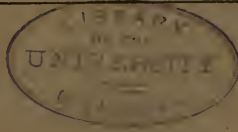


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No. 1.

THE
Overland Monthly

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

JULY, 1871.



SAN FRANCISCO:

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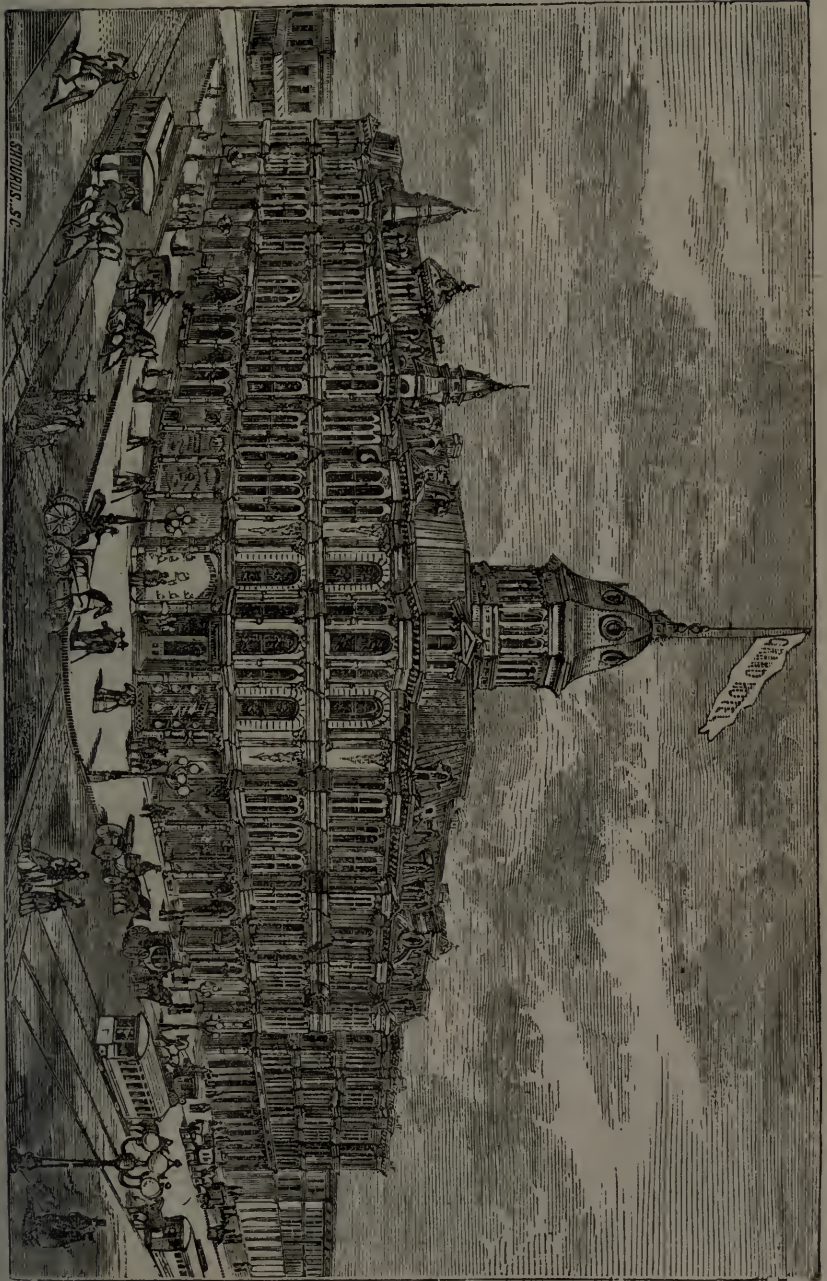
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WITH THE SŒURS AT THE GOLDEN HORN.

MY husband was serving with his regiment, in the Crimea. I, like many other wives, resolved to endure the miseries of a Stamboul residence, in consideration of the painful satisfaction thus afforded me of being near the scene of action, in case of accident or sickness. Another powerful reason was, that I should obtain my letters from him a few days earlier than when in Malta: a reason which only those who have lived for months in hope and fear of the next mail's arrival can appreciate.

With many soft words and much hard coin, I succeeded in getting myself lodged under the protection of the Sisters of the Propaganda, in a room resembling a bird-cage, lined with glass, and which was hung out or projected from the main building, called the *Maison Mère*. To convey any notion of this place to an American reader is almost impossible. It was a large, dismal, mysterious, tumble-down, and dirty structure; rambling in and out of three or four of the filthiest lanes of Galata. There was not a cheerful or bright spot in the whole establishment,

except the roof—which could not be deprived, like the rest of the building, of sun and air. The rooms were large and gloomy; the windows doubly guarded by the Turkish harem grating and monastic iron stanchions. There was a perfect maze of narrow, dark passages, running in every direction not only to, but around, these apartments; intersecting each other, as though short-cuts from one room to another had been the design of the architect, or, more probably, of the inhabitants. Somewhere in the midst of this was a church, which must have been excavated out of the rooms and passages, as there was no external evidence of its existence that I could ever discover; and the bell hung outside the *Pharmacie* window. The *Pharmacie* was a *bonâ fide* druggist's shop, where medicines, pills, and plasters were compounded for the use of the hospital. Three or four passages led to a range of kitchens, whence issued a perpetual odor of *bouillon* and jam for the convalescents in the hospital; to work-rooms, with eternal sheet-making; to store-rooms, where

the walls were lined with chocolate (without which a Frenchman is not supposed to recover from sickness), and other dry condiments; to wash-rooms, etc., and the hospital. Such was the *Maison Mère*.

The only entrance which one might venture to call such, was almost blocked up and eclipsed by a large building opposite, whose overhanging roof and projecting windows came nearly in contact with the crumbling, ornamental stonework of the great gate-way. Massive wooden doors studded with nails, and opening down the middle, were usually kept fast with iron bars; and a hole resembling the entrance to a large dog-kennel, was the ordinary mode of ingress. Inside lay a large Stamboul dog, which, for his ugliness and his guardianship of the gate, I christened *Cerberus*. Beyond were a small court-yard and the lodge of the portress, a little, dark room. The portress was a miniature Cyclops, having one furious eye, which appeared anxious to occupy the centre of her face. Between her and *Cerberus* constant war existed, and a mutual exchange of growls and snarls was kept up. I never could count the number of languages she spoke, but concluded that she had the gift of tongues, and the facility for scolding in any. There were several other narrow doors, less dangerous to enter, and more humble, which hid themselves round corners or up narrow, dark passages, and were undefended.

What I have described in a page, took me months to discover; for although I was admitted into and sheltered in the cage, I was not considered as an inmate of the rest of the building, over which a conventual mystery brooded. But the narrow lobbies excited my curiosity from the first; and though feeling that I committed a breach of etiquette in wandering into latitudes where I had obviously no business, yet, having nothing else to do, I made frequent explorations

into the ghostly regions. Whether it was the effect of a guilty conscience or not, I often fancied that I heard piteous moans through the walls of rooms, the entrance to which I could not even surmise. Be this as it may, certain it is that my olfactory nerves did not deceive me; for a most unmistakable and sickening effluvium pervaded many of the passages.

I was wandering about, one afternoon, in these localities, when I dimly saw in the distance two white objects approaching, which I recognized as the white *cornette* of the *Sœurs*. They advanced slowly, bearing something which appeared heavy, and took up the whole width of the passage. Not wishing to be discovered, I drew close to the wall, where fortunately there was a small alcove, or niche, similar to what I had observed in several other places, and had pondered frequently as to their probable use: whether they were intended to contain the dead body of a dried saint, or to receive the living one of a refractory novice, as history relates of olden times. But whatever the original design was, one of them now served me as a place of concealment.

As the *Sœurs* came noiselessly on with their burden, my eyes were riveted upon it, and a feeling of awe crept over me. Every line of the object began to stand out with fearful angularity. I was speechless with horror—there could be no mistake—they bore between them a corpse in a winding-sheet. Not even the rustle of their dress disturbed the death-like silence, as these phantom-like corpse-bearers passed by. I held my breath, with a choking sensation in my throat, and a trembling over my whole frame, and thought, "Let the dead bury their dead." Had there been any one to administer *sal volatile* and salts I should undoubtedly have fainted; but alone in that haunted passage, with the tainted atmosphere of death around me,

I thought better of it, and stole quietly back to my own bird-cage, to think over my evening's adventure.

