parson Kelly. The parson often came to the s'loon to read the papers an' talk with his neighbors—he wasn't a bit stuck up, always jolly an' good natured. Now he just laid down his paper an' rose up sort of solemn like, an' says he,

"Let us not discuss theology to-night, Cap'n Strover," says he, "This is a time to remember the widder an' fatherless in their affliction."

"D——it! Them's my sentiments," says Dirty Dick, who was alwuz the rag-

gedest and dirtiest fellow in the s'loon; but he pulled out his dirty old buckskin purse, an' rung a twenty dollar piece down on the bar. Every man in the room took a hand in that game and followed suit, an' before you could say "Jack Robinson," there was seven hundred an' eighty dollars piled up on that bar, tens an' twenties, nuggets in all shapes an' sizes, packages of gold dust, coarse an' fine, an' the owner of the Alhambra capped the pile with one of them old-fashioned eight-sided fifty dollar pieces. Never see one? No, they don't make 'em now.

"Let the parson take charge of the dust," says somebody.

"Not much!" says Poker Dave. "Not that I've got nary thing agin the parson, only he's too much like George Washington—can't tell a lie, ye know. He'll take that 'ere pile" says Dave, gittin' sort of 'xcited, "an' go an' set that poor woman up for a pauper, to wonst. He'll walk in, take off his hat, make his perlitest bow, an' say, 'My dear madam, yer poor late husband left nary a red, and the Chub Gulchites heard you were reduced to the small pittance of ten dollars, so they beg you will accept this small token of their sympathy an' esteem in this time of sorrow.' No, parson, you ken go 'an pray with her, an' you do make a thundering good prayer; but we want the biggest liar in the Gulch to handle this dust, an' Doc. Conway's the man!"

"That's so!" says the crowd.

"He ken trump up some sort of darn story about bein' Jim's pard, ye know, and tell us how he hez jist sold out their claim, or suthin', and this 'ere dust is Jim's sheer o' the plunder, don't ye see? an' spare the poor thing's feelin's."

The crowd cheered, Doc. looked kind o' modest an' pleased, and even the parson said as how he thought Doc. was the man for that racket. Not jist in them words, ye know—I disremember his 'xact language; but he made the purtiest kind of a little

speech about how the Recordin' Angel when he reckoned up his ledger account that night, would pass several items to the credit of the Alhambra s'loon in favor of the miners who chose to give alms without lettin' ther left hand know what ther right hand was a doin' of. I tell ye Thomas Kelly was a parson to swear by. I believe he thought Doc. Conway's fibs about bein' Jim's pard, went right down on the credit side of the 'ere Judgment Book.

Wal, poor Mary Winter came home next day, laughin' an' smilin', to the neat little cabin poor Jim hed fixed up fer her. But Eunice was thar an' told her about Jim, in her plain, lovin' way. An' Parson Kelly went over an' talked with her, an' told her what a good, stiddy man Jim was, an' how they all liked him. Thet kind o' talk seemed to comfort her more'n tellin' about meetin' him in heaven, Eunice said.

Eunice stayed thar two days. She got her to eat a little towards night, an' take some notice of little Dan. When she had tasted of a chicken, an' drank a cup o' tea, Doc. came in togged out in a biled shirt an' an old black suit of clothes thet hed been layin' in the bottom of his trunk fer five year. They were powerful wrinkled but Doc.'s tongue was smooth enough. He hedn't forgot his college larnin' an' Eunice said she thought he was tellin' the gospel truth, till her husband told her Jim didn't have no pardner, nor no diggin's to sell nuther.

Wall, Mrs. Winter, she had money enough to get along fust rate, an' in a year or two she took to keepin' school, an' she sent Danny to college; an' she showed up the bravest little woman an' the pluckiest ye ever seen in yer life. Thet was my Christmas at Chub Gulch. Not much of a yarn, but I kinder thought you'd like to hear about it.

[Then Mr. Summers, the handsome proprietor of the Santa Cruz House, came round the corner with a superb bunch of Cloth of Gold roses.

"Here are some flowers for you to paint, Miss Maurice," he said, giving them to our artist, who blushed very red. Then an idea dawned upon my sluggish brain, as the artist hid her face in the fragrant flowers.

"Uncle Solomon been telling some of his 'goldarn '49 yarns?'" asked Mr. Summers, laughing.

"Now Dan," says the Forty-niner, "don't you go for to spoil my credit with the gals fur a first-class story-teller."

"Not for the world, Uncle Solomon," he replied, offering the old man a cigar.

The idea brightened and expanded. Was Dan Summers the little "Danny" of the old man's tale. Was the sweet faced, motherly matron, who presently came out and sat on the same sofa with our Artist, and petted and patted her disengaged hand—the other clasped the roses—was she the heroine of this episode of Club Gulch, on that long ago Christmas?

And might it not have been—the idea was full-blown now—might it not, indeed, have been the old man's nuggets, Uncle Solomon's that built this seaside mansion, soon to be filled with summer guests of wealth and fashion?

And when another Christmas rolled around, might it not be just possible to find our Artist still an inmate of the mansion, when all the summer guests have flown, lighting up the winter days with her spring-like youth and beauty; while the choicest place on the parlor walls would be filled by the portrait of a pleasant-faced old man with long, snowy beard, in navy blue shirt and a broad-brimmed, Mexican sombrero?

Well, stranger things have happened.]

*L. A. B. Curtis.*



## WOMEN AS SCHOOL-DIRECTORS.

During the past two decades a quiet but very decided current of opinion, both in this country and abroad, has been setting toward the practice of making women sharers in the supervision of common schools. So quiet a current has it been, indeed, that even well informed people are generally surprised to learn how far the somewhat unaccountable discrimination against women's services in school matters has already fallen away. During the recent campaign in this city, the committee that was advocating the election of women to the Board of Education found it necessary to inform the public, through the papers, of the existence of the law making these candidates eligible, although for twelve years women have been repeatedly elected under it in various parts of the State. My own experience was to find, even among intelligent people, very few who knew that in this State or anywhere, at any time, women had served or could serve as school directors. Nor is this altogether surprising, for even the most zealous investigator finds it hard to get any full or exact knowledge of the facts as to women on school boards, so meagre is the record of these in educational report, journalistic comment, or essay. Yet it is more than fifteen years since women began to be members, and especially satisfactory members, of the London, Boston, and Philadelphia school boards. They have been made eligible to all school offices in California, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Louisiana, Maine<sup>1</sup>, Massachusetts, Michigan<sup>1</sup>, Minnesota, New York, Pennsylvania, and Vermont, and in the Territories of Washington and Wyoming. In all these States and Territories except California, Illinois, Iowa, Louisiana,

Maine, and Michigan, they also vote in all school elections, and in Michigan in district ones. It is obligatory in Massachusetts and Iowa that at least one member of the State Board of Education shall always be a woman. In Wisconsin and Dakota, women are eligible to all school offices except the State Superintendency; and in New Hampshire, Colorado, New Jersey, Rhode Island, and Oregon, to district or township offices, or both. In New Hampshire they also vote for all school offices, and in Dakota, Colorado, Oregon, and New Jersey they vote in district meetings; in Oregon, however, both the eligibility and franchise are restricted to widows with children to educate and taxable property in the district.

It will be seen that the various States put the emphasis of their caution in different places, California seeing no danger in a woman's State superintendency, but regarding it as too great a risk to allow even a "widow with children to educate and taxable property in the district" to cast a vote for a district trustee or tax; while in New Jersey she may vote for a State Superintendent, but may not hold any but a minor office; and in Kentucky and Nebraska, where she may not hold any office at all, she may vote in district elections.

Of the States that now give women full eligibility to educational office, several have arrived at it by rather amusingly cautious stages. In 1878 Kansas reported that women voted at school meetings, "and in some cases have been permitted to hold office;" in 1879, that they may vote in district meetings, and by a legal decision (dating two years earlier than the reluctant report of the previous year) they may hold "even a county superintendency;" in 1881, the report boldly announces that they may

<sup>1</sup>Eligible as "inspectors or superintendents" in Michigan, and as "superintendents and directors" in Maine; I take this wording of the report to cover all school offices.

vote for or hold any school office whatever, and that according to the constitution there can be no distinction of sex in educational matters'. Vermont, in 1879, reports that women may vote in all school matters, and may hold "minor offices;" but in 1884 reports them eligible to all school offices. (The phraseology of the earlier Kansas and Vermont reports calls to mind the report made in perfect seriousness by a certain Massachusetts committee, and put on record by Colonel Higginson: "As there is neither honor nor profit connected with this position, we see no reason why it should not be filled by a woman.") It seems probable that the States now giving limited eligibility to women are passing through the same process as these, and that every year will see the list of those giving full eligibility lengthened.

It is, of course, impossible to say without the minutest research, how often eligibility has been followed by election. The election of women to district boards in all States where it is permitted seems common. Illinois reports in 1883, "Several [women] have been efficient county superintendents. The successive interpretations of the constitution in Kansas imply the occurrence of cases that called them out. In 1881, in Massachusetts, ninety-eight women were on the town boards of seventy-two towns—probably including 216 members, as three is the usual number of a board. In Washington Territory and our own State, they have been repeatedly elected as county superintendents. The passage of the Act of 1874, which made them eligible, was immediately followed by the election of Mrs. Coleman, in Shasta County, and she has held the office ever since. Other ladies have been county superintendents, and the number nominated increases at each election. There seems to be no difference of opinion as to their marked efficiency in these offices.

<sup>1</sup>It is evident that here successive interpretation of the constitution, not legislation, conceded to women gradually an eligibility implied from the first by that instrument.

In general, counties and districts have every where been very willing to avail themselves of women's services in educational matters; and this not only in our own country, but in England, Scotland, and Austria. Cities, on the other hand, have been very conservative. This conservatism, it is to be noted, is apparently not a matter of prejudice, but simply due to the method of nomination to municipal office. In most American cities, as here, school superintendents and directors are nominated upon regular party tickets made up by professional politicians, among whom there is naturally no disposition to put these more or less serviceable offices out of politics; while on the other hand, those who wish to do just this (as all who urge making women school-officers do wish) scarcely care to make strenuous efforts to secure these political nominations for them. That the obstacle is in the method of nomination, not in the wishes of the electors, is evident from the fact that whenever the experiment is tried of placing women on an independent ticket, a significantly strong vote is called out.

The notable exceptions to this city conservatism are London, Boston, and Philadelphia. In London, of course, the difficulties attending our party system of city government and manhood suffrage do not occur; the more as unmarried women have the municipal suffrage on the same terms as men. In Boston, though the machine system is in operation, the educational restriction upon the franchise, the admission of women to it in school matters, and perhaps also the provision that the mayor shall be chairman of the school board, make it easier to keep school elections out of politics. In Philadelphia, the board is appointed by the Superior judges. In New York, election has quite recently been replaced by appointment by the mayor, and the telegraph announces, as I write, that Mayor Grace has just appointed women<sup>2</sup> to fill two of the seven

<sup>2</sup>Mrs. Agnew and Miss Grace H. Dodge, daughter of William E. Dodge.



vacancies that occur this fall in the school-board. He was urged to do this by many petitions, in which the teachers' associations joined.

London has really been the pioneer in utilizing the educational force of women. It not infrequently happens that England suddenly, and apparently without any misgiving, outsteps us in some piece of progressiveness we had been hesitating over and experimenting at before she had showed any sign of stirring, thereby much confusing the timid and conservative who had been appealing to her example against the innovation. Thus it was in 1868 that Massachusetts began to touch with cautious finger tips the idea of women's helping in educational supervision, introducing in her legislature of that year the proposition to associate them as an advisory board with the trustees of the Lancaster Reform School for Girls. It was strenuously opposed before the committee of the legislature by one of the trustees, particularly noted for his philanthropy; but he was compelled to submit to this wild and dangerous heresy of consulting with women about the management of young girls; and as the timid public found that no disasters followed, women were gradually advanced from advisory to authoritative positions on this and similar boards. Massachusetts had cautiously progressed to this point, when London organized her first school board, under the Elementary Education Act of 1870. These boards are chosen by local triennial elections. Women were eligible from the first, and elected as a matter of course. There was, and is, opposition to the boards from the clergy and vestries, because they interfere with parochial schools, and from extreme Tories, who object to popular education *in toto*; but none that I have ever found a trace of to the special feature of women's presence. It seems to be accepted in England as too simple and natural and appropriate a thing to be discussed, and

whatever comment—slight and matter-of-course as it is—I have been able to find, has been laudatory. Some of the best women in England have served on this board. Mrs. Cowell (who will be better known as the sister of Mrs. Millicent Fawcett, wife and invaluable coadjutor of the late Henry Fawcett, professor of Political Economy at Cambridge and member of Gladstone's government), Miss Helen Taylor, John Stuart Mill's step-daughter and co-worker, and Miss Garratt, are the only ones whose names I can mention. And the men who have worked with them have also been of a high class. Perhaps it would be a trite repetition to note here Professor Huxley's testimony that he resigned from the board because he had found a woman could fill the place so much better; but it is worth mentioning that several times during the candidacy of ladies in this city, it was my own experience and that of others that on our speaking of the subject before some mechanic of good sort, he at once showed an especially cordial sympathy with the move, and explained that he was from London and believed in it, "because of the work the ladies have done there."

Three years later, in 1873, Boston elected four women to the school board. Their election was at once disputed on the score of ineligibility remained in litigation for a year, and was decided by the Supreme Court against them. The legislature thereupon passed an act removing the disability. This opened not only the Boston board, but all local boards in Massachusetts to women; and later amendments have removed the sex-disqualification as to all other school offices. In spite of the four year's favorable experience in London, there was no lack of foreboding about the results of such a "revolutionary and unsexing" measure. How completely forgotten these forebodings now are is curiously evident from the eulogies of the late Miss Lucretia Crocker and her services to the schools, which the city

papers of all creeds and parties united in publishing; even those papers that a dozen years ago ridiculed the idea of a woman as a school director, now agreeing that her place should not and could not, be filled by a man. The following resolution was adopted unanimously by the Boston School Committee by a rising vote:

"The death of Miss Crocker is regarded by the School Committee as a severe loss to our schools and all connected with them. As supervisor<sup>1</sup> from the very institution of the office, she has served for ten and a half active years. The best of herself morally and intellectually, has been freely given to her duties, and her success in fulfilling them is all but universally and cordially acknowledged. Her work is done, and yet it is not over. It will go on for many a year to come as she is remembered by those associated with her on the Board of Supervisors, and yet more deeply and tenderly by the teachers and pupils among whom she has gone in and out as a welcome counsellor and friend. She has set a noble example as a supervisor, and its influence can never wholly pass away."

The forebodings did not deter the people of Boston from soon electing women to the board, under the new law; and a very brief experience only increased their faith in the wisdom of the step. The board, by dividing into sub-committees, easily distributed to each sex that part of the work of supervision to which it was best adapted. The comments upon Miss Crocker's death mention especially that much of her invaluable work had been such as no man could have done. Miss Crocker and Miss Peabody have been the most notably successful of the new members, but all appear to have been good officers. When the question of giving the school suffrage to women came up, in 1879, the venerable Dr. A. P. Peabody of Cambridge delivered a very earnest address in favor of the step, in the course which he said:

Another reason why we should favor female suffrage in school matters is, that we want and need women on our school committees. We as yet have had very few; but those few have rendered important service. In one instance, a woman at the head of a school committee was acknowledged

<sup>1</sup>An office supplementing the School Board by the Boston system

by all her townspeople to have done more for the schools in a single year than had been effected by committees of men for twenty years before. It is admitted, I believe, in Boston, that the schools have never had more able and efficient servants than the women on the school board. . . . . But if women are to be elected for this service in any considerable numbers, it must be mainly through the influence of women. They best know who among themselves are fitted for the work; and they, in general, are far more solicitous than men to have the work well done. Every mother, worthy of the name, is an educator. Men bear comparatively a small part in the training of their children. The child's first lessons are at his mother's knee. She understands child nature; is conversant with the avenues to the child's mind and heart. What men who are not professional teachers know about education, is for the most part, from theory, tradition, authority—not from experience. A system wins their favorable regard, not so much by its intrinsic merits, as by its completeness in the externals of organization, precision, drill and statistics. They are apt to be satisfied with methods that look or sound well, even though they weary the pupil's body, or starve his mind, or substitute amusement for instruction, or mechanical performance for intellectual achievement. It is no uncommon thing for a mother to express distrust, even dislike, of the kind of puppet movement, machine work and parrot utterance, which on a review day is sure to make a profoundly favorable impression on an average committee of men. There are many fathers who scarcely see their children except on Sunday. Meanwhile, the mother has the child's confidence; asks him about his school experiences; hears from him whatever has interested him at school; tests his knowledge of letters and their powers, of words and their meaning, of numbers and their combinations, keeps herself *au courant* with his school life.

He concluded by saying :

"I am sure that I am not expressing this opinion as to the comparative intelligence and interest of men and women in school matters on a *priori* grounds. During a large part of my life I have been on school boards, and am now in my eighth or ninth year of continuous service in the city of my present residence. Parents come to me very frequently on school business, but ten mothers come to one father.

It must not be forgotten that there are in our schools more girls than boys; sons of working men and business men being removed from school at an earlier age than daughters, for labor, apprenticeships, or clerkships. The management of girls con-



stitutes therefore a preponderant portion of the school work. A stronger reason why women should be directly and influentially concerned in the management of schools is that so large a proportion of teachers are women—at least six times as many, as men and the proportion is still increasing. The delicate matters of school regime can be dismissed with women school directors.

School should be regarded, not as a separate institution from the home worthy of the name, but as the extension and complement of the home. We must look to woman to make our schools more homelike.

During the chaotic period of nominating conventions that preceded the late elections in this city, an organization of women, many of them mothers, having children in the schools, and others teachers, took advantage of the opportunity to urge the nomination of women upon the independent conventions. They met warm coöperation on the part of some of the delegates, and they found suitable ladies to stand; four, five, and six of whom (twelve being the number of the board of education) respectively were nominated upon several of the independent tickets. A week before the election they opened a room and invited volunteers to help in bringing the candidacy of their nominees before the public (With some exceptions, the papers had shown a resolute reticence on the subject, and other means had to be found to inform voters). From this time on I knew what was done from personal knowledge and participation; and to me it was a very interesting and instructive experience, a few points of which are worth putting on record.

Brought thus hastily together, strangers to each other, of all parties and shades of opinion—Catholics, Calvinists, and Agnostics, Republicans, Democrats, Mugwumps, and Prohibitionists—without time for organization, without opportunity of sifting, except by the most rapid conjecture, the volunteer workers, this group of women carried through their hasty work without a jar, or a ripple of those personal feelings, distrusts, piques, on which the volunteer en-

terprises of men and women are so apt to come to grief. The interest was absolutely in the thing to be done, and not in themselves as doers. It was the prettiest bit of coöperation I remember to have ever seen; and remembering Emerson's "Lay it sadly to thee, dear heart, there is no such thing as coöperation," and the abundant confirmation of his wisdom that a little experience offers, this made an episode not to be undervalued. Another thing interesting to see was the kind of women that had been, with a curious selective magnetism, sifted out and drawn together from all classes and callings, by the occasion. There were leaders of society and working-women among us; there was a variety and novelty that must have been refreshing to those of us who had known only their own "social circle." But one broad likeness of type ran through all: a sensible good-nature, a considerate liberality of mind, that might perhaps justify my using even Matthew Arnold's phrase for the highest characteristic of civilization—"sweet reasonableness;" a disinterestedness; and a habit of thought, and of interest in all rational effort for the bettering of things. The cranky, the loud, and the frivolous, were equally absent.

It became evident that if the independent movements in the city attained anything like the strength they at one time promised, the vote for school directors would be so scattered (among some sixty candidates) that with a good deal of scratching in their favor from the regular tickets, the independent candidates might possibly "slip in amidst the *melée*." The *melée* did not come off; the independent movements—for what reason, or by what means, it would be out of place to try to conjecture here—collapsed entirely, leaving the lady candidates for school directors the only ones who made any considerable showing. In an election in which the "American" candidate, in spite of genuine enthusiasm, eager mass-meeting, and an able special organ, polled in

this city less than three thousand votes, and others in like proportion, a vote of six thousand for lady directors, at the close of a week's impromptu volunteer work, with scarcely two dozen men at the polls, or other political equipment, can scarcely be interpreted except as a decisive indication of the wish of the people of the city. I am

told that it was of some service to the friends of the movement in New York who were at the moment in the act of urging upon Mayor Grace the appointments he has since made. Certainly the result has left its friends here hopeful, eager, in excellent co-operation, and ready to push it to a conclusion.

*M. W. Shinn.*

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#### THE POPPY.

Within the crumbling circle of the Past,  
 I rest upon the topmost ruined arch,  
 And gaze on blue Albano and the Tiber—  
 But think not of the river or the hill ;  
 The scarlet poppy withering in my hand  
 Has all my thoughts—for plucked from the arena,  
 It draws my memory backward like a clue,  
 Tracing its color in the forgotten years,  
 Brighter and brighter, 'till the world's so red  
 It has no need of poppies ; and I hear  
 The chariots thundering on the Via Sacra,  
 And see the crowd, white-robed and laurel-crowned,  
 Pour out from Rome to throng the Colosseum.  
 In the arena, where this flower grew,  
 The martyrs stand ; the iron-nerved gladiators  
 Fight the wild beasts before the emperor ;  
 A great shout echoing in deserted Rome  
 Rings in my ears ; I join the maddened crowd  
 Pitiless, intoxicated as the rest,  
 And wake—to see the poppy petals fall,  
 Far down the silent vault, to crimson lie,  
 A stain of blood upon the ground ; whilst I—  
 Gazing at blue Albano and the Tiber,  
 See a great circle, dark with ruined masonry,  
 Bright with the sunlight and the glow of poppies,  
 And noisy with the twittering of swallows.

*Edmund Russell.*



## CHATA AND CHINITA.

## XVIII.

ONCE within the court Chinita paused and looked around her cautiously. The doors of the lower rooms stood open, and she might have entered any one of them unnoticed and found a shelter for the night. But she was in no mood for solitude. Indeed it was hard for her to check a certain wild impulse that seized her, as she saw a faint glimmer of light, which streamed through a slight opening of a door on the upper corridor, and that urged her to rush at once into the presence of Doña Isabel and claim recognition. To what relationship, and to what rights, she did not ask herself. A positive, though undefined, certainty that Doña Isabel herself would know, and would be forced to yield her justice, possessed her.

She was a child neither in stature nor mind, but at those early years had reached the first development of her powers, with the mingled precocity of the Indian and Spaniard, fostered by a clime that seems the very elixir of passion. She had been maturing rapidly in the last few months, and as she stood that night in the faint starlight, her childhood seemed to drop visibly from her. She folded her arms on her breast, and sighed deeply—not for sorrow, but as if she breathed a life that was new to her, and her lungs were oppressed by the weight of a strange and too heavily perfumed atmosphere.

She was unconscious that she was observed, but it chanced that Don Rafael Gomez and his mother had just left the Señora Doña Isabel, and were passing through the upper corridor to their own apartments. The gallery was wide and they were in the shadow, but a stray gleam of

light touched the upturned face of Chinita and exhibited it in strong relief within the framing of her waving hair. As they caught sight of it, they involuntarily paused to look at her.

“I do not wonder,” whispered Feliz “that such a face is an accusing conscience to Doña Isabel. There is a strange familiarity in every feature, and what a spirit, too, she has—one even to glory in strife.”

Don Rafael nodded; “There has always seemed to me something in that child to mark her as the offspring of a dominant family,” he said; “it is inevitable that she must break the lines an adverse Fate has cast about her. Others such as she, stretch out a hand to Vice; if something better comes to her, who are we to hinder it?”

The brow of Doña Feliz contracted. “Ay, Rafael,” she murmured, “what a change a few miserable years have wrought. Once I was a sister to Doña Isabel, and now—”

“You are no traitress,” interposed Don Rafael, “and it is by circumstance only that the change has come. Console yourself, dear mother, and remember we are pledged. Though we seem false to her mother, only so can we be true to Herlinda.”

He breathed the name so low, that even Doña Feliz did not hear it; she listened rather to the beating of the heart that seemed to repeat without cessation, the name of her so loved and lost. “How strange it is, Rafael,” she said presently, “that I have such persistent, such mocking dreams, which against my reason, against all precedent, create in me the belief that all is not ended for Herlinda Garcia.”

Don Rafael looked at her musingly. “There is a man called Juarez who has dreams such as yours,” he said; “but they are of the freedom of a race, not of one

woman alone; but he is hardly able to work miracles. But mother, this truly is the time of prodigies; what think you this boy, the young American Doña Isabel brought hither, calls himself?"

"I have asked him," she said, "but he did not understand. O, Rafael, my heart stood still when I saw him first; yet after all he is not so very like—"

"Yet he has the name, mother. It may be but chance; those Americans are half barbarians as we know—they forget the saints and seek to glorify their great men, by giving their children the surnames of those who have distinguished themselves in battle or statesmanship. Sometimes, too, a mother proud of the surname of her own family, gives it to her son. It may have been so with this man. When I gave him pen and paper, and bade him write his name, it was thus: 'Ashley Ward.'"

The name as spoken by Don Rafael was mispronounced, would have been hardly recognizable in the ears of him who owned it, yet to Doña Feliz it was like a trumpet blast. "Strange! strange! strange!" she repeated again and again. "Can it be mere chance?"

"That we shall soon know," said Don Rafael. "These Americans blurt out their affairs to the first comer, expecting help from every quarter. There is no rain that falls but that they fancy it is to water their own field. Nay, mother," as Doña Feliz made a movement towards the stairway, "go not near the man to-night; he has fever and is in need of quiet. Old Selsa is with him, and he can need no better care. He is safe to remain here many days; let him rest in peace now. And do you, mother, try to sleep; you are weary and worn."

With the filial solicitude of a true Mexican, the man, already middle aged, took her hand fondly and led her to the door of her own apartment. There she detained him long, in low and earnest conversation,

and when on leaving her he looked down into the court it was entirely deserted.

In glancing around her, Chinita's quick eye had caught no glimpse of the figures above, perhaps because it had been diverted by a faint glimmer of light at one angle of the *patio*; and remembering that this came from the room to which the wounded man had been carried, she darted swiftly and noiselessly toward it, and in a moment had pushed the door sufficiently ajar to admit of her entrance, and had passed in. She arrested her footsteps at the foot of the narrow bed, which extended like a bier from the wall to the centre of the room. There was not another article of furniture in the apartment except a chair upon which the sick man's coat was thrown; but Chinita's eyes, accustomed to the vault-like and vacant suites of square cells that made up the greater part of the vast building, were struck with no sense of desolation. An olla of water, and a number of earthen *trastres* of different forms and shapes, containing medicaments and food, were gathered upon the floor near the bed's head; and on a deep window ledge was placed a sputtering tallow candle, which had already half filled with grease the clay scone in which it was sunk.

As she leaned over the foot of the bed and peered through her unkempt locks at its occupant, he looked up with a start, and presently said something in an appealing tone, which, perhaps, touched her more than the words, could she have understood them, would have done. He had in fact exclaimed in English, with an unmistakable American intonation, "Heavens, what a gypsy! and what can she want here in this miserable jail they have left me in?"

She thought he had perhaps asked for water, so she gave him some, which was not unacceptable—though it irritated him that after giving him the cup, she took up the candle and held it close to his face while he drank. She was in the mood for new im-



pressions, however, rather than for kindness, and the sight of a new face pleased her. Burning with fever though he was, and tossing with all the impatience natural to his condition, he could not but notice the totally unaffected ease with which she made her inspection. He might have been a curly-headed infant instead of a man, so utterly unconcernedly did she look into his dark blue eyes, and note the broad white brow upon which his damp yellow hair clustered, even touching lightly with her finger the firm white throat bared by the opened collar sufficiently to expose the clumsily arranged dressings on the wounded shoulder. Instantly with a few deft movements she made them more comfortable, for which the young man thanked her in a few of the very scanty words of Spanish at his command, at which she laughed, not ironically but with a sort of nervous irrelevance, thinking to herself the while, "He is beautiful—*valgame!* as beautiful as they say the murdered American was! Who knows! this one may come from the same *tierra!* It must be but a little place—there cannot be such a very great world outside the mountains yonder; they touch Heaven everywhere. *Vaya!* how white his arms are, and his brow where the sun has not touched it, and how red his cheeks! but that will be with the fever," and so half audibly she made her comments upon the wounded stranger, seemingly entirely unconscious or regardless that there was any mind or soul within this body she so frankly admired, lifting his unwounded arm sometimes, or turning his face into better view, as she might have done parts of a mechanism that pleased her.

"Evidently she thinks me wooden," he said with a gleam of humor in his eyes. "As I am dumb to her, she believes me also senseless and sightless. Thanks, for taking away that ill smelling candle," as with the offending taper in her hand she passed to the other side of the bed. Then she stopped and laughed, and he remem-

bered he had seen the old woman who had been left in charge of him arrange her sheepskins there and throw herself upon them. Until the young girl had come, her snores had vexed him; since that he had forgotten them, though now they became audible again. As she laughed, Chinita placed the candle-stick upon the window ledge and looked around her, and stretched herself and yawned. The hour was late for her, the diversion caused by sight of the blonde stranger, and the little service she had rendered him had relaxed the tension of her mind, and she felt herself weary; the shadows fell dark in every corner of the room; there was something gruesome in its aspect even to Chinita's accustomed eyes. It subdued her wild and reckless mood and she scanned the place narrowly for something upon which she might lie. Presently the young man saw her glide towards the sleeping woman; deftly, with a half mischievous, half triumphant expression upon her face, she drew out one of the sheepskin mats upon which she was lying, and taking it to the opposite side of the bed, arranged it to her liking upon the brick floor, and sinking upon it softly and daintily as a cat might have done, composed herself to sleep.

The candle on the window-sill sputtered and flickered; the old woman snored in her corner, seemingly undisturbed by the abstraction of a part of her bed; the shadows in the apartment grew longer and longer; the eyelids of the young girl closed, her regular breathing parted her full lips. The young man had painfully raised himself upon one arm, and assured himself of this. He himself was dropping off into snatches of slumber, which promised to become profound, when suddenly with a start he found himself wide awake, and staring at a draped figure that had noiselessly glided into his chamber. But for the candle it bore he would have thought it a visitant from another world; but his first surprise over, he recognized it as that of a woman. He was

conscious that his heart beat wildly; his fever had returned. Where had he seen this pale, proud face, those classic features, those dark, penetrating eyes? For a moment again he felt as if swinging between heaven and earth, between life and death. Ah! yes, he comprehended—he had been brought thither in some swaying vehicle, and this woman had been beside him; she perhaps had saved his life.

He murmured a word of thanks, but she did not notice it. "Señor," she said in a voice soft in courtesy. "I pray you forgive me that I had for a little time forgotten my guest. I trust you lack for nothing? Ah! what—alone?" and with a frown, she made a motion as if to awaken the servant Selsa! He understood the gesture if not the words, and stopped her by one as expressive.

"No! No!" he exclaimed. "I too, shall sleep; and she is old. I would not awaken her. See, if I need anything a touch of my hand will rouse this girl"—and he indicated by a turn of his head and arm, the recumbent figure, which Doña Isabel had not observed.

With some curiosity she moved to the opposite side of the bed, and bending over lightly removed the fringe of the reboso, which shaded the face of the sleeper. She started, and a slight exclamation escaped her lips, and she turned hurriedly away—as hurriedly returning, and shading the candle with her hand, that its light might not fall upon the eyes of the sleeper; she gazed upon her long and earnestly. Unmindful of herself, she suffered the full glare of the candle to illuminate her countenance, and as he looked upon it, the young American thought it might serve as the very model for the mask of tragedy. Nothing more pitiless, more remorseless, than its expression could be imagined; yet as she gazed, a flush of shame rose from neck to brow. Her eyes clouded, her breath came with a quick gasp. She stood for a moment clasp-

ing the rod at the foot of the bed with her white nervous hand; she looked at the American fixedly, yet she seemed to have no consciousness that she herself was seen; and presently, with the slow movement of a somnambulist, so absorbing was her thought, she turned to the door.

He was watching her intently; suddenly her light was extinguished, and she vanished as if dissolved in air. He was calm enough to remember that she had spoken to him, to know that she could be no phantom of his imagination, and to suppose that upon stepping into the corridor she had extinguished her light, and sped noiselessly along the wall to some other apartment; yet for a long time a sense of mystery oppressed him, and he could not sleep. A vague sense of some strange influence near him kept him feverish, with all his senses on the alert. Yet he heard no movement of the figure that crouched within the doorway, leaning against the cold wall, and during the long, silent night passing in review the strange events that had brought her, the Señora Isabel Garcia de Garcia, to guard the slumbers of a foundling—the foster child of a man so low in station as the gate-keeper of her house.

## XIX.

Doña Isabel Garcia had been born within the walls of Tres Hermanos—her father having been part owner of the estate, and her mother the daughter of an impoverished gentleman of the neighboring city of G—. Doña Clarita had been a most beautiful woman, whose attractions had been utilized to prop the falling fortunes of her house, by her marriage with the elderly but kindly proprietor, Don Ignacio Garcia.

At the time of her marriage, Clara Rodriguez was very young, and, with the habits of submission universal among her class, would probably have taken kindly to her fate, never doubting its justice, but that



from her balcony she had one day seen a young officer of the city troop ride by in all the magnificence of the military uniform of the period. A dazzling vision of gold lace and braid, clanking spurs and sabre, and of eyes and teeth and smile more dazzling still, haunted her for weeks. Yet that might have passed, but that the vision passed from the eye to the heart, when, upon one luckless night, at the Governor's ball, Pepé Valle was introduced to her, and they twice were partners in that lover's delirium, the slow and voluptuous *danza*. As they moved together in the dreamy measure, a few low words were exchanged, commonplace perhaps, but not harmless, by one at least never to be forgotten; and afterward an occasional missive, penned in most regular characters upon daintily tinted paper, came to her hands through some complaisant servant. But Don Raulfo Rodriguez was too jealous a guardian to suffer many such to escape him, and had been far too wise in his generation to place it in his daughter's power to engage in such dangerous pastime as the production of replies to unwelcome suitors. Like most other girls of her age and position, Clarita had been strenuously prevented from learning to write, and it is doubtful if she ever knew the exact import of Valle's perfumed *billets doux*, although her heart doubtless guessed what her eyes could not decipher.

Whether Valle's impassioned glances meant all they indicated or not, certain it was that he had not ventured to declare himself to the father as a suitor for the fair Clara's hand, when Don Ignacio Garcia stepped in and literally carried away the prize. The courtship had been short, the position of the groom unassailable; Clarita shed some tears, but the delighted father declared they were for joy at her good fortune, and they were indeed of so mixed a character—baffled love, wounded pride, and an irrepressible sense of triumph at her

unexpected promotion—that she herself scarce cared to analyze them. She danced with Valle once again on the occasion of her marriage; again a few words were spoken, and the passionate heart of Clarita was pierced with a secret dart, which never ceased to rankle.

Don Ignacio Garcia conducted her immediately to the hacienda, where his jealous nature found no cause for suspicion; and there the little Isabel was born; and on beholding the wealth of maternal affection which the young wife lavished upon her child, the husband forgot the indifference that had sometimes chafed him, and for a few brief months imagined himself beloved. This egotistic delusion was never dispelled, for at its height, upon the second anniversary of their wedding day, when taking part in a *corrido de toros*, Don Ignacio's horse swerved as he urged him to the side of the infuriated animal—a moment's hesitancy was fatal; the horse was ripped open by the powerful horn of the bull, and plunging wildly, fell back upon his luckless rider, whose neck was instantly broken. It was an accident which it seemed incredible could have happened to a man so skilled in horsemanship as Don Ignacio. The spectators were for a moment dumb with horror and surprise, then with groans and shrieks rushed to the rescue, but only to lift a corpse. Doña Clara with a wild shriek had fainted as the horse plunged back, and upon regaining her senses, threw herself in an agony of not unremorseful grief upon the body of her husband. It was, however, of that violent character which soon expends itself, and before the funeral obsequies were well over, she began to look around the narrow horizon of Tres Hermanos, and remember, if not rejoice, that she was free to go beyond it.

Her husband's cousin, Don Gregorio, though a mere boy, had been brought up on the estate, and the administrador and *dependientes* were trusty men; so there was

no absolute reason why the young widow should remain to guard her interests and those of her child; and it seemed but natural she should return to her father's house, at least during the first months of her sorrow. Thither, indeed she went; she had dwelt there before, a dependent child, to be disposed of at her father's will; she returned to it a rich widow, profuse of her favors, but tenacious of her rights, one of which all too soon proclaimed itself to be that of choosing for herself a second husband. A month or two after her arrival in the city, Don Pepé Valle returned from some expedition in which patriotism and personal gain were deftly combined, with the halo of success added to his personal attractions, and was quick to declare an unswerving devotion to the divinity at whose shrine he had worshiped but doubtfully while it remained ungilded by the sun of prosperity. Whether Clara had learned to read or not, certain it is that Don Pèpé's impassioned missives met with a response more satisfactory than pen and ink could give, for immediately after the expiration of the year due to memory of Don Ignacio, she became the wife of the gay soldier.

Both were young, both equally delighted in excitement and luxury, and within an incredibly short time the ample resources, which had seemed to them boundless, were perceptibly narrowed. To the taste for extravagant living, gorgeous apparel, numerous and magnificent horses, shared by them in common, were added a passionate love of gambling, and a scarcely less expensive one for military enterprises of an independent and half guerrilla order, on the part of Don Pepé; and thus a few years saw the wife's fortune reduced to an encumbered interest in the lands of Tres Hermanos.

Don Pepé in spite of numerous infidelities still retained his influence over the heart and mind of Clarita, and one night in play against Don Gregorio Garcia—who,

like other caballeros, occasionally engaged in a game or two for pastime—he staked the last acre of her estate, knowing she would refuse him nothing, and lost. For a moment he looked blank—a most unwonted manifestation of dismay in so practiced a gambler—then laughed and shook hands with his fortunate opponent. There was a laughing group around him, condoling with him banteringly, for Pepé Valle had never seemed to make any misfortune a serious matter, when a pistol shot was heard. For a moment no one realized what had happened; the young officer stood in his gay uniform, smiling still, his gold-mounted pistol in his hand, then fell heavily forward. The ball had passed through his heart. His widow had the satisfaction of seeing by the smile that remained on his handsome countenance that he had died as carelessly as he had lived—not a trace of care showed that aught deeper than mere pique and caprice had moved him. “Angel of my life,” she said, when her first burst of passionate grief was over, “thou wert beginning to make my heart ache, for I had nothing more to give thee!”