I have already mentioned that the Maison Mère was a heterogeneous compound of church, monastery, *pharmacie*, hospital, store-house, etc., where every kind of business was carried on, and almost every language under the sun was spoken; but I had yet to discover that it was also a cemetery, and contained vaults for the dead, as well as tombs for some of the living.

The terrace, or roof, of this vast building was the only really pleasant place in the house. This may appear an Irishism; but the Eastern terrace conveys to the mind the idea of being in the house. It is there that the family assemble, and frequently take their meals; there the master of the harem enjoys his *chibouque*, blissfully raised above all the care, noise, and turmoil of the busy world below, "o'er all the ills of life victorious." If this were true of Tam o' Shanter, it is equally so of the Turk, seated on downy cushions, with the cool breeze from the Black Sea playing around the white folds of his turban, or now more frequently wafting the long, blue, silk tassel of the fez—the nargile to his lips, and the small cup of coffee at hand: a state of complete enjoyment unknown to the rest of Europe, with the exception of Tam o' Shanters in general, for whose blissfulness, however, I am not prepared to answer. There is, also, this difference between the Turk and Tam, that whereas one is given to see warlocks in haunted kirks, the other sees houris in gardens of Eden, and no advice from gudewife Kate *in futuro*; but finds in his harem his spouse or *sposi*, as the case may be, in an equally celestial frame of mind from the same cause: namely, coffee, cushion, and *chibouque*, served on the feminine terrace—every Turkish house being divided into two halves, masculine and feminine.

To return from this digression to the terrace of the Maison Mère, which was a feminine terrace *par excellence*, as it was never profaned by male feet, with one exception, that I am aware of. It commanded a magnificent view of the Golden Horn, truly so named from the liquid golden light which tinges with gorgeous beauty the otherwise unsightly objects. In the East, every object is viewed through a hot, glowing atmosphere, and is naturally *couleur de rose*. There are scenes in England more lovely by far, could they be seen through the golden light of the East, instead of the cold, gray atmosphere of Britain. Where is the intrinsic beauty of the much-extolled Nile? Its mud, when brought to England, bears a strong resemblance to Thames mud; yet who would dream of spending a winter on a barge on the Thames? This flood of golden light is the only charm of the horn-shaped piece of water so designated. To the left, sleeps the blue Bosphorus, winding with graceful curve round the base of the shadowy mountains, opposite the dark cypress grove of Scutari, sheltering the seven miles of tombstones of departed Moslems. On the right, rise the gilded domes and slender, white minarets of the mosques of Stamboul, and the picturesque buildings of the old Seraglio, the beauty of which remains, although its romance is fled. It is now tenanted only by the Sultan's old, cast-off wives, who are immured there; but was erst the scene of many a tragic tale of uncontrolled passion, where man "played such pranks before high heaven as made the angels weep."

If ever angel tears fell on human abode it surely was the old Seraglio, where the voluptuous splendor of the state apartments so painfully contrasted with its loathsome dungeons and subterranean vaults, into which the victims were thrust, all egress being prevented by

massive stones, and air and food admitted through a double row of iron bars. All this tells a tale of power and slavery; of hatred and revenge; of crime and remorse; of helpless weakness; of ambition and avarice; of tyranny and devotion; of love and jealousy—which is enough to make “angels start from bliss, and give a groan.”

The Sultan, it is said, unable to endure this phantom-haunted palace, abandoned the picturesque, but blood-stained pile, for a wooden habitation on the Bosphorus. He could not, were all true which is reported, bear to see, stalking under that golden dome, the headless ghost of his murdered brother, whose brutal decapitation gave fancied security to his throne; nor would his imagination allow him to rest in peace where his once-favored Grand Vizier had died a raving maniac, starved to death; where lay the skeleton forms of the twin children, doomed for their sex masculine to that bottomless well which feeds the sparkling fountain. And the wrath of his sister, their anguished mother, with the dark-crimson mark round her throat, and eyes starting from their sockets, seeking her lost babes! The gentle rippling of the waves on the marble steps of the palace echoed in his mind like the gurgling, smothered shriek of some houri-like Circassian, her long, fair tresses glistening like sun-beams on the water, or of some dark-eyed siren, looking up reproachfully, as the waves of death closed over them.

Underneath the most magnificent of the golden domes, deep down near the water's edge, was a small aperture, or door-way; but door there was none, nor ever had been—nothing to shut out, as none ever returned who went that way, like a similar door-way beneath the Bridge of Sighs, at Venice. They passed out—but to this world they came not back again; Life and Hope stood on the threshold, and there took their leave.

In Venice, the victims were the noble, undaunted spirits, the lovers of truth, upholders of justice and freedom, the politician, the theologian, and the philosopher: great and powerful minds, who gazed with unblanched cheek and steady eye on the dark canal, and met their doom from the terrible Inquisition—the sentence of the Black Chamber. But at the Water Gate (*Capon Hadgi*, as it is called) of the Seraglio, appeared—dragged along in a sack or by the hair of the head, struggling in the arms of the merciless black slaves—all that was loveliest in creation: a Circassian woman, whose short sojourn in her regal home had been to her a paradise of bliss; who was torn from her luxurious nest of damask cushions, from the contemplation of her own lovely self in reflected mirrors and the jeweled splendor of all around, from the flatteries of her fifty slaves, from the cherished sounds of her barbarous music, from the graceful undulations of her dancing-girls, from the picturesque beauties of all within and without so congenial to her mind, and from the arms of him she had loved with all the strength of her young heart and the passionate warmth of her untutored nature. Her life was a dream of love and joy, but that dark door-way was the end: reality for her began and ended there. Whenever a man most strongly resembles a fiend, it is surely when his brutal strength is turned against the frail weakness which is given him to shield.

Such were the scenes enacted in the old Seraglio, which stood upon a jutting point to the sea, fair without and foul within, like a whited sepulchre, and containing more horrors within its marble walls than the prolific imagination of Eugène Sue ever suggested. For hours I have gazed upon it from my terrace, to which I must now return. It formed the roof of the monastic portion of the building, and upon it was erected a little chapel, dedicated to Maria Stella. It

was a quiet place, too high up to be much frequented. There was a small room, or sacristy, attached to it, and a cell, the tenant of which I shall also describe.

A stunted, gnarled tree, which had found room for its roots in the rough masonry of the dilapidated walls, over-shadowed the chapel and a statue of Maria Stella, dressed in the usual blue wrapper. Her hands were extended, not conveying the poetic idea of *Refugium Peccatorum*, but holding in one a toy-ship, and in the other two ostrich-eggs, which she appeared to be offering perpetually for sale; thus destroying the only scrap of poetry in this dreary abode. I sincerely blessed the storm which one night broke the two eggs, carried the tiny ship to sea, and so bedaubed the blue morning-gown as to induce the inmate of the cell to appear the following day with a brush and a can of white paint. Evidently to her own satisfaction, and very much to mine, she tore, with impious hands, the tawdry finery from the figure; and setting to work with a will and plenty of paint, it speedily assumed a more ethereal and spiritualized character than it had before, and was at least *virgo purissima*—looking in the moonlight like the ghost of the Saint Marizinga, of whom the legend told as follows:

In the days of Constantine there had been a convent built here, the old walls of which still remained; and when the fiery Turk ravaged the fair St. Sophia, Marizinga was Abbess of it. She is recorded not as an ecstatic saint (as the fashion of those days was, living in rocky caves and other dismal places), but a practical and useful sort of a saint, who, in default of light-house and revolving lights thereon, hung out a bell, which swung in every breeze, and by its welcome sounds aided the bewildered mariners to a safe retreat from danger. After the sacking of St. Sophia the monastery offered the richest booty, both in

replenishing the pocket and the harem; but Marizinga was a brave woman, and had a purpose and an object in life. Yielding up her golden candlesticks and rich altar decorations, she bade the sisterhood take care of themselves as they best might, saying that she should remain in defense of her bell. The Turks arrived, and she, with prayers and entreaties, begged that her bell might remain, if her life were sacrificed; but in the heat of slaughter, passion, and strife, the Turks had changed their human for a viler nature, and were deaf to her appeal. They cut down the bell, and slew her upon it, her last words being a prayer to Maria Stella, that the bell, though cut down, might ring to all eternity. The prayer was granted; and when the wind is high, a silver bell is still heard ringing in the old tree. This short sketch was given me by the Sister, as she alternately painted and took long, steady looks down the Bosphorus through a small telescope, which she drew from her capacious pocket.