For love, that woman would have yielded even her life, and never have known the hollowness of her idol. Grief did the work that ingratitude, neglect, nay absolute cruelty would perhaps never have effected, and in a few short months destroyed her life. As she was dying she called her daughter to her: “Isabel,” she said, “Thou hast wealth, thy brother nothing; swear to me by the Virgin, and thy patron saint, that thou wilt be as a mother to him, that thou wilt refuse him nothing that thy hand can give! Money! money! money! is what makes men happy.” That had been the creed her life's experience had taught her; for this her father had sold her; for this the husband she adored had given her fair words and caresses. “As thou wouldst have thy mother's blessing, promise that Leon shall never appeal to thee in vain!”



Isabel Garcia was but a child, and the boy Leon but three years younger; yet as she looked upon her dying mother she solemnly promised to fill her place, to take upon herself the rôle of sacrifice, which her religion taught her was that of motherhood. Poor Clarita—little had she understood a mother's highest duties, to warn, to guide, to plead with God for the beloved. The mere yielding of material things—to clothe herself in sackcloth, that the child might be robed in purple, to walk barefoot that he might ride in state, to hunger that he might be delicately fed—she had pictured these things to herself as the purest sacrifices, and surely the only ones to appeal to the hearts of such men as she had known; and the young Isabel entered upon her task with her mother's precepts deeply engraved upon her heart, the mind all uninstructed, waiting the iron finger of experience to write its lessons.

After their mother's death, the young brother and sister, still mere children, went to live in the house of some elderly relatives who with generous, though not always judicious kindness, strove to forget the faults of the father by ignoring them when they became apparent in the boy. The uncle of Isabel, the friar Francisco, became their tutor, but taught them little beyond the breviary. What could a woman need with more? And as for Leon he took more kindly to the lasso and saddle, to the pistol and sword, than to the book or pen—even while still a child in years, more passionately to the gambling table than either. Though his elders with a shake of the head remembered his father's fate, and sometimes pushed the boy half laughingly away from the monté table, or of a Sunday afternoon sent him out to the bull ring for his diversion rather than to the cock pit, yet the question did not present itself as one at all of questionable morals—every one gambled on a feast day, or at a social game amongst one's friends. Perhaps of all by whom he

was surrounded, no one felt any serious anxiety for Leon except the young girl, who with premature solicitude warned him of the evil, even as she supplied the means to indulge his wayward tastes.

He was a brilliant, rather than a handsome boy, promising to be well grown, and his lithe, vigorous figure showed to good advantage in his gay riding suits, whether of sombre black cloth with silver buttons set closely down the outer seam of the pantaloons and adorning the short, round jacket or in loose *chapareras* of buck skin bound by a scarlet *faja*, and bedizened with leather fringes—a costume that perhaps served to betray the strain of Indian in his blood, which ordinarily was detected only by a slight prominence of the cheek bones and a somewhat furtive expression in the soft, dark eyes. At unguarded moments, however, perhaps when he fancied himself unobserved and was practicing with his pistol or sabre, those eyes could flash with concentrated fire, so that more than once Isabel had been constrained to call out: "Leon! Leon you frighten me! You look like the great cat when he pounces upon a harmless little bird and crushes it for the very joy of killing!"

Then Leon would laugh, and the soft, dreamy haze would rise again over the eyes as he would turn upon her; "Ha!" he would say, "You will never be a man Isabel; you will never understand why I love the sight of things that throw you poor women into fainting fits and tears. Ha! Isabel, if I were you I'd not stay in this dull house with a couple of old women to guard me, when you might go to the hacienda and be free as air."

"Nonsense," Isabel would retort; "What would I do there other than here? I could not turn herdsman or vaquero, nor even ride out to the *labores* to see how the crops were flourishing, nor roam like an Indian through the mountains."

"But I would!" Leon would cry enthusiastically, and thus first put into the young

girl's mind to favor the suit which her cousin, Don Gregorio Garcia began to urge.

He had married young, soon after the death of Ignacio Garcia whom he succeeded in the management of the estate of which they had been joint owners, but his wife had died leaving him without an heir; and the first grief assuaged, it was but natural after the passage of years, that the widower should weary of his loneliness. There were many reasons why his thoughts should turn to his distant cousin Isabel: for though she was many years younger than himself, such disparity of years was not unusual; the marriage would unite still more closely the family fortunes, and effectually prevent the intrusion of any undesirable stranger; and above all, Isabel was gracious and queenly, and beautiful enough to charm the heart even of an anchorite, and Don Gregorio was far from being one. Indeed in his very early years he had given indications of a partiality for a far more adventurous career than he had finally, by force of circumstances, been led to adopt. Thus he sympathized somewhat with Leon's restless activity and quite honestly secured the boy's alliance—no slight advantage in his siege of the heart of Isabel.

This perhaps, more than the good will of the rest of the family enabled him to approach so nearly to her inmost nature, that he learned far more of the strength of purpose and capability for passionate devotion possessed by the young, untrained girl, than any other being had done, and for the first time in his life knew a love far deeper and purer than any passion which mere physical charms could awaken. Such a love appealed to Isabel. She was, perhaps, constitutionally cold to sexual charms, but eminently susceptible to the sympathetic attraction of an appreciative mind, while her heart could translate far more readily the rational outpourings of friendship than the wild rhapsodies of passion. Thus, although Isabel would have shrunk from a man who,

in his ardor, would have demanded of her affection some sacrifice of the unqualified devotion that she had vowed to her brother, she seemed to find in Don Gregorio one who could understand and applaud the exaggerated devotion to the ideal standard of filial and sisterly duty which she had unconsciously erected upon the few utterly irrational words of a weak and dying woman.

The first four years of Isabel's married life passed uneventfully. Leon was constantly near her, and was the life of the great house, which despite the crowd of retainers that frequented it, would, without him, have proved but a dull dwelling for so young a matron, with no illusions in regard to the staid and kindly husband, who was rather a friend to be consulted and revered than a lover to be adored—for although Don Gregorio worshiped his beautiful young wife, he was at once too mindful of his own dignity, and too wary of startling Isabel's passionless nature, to manifest or exact romantic and exhaustive proofs of devotion. He used sometimes to mutter to himself: "The stronger the flame the sooner the wood is burnt;" better that the substance of love should endure than be dissipated in smoke!"

Don Gregorio was somewhat of a philosopher and as such, as soon as the glamour thrown over him by Leon's brilliant, but inconsequent sallies of wit, and his daring and dashing manner was dimmed, and above all as soon as his unreasoning sympathy with Isabel's predispositions settled into a calm and sincere desire for her certain happiness and welfare, he began to look with some suspicion upon traits which had at first attracted him as the natural outcome of an ardent and generous nature.

Friar Francisco had accompanied the young brother and sister to the hacienda, partly to minister in the church, partly as tutor to Leon; but in the latter capacity he found little exercise for his talents. Upon one pretext or another the boy at first



evaded, and later absolutely refused study ; but he joined so heartily in the labors so well as pleasures of hacienda life ; he was so ready in resource, so untiring in action, so companionable alike to all classes, that Nature seemed to have fitted him absolutely for the position that seemed his in life. Yet though he was the prince of rancheros the life of the city sometimes seemed to possess an irresistible attraction for him, and after months perhaps spent among the employees of the hacienda, in riding with the vaqueros or in penetrating the recesses of the mountain, even sleeping in the huts of charcoal burners, or in caves, with rovers of still more doubtful reputation, he would suddenly weary of it all, and followed by a servant or two ride gaily down to the city to see how the world went there.

At first Don Gregorio had no idea how much those visits cost Isabel ; but as time went on and rumors reached them of the boy's extravagant mode of life, Isabel became anxious, and Don Gregorio indignant. Some investigation showed that a troop of young roysterers who called him captain, were maintained in the mountains, and that a thousand wild freaks, which had mystified the neighboring villages and haciendas, might be traced to these mad spirits, among whom Don Gregorio shrewdly conjectured might be found many of the most daring young fellows, both of the higher and lower orders, who had one by one mysteriously disappeared during the few months preceding Leon's eighteenth birthday.

Leon only laughed when taxed with this guerilla following, and although as he managed it, it was a somewhat costly amusement, it was not an unusual or an altogether useless one in those days of anarchy ; for no one could say how soon the fortunes of war might turn an enemy upon the land and stores of Tres Hermanos, and even Don Gregorio was not displeased to find the most refractory of his retainers placed in a position to defend, rather than imperil, the interests of

the estate. As to the escapades of city-life, he found them less pardonable, for they consisted chiefly in mad devotion to the gambling table, which Leon was never content to leave until his varying fortunes turned to disaster and his wild excitement was quelled by the tardy reflection that his sister's generosity would be taxed in thousands to pay the folly of a night.

Before the age of twenty, Leon Valle had run the gamut of the vices and extravagances peculiar to Mexican youths, and large as the resources of Doña Isabel were, he had begun to encroach seriously upon them ; for true to her mother's request, she had never refused to supply his demands for money, though of late she had begun to make remonstrances, which were received half incredulously, half sullenly, as though he realized neither their justice nor necessity. Isabel was now a mother, her daughter Herlinda having been born a year after her marriage, and the pride and hope of Don Gregorio, their son Norberto, three years later ; and naturally the young mother longed to consider the interests of her children, which as far as her own property was concerned seemed utterly obliterated and overwhelmed by the mad extravagances of her brother.

Strangely enough, Don Gregorio attempted no interference with his wife's disposal of her income, though it seemed not improbable that at no distant day even the lands would be in jeopardy. Perhaps he foresaw that as her means to gratify his insatiable demands declined, so gradually Leon's strange fascination over his sister would cease ; for inevitably his restless spirit would draw him afar to find fresh fields for adventure—for in those days, when the great struggle between Church and State was at its height, such a leader as he might prove to be would find no lack of followers, nor of occasion for daring deeds, nor scarcity of plunder with which to repay them.

Whatever were his thoughts, Don Gregorio guarded them well, saying sometimes either

to Leon himself, or to some friend who expressed a half horrified conjecture as to where such absolute madness must end, "*Vaya*, 'tis foolish to squeeze the orange until one tastes the bitterness of the rind!" He expected some sudden and violent reaction in Isabel's mind and conduct. But though she began to show she realized and suffered, yet she bore the strain put upon her with royal fortitude. Youth can hope through such adverse circumstances, and it always seemed to her that one who "meant so well" as Leon, must eventually turn from temptation, and begin a new and nobler career.

At last what appeared to her the turning point in his destiny was reached. He became violently enamored of the beautiful daughter of a Spaniard, one Señor Fernandez, who of family too distinguished to be flattered by an alliance with a mere attaché of a wealthy and powerful house, was so poor as to be willing to consider it should a suitable provision be made to insure his daughter's future prosperity. The beautiful Dolores was herself favorably inclined towards the gay cavalier who most ardently pressed his suit—the more ardently perhaps that he was piqued and indignant that the wary father utterly refused to consider the matter until Don Gregorio or Doña Isabel herself should formally ask the hand of his daughter, presenting at the same time unmistakable assurances of Leon's ability to fulfil the promises he recklessly poured forth,

That he had turned from his old evil courses, seemed as months passed on an absolute certainty. Not even the administrator himself could be more utterly bound to the wheel of routine than he. To see his changed life, his absolute repugnance even to the sports suitable to his age, was pitiful; his whole heart and mind seemed set upon atonement for the folly of the past, and in preparation for a life of toil and anxiety in the future; for in examining into her affairs, Doña Isabel found that her income was

largely overdrawn—Leon's extravagances together with heavy losses incurred in the working of the reduction works, had so far crippled her resources that it was only by stringent effort, and an appeal to Don Gregorio for aid, that she was enabled to so rehabilitate the fortunes of Leon that he could hope to win the prize which was to make or mar his future.

Doña Isabel was as happy as the impatient lover himself when she could place in his hands the deeds of a small but productive estate, famous for the growth of the maguey from which the sale of pulque and mescal promised a never failing revenue. The money had been raised largely through concessions made by Don Gregorio, and was to be repaid from the income of Isabel's encumbered estate, so that for some years at least, it would be out of her power to render Leon any further assistance. Don Gregorio shook his head gravely over the whole matter; yet the fact that the young man was virtually thrown upon the resources provided for him, which certainly without the concentration of all his energies and tact would be altogether insufficient for his maintenance, and also that he had great faith in the energy of character which for the first time appeared diverted into a legitimate channel, inclined him to believe that at last, urged by necessity as well as love, Leon would redeem his past and settle down into the reputable citizen and relative who was to justify and repay the sister's tireless and extraordinary devotion.

"Or at least," he said to himself, "Isabel will be satisfied that no more can or should be done, and it is worth a fortune to convince her of that."

Strangely enough, though Isabel had addressed herself with a frenzy of determination to the task of securing a competency for Leon, that might enable him to marry and enter upon a life which was to relieve her of the constant drain upon her resources, both material and mental, which for years had



been sapping her prosperity and peace, yet as she beheld him ride away towards the town in which his inamorata dwelt to make the final arrangements for his marriage, her heart sank within her; and instead of relief and thankfulness, she felt a frightful pang of apprehension, as if a prophetic voice warned her that her own hand had opened the door to a chamber of horrors, through which the smiling youth would pass and drag her as he went.

She threw herself upon her husband's breast in an agony which he could not comprehend, but which he gently soothed—happy to feel that to him she turned in the first moment of her abandonment—for indeed she felt that she who had given her substance, her sympathy, her faith, all of which a sister's life is capable, was indeed abandoned, and all for a fresh young face, a word, a smile. Leon was a changed man, but all her devotion had not worked the miracle; another whose love could be as yet but a fancy, had accomplished what years of sacrifice from her had striven for in vain!

There was something of jealousy, but far more of the pain of baffled aspiration in the thought, and through it all that dreadful doubt, that sickening dread as to whether she had done well to thus strip herself of the power to minister to him; it seemed—even against her reason—impossible that Leon could be beyond the pale of her bounty. She had been so accustomed to plan, to think, to plot for him, she could not grasp the thought that henceforth he was to live without her, that she was to know him happy, joyous, at ease, and she no longer be the immediate and ministering Providence which made him so.

After the infant Carmen was born, her thoughts turned into other channels. As she looked at this child, the thought for the first time came to her, that some day it might be possible that her children might inherit some material good from her. Their father was a rich man, yet there was

a pleasure in the thought that her children, her daughters most especially, should be pleased by a mother's rich gifts, would, perhaps, from her receive the dower that would make them welcome in the homes of the men they might love. Isabel began to indulge in the maternal hopes and visions of young motherhood, and to feel the security that a still hopeful mind may acquire, after years of secret and harassing cares have passed.

The usual visits of ceremony had passed between the contracting families; the Señor Fernandez had declared himself satisfied with the generous provisions which had been made for the young couple; the house was set in order and an early day named for the wedding. Some days of purest happiness followed the tearful anxiety with which Dolores had awaited the negotiations that were to shape her destiny. An earnest of the future came to her in the present of jewels with which Leon presaged the "dones" which he went to the city of Mexico to choose—for whether rich or poor, no Mexican bride-groom would fail of a necklet of pearls, or a brooch and earrings of brilliants for his bride; and with his luxurious tastes, it was not to be supposed that Leon Valle could fail to add to these, laces, and silks, and velvets, fit rather for a princess than for the future wife of a *hacendero* whose only capital was in house and land. Isabel had just heard of these things, and had begun to excuse in her heart these extravagances, which seemed so natural to a youth in love, when a remembrance flashed upon her mind which it seemed incredible should have escaped not only her own but Don Gregorio's vigilance: Leon had gone to Mexico in the days of the fête of San Augustin.

She was too jealous of her brother's good name, too eager to shield him from a breath of distrust, to mention the fears that assailed her. She called herself irrational, faithless, unjust, yet she could not rid herself of the

dread which seemed to brood above her like a cloud. And so passed the month of June, and July brought Leon Valle back again, and one glance at his haggard face and bloodshot eyes revealed to Isabel that her fears were realized. He told the tale in a few words and with a hollow laugh.

"You will have to go to Garcia for me now, Isabel," he said; "Your last venture has brought me the old luck, cursed bad luck. A *peste* upon your money. I thought to double or treble it and the last *tlaco* is gone!"

"And the hacienda of San Lazaro," queried Isabel faintly.

"Would you believe it? Gone too! Aranda has had the devil's own luck. 'Twas the last of the *festa*, Isabel. Thousands were changing hands at every table. It seemed a cowardice not to try a stake for a fortune that might be had for the asking. I was a fool and hesitated till it was too late. Had I only ventured at once! What think you happened to Leoncio Alvarez? He played his hacienda against Esparto's and lost. He had dared me not five minutes before to the venture. *Diablo*, what a chance I missed! His hacienda was three times the size of San Lazaro! He bore its loss like a man. '*Que hemos de hacer Amigo!*' he cried, 'it has been thy luck to-day, 'twill be mine when we next meet.' Just then his brother Antonio came up. 'What luck Leoncio?'"

"'*Maldecido!* I have played my hacienda against Pedro's here and lost it.'"

"Antonio shrugged his shoulders and turned away. 'Play mine and get it back,' he said, and walked off to the next table. The cards were dealt, and in three minutes his hacienda was his own again, thrown like a ball from one hand to the other. It was glorious play."

"But this has nothing to do with thee," ventured Isabel.

"No," muttered Leon moodily, "when I ventured my hacienda and lost, there was

no Antonio to bid me play his and get it back."

He looked at Isabel with an air of reproach. She had neither look nor word of reproach for him, yet she felt that a mortal blow had been dealt her. And Leon? He had laughed, though she knew that the laugh was that of the mocking fiend Despair which possessed him, and he had bade her go on his behalf to Garcia. She left him in desperation. She knew how utterly fruitless such an appeal would be.

It was fruitless. He asked with some scorn in his voice whether Leon thought him as weak as she had been, or as much of a madman as himself when he had dared the chances of the tables at San Augustin. For him, Garcia, to furnish money to the oft tried scapegrace would be a folly that would merit the inevitable loss it would bring. All of which, though true enough, Don Gregorio repeated with unnecessary vehemence to Leon himself, with the tone of irrepressible satisfaction with which he at last saw humiliated the man who had for so long held such a resistless fascination over his wife.

With wonderful self-restraint Leon replied not a word to the cutting irony with which his brother-in-law referred to the mad ambition which had led to his losses, and excused himself from further assisting in the ruin of the Garcia family, reminding him that though he had thrown away the key to fortune which he had taken from his sister's hand, he had still youth, a sword, and a subtle mind, any one of which should be able to provide him a living.

"That is true," replied Leon with a dangerous light in his half closed eyes, "Thanks for the reminder my brother. What is the old saying? 'A hungry man discovers more than a thousand sages.'"

They both laughed. It was not likely that Leon's poverty would ever reach the point of actual want. There at the hacienda was his home when he cared for it, but as



for money—why as Don Gregorio had said, the key to fortune was thrown away, and it seemed unlikely the unfortunate gamester would ever recover it.

Almost on the same day on which Leon Valle had told his sister of his fatal hardihood at the *fiesta* of San Agustin, there arrived with assurances of the profound respect of Señor Fernandez and his daughter, the jewels and other rich gifts which Dolores had accepted as the betrothed of Leon. With deep indignation that his explanations and protestations had been rejected, but with a pride which prevented the frantic remonstrances which rushed to his lips from passing beyond them, Leon received these proofs of his dismissal, which in a few days was rendered final by the news that the beautiful Dolores had married a wealthier and perhaps even more ardent suitor whom the insolence and mockery of Fate had provided in the person of the lucky winner of San Lazaro. Even Don Gregorio felt his heart burn with the natural chagrin of family pride, and Isabel would have turned with some sympathy toward the brother of whom, unconsciously to herself, she could no longer make a hero. Strangely enough his aspect as a suppliant for her husband's bounty, had disrobed him of the glamour through which she had always beheld him. When she herself was powerless to minister to him, he was no longer a prince claiming tribute, but the undignified dependant whom she blushed to see lounging in sullen idleness in her husband's house. Yet as has been said, when word of the marriage of Dolores Fernandez reached them, they would have given him sympathy; but he had received the news first, and collecting a half dozen followers had mounted and ridden madly away.

The horses they rode were Don Gregorio's yet he had gone without a word of excuse or farewell. Isabel had no opportunity to tell him she had no money to give him, and in her distress at supposing him penniless,

it was an immense relief to her to find he had retained in his possession the jewels that the father of Dolores had returned to him. He would, at least, not be without resource. But soon a strange tale reached her. The jewels torn from their settings, the stones in fragments, the whole crushed into an utterly worthless mass, as far as human strength and ingenuity could accomplish it, had been found upon the pillow of the bride. The husband was jealously frantic that her sanctuary had been invaded; the bride was hysterically alarmed, yet flattered at this proof of her lover's passion; and the entire community were for days on the *quiver* for further developments of this drama of love.

But none came, for Leon Valle's name was heard of as one of the guerrillas of the Texan war, where he fought for—it was not to be said under—Santa Anna; and ere many months his name rang from one end of the republic to the other, the synonym of gallant daring which, in a less exciting time, might have been called ferocious blood-thirstiness.

Isabel quailed as she heard the wild tales told of him, but Don Gregorio shrugged his shoulders and said, "Thank Heaven he turned soldier rather than brigand." The chief difference between the two in those days was in name, but that meant much in sentiment.

## XX.

Leon Valle had not parted from his sister in declared hostility, yet months passed before she heard directly from him; but this was not to be wondered at, as letters were necessarily sent by private carriers, and it was not to be expected that in the adventurous excitement of his life he should pause to send a mere salutation over leagues of desolate country.

Meanwhile the prevailing anarchy of the time crept closer and closer to the hacienda limits. Bandits gathered in the mountains and ravaged the outlying villages, driving

off flocks of sheep, or herds of cattle, lassoing the finest horses, and mocking the futile efforts of the *hacenderos* to guard their property. The name of Juan Planillos became a terror in every household, yet one by one the younger men stole away, to strengthen the numbers of his followers, and share the wild excitement of the bandit life, rather than to wait patiently at home to be drafted into the ranks of some political chieftain, of whom they knew nothing, and whose political creed was as obscure as his origin. "The memory is confused," says an historian, "by the plans and pronunciamientos of that time. Men changed ideas at each step, and defended to-day what they had attacked yesterday. Parties triumphed and fell at every turn." The form of government was as changeable as a kaleidoscope, and only the brigand and guerilla seemed immutable. Whatever the politics of the day, their motto was plunder and rapine; and their deeds, so brilliant, so unforeseeable, offered an irresistible attraction to the restless spirits of that revolutionary epoch.

Though Doña Isabel Garcia, like all others, was imbued with the military ardor of the time, the brilliant reputation that her brother was winning, though in harmony with her own political opinions, horrified rather than dazzled her. She shuddered as she heard his name mentioned in the same breath with that of the remorseless Valdez, the crafty and bloody Planillos; yet she was glad to believe his object was patriotism rather than plunder, and when at last a messenger from him reached her with the same old cry for "Money! Money! Money!" she responded with a heaping handful of gold, all she had been able to accumulate in the few months of his absence. Don Gregorio, however, vexed by recent losses and harassed by constant raids from the mountain brigands, sent a refusal that was worded almost like a curse; and ashamed of her brother, annoyed and yet sympathiz-

ing with her husband, Doña Isabel felt her heart sink like lead in her bosom, and for the first time her superb health showed signs of yielding to the severe mental strain to which she had been so long subjected.

June had come again; the rainy season would soon begin again, and Don Gregorio, upon a sudden, thought that the change would benefit his wife, and suggested that they should pass some months in the city. The roads were threatened by *ladrones*, yet Isabel was glad to go, and even to incur the novelty of danger. Her traveling carriage was luxurious, and with her little girls immediately under her own eye, with an occasional glimpse of the four year old Norberto riding proudly at his father's side in the midst of the numerous escort of picked men, she felt an exhilaration both of body and mind to which she had long been a stranger.

The traveling was necessarily slow, for the roads were excessively rough, and the party had at sunset scarcely left the limits of the hacienda, and entered the defile which led to the deeper cañons of the mountains, where upon the following day they anticipated the necessity of exercising a double vigilance. Not a creature had been seen for hours; the mountains with their straggling clumps of cacti, and blackened, stunted palms seemed absolutely bereft of animal life, except when occasionally a lizard glided swiftly over a rock, or a snake rustled through the dry and crackling herbage. Caution seemed absurd in such a place so near home, yet the party drew nearer together, and the men looked to their arms as the cliffs became closer on either side and so precipitous that it seemed as if a goat could scarcely have scaled them.

They had passed nearly the entire length of this cañon, and the nervous tension that had held the whole party silent and upon the alert, was gradually yielding to the glimpse of more open country which lay beyond, and on which they had planned to camp for the



night; when suddenly the whole country seemed alive with men. They blocked the way, backward and forward; they hung from the cliffs; they bounded from rock to rock, on foot and on horse, the horses as agile as the men. In all the turmoil Doña Isabel caught sight of but a single face. She started and screamed; there was a cry of, "Planillos! Planillos!" amid the confusion of angry voices, of curses, and the clanking of sabres and echo of pistol shots. Don Gregorio found himself driven against the rocks, a sword point at his throat, a pistol pressed to his temple, his own smoking weapon in his hand.

Suddenly the shouts ceased, and before the smoke which had filled the gorge had cleared, the travelers found themselves alone, with two or three dead men obstructing the road. Don Gregorio had barely time to notice them, or the blank faces of his men staring bewildered at each other, when a cry from Doña Isabel recalled him to his senses, and he saw her rushing wildly from group to group. In an instant he was at her side. "Norberto! where is Norberto?" both demanded wildly, and some of the men who had caught the name began to force their horses up the almost inaccessible cliffs, and to gallop up or down the cañon in a confused pursuit of the vanished enemy.

Don Gregorio alone retained his presence of mind; though night was closing in and the horses were wearied by a day's travel, not a moment was lost in dispatching couriers to the city for armed police and to the hacienda for fresh men and horses, and the return to Tres Hermanos was immediately begun. Sometime during the morning hours they were met by the party from the hacienda, and putting himself at the head Don Gregorio led them in search of his son, while Doña Isabel in a state bordering upon distraction proceeded to her desolated home.

Her first act was to send a courier to her brother. No one knew the mountains as he did, and in her terrible plight she was cer-

tain he would not fail her. But her haste was needless, for information reached him from some other source, and within a few days he was at the head of a party of younger Garcias, who had hastened from far and near to the rescue of their young kinsman.

In all the country round the abduction of Norberto Garcia was called "*el plagio de los encantadores*"—so sudden had been the attack, so complete the disappearance. Beyond the immediate scene, no trace remained of the act; it seemed that the very earth must have opened to swallow the perpetrators; and yet day by day proofs of their existence were found in letters left upon the very saddle crossed by the father, or upon the pillow wet with the tears of the mother, demanding ransom which each day became more exorbitant, accompanied by threats more ingenious and horrible.

Such *plagios*, though rare, were by no means unprecedented, and such threats had been proved to be only too likely to be fulfilled. As days went by the agony of the parents became unbearable, and Don Gregorio's early resolution to spend a fortune in the pursuit and punishment of the robbers, rather than yield to their demands, and thus lend encouragement to similar outrages, yielded to the imminent danger to the life of his son, and to Doña Isabel it seemed a cruel mockery that her brother and the young Garcias should urge him to further exertions and postponement of the inevitable moment when he must accede to the imperious demands of the outlaws.

They were one evening discussing again the momentous and constantly agitated question, when the wife of the administrador appeared amongst them with starting eyes and pallid cheeks, bidding Don Gregorio go to his wife, from whose nerveless hand she had wrested a paper, which Leon Valle seized and opened as she held it towards him. Don Gregorio turned back at his brother-in-law's exclamation, and beheld upon his outstretched hand a lock of soft brown hair,

evidently that of a child. It had been severed from the head by a bloody knife. It was a mute threat, but they understood it but too well. Every man there sprang to his feet with a groan or an oath. Such a threat they remembered had been sent to the parents the very day before the infant Ranulfo Ortega had been found dead not a hundred yards from his father's door. Did this mean also, that the last demand for ransom had been made, and the patience of his abductors was exhausted?

Don Gregorio clasped his hands over his eyes, and reeled against the wall. Leon sprang to his feet, pale to his lips, his eyes blazing. Julian Garcia picked up the hair which had fallen from his hand; the others stood grouped in horrified expectancy. Doña Feliz stood for a moment looking at them with lofty courage and determination upon her face.

"What," she cried, "is this a time for hesitation? The money must be paid, the child's life saved. Vengeance can wait!" She spoke with a fire that thrilled them, and though they spoke but of the ransom, it was the word "Vengeance" that rang in their ears, and steeled Don Gregorio to the terrible task that awaited him.

That night the quaint hiding places of the vast hacienda were ransacked, and many a hoard of coin was extracted from the deep corners of the walls, and the depths of half ruinous wells. Doña Isabel saw treasures of whose existence she had never heard before, but perhaps vaguely suspected; for through the long years of anarchy the Garcias had become expert in secreting such surplus wealth as they desired to keep within reach. Large as was the sum brought to light, it barely sufficed to meet the demands of the robbers; yet it was a question how it was to be conveyed by one person to the spot indicated for the payment of the ransom and delivery of the child—and it had been urgently insisted upon that but one man

should go into the very stronghold of the bandits.

At daybreak, Don Gregorio mounted his horse, having refused the offer of Leon Valle to take his place, and set out on his mission. He knew well the place appointed, for he had been in his youth an adventurous mountaineer, and more than once had penetrated the deep gorge into which late in the afternoon, he descended, bearing with him the gold. As he entered the "Zahuan del Infierno" he shuddered. Not ten days before he had passed through it, followed by a dozen trusty followers, in search of his child, and had discovered no trace of him; now he was alone, weighted with treasure—a rich prize for the outlaws he had gone to meet. Once he fancied he heard a step behind him; doubtless he was shadowed by those who would take his life without a moment's hesitation; yet he pressed on, obliged to leave his horse and proceed on foot, for at times the cliffs were so close together that a man could barely force his way between them.

Just as the last rays of daylight pierced the gloomy abyss, at a sudden turn in the narrowest part of the gorge he saw standing two armed men, placed in such a position that the head of one overtopped that of the other, while the features of both were shadowed, though made the more forbidding by heavy black beards, which it occurred to Don Gregorio later were probably false and worn for the purpose of disguise. At the feet of the foremost was placed a child; and though he restrained the cry that rose to his lips, the tortured father recognized in him his son—but so emaciated, so deathly pale, with such wild, startled eyes, gazing like a hunted creature before him, yet seeing nothing, that he could scarcely credit it was the same beautiful, sensitive, highly strung Norberto who had been wrested from him but a short month before.

At the sight he felt an almost irresistible



impulse to precipitate himself upon those fiends who thus dared to mock him; but even had his hands been free to grasp the pistol in his belt, to have done so would have been to bring upon himself certain death; as it was he could but look with blind rage from the bags of gold he carried to the brigands who stood like statues, the right hand of the foremost laid upon the throat of the trembling boy. Even in that desperate moment, he noticed that the hand was whiter and more slender than the hands of common men are wont to be; the nails were well formed and well kept, though there was a bruise or mark on the second one, as though it had met some recent injury. He was not conscious at the time that he noticed this, but it came to him afterwards. The foremost man did not speak; it was the other, who in a soft voice, as evenly modulated as if in words of purest courtesy, bade him welcome, and thanked him for his prompt appearance.

"Let us dispense with compliments," said Don Gregorio huskily. "Here is the money you have demanded for my child. I know something of the honor of bandits, and as you can gain nothing by falsifying your word, I have chosen to trust in it. Here am I, alone with the gold;" and he poured it out on the rock at the child's feet. "Count it if you will;" and he put out his hand and laid it upon the child's shoulder. As he did so, his hand touched the brigand's and both started, glaring like two tigers before they spring; but at the moment Norberto bounded over the scattered heap of coin and into his father's arms.

As he felt that slight form within his grasp, the father reeled, and his sight failed him; a voice presently recalled him to his senses, and glancing up he saw the two men still standing motionless with their pistols leveled upon him and the child.

"The Señor will find it best to withdraw backward," said the bandit; "there is not space here for me to have the honor of pass-

ing and leading the way, and it is even too narrow for your Grace to turn. You will find your horse at the entrance to the gorge; it has been well cared for. Adios, Señor, and may every felicity attend this fortunate termination of our negotiations."

"I doubt not there will," cried Don Gregorio, though in a voice of perfect politeness, "for I swear to you I will unearth the villains who have tortured and robbed me, and give myself a moment of exquisite joy with every drop of life blood I slowly wring from them. You have my gold, and I have my child, and now, vengeance."

Gregorio Garcia knew so well the spirit of his race that perhaps he was assured that no immediate risk would follow this proclamation. The word "vengeance" rang from cliff to cliff, yet the bandits only smiled and bowed, waving a hand in token of farewell, as with what haste he might, he withdrew. A turn in the gorge soon hid them from his sight, and staggering through the darkness, he hastened on with his precious burden, feeling that Norberto had fainted in his arms.

It was near midnight when he reached the hacienda, and needless is it to attempt to describe the joy of the mother, though the child after one faint cry of recognition laid his head upon her breast with a long, shuddering sigh, which warned her that his strength and courage had been so overtaxed that they were, perhaps, destroyed forever.

As days passed, it seemed evident that his mind was suffering from the shock. The male relatives who during the absence of Don Gregorio, had mostly dispersed to find, manlike, some distraction afield, returned one by one to embrace the child; but he turned from each one with unreasoning fear and aversion, unable to distinguish between them and the strangers in whose hands he had been held a prisoner. At some of them he gazed as if fascinated, especially at his uncle Leon; and when by any chance the latter touched him he would burst into agonizing wails which ceased only

when his father held him closely in his arms, whispering words of affection and encouragement.

Before many days it became evident that Norberto was dying. There was a constant, low, shuddering cry upon his lips, "He will kill me! He will kill me if I tell!" and the horrified father and mother became convinced that Norberto knew at least one of his captors, and that deadly fear alone prevented him from uttering the name. They entreated him in vain, and one night the end came, and Norberto's wailing cry was still.

The family was alone, except for the presence of Leon Valle, and a young cousin, Doctor Genaro Calderon, one of the numerous family connections; and those, with the Padre Francisco, and Doña Feliz were gathered around the bed of the dying child. The father in an agony of grief and vengeful despair, stood at the head, and Doña Isabel, ghostlike and haggard from her long suspense and watching, was on her knees at the side, her eyes fixed upon the face of the child, when suddenly he opened his eyes in a wild stare upon Leon Valle, who stood near the foot of the bed, and faintly, slowly articulated the same agonizing cry, "He will kill me if I tell!"

At the moment, as if by an irresistible impulse, Leon stretched out his hand, and placed a finger on the lips of the dying boy. The eyes of Don Gregorio followed it, and then like a thunderbolt hurled through space, he threw himself upon his brother-in-law, grappling his throat with a deathlike grasp. He had recognized the bruise upon the second finger of the white hand; he had recognized the very hand. Recalled to life by the excitement of the moment, Norberto started up, and exclaimed in a loud, shrill voice, "Take him away! He cut my hair with his bloody knife! Oh, Uncle Leon, will you kill me?" and fell back in the death agony—the agony that only the priest

witnessed, for even Isabel turned to the mortal combat waged between her husband and her brother.

Don Gregorio was unarmed, but Leon had managed to draw a knife from his belt. The murderous dagger was poised for a blow, when a woman rushed between the combatants, Don Gregorio was flung bleeding upon the bed, Doña Feliz hurled the dagger which she had grasped with her naked hand into a corner, and Leon Valle rushed like a madman from the room.

He was seized, pinioned, thrust like a wild beast into one of the solid stone rooms of the building. Don Gregorio was held by main force from accomplishing his purpose of taking the life of the unnatural bandit ere the bolts were shot upon him. Messengers were despatched in quest of police; but by some misapprehension, or intentional delay on the part of the administrator, were detained till dawn, and just as they were about to set forth, a cry went through the house that the prisoner had escaped.

Gregorio Garcia rushed to the room, glanced in with wild, bloodshot eyes, and with unrestrainable fury grasped the arm of his wife. "Traitor," he said in a voice as full of horror as of rage, "you have set free the murderer of your child!"

She threw herself on her knees at his feet—he never knew whether to confess or declare her innocence—for Doña Feliz cast herself between them.

"It is I who set him free!" she exclaimed "I love the Garcias too well to suffer them to be made a mockery of by the false mercy of such laws as ours. Think you the idol of the bandits would be sacrificed for such a trifle as a child's life? and you, Gregorio Garcia, would you in cold blood stain your hands in the blood of your wife's brother, robber and murderer though he be? He has sworn to me to hide himself forever from the family he has disgraced, under an-



other name in another land. He has the brand of Cain upon his brow—God will surely bring his doom upon him!”

She spoke like a prophetess. The superb assurance upon which she had acted, setting aside all rights of man, and relegating vengeance to the Lord, did more to reconcile Don Gregorio to the escape of his enemy than all further reflection, decisive though it was in convincing him that in the disordered and anarchical state of the country, the laws would have shielded rather than punished an offender so popular as was Leon Valle. There was perhaps, too, a comfort in the hidden hope of personal vengeance with which he waited long months to learn the retreat of the man who had done him such foul wrong.

Meanwhile the exact facts of the case were never known abroad, and when at last it was rumored that Leon Valle had been shot by a rival guerilla chief and hung to a tree placarded as a traitor and robber, there were few to doubt the story, or to make more than a passing comment on the hard necessities of war. There seemed so much poetic justice in it, that Gregorio Garcia who was near the end of the disease contracted through exposure and mental agony, did not for a moment doubt it, and died almost

content. Indeed the circumstances were so minutely detailed by a servant who had followed Leon in his adventurous career, and who dared to face the family in order to prove the death, that even Doña Isabel herself did not question it until long months afterward, when a petty scandal stole through the land. The lady of San Lazaro had disappeared—whether of her own will, whether in madness she had strayed, whether she had been kidnapped, none could conjecture. No demand for ransom came, no tidings were ever heard of her, the now peerlessly beautiful Dolores.

It was at that time that Doña Isabel began to demand tidings of all who came to her door, and a suspicion entered her mind which became a certainty upon the night our story opened, but which no subsequent event had tended to confirm.

And these are the strange emotions and experiences that made Doña Isabel what her full womanhood found her, and, with others of her later life, rendered possible and natural the bitter suspense and fear that held her the long night through, a watcher at the door of one who as others had done might find a means to pierce her heart and wound her pride, if not to waken her affections.

*Louise Palmer Heaven.*

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

## THE WORKS OF THOMAS MIDDLETON.<sup>1</sup>

These are dainty volumes, whose elegant, cream-tinted paper, clear type, and luxurious margins, speedily engage the attention of the book-lover. The name of Thomas Middleton, Gent., of whom the *vera effigies* greets us at the opening, is included in the list of those who are called the great dramatists of the Elizabethan age, whose works

are found upon the shelves of all true lovers and students of dramatic literature. It would seem an act of presumption after the reputation of an author has survived the passage of almost three centuries to appear to question his longer immortality. As a bit of literary history many a name has come to us from beyond the beginning of the Christian era, but the works of the author have passed to that Nirvana to which they

<sup>1</sup>The works of Thomas Middleton. Edited by A. N. Bullen, B. A., in eight volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Chilton Beach.

doubtless belong ; and it must be true, that while the fame of most writers is but ephemeral, there will come an end at last, to the publication and reading even of those works that have continued for two or three centuries, a merely library existence, leaving to survive only such as are of the generation of those few great souls that were born to live forever.