At first sight, I was irresistibly allured toward her; but there was nothing that I could define as striking about her. She was neither handsome, lovely, sweet, nor grand-looking; yet, at times, she was all these. In stature, she was little above the common height, slight in figure, and gracefully formed. She had the small feet, hands, and ears, indicative of high-breeding. Her features are almost impossible to portray, as they varied with every emotion of the ever-active mind within, to the most extraordinary degree I ever witnessed. Her skin was delicately white, I may say colorless; the mouth small and firmly closed, showing much decision of purpose. Her eyes were of that deep blue which melts into the shade of the violet, or looks up bright and clear with the tint of the forget-me-not. Under the dark lashes there was usually a dreamy and mysterious expression, as of some awful past,

or foreshadowing a future fate of no common vicissitude. It was a strange face, with more underneath than the imagination could ever guess at; but when in conversation, there was a magnetic fascination, from the influence of which it was impossible to escape. Her eyes were luminous, and expressed a thousand things for which words fell short: they flashed with haughty defiance, or grew cold with stern decision; were soft and melting in pity or love, or brimmed over with archness. She was a Lady Macbeth, a Desdemona, or a Diana Vernon, in rapid succession, as circumstances called each character forth. She was in earnest reality what Lady Hamilton so ably personified, and made me both weep and laugh more than I had done for years.

She wore the blue, woolen dress of the order (which, though quaint and ugly enough, failed to disguise the supple ease of her figure), a long apron of the same material, and a squarely cut, white collar, pinned on each side of the bosom. A narrow strap confined the taper waist, and from it hung the rosary, scissors, corkscrew, knife, file, keys, etc.—a sort of *châtelaine* of piety and utility combined. On her head she wore the white linen dress or veil, which, while a little projecting in front, extended in eccentric folds behind a band, of the same material and color, running straight across the forehead, to the great disfigurement of the face, giving it a corpse-like hue and form, and conveying to the merriest face a sepulchral, awesome expression. Until thoroughly habituated to this peculiar garment, the countenance of all the Sisters wore to me the same ghostly aspect. Her feet were encased in miniature Wellington boots, which displayed the exquisite instep to perfection, and which were well adapted to meet the muddy exigencies of the service. Her first appearance to me was as odd as every thing else appertaining to her.

One day, being in deep meditation in the little chapel already described, a strain of soft music, like the rich tone of a violoncello, reached my astonished ears, and one of Moore's sweet melodies was wafted to me. A violoncello playing Moore's melodies in Turkey, was an event in my monotonous life; and I could not refrain from an immediate investigation of the marvel.

On reaching the terrace, to my unutterable surprise I beheld, perched outside the window, with her back to the cell and her small feet tightly laced round each other to support herself, the novice Thierna (for that was her name), bending affectionately over her instrument, from the D and G strings of which, by the time I arrived, she was producing the most heart-piercing sounds. Her quaint dress, her fiddle, her queer position, and her tragic-looking eyes at the moment, made me fancy her something unearthly. Upon perceiving me she dropped lightly on the terrace, and approached. "Pray continue," I begged, in my best French. "Not now," she replied, walking toward the terrace which looked on the Black Sea. "I am expecting two ships with wounded men. There has been a frightful slaughter at the Tracktir Bridge. I was thinking over my fiddle what it was like; and the groans of the dying, and the screams of the wounded, have startled you." Her quick perception detected the shudder which came over me as I thought of my husband. She replied to my thought: "The English were not engaged," said she. "It was in the French line, and yonder flies the tricolor; she is the *Austerlitz*, is a three-decker, and will carry a thousand or more of wretched beings. I must seek help, and hasten to their relief."

Ten minutes, and her white veil was floating like a line of silver against the blue water, as her *caïque* swept swiftly along on the Bosphorus. The *Auster-*

litz had not cast her anchor ere Thierna stood on her deck, surrounded by the horrors resulting from a sanguinary struggle on the battle-field.

A thousand Russian prisoners were there, writhing in agony, cut and mangled as though some Fury had been glutting her rage upon them—human forms which no mother could have recognized as her own, with limbs hanging loose from the body to which they could never more adhere—heaps of moaning, quivering beings, covered with rags, saturated with blood and dirt—pell-mell together they lay, the wounded, the dying, and the dead! The *Austerlitz* had met with heavy weather, the ports had all been closed, and there had been no opportunity for separating the bodies of the peacefully slumbering, gone to their rest, from the living and those writhing with agony!

Between-decks, the air was putrid with animal decomposition and stench of undried gore, with which the decks were wet, thick and sloppy as a thoroughfare in London after twenty-four hours' rain. There was a dull, heavy, indistinct sound of suppressed groans and shrieks, wrung from tortured minds and bodies, such as might only meet the ear outside the gates of Purgatory. The miserable creatures had been thoroughly imbued with the idea that all prisoners taken by the enemy were doomed to a death of torture; and they did not possess the un murmuring endurance of the French soldiers under their trials.

Into these scenes of mortal agony came the delicate figure of Thierna. She spoke a word in Russian, and her Sister-of-Mercy dress told the rest. A wild, ecstatic cry burst forth, and echoed through the ship; for they knew she came not as the harbinger of death, but of hope. All who could drag themselves made toward her. The dying man was startled for a moment from his death-vision. He raised his trembling eyelids,

saw the white veil and pitying eye, and believed that the great Ruler of all had sent an angel to gather him to his last abode.

In a few words, which no Frenchman on board had been able to speak, their fears were allayed. With light step she trod the revolting deck, and, beginning with the nearest sufferers, went down on her knees without a shudder. She knelt and laid bare the ghastly wound, without a shade of disgust passing over her face. With her scissors she proceeded to divest it of all that was galling and inflaming, applying charpie and clean linen with dexterously twined bandages. She was followed by the Captain and a rugged tar, who carried all the necessaries.

The Captain had never ventured between-decks before; but considering himself bound as a gentleman to accompany her whom his instinct told him was a lady, with sundry shrugs and bows to Madame's admirable devotion, he put on his galoches, declaring "*ce plancher détestable,*" and did the honors of the ship. Arrived at the bottom of the companion-ladder, he had insisted with much emphasis that Madame's entrance there was "impossible." She passed him by, unheeding. His gallantry compelled him to follow. "It was impossible, too," he said, "that she could kneel in so much filth. *Ma foi,*" he exclaimed, "*dans toute cette saleté!*" Every thing, in like manner, was "impossible." Weak minds, or minds purposeless, would have bowed in due submission to so potent a word; but as Nelson, in his victorious career, had treated the word "fear," so had Thierna treated "impossible," as unknown in the vocabulary of those who leave behind them "footprints on the sands of time." The Captain was really uncomfortable at witnessing so much misery. He thrust his hands into his pockets, and talked of "*dévouement extraordinaire;*" but in

his heart he did not feel it, and sincerely wished she would give over or faint, when he would have had her carried to his cabin, and have displayed that exquisite politeness which only a Frenchman can imagine. Failing in this, he looked, for a short time, for some sign of womanly weakness; a tear would have made him happy, but those soft eyes were too earnestly fixed on the wounds or face of the sufferer to admit of being dimmed by useless tears. So the Captain placed his small feet together, made himself rigid, raised his hat a good half-yard from his head, bowed from his hips forward, and said, "*Madame, je vous salue!* My Sister in the Holy Church, I leave you to your angelic occupation;" and took himself back to his own cabin.

Not so the old sailor, who had volunteered to carry the store of comforts, condiments, and appliances of Thierna. He had displayed a great amount of sympathy and assiduity in uncorking and corking bottles; measuring out wine, brandy, and beef-tea, with as much precision as though his own life depended on what he was doing. One drop too much, he scrupulously poured back again; one drop too little, he supplied, patiently waiting, cup in hand, and presenting the medicine half a dozen times before it was wanted; he became fertile in inventions, discovered bits of wood for leg-rests, and bundles of any thing for pillows. The hated Russian was a helpless, suffering man, and Jack's heart was melted to soft compassion. His devotion was as deep, his heroism as great, his pity as tender, as Thierna's; though it found vent only in the uncorking of bottles. There was a silent communion and oneness of feeling between these two, so dissimilar in appearance, as they knelt beside the sufferers, giving hopes for the future, and ease for the present, which established a union as of a long-tried friendship. Had they met ten years

after on the Rocky Mountains or in a palace, she would have given, and he would have taken, her small hand in his rough, hard palm; their souls would again have mingled—true man, true woman, true to Nature.