The works of Middleton were, as far as ascertained, edited in 1840, by Alexander Dyce, one of the ablest of literary editors, in an edition of five volumes. It was apparently because that edition was out of print, that the able editor of this edition says that "the need of a new edition was keenly felt," and so, as we are informed upon an early page in a publisher's notice, "three hundred and fifty copies of this edition have been printed and the type distributed. *No more will be published.*" The italics are the publisher's. It would scarcely appear that the want of a new edition was keenly felt by a very large portion of the reading, or even the studious public. We do not know but that the italicised sentence may be worldly and everlasting truth.

Middleton was the sole author of fifteen dramas, the joint author with Phillip Massinger and William Rowley of three, with Thomas Dekker of one, with Ben. Jonson and John Fletcher of one, and with William Rowley of two. The literary partnerships of Middleton with dramatists who have achieved as great names as these, indicate the high esteem in which he was held by contemporaries, and justify the expectancy with which his name commenced the voyage to posterity.

The distinction and fame of the mere dramatist is among his contemporaries, and is transient. The times and the manners change; the topics of interest in which are found merely dramatic situations are but short-lived; and the play, whether comedy or tragedy, which is simply a drama, is

equally as short-lived, and its fame but as the perfume of to-day's garland. The people who come to the playhouse in the next century find the language antiquated, the manners out of fashion, the wit musty and ill-flavored. The number of plays that for mere dramatic interest hold the stage to-day, that have come to us from another century, is limited almost to the fingers of one's hand. There is a quality, however, that determines the lasting literary existence of anything written for the stage. That quality is poetry, the finer way of uttering beautiful ideas. The infusion of its spirit embalms the otherwise perishable drama, and the fullness of that embalming determines the measure of its immortality.

Thomas Middleton was born about 1570, and died in 1627. One of his names was admitted a member of Gray's Inn in 1593, and it is claimed that it was he who was afterwards the dramatist. Very little is absolutely known of this author, except that he was the author of the works now re-published; that in 1620 he was appointed to the office of City Chronologer of London, to which, upon his death, Ben. Jonson succeeded; and that he was imprisoned in 1624 for personating His Majesty, the King of Spain, Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador, and others in the comedy of "The Game of Chess," and for inserting therein passages found to be "offensive and scandalous." A copy of that play, preserved in the Dyce Library at South Kensington, has the following manuscript notes:

"After nyne dayes wherein I have heard some of the actors say they took fiveteene hundred pounce, the spanish faction being prevalent, gott it supprest, the chief actors and the Poett Mr. Thomas Middleton that writt it committed to prison, where hee lay some time, and at last gott oute upon this petition presented to King James.

"A harmles game; coyn'd only for delight  
was playd betwixt the black house and the white



the white house wan: yet still the black doth brag  
they had the power to put mee in the bagge.  
use but your royall hand. 'Twill set mee free  
'Tis but removing of a man that's mee.

So great a boon as liberty was seldom acquired for the consideration of so small a jest.

Middleton's first literary work was in 1597, "The wisdom of Solomon Paraphrased," an effusion of some seven hundred stanzas, in the whole length of which one finds only an aggravating facility of versification without freshness or sparkle, and only a barren waste of words. When one tastes the quality of the comedies of this and other writers of that time, he is not slow in coming to the conclusion that sacred writing is not exactly the kind of production one could reasonably expect from the author. In 1597 he wrote "Microcynicon, Six Snarling Satyres," that likewise seem to carry with them no excuse for republication at this time. In 1604 he published two tracts, "Father Hubbard's Tale, or the Ant and the Nightingale," and "The Black Book," which are chiefly interesting to students of the social life of the sixteenth century, the former depicting a prodigal driven to the life of the sharpers who have fleeced him, and the latter making us familiar with the lowest parts of London, "Turnbull street and Birchin Lane, the haunts of drabs and thieves."

In the beginning of the seventeenth century he appeared as a writer of plays, producing comedies and tragi-comedies. "Blurt, Master Constable," was the earliest of his printed plays, having been published in 1602. Its plot is not very savory and it contains little that is quotable, though in it is the following love-song, the most musical product of his pen:

Love is like a lamb, and love is like a lion,  
Fly from love, he fights, fight then does he fly on;  
Love is all in fire and yet is ever freezing;  
Love is much in winning, yet is more in leeing;\*  
Love is ever sick, and yet is never dying;

Love is ever true and yet is ever lying;  
Love does doat in liking, and is mad in loathing;  
Love indeed is everything, yet indeed is nothing.  
\*Losing.

Of his comedies the greatest merit is claimed for "A Trick to Catch the Old One" and "A Chaste Maid in Cheapside." If we are right in believing there is any standard of purity to which a book should attain before it could be commended as reading matter for any people, or take its place in literature, it seems to us that that standard is too high for any discussion of such works as these. The plot of the former takes the reader among persons noted chiefly for their vices—a young rake and his male and female companions, of the same characterless sort, at work upon a finally successful scheme to get money to cancel the debts of former profligate living. The trick is gross, and while the action of the play is rapid and some of the scenes not without considerable humor, it is of the kind that one cannot retell in polite society. The editor of these volumes stands well to his work, as if, engaged upon a not very savory task, he felt in honor bound to defend the author. He admits that "in writing this comedy Middleton was more anxious to amuse than teach a moral lesson," bids for withholding of censure upon these "airy comedies of intrigue," and asserts the success of the author in what he undertook. "It is impossible," he adds, "not to admire the happy dexterity with which the mirthful situations are multiplied." And yet, with all the relish of audiences of the present day for amusement and the entertainment that exists in "mirthful situations," there is no manager so bold as to venture to produce this "excellent old play;" and what discriminating faculty we have fails in its attempt to make quotation from its pages by which the play could commend itself to the admiration or entertainment of our readers. Perhaps the best that can be said of it is, that this play furnishes the plot to the much more admirable and still extant play of "A New Way to Pay Old Debts,"

by Phillip Massinger, a contemporary of Middleton. "A Chaste Maid in Cheapside" is spoken of by the editor as extant. "The play," he says, "is exceedingly diverting, but I cannot conscientiously commend it *virginibus puerisque*, for the language and situations occasionally show an audacious disregard for propriety." When Middleton quits for a while the task of being simply amusing, and becomes serious, he sometimes assumes a tone of tender sentiment. In this mood he utters in this play the following pretty lyric strain:

" Weep, eyes, break heart!  
My love and I must part.  
And fates true love do soonest sever;  
O, I shall see thee never, never!  
O, happy is the maid whose life takes end  
Ere it knows parent's frown or loss of friend!  
Weep, eyes, break heart!  
My love and I must part."

To Middleton and William Rowley are to be credited the authorship of "A Fair Quarrel" but the credit of all that is seriously worth attention in the play plainly belongs to Middleton. Lightness and airiness and rollicking humor seem to be the characteristics of Rowley's ability, and these in admirable measure seem not present herein. "In 'A Fair Quarrel,'" says the editor, "Middleton showed how nobly he could depict moral dignity." But the modern reader advances amazed through the scenes that depict the real cause of this so-called "Fair Quarrel," conscious that his moral sense and delicacy of feeling are therein wantonly wounded, and though there comes at length evidence of self-respect, and a personal integrity too late awakened, the finer sense holds it all but as a moral spasm, in which, like an interpolation of some foreign intelligence, appears a tone of dignity out of all keeping with the tone or with any suggestion of all the rest of the play. And then the drama proceeds by the devious paths of a weak and impossible plot, with characters beneath contempt and a *dénouement* lame and impotent, wherein morality and dignity seem to have

faded into forgetfulness.

The play which seems to have made the name of Middleton most widely known is the tragi-comedy called "The Witch." It was printed by Isaac Reed in 1770, and in Steven's note to Reed's edition of Shakespere, to this play is given the credit of the origin of the scenes of the witches in Macbeth. Malone at first accepted the theory of Shakespere's indebtedness to Middleton, but afterwards rejected it; and later critics, doubting its truth, come generally to think that the refrain, common to both,

"Black spirits, and white, red spirits and gray,  
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may."

came from a much earlier day, from the common songs of the people. There is a certain resemblance between two scenes in each play, in which the witches appear, attributable to the certain amount of concession to the common idea of witches. Those of Middleton have more of worldly tissue in them, having earthly habitations and alliances and offspring, while those of Shakespere are virtueless hags, coming in thunder and lightning, having no earthly ties nor relations. The first assembly of the witches, and the incantation scene in both plays, bear strong resemblance to each other, but in no other particular do the plays have the slightest similarity. This common aspect came undoubtedly from the writers upon witchcraft who were popular at that day, and who pretended to a knowledge of the characteristics of spirits, witches, urchins, elves, hags, satyrs, pans, faunes, sylvans, centaurs, tritons, dwarfs, giants, nymphes, and the like.

In Act. V., Sc. 1 is a single song, characteristic of the time, written with some lyric facility:

In a maiden-time profest,  
Then we say that life is best;  
Testing once the married life,  
Then we only praise the wife;  
There's but one state more to try,  
Which makes women laugh or cry—  
Widow, widow: of these three  
The middle's best, and that give me.



One may search all the rest of the play and be rewarded with scarcely a sentence or line that shows genius, poetry or originality. If it be true that Middleton was the master of Shakspeare in the single instance of "The Witch," the gift was returned or taken back with interest by Middleton, who, in many instances in several of his plays, presents the same ideas in phrases too near those of Shakspeare, to be satisfactorily explained as a mere coincidence.

If Middleton has any claim to immortality as an author, it must come from something greatly superior to any comedy he has written, or anything within the limits of "The Witch." As compared with other so-called great dramatists of his time, excepting always Shakspeare, he is to be credited with facility of language and considerable humor, and in his serious plays with great moral dignity, an imagination largely superior to his fellow playwrights, and with an occasional exhibition of tenderness and sweetness in some of his lyrics.

The maturity of his genius is seen in the tragedy "Women beware Women," of which he was the sole author, and in the tragedy of "The Changeling," and the romantic comedy of "The Spanish Gipsy," both written jointly with Mr. Rowley.

In "Women beware Women," founded upon the story of Bianca Capello; Leantio, a young factor of Florence, elopes with Bianca, a Venetian beauty.

"A creature  
Able to draw a state from serious business,  
And make it their best piece to do her service.

and brings her to the poorer residence of his mother.

From Venice, her consent and I have brought  
her,  
From parents great in wealth, more now in rage;  
But let storms spend their furies; now we've got  
A shelter o'er our quiet, innocent loves,  
We are contented; little sh' as brought me;  
View but her face, you may see all her dowry,  
Save that which lies lock'd up in hidden virtues,

His mother fears the change from wealth to the narrow fortunes of her house.

What I can bid you welcome to is mean,  
But make it all your own; we're full of wants,  
And cannot welcome worth.

But Bianca, full of young affection for her husband, is happy in his love and accepts his fortune willingly.

I'll call this place the place of my birth now,  
And rightly too, for here my love was born,  
And that's the birthday of a woman's joys.

Leantio must go away on the morrow, and is jealous of what may happen in his absence.

Should we show thieves our wealth, 'twould make  
'em bolder:  
Temptation is a devil will not stiek  
To fasten upon a saint.

He goes reluctantly, while she lovingly bids him put off his leave until another day, but he fears, one day's delay in her sweet company may beget still another day's delay, for

Love that's wanton must be rul'd awhile  
By that that's careful, or all goes to ruin;  
As fitting is a government in love  
As in a kingdom.

He departs, and leaves standing at the window his mother and his wife in tears. They do not go from the window before there passes a procession of celebration, headed by the Lord Cardinal and the Duke, his brother. Her eye is quick at detecting the glances of the latter, and she asks,

Did not the Duke look up? methought he saw us  
*Moth.* That's every one's conceit that sees a duke.  
If he look steadfastly, he looks straight at them,  
When he perhaps, good careful gentleman,  
Never minds any, but the look he casts  
Is at his own intention; and his object  
Only the public good.  
*Bian.* Most likely so.

From that moment the Duke had an object besides "the public good," and to effect it he employs Livia, a court lady of abandoned character to ensnare Bianca for him, and with final success. Her mother finds a change in her after their visit to court.

She was but one day abroad, but ever since  
 She's grown so cutted, there is no speaking to her;  
 Whether the sight of great cheer at my lady's  
 And such mean fare at home, work discontent  
     in her,  
 I know not; but I'm sure she's strangely alter'd.  
 I'll ne'er keep daughter-in-law i' th' house with me  
 Again if I had an hundred.

Leantio returns after five days, full of high hope and joyful anticipation in meeting his bride. And the author here rises to the farther heights of poetry in his expression of tenderness and affection, and in the noble tribute which he makes Leantio pay to honorable marriage, ending with the sweetest utterances of longing for his inter-  
 cepted joy.

How near am I now to a happiness  
 That earth exceeds not! not another like it;  
 The treasures of the deep are not so precious  
 As are the conceal'd comforts of a man  
 Lock'd up in woman's love. I scent the air  
 Of blessings when I come but near the house;  
 What a delicious breath marriage sends forth!  
 The violet's bed not sweeter. Honest wedlock  
 Is like a banqueting-house built in a garden,  
 On which the spring's chaste flowers take delight  
 To cast their modest odours.

\* \* \*

Now for a welcome

Able to draw men's envies upon man;  
 A kiss now, that will hang upon my lip  
 As sweet as morning-dew upon a rose,  
 And full as long: after a five-days' fast  
 She'll be so greedy now, and cling upon me,  
 I take care how I shall be rid of her:  
 And here't begins.

Alas! the welcome was but a word of greeting, and no caress attending. Even while they converse, a messenger from the duke invites her and the mother, and they do not resist, but leave Leantio in amazement.

O thou the ripe time of man's misery, wedlock,  
 When all his thoughts like overlaid trees,  
 Crack with the fruits they bear in cares, in jeal-  
     ousies!

Amid his bitter musings the messenger returns and summons him to the Duke. He soon finds himself at a banquet where the Duke presides, attended by Bianca. His

first glance tells him where the heart of his wife resides. The Duke appoints him to the captaincy of the fort at Rouans, but the honor bestowed takes not away the dishonor already cast upon him. The Duke pledges Bianca, the entertainment proceeds, but Leantio tastes only the bitter food of reflection, and his only utterances are asides, that tell how deep his wounds, till at last the banqueters depart, leaving only himself in the presence of Livia, who was the hostess, and who plies him unheeding her, but soliloquising his dear remembrances of Bianca.

Cans't thou forget

The dear pains my love took? how it has watch'd  
 Whole nights together, in all weathers, for thee,  
 Yet stood in heart more merry than the tempest  
 That sung about mine ears,—like dangerous flat-  
     terers,

That can set all their mischiefs to sweet tunes,—  
 And then receiv'd thee, from thy father's window,  
 Into these arms at midnight; when we embraced  
 As if we had been statues only made for't,  
 To show art's life, so silent were our comforts,  
 And kiss'd as if our lips had grown together?

Livia pretends to offer consolation to him, telling him,

You miss'd your fortunes when you met her, sir.  
 Young gentlemen that only love for beauty,  
 They love not wisely; such a marriage rather  
 Proves the destruction of affection.

And when he is not touched by her words and is left alone, he breaks forth overwhelmed by the wretchedness of his state in the loss of Bianca:

She's gone forever, utterly; there is  
 As much redemption of a soul from hell,  
 As a fair woman's body from this palace.  
 Why should my love last longer than her truth?  
 What is there good in women to be lov'd,  
 When only that which makes her so has left her?  
 I cannot love her now but I must like  
 Her sin and my own shame too, and be guilty  
 Of law's breach with her, and mine own abusing;  
 All which were monstrous; then my safest course  
 For health of mind and body, is to turn  
 My heart and hate her, most extremely hate her.

An instance of the superior imaginative power of Middleton is found in Act. IV. Sec. 1, where the Cardinal reproaches this



duke for his course of life, and the example set by a great man.

Every sin thou committ'st shows like a flame  
Upon a mountain, 'tis seen far about,  
And with a big wind made of popular breath,  
The sparkles fly through cities, here one takes,  
Another catches there, and in a short time  
Wastes all to cinders; but remember still,  
What burnt the valleys first came from the hill;  
Every offence draws his particular pain,  
But 'tis example proves the great man's bane.

There is nothing else finer in the whole play, unless it be the reply, strangely put into the mouth of Bianca, which is made to the Cardinal's further reproaches, even after the duke has tried to cure the evil wrought, by a subsequent marriage.

Sir, I have read you over all this while  
In silence, and I find great knowledge in you  
And severe learning; yet, 'mongst all your virtues  
I see not charity written, which some call  
The first-born of religion, and I wonder  
I cannot see 't in yours; believe it, sir,  
There is no virtue can be sooner miss'd  
Or later welcom'd; it begins the rest,  
And sets 'em all in order; heaven and angels  
Take great delight in a converted sinner;  
Why should you then, a servant and professor,  
Differ so much from them? If every woman  
That commits evil should be therefore kept  
Back in desires of goodness, how should virtue  
Be known and honour'd? From a man that's blind  
To take a burning taper 'tis no wrong.  
He never misses it; but to take light  
From one that sees, that's injury and spite.  
Pray, whether is religion better serv'd,  
When lives that are licentious are made honest,  
Than when they still run through a sinful blood?  
'Tis nothing virtue's temples to deface;  
But build the ruins, there's a work of grace."

There is no cheer in all the play. The way out to the consummation of the plot is dark and the catastrophe melancholy, and as pitiful as that of Hamlet.

Two other plays, "The Changeling," and "The Spanish Gipsy," demand the attention of the student who would enjoy all the finer expressions of Middleton's genius. Although William Rowley was joint author in these, it is generally conceded by critics that he wrote only the underplot of the former, and

the purely gipsy scenes of the latter, and that to Middleton alone is due the credit for the greater scenes. "The Changeling" is a dark-colored tragedy, the story of Beatrice, a daughter of the governor of the castle of Alicant, who, upon the eve of her marriage to Alonzo de Pivacquo, sees and falls deeply in love with Alsemero. Desperate at the impending loss of her new love, she engages De Flores to make way with her affianced husband. The scene which follows the murder, between Beatrice and De Flores, wherein he refuses her gold, and claiming that she is partner in his guilt, demands as his compensation the surrender of herself to him, is one of the most startling and strongly drawn pictures of deep passion in dramatic literature, scarcely surpassed by any dramatist save Shakspeare. His demand she does not at first understand, and, finding him not satisfied with the proffered gold, she offers to double the sum and demands his departure.

*Beat.* For my fear's sake,  
I prithee, make away with all speed possible;  
And if thou be'st so modest not to name  
The sum that will content thee, paper blushes not;  
Send thy demand in writing, it shall follow thee;  
But prithee, take thy flight.

*D. F.* You must fly too then.

*Beat.* I?

*D. F.* I'll not stir a foot else.

*Beat.* What's your meaning?

*D. F.* Why, are not you as guilty? in, I'm sure  
As deep as I; and we should stiek together.  
Come, your fears counsel you but ill; my absence  
Would draw suspect upon you instantly.  
There were no rescue for you.

Beginning to suspect the meaning of his demand, she cries,

*Beat.* O, I never shall!  
Speak it yet further off, that I may lose  
What has been spoken and no sound remain on't:  
I would not hear so much offence again,  
For such another deed.

*D. F.* Soft, lady, soft!  
The last is not yet paid for; O this act  
Has put me into spirit; I was as greedy on't,

As the parch'd earth of moisture, when the clouds  
weep ;  
Did you not mark. I wrought myself into 't,  
Nay, sued and kneel'd for't? Why was all that pains  
took ?  
You see I've thrown contempt upon your gold ;  
Not that I want it [not], for I do pitiously.  
In order I'll come unto't, and make use on't.  
But 'twas not held so precious to begin with,  
For I place wealth after the heels of pleasure.

\*            \*            \*

*Beat.* Why, 'tis impossible thou cans't be so wicked,  
Or shelter such a cunning cruelty,  
To make his death the murderer of my honor.  
Thy language is so bold and vicious,  
I cannot see which way I can forgive it  
With any modesty.

*De F.* Pish! you forget yourself;  
A women dipp'd in blood and talk of modesty!"

He will not listen to her claim of the distance her birth has made between them, and he bids her

"Fly not to your birth, but settle you  
In what the act has made you; you're no more  
now.

You must forget your parentage to me;  
You are the deed's creature; by that name  
You lost your first condition, and I challenge you,  
As peace and innocency has turned you out,  
And made you one with me."

He threatens that he will blast the hopes and joys of marriage, and confess all, rating his life at nothing.

*De F.* She that in life and love refuses me,  
In death and shame my partner she shall be.

*Beat.* [kneeling] "Stay, hear me once for all;  
I make thee master  
Of all the wealth I have in gold and jewels;  
Let me go poor unto my bed with honour.  
And I am rich in all things!"

He will hear to no pleading, and raising her bids her

"Come, rise and shroud thy blushes in my bosom;  
Silence is one of pleasure's best receipts;  
Thy peace is wrought forever in this yielding."

Though with far less cunning, the character of De Flores may worthily compete with

that of Iago for pre-eminence in complete depravity.

This play was first produced about 1621, and was revived at the Restoration. In Pepy's diary under date of 23d February, 1666-67, we find the following entry :

"To the Playhouse and there saw 'The Changeling.' The first time it hath been acted these twenty years and it takes exceedingly."

The "Spanish Gipsy" is a romantic comedy altogether different in tone and color from the play last named. It has its serious aspects, but it seems more natural and human, and offers a story that in itself is attractive and pleasing. It furnishes many lines of pure poetic imagery, and several songs that display the height of the author's lyric quality.

One cannot penetrate very far into the heart of the dramatic literature of the early part of the seventeenth century, without finding that the tone of society has greatly changed in our day, and he must speedily conclude that the works of Middleton, like those of his contemporaries, are almost wholly for the student, and him alone; that if one would read them in peace he had better take them, not only to his own closet, but to the innermost recess thereof, lest in a moment of absorption, which the interest of the work may induce, he may feel a blush rising, if perchance a silent intruder glances over his shoulder. Society, happily we think, forbids allusion in the presence of virtue to the commoner assaults of vice, and scarcely tolerates chastity to be sneered at, and its opposite boisterously laughed over and connived at; but in the early days of unwashed civilization, when fingers at their tables did the service of forks at ours, and the manners of society were on the same indecorous level, the plays of the day took the tone of society, and the themes of the street and the conversation of



the court are doubtless clearly reflected in the volumes of the dramatists. Considering these things, it seems strange rather that there is so little than that there is so much coarseness in Shakspeare, and not at all strange that in the lesser dramatists like Middleton there should be so much.

As Landor says of the other writers of the time

"They stood around  
The throne of Shakspeare, sturdy but unclean."

While we should commend the plays of Middleton to the student of dramatic literature for the frequent display of great poetic genius, a lofty imagination, pictures

of deepest passion, and at times passages of the highest moral dignity, we should greatly hesitate to put any volume of these works, or even any one play into the hands of youth, whose minds and hearts are easily hurt by coarseness of allusion and by indelicacy of expression. It may be that we should not decline ambrosia though offered in an earthen vessel, but we want it certain that the vessel, though roughly made, yet shall not give its earthy taste to the heavenly food, but give it up clear and pure and uncolored as the water from an earthly spring.

#### AN EPOCH-MAKING LIE.

Once I told a lie. A black, downright lie. Not one of the cultured untruths of a mendacious civilization. Not one of the flaccid, whitey-gray, wriggling things that are spawned every day in millions by people who are too cowardly either to tell the truth or to own to themselves that they have told a falsehood. Mine was a sort of epoch-making lie, and I will tell you how it came about.

I was going over to San Francisco one day to learn the fate of some manuscript of my own left at a newspaper office;—to get the manuscript, I said to myself;—to get the money for it, a shy hope whispered in my ear.

As the *Piedmont* lurched against the slip, I woke from an only half pleasant dream about the fast nearing Christmas. I hurried forward, and just at the top of the steps missed my sealskin cape (misleading remnant of "better days"). Going back to the empty saloon, I found it, and my eye fell at the same instant upon a tiny parcel on the carpet. I picked up the bit of knotted gray silk, and it was so heavy, I felt sure it

must contain gold. On my way out, I untied it, and found three ten dollar coins, and the half of a German thaler piece, with an unintelligible monogram engraved on one side of it. As I tied them up again, I wished vainly that I could find my husband's brother Sam, who had been on the boat somewhere, and who could save me the trouble of leaving the parcel at the Company's office for restoration. Sam was gone however, and I thought it best to stop on my way up from the ferry and advertise my little "find" in the columns of a daily paper.

Then I went to the office of the *Hesperian Weekly*, and I paused on the stairs there, and asked myself with pretended sincerity where I should take my manuscript next, in case it should have been found, like its predecessors, to be "unavailable;" and it was not until the polite young editor had handed me my familiar roll with a courteous depreciation of his own action in so doing, that I realized how completely hope had won my ear, when I was not listening to her.

Not till then, either, did I realize how many things I had bought with the sum I must receive for my little story. In truth, my feet turned unconsciously toward the bookstore where I was to make my first purchase; a book of reference indispensable to the dear invalid at home, in the literary work by means of which he tried to ignore pain and to forget defeat and disappointment and the untimely wreck of a life that had spread such gallant canvas to the winds of fate.

Then there was the new cloak for patient little Phyl. Poor Phyl!—so ready, with her nine years, to accept unchildish tasks as a pleasure because mamma shared them with her. She was the only one death had left us of three little girls adopted while our argosies were still safe, and we were childless, and full of pity for the unmothered babes all about us.

With our poverty had come our own baby. Precious White Rose! thrown in by a relenting clemency of destiny to sweeten an else too bitter draught.

But Rose would not miss any Christmas gift she might lack. So long as her adoring and adorable grandmother lived, neither impucuniosity nor the slights of Santa Claus could chill the charmed atmosphere about that spoiled baby.

This beautiful grandmother, however, was my mother-in-law! Hateful name! Forgive me, dear mother, that I have used it once. I only wanted to say, that beautiful and sweet-hearted and wise as she was, and of an unthinkable altruism, it was her image nevertheless that helped to make my disappointment poignant. She was gently and mutely skeptical of my success.

Sam too—my husband's brother—had only smiled at my aspirations as an authorkin, and had said: "Take care, Sis! Don't spoil an ideal cook to make a sloppy story hack. Be satisfied with your gastronomic triumphs."

I thought my triumphs might be greater with more war material, but I did not say so, for poor Sam was straining every nerve to keep us in bread and meat, and I knew would have done so even if he had not been urged thereto by a sense of long unpaid pecuniary obligation to his brother.

But—most depressing image of all, today, as I mechanically walked up Market Street with my manuscript in my hand—there was Sam's wife. She was—oh! I do declare a new word would have to be coined to tell what she was. What does God let such women exist for? They are worse than worse ones.

She had no measure but success. Motives, intentions, efforts, all went for nothing with her if the aim was not reached—and the aim must be material, too. She sniffed at all that was implied in "plain living and high thinking." She claimed, it is true, to love the Beautiful; but she did not—it was the Costly she loved. For her the best things were what could be bought with money. She went about the house with an injured, upward curve of the eyebrows, and performed the solitary task left to her—the care of her own room—with a daily fresh air of surprise and resentment that it should have been expected of her.

We did what we could to appease her thirst for the unnecessaries of life; in truth the only extravagancies of the family now-days were perpetrated to placate Maria; and now—! I could already see her look of contempt when I should bring home another rejected manuscript.

By this time I had wandered far up Market Street. I now turned quickly, and pulling myself together, started for home.

On the boat I remembered the money I had found. I suddenly thought: What if I should take it home and pretend I sold my manuscript? It was as much as I expected for the story in my bag, and if the loser turned up, I could replace the appro-



priated sum by the sale of a small sapphire ring I had long since devoted to some emergency.

I put the suggestion aside, and although it recurred often during my long horse car journey far out into the foot-hills, yet when I reached our gate I was fully determined to tell the simple truth, and to own my mortifying incapacity to write anything that anybody would want.

Phyl was watching for me in the dusk by the ivy-arched gate, and strained me to her passionate young heart with a love which I knew could never be shaken by misfortune, failure, or even crime.

Tea, too, was waiting for me; the dear mother had laid the table, and was sitting near it, smiling at Rose with something of the rapt gravity of a mediaeval Madonna.

Maria was on the lounge. Not lying down comfortably, as she did when she was reading novels in her own room, but reclining at a distressing angle, This meant: "I am not able to sit up, but I will come as near it as I can."

As I entered the room they all looked at me expectantly, but nobody spoke until after I had kissed them as usual, when Maria asked—a languid mockery over-toning her unusual interest:

"Well, what did you get on account for your brain crop?"

I opened my bag, and without a word, took out the gold coins and laid them on the table. I was entirely miserable when I had done this—I felt that I was a coward and a thief and an impostor all at once. My dear husband gave me a precious, sympathetic smile, and mother patted my hand with a loving: "I am so glad, dear!" While Sam shouted: "Well, by Jupiter Tonans! It really seems that the bread-maker can also be a bread-winner. Hurrah for the Warfields! We may be as prolific in authors as the Trollopes yet."

As for Maria, I did not even look at her. I felt that she had precipitated me into the

pit which, although I had dug it with my own hands, I had determined not to descend into.

Oh, what a mean thing I felt myself to have done! But there is no use dwelling on my feelings. The next thing was how to keep from being found out.

As time should go on, and my story never appear, surprise and speculation would arise in the domestic circle, and Maria, after suspicion was once excited, would, with her buzzard instincts, come very near unearthing my wretched little lie.

Confession was out of the question. It was that sort of a lie that takes its place in your history as a deed done, and not to be altered or annulled by repenting of it.

Meantime, I used the money. I did not mean to touch it until a week after advertising it, but that same night when I went into the kitchen to make my bread ready for to-morrow's baking, Sam followed me and said: "You are such a capitalist, Beth, would you mind lending your poor brother ten dollars?"

I felt, in spite of my guilt, a throb of joy at being able to do it, and I answered: "So gladly, you know, Sam dear."

And then I spent the rest for Christmas things, and I doubt if I ever in my life spent twenty dollars to such an advantage, or procured therewith more genuine gratification for my family.

Christmas would have been bare enough but for those poor little gold pieces, lost, possibly, as I often felt, by some one poorer than myself. (I had left an address at the ferry office also in case the loser applied there.) No one else in the family had a cent to spend for superfluities, and I pitied poor Sam with all my heart, when he had to meet, empty handed, Christmas and Maria together. Her eyebrows were worse than ever, and she hardly spoke to him for weeks.

My penance began from the very day after I committed my sin. I knew my only

salvation from discovery would be found in the having something accepted and published by somebody; and so the lie I told became a whip of scorpions to scourge me to the work of writing.

I thoroughly disliked sedentary, and especially solitary tasks. Nature had put one equivalent too much of motion into my composition for a writer, and unless under some special spur, it is probable that not even poverty would have compelled me to my desk after the several rebuffs I had received at the hands of certain inexorable editors.

Now, however, I *must* write, and write acceptably, or be exposed as the liar and sham that I was. So at seven o'clock every evening I said a reluctant good-night to my dear ones, and went into unwilling exile in the little room in the tower, where I worked without interruption until eleven o'clock every night for months. I hated my banishment—I suffered cruelly under it, but I did not quail, and I did not pity myself in the least.

My work seemed to me very worthless—that was the worst of it; and it did not seem to grow less so as time went on. I tried to improve, and yet I was not sure that improvement, according to a high literary standard, was what was wanted. "Availability"—that was the thing I had been told I lacked. Was it a thing I could some way trap, and imprison in my poor little sketches?

I read all the short stories in the California journals, and tried to surprise the secret of their acceptability—but I am bound to say the most of them inspired me—and still inspire me—with perplexity and wonder. But good or bad, I knew I must despatch some of my work somewhere; I dared not postpone the effort longer. I sent accordingly to the *Hesperian Weekly*, to the *Golden Gate Monthly*, and to a couple of dailies; and then I waited, feeling I fancy, very much as a man feels who knows that an application has been sent to the

Governor, asking his reprieve from hanging,

One afternoon Maria and I had gone out into the grounds and were tidying up a little the prodigal winter roses, while we waited for the postman. I had been enjoying silently from many points of view the picture made by our stately house, with its beautiful setting of palm and oak and eucalyptus trees, with its flower-fringed great lawn—with its stained glass mullions and its perfumed conservatory.

We were utterly ruined in fortune, it is true, but we were not in debt, and thus were spared that most corrosive and unendurable form of poverty; and this lovely home was mother's and thus as free to us as was the balmy air that laved it.

I remarked to Maria, that if we must be poor we were very fortunate in being poor in this thrice lovely spot where Nature—California Nature—seemed to be outdoing herself to stand to us instead of a gardener; and she had said in reply that she supposed Louis must have foreseen that his mining ventures would break up his whole family some day, when he gave the place to his mother as a refuge to which he might fly himself when he needed a roof. Having planted this sting, she went on without pausing, and apparently apropos of the postman's approach:

"Those newspaper people have evidently changed their minds about wanting your story. I suppose they are rich, though, and find it more comfortable every once in a while to pay for something they don't want, than to see the same person forever coming back."

Oh, I thought, why did Sam ever marry this woman? I did not answer her, for the postman was just crossing the pretty rustic bridge across our creek, and we took the letters from his hands and returned to the house in silence. My heart bumped against my side when I saw that I had letters from each of the periodicals to which I had sent stories.



From the *Hesperian Weekly* letter fell out a cheque; each of the other notes signified the acceptance of my contributions. But the cup of my rejoicing was full, when the hitherto unseen editor of the *Golden Gate Monthly* suggested an interview in the hope of arranging for further contributions from my pen!

When I laid the cheque on the table—and when I read to my family the flattering letters I had received, I saw that their respect for me had been reinforced by other people's recognition. Sam followed me into the kitchen, as on that other night when I went too, as to-night, to "set my sponge."

"There, Beth," he said, laying a gold piece on the pastry board, "add that to your wealth. I have been slow in paying it."

"Aha!" thought I; "you dear, good old Sam, you shall have somebody to help you now in buying food and raiment for this family!"

"And now Sis, help me with a little advice. Do you see this half coin?"

I did indeed, and wondered breathlessly—almost chokingly—how he had got it.

"Well," he went on awkwardly, "I have lost Maria's half. She is as superstitious as an African, and I shall never hear the last of it—I mean, she will be very unhappy if she knows it is really lost. Do you think it would be right to have a duplicate made

which she would not suspect?"

"Oh, no Sam," I cried out, "Don't do that! It will always haunt you. But tell me—tell me quickly how did you lose it?"

"Oh, that!" he said, with an embarrassed sniff. "Well, I found out what Maria wanted for Christmas, and I had only saved twenty dollars, so to make out the thirty, I concluded to borrow till next payday a ten I knew she had hid away. I found it after lots of trouble, tied up with this half coin in a rag of grey silk. I heard her coming and walked off in a hurry to my train, and tied up my own gold pieces in the same scrap of silk; I don't know why, except to have the silk to put back. Well, I lost it on the boat and never got Maria's present of course—and borrowed ten from you to replace her coin, and told her nothing about it. But by Jove! I am in a regular fix about that monogram half thaler!"

There! There! There! To think it was poor Sam's money I had been using all the time!

Judge if I rolled the burden of my lie off at his feet before I even told Louis. And besides them, I never told anyone else. Where would have been the good of grieving the tender mother, and feeding Maria's pessimism and scorn?

Mary E. Grafton.

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### ETC.

PROFESSOR PICKERING, of Harvard College Observatory, in a recent pamphlet, asks the public for subscriptions toward a fund, to be in charge of Harvard College, but to be used to support co-operation in astronomical research among many observatories. The ground on which he bases this request is of general interest: viz., that there are now more observatories and telescopes than can be advantageously used, for lack of money to pay the salaries of the observers, the cost of printing observations, and the like current expenses. "But few of the existing observatories are really active,

and at most of the active observatories the value of the buildings and instruments represents but a small portion of the total sum devoted to astronomical purposes. The current expenses during a single year, at some of the most successful observatories, equal the entire value of the instruments employed. . . . The number of large telescopes now lying idle is so great, that it is much more important that they should be employed than that others should be added to their number. . . . For several years the eighteen-inch telescope at Chicago was the finest instrument of the kind in the world.

No means were provided for an observer, and for part of this time the instrument was idle and unused." President Holden has more than once called attention to the fact that after paying for the preparation of the site, the buildings, the great telescope, and the other equipments, of the Lick Observatory, the remaining endowment will not be sufficient to keep the observatory in use to its full capacity. It is much to be hoped that some patriotic Californian, or some friend of astronomy elsewhere, will find his opportunity in this fact.

MR. LOWELL'S Harvard anniversary address is worthy of very wide reading; and that not merely among all who, from interest in Harvard University, wish to read a felicitous occasional address; but among all who are interested in theories of education, who have been impressed by the attitude Harvard is taking in the educational controversies of the present, and who therefore wish to read a somewhat authoritative expression of what the older Harvard—the college at the time it was producing its most remarkable crop of men—thinks of these things. Mr. Lowell is by no means a man left behind in the world's progress; on the contrary, he is in the full ripeness of intellectual activities and honors: yet the spirit and attitude toward education that express themselves through him are of a period prior to the present elective and specialist inclination of Harvard. The significance of his utterance on these things is not merely in the few paragraphs bearing directly upon Greek and electives, but still more in the conception of education expressed throughout the address, and of the relation of classically educated men to the commonwealth. It could not but have occurred to the younger Harvard men who listened, and who, perhaps, had been carried away by a certain much discussed address of a few years ago, that this old graduate, in whose experience foreign courts and schools have played their part, does not seem to have found his life crippled because Greek was not set aside in his college days to make room for drill in French. Ex-minister to Spain, he has not found it a mental impossibility to acquire the Spanish language at any period out of his three score and ten years save in the four years between matriculation and graduation. Had Mr. Lowell remained always a quiet teacher of young men, his pupils might have mentally responded to his doctrines: "No doubt the classical training was just what was needed to prepare him for the profession of scholarship—we expect to be men of affairs." But he has now been a man of affairs himself, and one who brings back to his Alma Mater more trophies of success than ever did

the railroad commissioner who testifies that he never could understand or care for his Greek.