"Don't you touch him, Madame," suggested Jack, tenderly, as they neared a dried-up pool of blood, surrounding a curled-up gray coat and knapsack—a human hand, projecting, alone indicated what it might be—"don't you touch him," he repeated. His manly heart would fain have spared her the icy chill which had just shot through his own veins from the touch of that clammy hand. "*Requiescat in pace!*" replied Thierna, as she passed on to the next.

Having no occupation, society, or books, I naturally became interested in the pursuits and lives of the inmates of this entirely new and strange little world, into which my destiny for the moment had thrown me. Few English people, I think, have any idea of the lives of these Sisters of the Propaganda. The uniformity of their dress and sameness of character are remarkable, for they are all ground down, if I may use the expression, to one peculiarity: machine-like obedience, self-abnegation, and devotion to the cause. Like all monastic orders it was under absolute government, one will dictating and being carried out by the rest in every particular, unreasoningly and unjudgingly. Like a well-drilled regiment ordered forth by the General to certain destruction, forward they go to death, without one farewell look cast behind. Great or small, the task must be executed, with the same faultless obedience to orders; whether they be to put out to sea during a storm in a mussel-shell *caïque* to meet a plague-ship, or to stand in the same spot for months, for years perhaps, perpetually washing up dirty plates—all must be done without a murmur or question.

One instance of this particularly struck me. There was a Sister Mabile, whom I used to see day after day, as I passed up to the terrace. Her occupation and object in life were mending old linen. She sat always in the same room, the same corner, the same chair, and in the same position; her spectacles half falling from her nose, in which attempt, however, they never succeeded, that organ having a little twist at the end, admirably adapted for keeping them on. There she had sat for months, and would probably do so until she was called to her long home, if the holy mother so commanded it. Long habit had become nature. She sat invariably in the same posture, never seeming to need or think of a change. Her face wore the same expression, or rather want of it. Her eyes seemed made merely to look for holes in the linen; her nose to rest spectacles upon; and her mouth to bite off the ends of her thread. As unvarying she was as the chair upon which she sat, and as unchanging as the walls within which she dwelt.

Her extraordinary immobility excited my attention, and induced me to inquire into her present and previous history. "Would you not like a change," I suggested; "to serve in the hospital, or go on board the ships?"

"We each do the duty allotted us," she replied, "and mending linen is my portion. We have but one thing to do in this world—perfect obedience—and our salvation is secured. It is not what we best like that is good for us; *au reste*, I was always quick at my needle, as Thierna is fond of the sea. We call her the Sailor Sister. And what should we do without her?" she proceeded. "May the saints protect her until we have done with fighting and ships! for few but English know the difference between a ship and a washing-tub; for myself, I had never seen one before I saw the one that brought me here."

"But what did you do before you came here—before you were a Sister?" I continued.

"Much the same as I do now. My life has been a smooth, gliding stream, and would fail to interest you. *La Sainte Vierge* has been a kind mother to me, watching over and shielding me from evil."

"But when you were at home, were there no events there? were you never in love?" I exclaimed. But even this sacrilegious suggestion failed to produce the shadow of a change on her countenance.

"No," she replied; "I was never given to such worldly-mindedness. From the dawning of reason my worthy Confessor had destined me for a bride of the Church."

I could not help reflecting how surely and truly a woman's destiny is marriage, and how strongly it must be implanted in her heart, when, in default of finding a husband congenial to her taste, she consoles herself by being wedded to the Holy Church—to religion; calls herself the bride of Heaven, wears a wedding-ring, and takes the endearing name of mother.

Thus had not reasoned *Mère Mabile*, but she had acted upon it; for she, like the rest, entertained no small idea of her exalted position as spouse of the Church, and would describe the bridal-day with as much satisfaction as any other woman her wedding-day, and, assuming the matronly air of a married woman, would speak of the guests who were present, the flowers that were strewn over her, the flattering speeches made by the Bishop about the dignity of her exalted choice and the beatitude of the bride of Heaven, and of all the extraordinary attentions paid by every one—coming up to, and actually surpassing, a real wedding.

Mother Mabile went on with her story: "I was the only child of my parents, who were well to do in the world: they

were proprietors of a productive farm. No misfortunes or troubles ever fell on our peaceful roof; we lived comfortably and happily, one day much like another. The various seasons brought their various employments, but one year was the same as another. My mother attended to the *ménage*, or housekeeping; my father to the crops, the almanac, and the weather-glass; and I to my embroidery and devotions. My parents died within a few weeks of each other, calmly as they had lived; the Lord called them, and their end was peace! My spiritual father took their place toward me. 'My child,' he said, 'you have come into possession of worldly goods; let your first act be to endow with them your heavenly Bridegroom.'

"I knew that, in obeying, I followed the will of Him whose minister on earth he was, so the farm and stock were realized and converted into cash, and, under the care of Père Lemaire, I quitted, for the first time and forever, the paternal roof; I asked not whither, for I wished my submission to be perfect, and my obedience voluntary. My faith was strong that he would lead me in the way of true salvation, and I made no idle inquiries. We traveled until we reached a land where the tongue was new to me, and where I did not understand a word that was said; finally, we arrived at a convent.

"For this particular order my director said I had a decided vocation. I was received with open arms by the holy mother, and my small fortune by the mother's assistant-treasurer. I did not know one word of the many kind things they said to me; but my director informed me, as he left me, with his last blessing, that my sacrifice was all the more noble for the obstacles and trials I should have to encounter, and more meritorious in the sight of heaven."

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed, "were you, then, left in a place where you could

not speak a word of the language? What a merciless trial for a woman!"

"Holy obedience," she replied, "softens down all difficulties. I did not need to speak; I was put to work to mend linen with another Sister. I had only to follow her example, and the language came by degrees."

Such was the history of Mère Mabile—one of untiring self-abnegation and devotion.

At this time much was written and said about the volunteers in the cause of charity; but of this devoted, regularly disciplined band of the Propaganda, little is known out of the circle of their labors. Yet they were not all menders of linen nor washers of plates. There were heroines among them, who laid down their lives in the cause, and died martyrs to charity. Why they were not considered so, was simply because there were too many of them, and self-martyrdom was too common. Novelty has a charm for the mind, which the noblest devotion fails to excite when it becomes habitual. So well is this truism understood in these days, that every thing is paraded as new to obtain the smallest portion of notice—the greatest novelty draws the greatest crowd.

"Any thing new in the House last night?" says the M. P., who was not there. He does not ask if any rankling and vexatious old Act had been repealed.

"Can you tell me of a new song?" says Clara to her friend. She never heard of Pergolesi, and has almost forgotten Mozart.

"Have you got a new novel?" inquires the loungee of the librarian. "Yes, sir, one in this morning; quite new, sir; leaves not cut: 'The Fainting Flower,' by Lady Fanella Fanwood."

"Have you heard the new opera?" inquires the morning caller. "O, you must—it is so novel; all the crotchets where the quavers ought to be; contral-

to singing soprano, and tenors making the most peculiar noise."

Every thing must be novel, or it might as well be nothing. If a man's idea is not novel, he had better keep it for his own service; if he wishes to excite notice, he must put his horse's head where its tail should be, and he is sure of success.

Now the order of the Propaganda had been established some two centuries, and had no claim to novelty. Wherever misery had appeared in the shape of war, famine, or pestilence, there had fallen so many martyrs from this order. We have had our Howards and Mrs. Frys—grand, noble characters, standing out finely in the history of benevolence—but if you were to multiply them by fifty or one hundred, they would cease to excite our wonder; and with wonder falls much veneration. When the cholera was raging, those devoted women toiled day and night in the pestilential hospitals, without regular rest or food; what they took of the latter being of the coarsest description, consisting principally of vegetable soup, *semolino*, and fruit. Even the last small luxury they would often abstain from, that they might carry it to their convalescent patients.