THE recent elections in the United States afford some very decided indications, though these are not such as partisans on either side try to deduce from them. From a party point of view, neither side has gained any decisive advantage. The Republicans have gained in the number of men elected, the Democrats in the size of their minorities and in the geographical distribution of their successes; that is all that can candidly be said. But to the non-partisan observer the elections are full of significance by virtue of the shifting of votes. Republicans have carried Democratic districts, and Democrats have carried Republican districts. Tariff reformers have been defeated in districts formerly strongly in their favor, and that upon a distinct tariff issue; they have been elected, and that upon a distinct tariff issue, in districts formerly solid for high protection. Civil service reformers have been defeated, plainly because of their support of the President; spoilsmen have been defeated, plainly because of their opposition to him. It is to be said in limitation of this last sentence, that on the whole, the discomfiture of the Democratic party has been worst where the opposition of the local leaders to the President's reforming tendency has been strongest, and he himself, therefore, least consistent in carrying it out; while their gain has been most marked where the opposite conditions have prevailed. This limitation does not weaken, but rather emphasizes, the deduction of a shifting of party lines that every candid observer must draw from the elections. If they do not indicate a breaking up of parties, the signs are much at fault.

IN our own State, the complete collapse of the independent movements was no sign of content with the old organizations. It was only a sign that such disjointed and aimless revolt could not recommend itself, in any of its fragmentary branches, to many voters; no one can doubt, from the current talk of the home or street, that great numbers hold still to their respective parties by a very slender tie, indifferently waiting to see something better before they cut loose. Meanwhile, from both tickets, a very respectable lot of officers has been elected; the State may be considered reasonably safe for the present; and a new municipal charter is the immediate matter of political interest. A board of freeholders, in whom both parties have confidence, is at work on the instrument and within the next two months, the people will have to decide upon it.



THE most critical question, perhaps, in drawing the charter, will be the definition of the powers of the mayor. The first thought of every one, on being newly confronted with the idea of making him the responsible governor of the city, is the traditional American fear of "one-man power." The last thought, however, of students of municipal government appears to be that if there is any solution to that problem, it lies in the mayor. The logic of this may be roughly phrased by saying that it is easier to find one good man than a dozen, and easier to watch one man than a dozen. Irresponsible power is ruinous to good government; but so long as a man can be held to account for the use of his power, the more he has the better he is likely to serve the public, for he will be chosen with more care, watched with greater attention, freed from hampering dictation if he is a good and able man, and deprived of the excuse of this, if he is weak or tricky. If things are all in his hands, and go wrong, he will be promptly unseated at the next election, with tarnished repute that will follow him, not only in further political life, but in business; while if he does well, he will go on in political, and business, and social life with increased prestige. Where things can be done in the dark, and one person can hide behind another, these rewards may be lost, these punishments may be escaped, for the public, which awards them, may be easily deceived. Large power, checked by accountability to the public, has always produced the best class of public servants. Mayors, governors, and presidents are notoriously apt to be better than their tickets.

### Winter in San Francisco.

It rains, and they say that Winter has come;

A jovial, genial fellow is he:  
His great fur coat is swinging wide,  
A rose in its button hole blooms with pride,  
Its pocket holds a fan beside.—

A jaunty, jesting fellow is he.

'Tis Winter, yet in strange disguise;

The earth springs green 'neath his broad smile;  
What matter if he spread a frost  
O'er tender grass? Its sting is lost  
Before the sun an hour has crossed.—

All nature grows 'neath his broad smile.

Drear, irksome Summer, whom all dread,

He smiles to think of her chagrin,—  
Of her dun-colored gown and veil, poor thing.  
He has stolen all she ought to bring;  
Forlorn she's left through his pilfering.—

He basely laughs at her chagrin.

And where is Spring—that joyous youth?

Some breathe a dark and dreadful tale,  
That tells an old man murdered lay,  
And he who wears his garb so gay,  
Is the murderer Spring with his fun and play.—  
'Tis better so,—yet breathes the tale.

E. S. B.

### Mount Shasta as Seen from Tehama.

The Sacramento's plains are green  
With early wheat and tender grass;  
A glorious picture, framed between—  
Grand mountain ranges that surpass  
The power of pen or brush to paint;  
All veiled in softest haze of blue,  
With snow-crowned peaks that show no taint  
Of aught that can defile. In new  
And gorgeous robes of spotless snow  
A mountain of the purest white,  
Lifting itself from all below  
In majesty sublime—a sight  
To thrill the soul—stands Shasta, king  
Among Sierra's lofty domes.  
No song the sweet-voiced Muses sing  
In their melodious, mystic homes,  
In praise of things sublimely grand,  
Can picture this enrapturing view  
In Nature's temple where I stand,  
And gaze upon the arch of blue  
That bends to touch Mount Shasta's crown,  
As if the world the heavens would greet;  
While common parentage they own,  
Where white-robed earth and bright sky meet.

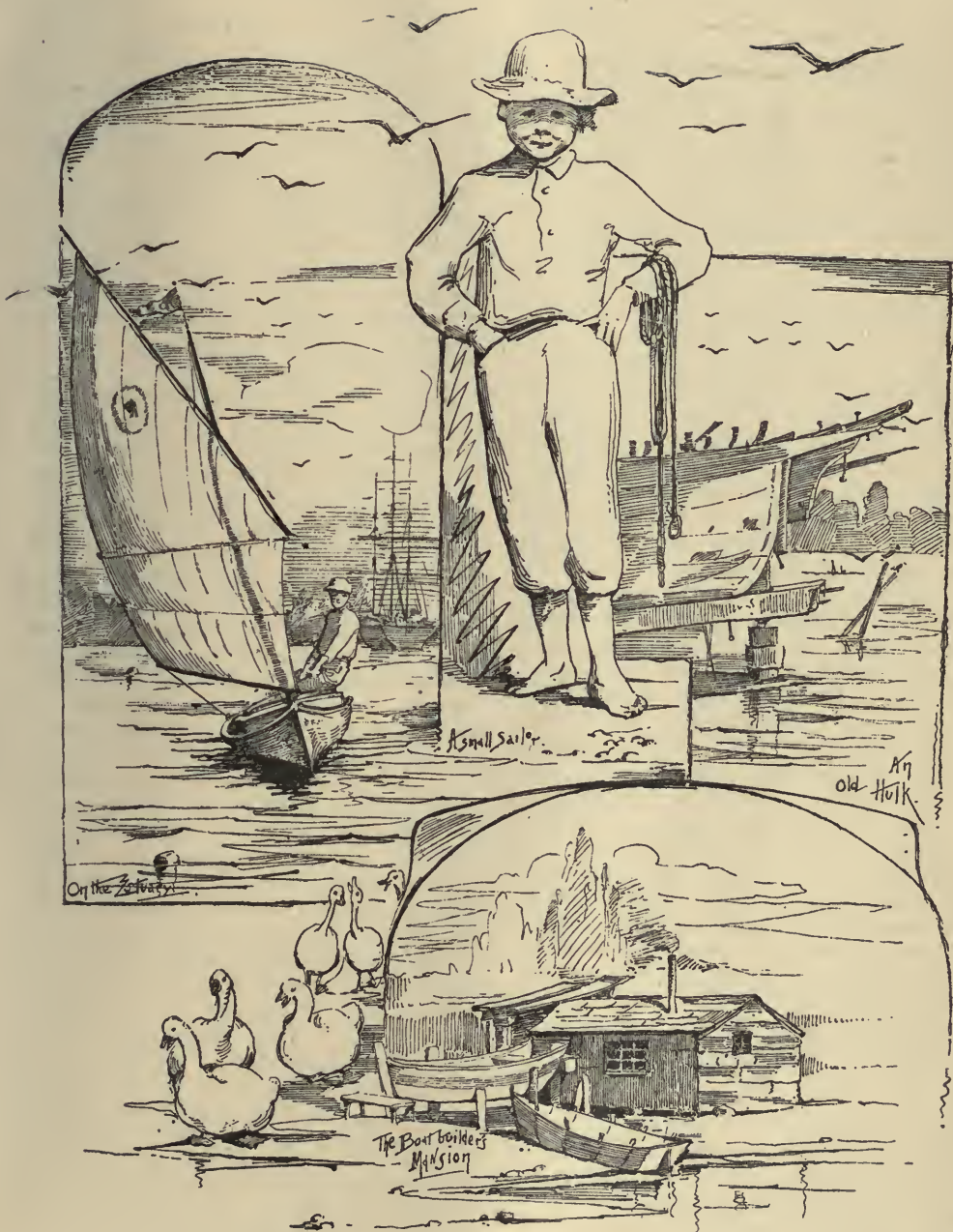
J. S. M.

### San Emigdio.<sup>1</sup>

"Defender from the earthquakes." In the dark  
We faintly see, Emigdius, thy face,  
And, near Los Angeles' dim altar, trace  
The Spanish words that tell thine office. Hark!  
What ghosts of sounds revive again; and, mark,  
What faces, whitened with the sudden fear  
Of shivering sod, look up and cry, "Oh, hear!  
Hold thou earth still, Emigdius, patriarch!"  
So, when our fair life-structures are o'erthrown  
And all we planned lies low in dust, we wail,  
"O world, that seemed so true, how can we own  
Thee false?" Till, finding our laments avail  
Us not, we turn, with faith before unknown,  
To heaven's foundations that can never fail.

Mary E. Bamford.

<sup>1</sup> Behind the altar of the Catholic Church in Los Angeles is a portrait bearing this inscription:—  
*San Emigdio, Obispo y Martir, Abogado contra los Temblores.*



Views on Oakland Creek.



## BOOK REVIEWS.

## Holiday and Children's Books.

A few early forerunners of the holiday season, in the way of illustrated editions, are already in the book stores, and also a great many of the children's books that are brought out at this time of year with some reference to gift purposes. Of the first class is a heavy and lavishly decorated volume containing *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*,<sup>1</sup> with some eighty illustrations, large and small, tailpieces, headpieces, vignettes, and half-titles. These are drawn by W. St. John Harper, E. H. Garrett, F. Myrick, F. T. Merrill, L. S. Epsen, and engraved by A. V. S. Anthony, John Andrew & Son, H. E. Sylvester, H. W. Lyouns, G. E. Johnson; and they are "drawn, engraved and printed, under the supervision of A. V. S. Anthony." They are a little perfunctory as gift-books illustrations, perhaps, must inevitably be, but good of their kind, and with its thick, dead-finish paper, beautiful print, and profuse pictures, the book is a pleasant one to read and an attractive table ornament. The arms upon the cover are those of Buccleuch, the Lord of Brankstone.—Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. reprint from one of the magazines, with new illustrations, as a Christmas volume, a pathetic story by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, *The Madonna of the Tubs*.<sup>2</sup> We do not think it of Miss Phelps's best, in spite of many strong qualities, because there is an unfortunate failure of simplicity in it. Estranged lovers encounter each other, and their eyes meet, and before any remarks are exchanged, the following phenomena occur: "Their eyes clashed, retreated, advanced, united, and held gloriously: they defied each other, they adored each other, taunted and blessed, challenged and yielded, blamed and forgave, wounded and worshiped." This is, to our mind, decidedly bad style, and we regret it the more because Miss Phelps's tenderness, fervor, force, and abundant keen observation deserve to be free of such flaws.—Here may perhaps be mentioned a new edition, abundantly illustrated, and in fine, large type and small folio form, of *The Peterkin Papers*,<sup>3</sup> since these droll sketches are almost as

much grown folks' reading as children's. The volume contains one new paper.—Some one has collected bits of poetry, under the six heads of "Reflection," "Fancy," "Wit and Humor," "Love," "The Poets' Garden," and "Faith, Hope and Charity" into six tiny volumes, prettily bound in colored silks, and named them *The Pearl Series*.<sup>4</sup> The selections are good, and the form is a pleasing one in which to have them. Shakspeare and the Bible are excluded from most of the volumes as being too rich in "pearls." The six miniature books are enclosed in a box together.—*Beckonings for Every Day*,<sup>5</sup> whose sub-title is "A Calendar of Thought," is a book containing selections of prose and poetry for every day in the year. The selections, made by Lucy Larcom, are good, with a somewhat devotional turn, yet with a range that can be judged from mention of the authors most drawn from—Phillips Brooks, Carlyle, Coleridge, Emerson, Goethe, Dora Greenwell, Lowell, McDonald, Martineau, Maurice, Robertson, Ruskin, Whittier, and Wordsworth. Matthew Arnold, St. Augustine, Browning, Miss Cobbe, Miss Coolbrith, George Eliot, Epictetus, Fénelon, Keats, Marcus Aurelius, Mill, Saadi, Keshub-Chunder Sen, and a great many more names as various in time, place, and creed, are also in Miss Larcom's list. She gives to each month a topic—for January, "The Invisible Presence;" for February, "Our Work;" for April, "Nature and Ourselves."—Mr. Vedder's remarkable designs for the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyam, have hitherto been scarcely accessible except to the well-to-do; and this is a pity, because, whether one altogether likes them or not, they constitute certainly one of the most notable and impressive pieces of illustration in the whole history of the art. The publishers have this year again reproduced the designs in phototype, this time on a considerably smaller scale, to make a less expensive book.<sup>6</sup> We are very glad to see this done, even though we cannot agree with the publishers that the designs "lose none of their marvelous excellence in this form."

<sup>1</sup>The Lay of the Last Minstrel. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Illustrated. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson.

<sup>2</sup>The Madonna of the Tubs. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. With forty-three illustrations by Ross Turner and Geo. H. Clements. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

<sup>3</sup>The Peterkin Papers. By Lucretia P. Hale. With illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by S. Carson & Co.

<sup>4</sup>The Pearl Series. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson.

<sup>5</sup>Beckonings for Every Day. A Calendar of Thought. Arranged by Lucy Larcom. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

<sup>6</sup>The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyam. Translated by Edward Fitzgerald. Illustrated by Elihu Vedder. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

A certain massiveness, a sombre, awe-inspiring largeness and simplicity of feeling, under-running all the whimsicality of fancy that he lavished on the details, is perhaps the most impressive quality of Mr. Vedder's illustrations of the *Rubáiyát*; and in the reduction this effect is in considerable measure lost—not to speak of some loss in distinctness of detail, and in light and shade. But one must expect to get less value for one-half the price; and these smaller phototypes give to a much larger circle than before a fair enough idea of Mr. Vedder's unique drawings, to abundantly justify the production of the edition. It is probable no reader of Omar Khayyam will ever find in the illustrations his own idea of the *Rubáiyát*; and he can scarcely help suspecting that they express not even Mr. Vedder's, but only Mr. Vedder's idea of the subjects on which the *Rubáiyát* express Omar Khayyam's idea. But whether they in a strict sense interpret the poetry or not, they are not unworthy of it.—Mr. William Doxey and the Art Student's League have followed up this year their admirable venture of last holiday season, of bringing out some specially Californian art work, to meet the want of those who would like to send holiday souvenirs to Eastern friends, but dislike to send back to them something that came thence to us and may have already lost its novelty there. *A Californian Greeting*<sup>1</sup> is a little book of reproductions from pen and ink drawings (including one from the late Mr. Barkhaus,) accompanied by bits of verse in ornamental lettering. The more elaborate drawings are all of local subjects—Mission Dolores, the Golden Gate, Tamalpais, &c. The reproduction cannot, of course, be considered as comparing with the best expensive art illustration; but it is good; equal, we should say, to that of the best exhibition catalogues. It is rough, but has spirit and reality. The interspersed bits of outline decoration are better in their sort than the more elaborate pictures, a few being very clever indeed. The best of the verses, we should say, are the prefatory ones, by Elizabeth Curtis:

Forgive us if we'd fly too high,  
 Forgive us that we fly so low.  
 The grief of those who'd touch the sky  
 And only reach a picket-row,  
 O may you never, never know!

which with a sketch of geese, with outstretched necks, sailing through a picket-fence, makes a pretty little disclaimer, at once modest and unsentimental.—Mr. Vickery also follows up a last year's successful enterprise—this a more ambitious one, viz.; the reproduction by the best etchers in the East of pictures of California scenery. "The Santa Barbara Mission," "A Windy Day near Santa Cruz," and

"Mount Shasta," are the three before us for notice. The genuine artistic merit as well as the local interest of these three etchings will give lovers of good things a real pleasure. "The Santa Barbara Mission" is a large plate, 14 inches by 22 inches, into which Peter Moran has put some of his best work. The drawing is good, and faithfully represents the mission and its surroundings. With the material of the building Peter Moran is very familiar, his long sojourn in Mexico and our south western territories having specially fitted him to represent such a structure. The whiteness of the adobe and stone throw the picturesque building into bold relief against the darker hills. In fact we have never before seen an etching in which a building so stood out from its surroundings. From the summits of the hills, foglike clouds, so characteristic of our coast, are rising. Beneath the old orchard in the left of the foreground rests a band of sheep, but the long wing and twin towers of the old mission are central in the composition and in interest. As the fourth of this month is the centenary of the founding of the mission the publication is very timely. The picture was etched from a sketch by Mrs. Mary Curtis Richardson, and we do not hesitate to characterize it as a remarkably fine etching and thoroughly good piece of work. As a whole and in detail it is what might be expected from so strong and great an etcher as Peter Moran. The second etching is Mrs. Getchell's last work and is from a sketch by William Keith. The plate is well named "A Windy Day near Santa Cruz" for the lightly etched scurrying clouds, the bending treetops, the sparse and stunted vegetation, the glimpse of Monterey Bay, and touch of bleakness, suggest at once the freshness of the salt ocean wind as it blows in over Soquel Point. The etchings show such freedom and spontaneity that we are not surprised that Mrs. Getchell considers it one of her chief works. The etcher is well-known to art lovers by her maiden name, Edith Loring Pierce. A few months ago she was married to Dr. Getchell of Worcester, Mass., where she now lives and works. "Mount Shasta" is also Mrs. Getchell's production, and like "The Windy Day," is from a painting by William Keith. It represents the mountain as seen from Strawberry Valley, its snow-clad summit standing out in clear sky above the clouds that wreath its base. While the work is a little gem we are inclined to give preference to the etching of Mount Hood, published last year. Much credit is due Mr. Vickery for his enterprise in publishing these etchings.—We may also mention here two calendars from Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—the Emerson & Whittier calendars for 1887, which are re-issued from pre-

<sup>1</sup>A California Greeting. By Members of the Art Student's League. San Francisco: William Doxey. 1886.



vious years, but upon an entirely new plan, with additional information; and a ribbon and card-board memorial of Mrs. Jackson, published by Frank S. Thayer, of Denver, Colorado, and containing several very fair pictures of Mrs. Jackson's Colorado home, her grave, etc.