From bed to bed, with gentle words of comfort and religion—healing balm for the spirit as well as the body—leaving nothing undone, they never became weary or relaxed until they dropped from the ranks; then another stepped into the vacant place, to carry out the same duties. A few days—hours, perchance—and she also lay, self-immolated, with the wreath of ever-lasting flowers on her breast, her hands folded in the sign of a cross, stretched on the bier in the centre of the church, awaiting the *Miserere*.

I grew so accustomed to this silent disappearance, that when I saw a new face in an old place I merely went to the

church to take a farewell look at the placid features, now calm in the stillness of death, and join in the *Miserere* with the assembled sisterhood, each bearing a long, yellow wax-candle. After the chanting of the *Dies Iræ*, in the performance of which Thierna, who played the organ, made it moan and wail like a spirit in purgatory, until my blood chilled and my flesh seemed to creep, the bier was taken away, and the corpse was held in a sheet by six Sisters, all the rest assembling around with their lighted tapers. So the procession moved on to the tomb, which was a peculiar one. Traversing several rooms, we came to a narrow, flagged passage open to the sky, at the end of which was a dark, massive door, which was unlocked by a large, rusty key. The door slowly opening to the united efforts of three Sisters, disclosed utter darkness. The corners of the sheet were then tied together, and the corpse placed in this charnel-house, along with other dead Sisters; the living ones locking the door, blowing out their candles, and returning each to her post.

In most cases, the Sisters fell victims to fever induced by over-fatigue, more than from infection or the unwholesome atmosphere of the hospitals; in other cases, from cholera brought on by pure fright and terror. Young and naturally timid women, brought for the first time, perhaps suddenly, into scenes of anguish and horror from which their gentle natures recoiled, yet bound by the rigor of their vow of obedience to walk through fire if so commanded: as the boy-ensign bearing the standard in his young hand, rushing forth to the attack, is the first to fall, so their frail natures succumbed.

Such a character was Sister Eulalie, with her dove-like face and timid, innocent eyes, where the shadow of evil had never passed. Limpid and pure as a tiny rill revealing all its pebbly treasures, her soul was as transparent, her voice as

silvery and low—an angel spirit walking the earth for a time, but too holy for it. Slight in figure, but rather tall, she reminded me of a young vine or honey-suckle wanting to cling round a stronger stem. I fear her mock bridal, had she ever reached it, would not have supplied this real want of her nature: she had no strength to stand alone; her slender waist called for a strong arm to support it; and her delicate, taper fingers, a broad shoulder to rest upon.

So at least I used to picture to myself, as I watched her gliding, nymph-like, about that dreary abode. She was ordered on the ship department with Thierna. I saw her embark on her first voyage in the *caïque*—her last, poor child, in this world! With every movement of these eccentric boats her color came and went; she was as frightened as a child. In vain Thierna, with her quick perception, expatiated on the beauty, the safety, the admirable adaptability of these boats to the Bosphorus, of which she herself was so fully aware. At last they neared the ship. The Captain was standing on the bridge, roaring through his trumpet, “Keep off! keep off! this is a plague-ship; we have six hundred men on board of us down with the cholera!” Thierna, knowing it was useless attempting to answer, urged on the *caïque*, and was soon alongside, the Captain still vociferating, “Are you mad?—keep off!” There was no gangway down, but the rope-ladder hung from the ship’s side, and by this Thierna had made a rapid ascent, ere the Captain had reluctantly ordered the gangway to be lowered for Eulalie, whose courage had failed her to climb, observing he hoped she would have more sense than to follow. “Lord ’a mercy!” he exclaimed, as Thierna appeared over the bulwarks and swung down by the ropes with sailor-like agility, as she had done fifty times before. “Lord ’a mercy!” he repeated, staring, in stupid amaze-

ment, at the queer costume. “What ’ave we got aboard on us! I’ve seen many a queer ’un in female guise on the coast of Africa; but never one that would scale a ship’s side to board a plague-vessel.”

Eulalie, who had mounted, looking more dead than alive, proceeded with her companion to the ship’s hold. There, writhing in agonies of pain, lay six hundred men in various stages of cholera; some rolling about in excruciating torture, others in a collapsed state, the extremities cold, rigid, and the face blue, others locked in the tightening grasp of death. It was a slough of anguish. The sweet face of Eulalie turned sickening from the sight, her lips becoming livid, the warm blood returning chill to her heart, and freezing in her veins with horror. “Go back,” said Thierna, laying a firm hand upon her. “Go; there are not so very many. I can manage alone. Go; try to induce that rough Captain to let us have some hot water,” she added, hitting upon any device to get her away, as Eulalie still hesitated, her eyes becoming fixed with a terrified stare, her whole frame shaking, and drops of perspiration starting on her forehead. “Go, for God’s sake!” repeated Thierna, with energy.

“I was ordered to follow you,” returned the self-martyr, with a quivering voice. “So it is His will that I should remain.”

A shade of despair shot across the expressive face of Thierna; then, like lightning, a determined purpose. “The hot water,” she said: “I must have it, and it is your duty to go and get it.” With these words she led her to the ladder, which she tremblingly ascended.

Thierna turned to her wretched patients; but no sooner had her companion reached the deck, than she drew the ladder from the perpendicular to such a sloping angle that it could not be descended, at least by Eulalie, she mutter-

ed to herself, "for she would die if she came down here again." So she went on with her labors, using opium, brandy, soda, and calomel at her discretion, lulling the pain of the living, raising to hopes of God's mercy the thoughts of the dying, receiving the last, sorrowing words of the son, to whom death recalled the image of his mother, and taking down on small tablets the address and the words of the last farewell, which mostly ran: "To my mother, Marie Legrand—Pray for the soul of your son Pierre, who, wild and wayward, caused you many tears; not knowing how few were your joys save in him. He thought of you at his death, and sends you this." One beautiful trait in the French soldier's character is his devoted, child-like attachment to his mother. "*Ma mère*" was always the subject they loved to dwell upon, when disease or the approach of death dispelled the illusions and empty shadows of their past life. "I have only one comfort," he would say; "which is, that my mother does not see my miseries."

When Eulalie returned, she discovered the absence of the ladder. In vain, in her musical Italian, she appealed to the sailors to replace it for her: all she got was, "*Bono, Johnny.*" Thierna had disappeared in the depths of the ship's hold, into the realms of darkness, pestilence, and death. Hour after hour her companion waited for her, now and then administering comfort to a few wan-looking sailors who were suffering the reaction from cholera. The night came on, and the air felt chilly; cold shudders passed over her whole frame. She thought Thierna, too, must have died in

that dark abyss. The Captain, also, was getting uneasy, and sent down a messenger. "You'll find her most likely a stiff 'un, and sarve her right for such tarnation folly. The other there," poking his lantern into her face, "is looking uncommon like some other as I've seen before they are taken with the grips."

With the messenger appeared the white veil of Thierna. She hastily took her companion by the hand. "You are cold," said she—deathly cold, she thought; and producing her flask, she offered her companion a table-spoonful of brandy.

"O, it is a fast," sighed Eulalie: "I dare not touch it."

"Take it," said the other, decisively; and she forced it through her lips.

They then descended to the *caïque*. As they floated over the hushed waves, leaving the plague-ship like a phantom spirit of evil looming in the distance, the mountains on either side stood out in graceful outline against the dark-blue sky, and a solemn stillness hung over all, as though Nature held her breath to listen. Angels' wings came fluttering round one of those young heads covered by the white veil, and marked it for their own with a shining cross. The wind softly sighed, "Amen!" "The stars arose, and the night was holy."

That evening she knelt at prayers; the following, she lay in the church with her hands folded in the form of a cross, and a wreath of fresh wild flowers on her breast—the last token of love from Thierna, who had vowed she should not be buried with the ever-lasting dead-wreath, but with wild flowers, emblems fresh and pure as herself.

A KANSAS SETTLER.

HAVING availed myself of the hospitality extended by the Kansas Pacific Railroad Company, to the editorial fraternity, in an excursion to the mountains of Colorado, to celebrate the opening of their road to Denver; on the return-trip, I left the party at Junction City, a lively and growing town in Kansas, in order to take a leisurely survey of the eastern portion of that State. After a week's travel, by railroad and stage, through a number of the southern counties, I turned my steps northward; and crossing the Kaw River, came to a temporary rest in the pleasant little town of Louisville, the county-seat of Pottawattamie County, where I was hospitably entertained by a friend and college chum, who had long been importuning me to come and stay beneath his roof. A glowing account from my lips of the beauty and fertility of southern Kansas, and the rapid progress making there in population and material wealth, seemed to put my friend upon his mettle.

"Such talk as yours," said he, "is regarded as heresy on this side of the Kaw. We can show finer lands and better streams in northern Kansas, than any you have seen down on those arid plains. Pottawattamie County, for instance, is somewhat hard to beat; and that you may carry away a correct impression of Kansas with you, I shall want you to take a few miles' drive out with me to-day, just to see what kind of a country we have to show you."

This invitation suited me exactly; and, in less than an hour, I found myself seated with my friend behind a pair of tough Indian ponies, which addressed themselves to their work with a willingness that spoke well for their race.

Our drive skirted the western edge of the far-famed Pottawattamie Reserve, and carried us over pleasant, far-reaching uplands, alternating with fertile intervals, through which coursed numerous creeks, their banks fringed with a goodly growth of hard timber. Here and there we would pass a cultivated patch, with a rudely constructed house of limestone, nearly concealed behind the tall, standing corn; a few domestic cattle, perhaps, lariatied near by, whose sleek, well-filled sides gave evidence of the nutritious succulence of the wild grasses that sustained them.

"Your farmers," I remarked, "don't appear to follow the most improved methods of husbandry. Where are their fences and their barns? Have none of them enterprise enough to set out a few fruit-trees? Why, look at that corn-field! A stranger would be in doubt whether the grain or the weeds received most of the farmer's attention."

"The truth is," said my friend, "neither growth is very much troubled with the man's labors."

"But how does he employ his time?"

"Well," said my companion, hesitatingly, "if the truth must be told, farmers out here are not exactly models of thrift. Here we are, seventeen miles from railroad, and perhaps one or two inhabitants to the square mile. You can not keep a man's energies up to high-pressure point when he is left to plod alone in the wide wilderness."

"But these men were not born here," I argued. "You Kansans make great boast of the enterprise and intelligence that characterize the flood of immigration you are receiving. Must a man degenerate because he is for awhile sepa-

rated from society? I should have supposed the education we receive produced more lasting effects."

"I don't know," pursued my friend, half abstractedly; "things generally come out right in the end. No man is coming out here to settle, you must understand, who has the stir in him which is communicated by thickly settled communities. These fellows, as a rule, are about adapted to the physical condition that surrounds them. The *vis inertia* of wild Nature is a mighty force to deal with. Their nervous organization is not acutely developed, it is true; but it would only be 'cutting blocks with a razor' if it was. The farmers out here slouch along on their up-hill road, but they serve a useful purpose in our social economy. They are the primitive formation in civilized society; not capable of receiving a high polish, but adapted to bearing a vast superincumbent pressure."

"But the rich soil and favorable seasons," I expostulated, "which you parade so constantly before the world: ought not these advantages to incite a farmer to unceasing diligence? Where Nature prospers your efforts, it would seem to me that a man's ambition would be aroused."

My friend here brought his ponies to a halt to give them breath, and directed my attention to an ox-team, plodding laboriously along, attached to a load of stone.

"See that man," said he. "He's got the whole day before him; he's in no hurry. Now, I take this view of the case: A man's ambition is generally aroused in proportion to the reward that awaits his efforts. In large cities, where the achievements of the whole world are gathered into a focus, and fortunes are won and lost in a day's venture, a man's faculties are pretty actively exercised, and the prize held up before him is enough to stir the whole force of his nature. But what inducement has this

man to wear out his frame with incessant work? He already has a shelter, such as it is, and a living is secured him from the soil. Fretting and fuming, and laying out impossible tasks, would not help his case one iota. Population will come to him in time, and along with it some of the refinements of civilization. But he can not help it along."

"Exactly," I acquiesced. "And by the time he finds himself surrounded with a Christian community, he has grown such a barbarous recluse that he is no longer fit to partake of the enjoyments of civilized life."

"Yes; in many cases, that's so. These men are the pioneers of civilization; they keep in advance of society, but do not care to mingle with it. By and by, a railroad will be opened through here, or the progress of settlement will give an enhanced value to the settler's land. On the first good offer that's made to him he will sell out, and betake himself to some region where he will not be crowded by neighbors. Then we shall have introduced a better mode of farming, and the country here will take a further step in the progress from barbarism to civilized life."

My friend here consulted his watch. "It is now just noon," said he. "We have time to drive over to a ranch owned by an Englishman, a few miles from here. We will take dinner there and feed the ponies, and then get home by night-fall."

Giving the animals a touch with the whip, he headed them in a westerly direction, and commenced the descent of a wooded slope, at whose base a narrow, swift-flowing stream was hurrying past.

"I am not quite sure of my road," he remarked; "but a course due west will be apt to bring us up with our English friend."

"This Englishman," I suggested, "will have a better style of farming to show us than any we have seen yet."

"Well, I wouldn't hold him up as a pattern of husbandry. He is an industrious fellow, has a good farm, and attends to his business. But he is the strangest man to undertake a pioneer life that ever you read of. His head is full of communistic theories. He has brought into this unpeopled wilderness the advanced social ideas that are now agitating our large cities."

"An enthusiast," I ejaculated.

"No; at least, what enthusiasm he might have had is pretty well taken out of him by this time."

"Where is he from?" I queried.

"From New York."

"Any family?"

"Wife; and, I believe, four children."

"Boys?"

"One is a boy; the others, all girls."

"What, in the name of common sense," I inquired, "brought such a man out here?"

"You might ask," replied my companion, "what leads to any other human folly. People can rarely see in advance what consequences they are entailing upon themselves. Here is a man with a family to support. He finds himself crowded in a large city, and capital getting the best of honest industry. What can he do? Social reformers preach up the doctrine of a division of land. No man can be independent, they talk, of the tyranny of wealth, unless he owns his own homestead. But it is no use inculcating such a truth, if all persist in clinging to over-populated cities. 'Go out into the wide West,' urge a number of our present writers, 'where there is room for your industry, and where the landlord and the employer will not rob you of your earnings.' Such a man as this is impressed with these arguments. He perceives that talking about social evils will not remove them, but that something must be done. What that something should be, lies plain upon the surface. There are too many seek-

ing employment in cities, and some must leave. Recognizing this as a duty, we next find him raising corn in Kansas."

I involuntarily shuddered. The resort struck me as a desperate remedy. To people crowded together in dense populations, until there is scarcely room for them to breathe, and competition so hedging them in that a man's industry is frequently inadequate to gain him support, I can easily understand how the idea of a rural life must impress their minds with an irresistible charm. The evils that afflict them are at hand, while the picture which the imagination conjures up has all the attractions of rustic plenty and felicity. But at what a price is this exemption purchased? To immure yourself upon these dreary plains, six leagues away from the nearest settlement, your few scattered neighbors rude and illiterate, your wife condemned to a round of drudgery, and deprived of all the enjoyment of pleasant social life, and your children growing up around your hearth like young barbarians. Then the monotony of the man's employment! Breaking stubborn prairie sod and planting corn, grubbing up weeds and hauling stone to build fences—and all this pursued from year to year, with scarce an individual of your race to call forth the expression of a few cherished ideas, and conjure up in your mind the activities of the great world whose ceaseless hum is now lost to your ears. The effect of hard labor, followed from day to day and from year to year, absorbing every thought and every physical energy, will almost inevitably show itself in the dulled intellect, the blunted sensibilities, and the degradation of the man.

Further, our habits can not accommodate themselves to such violent extremes. Old feelings and past activities can not be eradicated with a mere change of scene. The Englishman had made his choice, and, it would seem, abided the

consequences with manly fortitude. But it was easy to understand that he found the ordeal a terrible one. In the endeavor to procure sustenance for his family, he had been reduced to the deprivation of that intellectual exercise which raises man above the level of the brutes, and gilds the dull horizon of present endurance with silver-lined vistas, leading to those ever-attractive *châteaux en Espagne*. If this is the best that society can do for its producing classes, no wonder that they have taken the task in hand of ordering things to better suit themselves.