THE most successful child's book of the year is Mrs. Burnett's *Little Lord Fauntleroy*,<sup>1</sup> reprinted from *St. Nicholas*, and it bids fair not merely to be a "hit," such as one or two of her novels have been, but to take lasting place as a child's classic. It deserves to, for "the dear little lord" is irresistible; and moreover, granted favorable conditions of birth and breeding, not an impossible child. A great deal of preaching to children, and a great deal of depicting of model children for their reading, is positively unhealthy; but little Lord Fauntleroy's goodness is at once so very healthy and so very attractive that associating with him through the pages of this book is likely to leave on the little reader's mind a real impress of good. The pretty story is an especially happy corrective to the very pernicious idea held by many boys and their parents, that while girls should be trained to be gentle, boys must be expected to be rough and inconsiderate. Good boys in books are very apt to excite the contempt of boys in real life, even when they do not fairly deserve it; but we think that Mrs. Burnett will prove to have been successful in making evident to even rough boy-readers the superior manliness of courtesy and lovingness. For parents, too, who are starting to bring up their boys with low standards, the book is good reading; and, in fact, any grown people who have in large measure a sympathy for and interest in childhood, will enjoy it scarcely less than the children.—*The Boys' Book of Sports*<sup>2</sup> is a beautiful holiday book, made up of a number of separate papers and stories on such subjects as shooting, fishing, archery, boats and boating, camps and campers, swimming, walking, the camera, winter sports, etc. They are all by writers who know their subject, and are entertainingly written. The opening one, a story, "Marvin and His Boy Hunters," is the longest, and contains a great deal of practical information as to the care and use of guns, which, if taken to heart by the boys who read it, would reduce to a minimum their danger and that of their friends, from accidents due to the careless use of fire-arms. Most of these papers, as also the beautiful and numerous (and not always strictly apropos) illustrations have appeared in either *The Century* or *St. Nicholas*.—*The Little Master*<sup>3</sup> is by J. T. Trowbridge, and is therefore a good boy's story,

but it is not as good as most of Mr. Trowbridge's. It is a story of the struggle of a small and very young, but plucky, schoolmaster, to subdue a difficult school, and it is true enough to life; but the struggle somehow leaves a slightly unpleasant impression on the mind. We are sure that it was not in after years to "the little master" one of the unpleasant experiences that it is "pleasant to remember," but a thing that he was glad to forget.—*The Riverside Museum*<sup>4</sup> is a mild, but quite pleasant, book for boys, about half a dozen boys and girls, who had a museum, and studied birds and minerals, and went blueberrying, and had various other unexciting experiences. Its style is excellent, and it is very readable. It is properly a sequel to a previous book, called "Birchwood."—*Letters to Our Children*,<sup>5</sup> as the book is called on the cover, though the title-page reads "Light on the Mysteries of Nature and the Bible," is a very curious production. The author explains that during the last twelve years, business has kept him absent from his family two thirds of the time, and as he is thus not able to instruct his children properly, it occurs to him to do what he can by writing a series of letters which he believes will create "a burning thirst for general knowledge" (the italics are his), and also turn their thoughts to God and eternity. With quaint bursts of italics and quainter of "poetry," he proceeds to discourse on the origin of evil, nature and revelation, the solar and stellar systems, heaven and hell, development of the earth, and creation of man; sometimes adopting and sometimes rejecting the results of science, with a whimsical gravity and a style of reasoning that suggest the Reverend John Jasper irresistibly (as for instance, when he kindly but firmly points out the fallacy of a glacial period, on the ground that the earth has always been hotter than now), and that are either very funny or very exasperating, according to the mood of the reader. "Vol. II," he ends by saying, "will begin with the location of the Garden of Eden." He prefixes his portrait.—It is not easy to account, on strictly critical grounds, for the great popularity of Miss Alcott's books among young readers, but that popularity is both sure and lasting. They are by no means free from a touch of Philistinism, even though their evolution was under the shadow of Emerson's home. Certain defects of humor and in the finer points of literary taste, and the like obtusenesses and confusions in discriminative powers, evident in the venerable philosopher who has so effectively and un-

<sup>1</sup>Little Lord Fauntleroy. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. 1886.

<sup>2</sup>The Boys' Book of Sports and Out-door Life. Edited by Maurice Thompson. New York: The Century Company. 1886.

<sup>3</sup>The Little Master. By J. T. Trowbridge, Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.

<sup>4</sup>The Riverside Museum. By Jak., New York: Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.

<sup>5</sup>Letters to Our Children, Vol. 1. By J. A. Cunningham. Cincinnati: Standard Publishing Company. 1886.

consciously burlesqued Emerson and his school, are evident in the sprightlier and more unpretentious work of the daughter. Nevertheless, the sincerity of her writing is great, and it is full of the spirit of earnestness, courage, and helpfulness. Moreover, she is able to give life and the aspect of reality to her characters; by which we do not mean that they always act as real people would, but that they always seem alive. They are doubtless very real to their author. Indeed, one who frankly and confessedly makes the members of her own family play their part in her mimic drama, lessens the difficulties of effective realism very much. Yielding (apparently somewhat against her own judgment) to the importunities of admirers, Miss Alcott has now written a sort of sequel to "Little Men," under the name of *Jo's Boys*.<sup>1</sup> It tells the fortunes of the boys of the Plumfield school, and the girls of their "set," when they come to enter their twenties—when Franz is about to be married, and Emil at sea, and Demi through college, and Daisy in love, and Nan studying medicine, and so on. Mr. Lawrence has endowed Plumfield as a coeducational college—a sort of all-in-the-family college, of which Mr. Bhaer is the president, and his father-in-law chaplain, while the ladies of the family play active, though unofficial, parts in its management; a very cosy and idyllic college, not much like the real coeducational places, yet not so much unlike what such a place would be as long as its numbers were kept small and its management highly paternal—and maternal. There is in the book much vigorous and sensible contention for coeducation, and for freedom for women, to which Miss Alcott's popularity and great audience will give its value.—*Chivalric Days*<sup>2</sup> is a beautiful book, charmingly illustrated with pictures of real value, both artistic and historic. The book is made up of ten historic stories, containing some more and some less real history or tradition, and all filled out for the rest with fiction. The first, "Cinderella's Ancestor," is a version of the Egyptian story of Nitocris and her slipper, said to be the original of the Cinderella tale. Mr. Brooks places her date at 2500 B. C. This is followed by stories of Hannibal's and Constantine's youth (238 B. C. and 292 A. D.); of Bertha, the bride of Pepin le Bref (750 A. D.); and so on down to "The Little Lord of the Manor," an episode of the British evacuation of New York at the close of the Revolutionary War. A few of these have been already published in children's journals. The stories are well chosen and well told, and the historic setting carefully and pleasantly kept. These historic tales always cost the careful guardian of children's

reading a little anxiety lest they shall confuse fact with fiction too much. Children who read under the supervision of educated elders can—and should—always have an historic story followed up by a little investigation into the real facts of the case (and indeed, to our mind, the best value of such stories is not in any knowledge the child may derive directly from them, but in the impulse they give a properly constituted mind to farther and more serious reading about interesting characters or episodes); but less fortunate children may receive false impressions. A brief caution in preface or notes would not be amiss, even if it detracted a trifle from the verisimilitude of the stories. This difficulty is not special to *Chivalric Days*, but common to all historic fiction; the reason we note it specially here is that several of Mr. Brooks' stories are not exactly historic fiction but only a slight dressing up of the actual story as found in legend or record.—*The Boys' Book of Famous Rulers*<sup>3</sup> is not open to the charge of confusing fact and fiction, except as far as all old-fashioned history is, for it makes no attempt to dress up the record, but merely compiles from the old standard authorities the accepted accounts of fifteen famous rulers, from Agamemnon and Cyrus to Napoleon. Accustomed as children have been made by this time to very easy reading, it is probable that all but studious ones, or those that have not many books, will find these histories a trifle heavy (the more as the print is smaller than is now-a-days generally offered to children); but fortunately there are many studious children still left.—History has dominated children's books and journals all this year, and *The Christmas Country*,<sup>4</sup> a collection of translations and original stories by Mary J. Safford, shows the influence of this tendency by containing two very fair little historic stories among the three original ones in the book. Of these two, one is Egyptian, the other Persian, both studies of boy life in these nations, and both careful and based on good authorities. The translations, which much outnumber Mrs. Safford's own sketches, are of very varying merit, and by various authors. Most of them are fairy stories, two or three being from Icelandic folk-lore (among which we note a version of one of the stories in the Arabian Nights, too close to the original to be of any but very recent introduction to Iceland), and the others modern, but written in imitation of folk-stories. The inferiority of these fairy tales to those written frankly in the modern spirit—such as Frank

<sup>1</sup>*Jo's Boys*. By Louisa M. Alcott. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.

<sup>2</sup>*Chivalric Days*. By E. S. Brooks. New York: Jas. Putnam & Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>3</sup>*The Boys' Book of Famous Rulers*. By Lydia Hoyt Farmer. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

<sup>4</sup>*The Christmas Country*. Written and Translated by Mary J. Safford. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.



Stockton's, say,—is instructive. "The Baptized Idol" is the best of the translated stories; it is not a fairy story, but a pretty conceit of the meeting of Christianity with old Teutonic paganism, and of some historic usefulness to the young reader; with a little more cleverness it might have been made a really charming tale.—The historic tendency—this time contemporary history—has inspired still another of the books that fall under our notice here: *Lives of Girls Who Became Famous*,<sup>1</sup> by Sarah K. Bolton. This contains brief sketches accompanied in almost every case by portraits, of Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Jackson, Lucretia Mott, Mrs. Livermore, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, Miss Mitchell, Miss Aleott, Mary Lyon, Harriet Hosmer, Madame de Staël, Rosa Bonheur, Mrs. Browning, George Eliot, Elizabeth Fry, Elizabeth Thompson Butler, Florence Nightingale, Lady Brassey, Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and Jean Ingelow. The sketches are pleasantly and unpretentiously written, drawing upon the more picturesque elements in the life of each subject, and including some account of the work of each one, with sometimes a little personal description at first hand; telling nothing new, but giving to the uninformed a fair outline idea of the subject.—And still more does history rule in the two books remaining to be noticed: the two latest numbers of "The Story of the Nations"—*The Story of Carthage* and *The Story of Hungary*. Carthage presents the almost unique spectacle of a nation, that, having played a leading part in shaping the histories of still-existent nations, has left almost no trace of herself, and absolutely no record of her history save in the narratives of those countries with which she struggled. The history of the people, therefore, is almost confined to an account of the wars with Greece and Rome, though they were primarily a race of traders and merchants. These contests Professor Church has described for young people with vividness and interest<sup>2</sup>; and from the very meagre materials at his command he has given a comparatively complete description of the government of Carthage. It is a curious fact that our only knowledge of its literature is contained in a quotation from the opening sentence of a work on agriculture, to the effect that the first requisite for successful farming is to give up your city house.—Almost at the same time that Professor Vámbéry has placed the romantic story of his life within the reach of the younger genera-

tion of readers in his condensed and popularized autobiography, he has performed a similar service to these same readers, and even to many of their elders, in giving them the life story of his native country.<sup>2</sup> There is a striking strain of resemblance in the two lives—that of the man and that of the nation. In both we see the same impulsive, restless movement, the same resistless feeling that inaction is a form of bondage, not less galling because there is no restraining force. The man indeed combines intensely the race characteristics and there is a peculiar appropriateness in his selection to write the history of this people. His style is clear, interesting, and at times, intense and picturesque; and in the telling of the story he has the advantage over the greater number of his predecessors in the series of not being overwhelmed by the mass of his materials. Hungary has always occupied the unfortunate position of marking the boundaries of two civilizations, between which she has been ground, until the fierce friction brought forth a flash of light, brilliant but only momentary. The story of her people is one of almost continuous conflict. Sweeping down from Central Asia they harass the eastern boundaries of Christendom, and spread the terror of their arms throughout the length and breadth of the land. They are next converted to Christianity and their struggles become internal. The factional fights seem to be an incident of their Christianity, for the hand of the Pope is often seen, his influence is always felt. But they are rather the result of the national life struggling to assert itself. The hot-headed, passionate people, in whom the military capacity is great, begin to exercise sway over their neighbors, but their decline is marked from the time when they must rule themselves. Even in this decline, the misfortune of their position is evident. Their fine military organization is shattered in the effort to break the Turkish advance on Christendom. Coming into prominence as an enemy of the Christian States, their national force dies out as the defender of these.

#### The Prose Works of Longfellow.<sup>1</sup>

As we turn the leaves of the beautiful edition of the prose works of Mr. Longfellow, we are reminded that many persons, even the admirers of his poetry are entirely unaware that from the same pen have come prose writings that are a delightful addition to American literature. This edition contains all the prose that had been republished in book form by the author, and in an appendix a list of his pro-

<sup>1</sup>The Prose Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. With bibliographical and critical notes, in two volumes. Riverside Edition. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1886.

<sup>1</sup>Lives of Girls Who Became Famous. By Sarah K. Bolton. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

<sup>2</sup>The Story of Carthage. By A. J. Church and Arthur Gilman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>3</sup>The Story of Hungary. By A. Vámbéry. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

ductions not included therein, with references to the periodicals in which they appeared. Chief among the contents of these volumes are "Outre-mer," "Drift-wood," "Hyperion" and "Kavanagh." "Outre-mer" the firstling of his handiwork, was the result of his first journey (in the year 1826), to Europe, where he remained for study and travel until the summer of 1829. Four years afterward he wrote this volume, to which he gave the subtitle "A Pilgrimage Beyond the Sea," and which, as he himself wrote to a friend, is "composed of descriptions, sketches of character, tales illustrating manners and customs, and tales illustrating nothing in particular." But it really contains more of interest and instruction than is intimated in the author's declaration, especially in the articles which he had before printed in monthly publications upon the "Trouvères," "Ancient Spanish Ballads," and "The Devotional Poetry of Spain." In them the scholar's pen is manifest, and they carry with them the enthusiasm of youth and the spirit of his devotion to the mediæval literature of Europe. Following these in the same volume under the general title "Drift-wood," are placed a few of the many articles that he wrote for the reviews of his early days upon "Ancient French Romances," "Frithiof's Saga," "Anglo-Saxon Literature," and others, in which his fine taste is exhibited and his love for the poetic and beautiful in the early European literature. Of interest to the admirers of Mr. Longfellow are also the list of his miscellaneous papers, more than a score in number, devoted to purely literary topics, with the places in the various periodicals in which they appeared, designated; and "The Blank Book of a Country Schoolmaster," interesting as a study of the growth of the poet's mind. The second volume contains the later "Hyperion," which he styled "A Romance," and the still later and best of his prose publications, "Kavanagh: a Tale." The former was the natural result of his second journey to Europe in 1835-6. He is here, under the guise of the hero of his romance, transcribing the result of his travels in the Tyrol and Switzerland, with his fresh and spirited and poetical descriptions of the beautiful country through which he traveled, interweaving into the texture of his story the results of his studies of literature, and notably of Goethe as a man and Richter as a writer upon the latter of whom his discriminating criticism equals in interest, and almost in value, the more extended and elaborate studies of that writer by either Carlyle or De Quincey. The romance is the least part of the work, but it is beautifully woven in, and in the clear description of Mary Ashburton, who listened unresponsive to the poetic offering of the hand of Paul Fleming, we see un-

mistakably the picture of the lady who not long afterwards became his wife. In a letter to a friend, Mr. Longfellow wrote thus: "I have written a romance during the past year. The *feelings* of the book are true; the *events* of the story mostly fictitious. The heroine, of course, bears a resemblance to the lady, without being an exact portrait. There is no betrayal of confidence, *no real scene* described. 'Hyperion' is the name of the book, not of the hero. It merely indicates that here is the life of one who, in his feelings and purposes, is a son of Heaven and Earth, and who, though obscured by clouds, yet 'moves on high.' Further than this, the name has nothing to do with the book, and in fact is mentioned only once in the course of it." In Kavanagh Mr. Longfellow has told one of the sweetest of love stories. There is a beautiful undercurrent of sadness running with it, but it was akin to the lofty poetic spirit who found his fondest themes in experiences of noble self-sacrifice and tender devotion. He made this book, too, the centre about which to group his thoughts of literature, but there is welcome to all his utterances which create a smile at the everlasting indecision and procrastination of the schoolmaster who never accomplishes or even begins the long projected romance, and what he makes the same character say of a rational literature, is acceptable as the ripe result of scholarly thinking. The tale is so chaste in all its expression and so pure and lofty in all its atmosphere, and withal so human in its experiences, and tender and sympathetic in its development, that we feel a regret that the natural genius of Mr. Longfellow did not pursue the path of pure fiction, in which we feel sure he would have been crowned, as in poetic ways, with the finest garlands of success.

#### Briefer Notice.

Houghton, Mifflin, and Company have issued a new edition of *An Introduction to the Constitutional Law of the United States*<sup>1</sup> by the late John Norton Pomeroy. This is the ninth edition, revised and enlarged by Edmund H. Bennett, and is especially designed for students, general and professional. It has taken its place from the first as a standard work upon the subject of study of the Constitution, and is now issued under the careful editorship of Mr. Bennett, to whose scholarly revision we are indebted for the addition of the citations of the many important cases arisen and decided by the highest court in the land since the earlier editions, and notably of cases upon the thirteenth, fourteenth

<sup>1</sup>An Introduction to the Constitutional Law of the United States. By John Norton Pomeroy. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.



and fifteenth amendments, and upon the questions of the power of the States to regulate commerce, and to impair the obligation of contract.—The same publishers have begun a *Riverside Pocket Series*<sup>2</sup> with *Watch and Ward* by Henry James Jr., which first appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1871, now minutely revised and with many verbal alterations; *In the Wilderness* by Charles Dudley Warner; and George Parsons Lathrop's *Study of Hawthorne*. The thing to commend in this series is that the covers are of pasteboard instead of paper and so save one's volume that too early crop of dogs' ears that come to the latter from frequent use.—Funk and Wagnalls have issued, also in pasteboard, a new edition of *The Mentor*,<sup>3</sup> a little book "for the guidance of such men and boys as would appear to advantage in the society of persons of the better sort," already noticed in these pages.—*The Life of Colfax*<sup>4</sup> relates with considerable minuteness the biography of a very clever man, and shows how, without influential friends, or any other special advantages to start with, he mounted by his own ability to positions of very great trust in the nation. The book is not critical, being purely in the spirit of eulogy. It earnestly strives to place in the best light the questionable episode in Colfax's public career. One of the noteworthy traits of his intelligence brought out by the biographer's quotations, is his keen and accurate political prevision. After the nomination of Hayes he writes of Mr. Blaine's candidacy before the convention: "I could not but admire his dash and audacity myself. But had he been nominated, we should have had a Henry Clay campaign—fireworks

<sup>2</sup>Riverside Pocket Series: *Watch and Ward*, by Henry James, Jr. *In the Wilderness*, by Charles Dudley Warner. *A Study of Hawthorne*, by George Parsons Lathrop. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Chillon Beach.

<sup>3</sup>*The Mentor*. By Alfred Ayres. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1886.

<sup>4</sup>*Life of Schuyler Colfax*. By O. I. Hollister. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1886.

at the commencement, explanation and defense all through, and defeat in the end," a very good forecast of what did occur eight years later. His remarks on Hayes's chances at this time, and again in 1882 on the Republican losses, show the shrewdness and foresight. The biographer writes not only as a personal, but a political partisan, and lowers the character of the book by going out of his way to indulge in political detraction and current misrepresentations.—*Mother Bickerdyke*<sup>5</sup> is a cordial little biography of the venerable war heroine, written by a lady of this city, and published for the benefit of its subject. A very good portrait of Mrs. Bickerdyke is prefixed. It includes an account of "her life and labors for the relief of our soldiers, sketches of battle scenes and incidents of the sanitary service."—Theodore S. Van Dyke, one of the most thoughtful of out-door writers, has added a most readable volume to the long list of Southern California descriptive books. He has re-written his letters to the *New York Evening Post* and other leading newspapers, and has added new chapters; so that, as the book now stands, it is complete in its way, and must long rank as an authority. Mr. Van Dyke has sensitive and truthful powers of observation and description, backed up by scientific knowledge of botany and natural history, making his work accurate as well as readable. His aim, as we understand it, is simply to describe the natural out-of-door attractions of Southern California—in the words of the title-page, "its valleys, hills, and streams, animals, birds, and fishes, gardens, farms, and climate." He has done this with such loving skill that the volume ought to be of great value to all who feel an interest in these regions.

<sup>5</sup>*Mother Bickerdyke*. By Margaret B. Davis. Published for the benefit of M. A. Bickerdyke. San Francisco: A. T. Dewey. 1886.

<sup>6</sup>*Southern California*. By Theodore S. Van Dyke. New York: Ford, Howard, & Hulbert. 1886.