A thirty-minutes' drive over a long stretch of exquisite green surface, rolling like waves of the sea, brought us to a clear, rapid stream, skirted with a dense growth of oak, hackberry, and cottonwood. On each side of the stream spread a wide strip of rich bottom-land, while to the east towered a precipitous bluff, its sheer side torn and jagged, exposing layer upon layer of gray limestone. Successive rains had washed away the earth, and block after block of this natural masonry had become loosened and fallen to the ground, their two surfaces as smooth and true as if prepared by the hand of the workman, and forming a valuable and inexhaustible quarry for every building purpose required by the farmer.

My friend reined in his ponies, to expatiate on the beauties of the scene:

"Just in front of us there, where you see yon field of corn standing, is the Englishman's half-section. The place was first owned by a worthless, horse-thieving vagabond from Missouri. Being detected in his lawless practices by the Brothers at St. Mary's Mission, they procured his arrest, but he died in jail—it was supposed, by his own hand—before he was brought to trial. His widow, desiring to return to her friends in the East, sold the property to this Englishman; and he has as nice a piece of

farm land as any in the county. See this deposit of limestone," he exclaimed, admiringly, "washing down and triturating with every rain. These *débris*, penetrating into this bottom-land, charge the soil with the main element of which wheat is composed; and let him crop his land as he will, Nature will always keep it abundantly supplied with the exact nutriment he requires for his grain. But," added he, "let's drive over, and see this man."

There is no question that, to a farmer's eye, the place must have presented great attractions. The clear, full-breasted stream bordered the western edge of his land, its steep banks affording him an abundant supply of excellent timber—a growth so highly prized in this untimbered country. The piece of corn he had planted, covering perhaps fifty acres, although betraying the same slovenly cultivation which seems to characterize the farming of this whole State, in being literally overgrown with weeds, had attained a growth of fully twelve feet, the stalks being thicker than a man's wrist, and the ripening ears attesting the prodigal wealth of the deep, black loam from whence they sprung. On the eastern extremity of his farm, stood this exhaustless laboratory of Nature, which my friend had pointed out so admiringly; while the timber on the west, and the natural elevations which surrounded him, so completely protected his land from the fierce winds which sweep over this exposed country, that his thrifty, young orchard of apple-trees grew as luxuriantly and securely, as if the mild zephyr was the rudest breath that assailed it.

Yet the aspect of the whole place struck me as cheerless and uninviting. With the exception of a few rods of wire-fence at one end of his corn-field, the entire farm was uninclosed. His house was rudely constructed of limestone blocks, laid together just as the hand of

Nature had fashioned them; but not a flower, nor a sapling, nor a shrub, surrounded it, to indicate a taste for home comfort, and afford protection to the inmates from the all-pervading glare of the scorching sun. The stable was a rude thatch, open at both ends, and a few domestic cattle were lariatied close by. His garden-patch was remote from the house, but so completely choked up with weeds that all signs of husbandry were effaced. The barn-yard, which artists so delight to depict as offering to the eye all the materials which fill out a picture of rustic repose and plenty, was nowhere to be found. It was a mere scene of rude, uncultivated Nature; and the settler's industry barely sufficed to preserve any trace of culture from instant obliteration.

Driving up to the rude dwelling—the door of which stood open, revealing a poorly furnished room, encumbered with various farm-stores, and used for every domestic purpose—my friend was welcomed by the settler's wife, an intelligent-looking person of middle age, the sharp lines of whose countenance bore those signs of hard work and mental seclusion, which give to the Western woman a physiognomical expression so different from that cheerful, *insouciant* air we meet with in city life.

"Mrs. Westwood," said my companion, after introducing me to the lady, "I have brought this gentleman out to show him what Kansas soil can produce. Is Westwood about the farm?"

"He's most likely at the bluff with the team," the lady replied. "He is hauling stone to build a new cellar. But walk in, gentlemen," she added; "you would like to rest awhile. I will send one of the children over to the bluff, to tell my husband that you are here."

Hereupon she called her daughter—a well-developed girl of fourteen years, her handsome face browned with the sun, and a roguish twinkle in her bright,

hazel eye—to unhitch the ponies, and give them a feed of corn. Then conducting us into an inner apartment, she bade us be seated while she spread a lunch.

"This lady," remarked my friend, "is American-born; she hails from New York city, I believe. The girls, although a little rustic in their air, are fine-looking and intelligent. They would, perhaps, be a little *gauche* in a fashionable drawing-room, but they are a wonderful help to their father on the farm. But, see, here's Westwood's library. If you want to know a man's character, you have but to look over his books."

I remember, some years ago, being struck with the remark of a literary peer, Lord Francis Egerton, when applied to to subscribe to a fund for the purchase of Shakspeare's birthplace. He forwarded a liberal contribution, but accompanied it with the saying, "I regard a well-thumbed copy of the Bard's writings in the cabin of an American backwoodsman, as a far more fitting memorial than the preservation of any building that may be associated with his name." Without wishing to be intrusive, the interest that had been excited in my mind in regard to my new-found friend irresistibly prompted me to look over the books, which, in this solitary place, must form his sole intellectual companions. His literary treasures were abundant, although not kept with any scholarly care. Upon two rough board shelves, resting upon brackets in the wall, were arranged cheap copies of a number of English and French standard poets; Shakspeare, Milton, Cowper, Byron, Burns, Béranger, Racine, Corneille, Voltaire, and Lamartine being the most prominent. American duodecimo reprints of Hume, Gibbon, Macaulay, Thirlwell, and some others made quite a show of historical reading. But, thrust into a box, and piled in a corner on the floor, lay a miscellaneous heap of vol-

umes and periodical literature, a large proportion of which was of a socialistic character, as in a slight research among them I came across Rousseau, Fourier, Louis Blanc, Owen, Holyoake, and a number of kindred writers. From the dust accumulated upon these books, it was evident that they were but little disturbed; and I felt in some perplexity of mind to determine whether the man had outgrown his literary tastes, and now devoted his whole powers to the business of farming, or whether it was still a struggle between mind and muscle, and the force of circumstances was impressing the torturing conviction upon his soul that he had been hopelessly beaten in the battle of life.

A heavy step announced the entrance of our host, who immediately presented himself, and welcomed his visitors with the utmost cordiality. My friend apologized for interrupting him in his work.

"Mr. Mason," said he, "if you will take the trouble to drive out here every day, I'll cheerfully devote an hour or two to conversation with you."

"You are not bored much with visitors, I suppose," suggested my friend.

"Not enough to serve my wants," he answered. "We have not yet hit upon the *juste milieu* in our social life. In the distribution of wealth, superfluous hoards gather in the hands of a few individuals, while thousands are deprived of the barest necessities; and our population either clusters together in such dense throngs that there is not room for them to bustle in, or they spread out over the vast wilderness until they are out of the reach of each other's voice. Fortune, it seems, will never come with both hands full."

Mrs. Westwood here broke in from the next room: "There is no use of his complaining of having too much of a good thing. When he was in New York, his great trouble was he hadn't room enough; now he has all a person can

reasonably ask. I tell him I'll hear to none of his complaints."

The settler seemed to take his wife's *badinage* good-humoredly.

"It never rains but it pours," he remarked. "When a man is so closely stowed that he hasn't free use of his members, it does not seem unreasonable that he should look out for a wider sphere. Still he does not necessarily ask for the whole boundless continent to range in. I wanted room enough, I admit; but here I have more than I asked for."

While this conversation proceeded, I took note of the settler. He was thirty-seven years of age, I should judge; short of stature, and slightly bent in the shoulders. He was of somewhat light build, but muscular, and evidently possessed of considerable powers of endurance. Exposure to the sun had browned him, although he was of naturally fair complexion; and a piercing, dark eye, with a pleasant smile about the mouth, indicated a cheerful disposition, however adverse might have been his experience of the realities of life. He manifested none of that absorption which indicates the enthusiast or the man of one idea; but, on the contrary, was light and general in his conversation, and favorably impressed me with his common-sense, matter-of-fact way of looking at things.

An announcement from Mrs. Westwood that the meal was ready, summoned us to the family-room; and I seated myself at the neatly spread table with the utmost readiness, as our morning drive over the breezy prairie had given me a most inordinate appetite. On being invited to partake, my friend and I fell to without ceremony; and although Western cookery is generally of the most execrable character, I can bear honest testimony, that, in this backwoods cabin, as wholesome and well-prepared a meal was served as the most exacting disciple of Hygeia could anywhere ask.

"How do your girls stand this out-of-the-way life?" asked my friend Mason of the honest settler, who, to enjoy the rare company of his fellow-men, had seated himself opposite to us at the table.

"I don't hear much complaint from them," said he; "but they are not very enthusiastic in their love of a Western life."

Attracted by the presence of strangers, his family had gathered in the room. The age of the three girls would range downward, probably, from sixteen to twelve years. They had their father's dark eyes and cheerful expression of countenance, and all bore the ruddy glow of health, although the second girl seemed less rugged and more retiring in her demeanor than her two sisters. The boy, a cheery little fellow of five, was seated on the floor, busied in making some kind of a harness for his little pet dog.

"What school facilities have you for these young girls?" I inquired.

"None, anywhere within reach," replied the mother. "The people in this country seem to bestow no attention upon any thing that belongs to civilized life. A parcel of half-savage Indians are our principal neighbors; and you may judge what regard they have either for schools or divine worship."

"Why," said I, "I thought the provisions for education in Kansas were more liberal than in any other State in the Union."

"The provisions are liberal enough," observed Mr. Mason; "two sections in every township are set apart to create a school-fund. But the population here is too sparse at present to warrant the building of many school-houses; and the consequence is, many settlers are deprived of all educational facilities."

"The truth is," said Mrs. Westwood, "we ought never to have come out here with our family of girls. I opposed it with all my might, but Mr. Westwood

was determined. And now, I believe, if the truth was known, he is just as sick of his bargain as any of the rest of us."

"Well," returned he, "whatever unhappiness my judgment may have inflicted upon you, I am willing to atone for by putting up with your discontent."

"That's fair enough," interposed my friend. "But, say, Westwood, wasn't you led somewhat astray in your judgment by a fanciful picture of rural felicity which the reality hardly justifies?"

The settler, thus pointedly appealed to, seemed to hesitate in his reply. "I don't know," at length he said, "how to regard the matter. The life I am now leading is, certainly, not one I should adopt from choice. I have always been surrounded with the activities of a large city, and at one time indulged in the ambition of playing a useful part in the great social movements of the age. This solitude weighs upon my mind like a dense vacuity. Sometimes I feel ready to accuse myself of cowardice in having deserted my post. The years passed in this solitude seem like a blank in the book of life."

"Well!" ejaculated his wife, "I declare I never heard him confess so much before."

Turning to her, he said: "You know, wife, what unhappiness I suffered in New York. Human nature can not stand every thing. I am willing to resign my natural liberties for the benefits conferred upon the individual by civilized society; but I can never consent to become a slave."

"What business did you follow in New York?" my friend inquired.

"I do not intend to let old feelings get possession of me," Westwood continued. "They awake memories too bitter. For a number of years I followed the occupation of proof-reader. It is but a mechanical pursuit, I admit; still, it is one in which the mental faculties are engaged, and I found the pursuit of such

an industry totally incompatible with the condition of thralldom—both of mind and body—to which it reduced me.”

“I do not understand you,” said Mason, bluntly.

“No, probably not,” replied the settler; “and I doubt very much whether my grievances, which I found so intolerable, would, if fully detailed, strike you with much force.”

“You are away from those scenes now,” remarked my friend; “you are your own master, and have a support for your family assured you. The contrast, therefore, can not be but a pleasant one; for as old Lear says,

“The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter.”

Since I and my friend have come out to have a talk with you, I want you to tell us something about your former life.”

“I am not old enough yet,” the settler replied, “to have become narrative. I have accomplished nothing in life, and, therefore, have nothing to relate. Sometimes I am led to question whether the views that have driven me from all human society are quite sound. It is true they are sustained by many of the most advanced minds of the age; but the test of a rule is, will it work? And when I came to my fellow-operatives for aid in the practical adoption of the principles that were to work such benefits to society, I found them unwilling to co-operate with me. Thus I was left a victim to a false system, with none to aid me in achieving deliverance for myself and fellows.”

“What were you fighting against?” I inquired—“the system of wages—of hired labor?”

“Exactly. Let me show you my position. My employer was an extensive book and job-printer, who had thriven in the world. He lived in an elegant house of his own; his family was surrounded with every luxury, and he himself was taking lessons in French, with

a view to spend a summer in Europe. I, too, was diligent and laborious; my desire to see my family in the possession of comforts was fully equal to his; and ambitious projects filled my mind, which rendered the drudgery of my daily life a bitter mockery. And what reward was bestowed upon me for the devotion of my ceaseless industry? Barely sufficient to provide for the absolute wants of my family. My employer was not to blame for this. I clearly recognized that fact. That another man was more successful than myself, I was pleased to see. God has provided enough for the reasonable wants of all; and if our social institutions defeat this beneficent design by the unequal distribution of wealth, it is idle for those who are defrauded to complain. The task devolves upon them to bring about a more equitable state of things.”

“But,” interposed my friend Mason, “all men are not alike endowed. You surely would not deprive the successful man of his earnings, because another man’s incapacity prevents his acquiring a sufficient share.”

“I would have our social laws framed to afford protection to the weak. In earlier times, might was right; the physically strong man preyed upon his weaker brother, and no courts of justice were at hand to restrain the violence of the oppressor. Injustice now assumes a less opprobrious shape. Capital has become the spoiler, and grinds the producing class under its heel; and, though working under the sanction of law, none the less robs the helpless laborer of his fair share of the general product. To secure even-handed justice to all, I would have more regard paid to the rights of labor.”

“But,” exclaimed I, interrupting him, “what are your trades-unions and your co-operative societies designed for? Are they not established to champion the cause of labor?”

"If you have devoted any attention to the subject," he replied, "you will admit, with me, that labor, without legislative aid in its contest with capital, wages a hopeless warfare. Power, intelligence, and combination are on the side of wealth; the interests of capital hold controlling sway over the minds of men, and our public councils are openly or covertly directed by its all-pervading influence. Against this power the working-classes oppose their trade organizations; but their members, through ignorance of the laws that govern the distribution of wealth, misdirect their efforts, and these very unions are actually entailing upon them additional mischiefs."

"I do not like the encouragement given by these trade associations to strikes," I observed.

"Their one radical error," he continued, "consists in regarding the wages system as the permanent *status* of the laborer. Their whole machinery is devoted to securing a high scale of remuneration for the members. This is false statesmanship, since the cost of labor determines the price of commodities; and let them enhance the value of a day's labor as they will, the object is defeated when the expense of living keeps full pace with whatever increase of pay they may secure."

"What course of action, then," I inquired, "would you have the working-class adopt?"

The settler mused a few moments, and cast a glance at his other visitor. "My friend Mason and I," he remarked, "have discussed this matter frequently, and he regards my views as visionary and impracticable. Had I seen any prospect of their early adoption, I should never have abandoned the struggle and brought my family out here to ——"

"There, you see," said Mason, triumphantly, "you convict yourself. It is no use a man living in advance of his age. Your theory is at war with human

selfishness, and that you can never overcome. If you have any plan of reform to work out, you must adapt it to the nature of the instruments you have to work with. For I see no signs of the millennium at present."

"You, I suppose," answered he, "in common with all other reasoners, will admit that our social system is mere chaos. When we see one class of the community accumulating wealth beyond all possibility of rational enjoyment, and other thousands deprived of the barest necessaries of life; when we see fields untilled, and the mineral treasures of the earth untouched, and our cities at the same time thronged with labor unemployed, the least reflecting must become conscious that we are living under a false state of things. Bastiat says that 'the divine Intelligence which has infused harmony into the motions of the celestial bodies, is equally capable of establishing order in the internal mechanism of society.' It is evident that some important natural law, which should govern human society, is violated."

"What is that law?" we both inquired.

"You hear unceasing pæans sung," the settler continued, "in praise of Competition. By this bitter rivalry of man with his fellow, and class against class, we are told that our energies are stimulated, our activities kept from stagnating, and the progressive tendency of the age made perpetual. So clear a thinker as John Stuart Mill pronounces competition necessary in the present state of industry and of society, and asserts that 'to be protected against competition, is to be protected in idleness and mental dullness, and to be saved the necessity of being as active and intelligent as other people.' But do you not see that competition is social war? That it is antagonism instead of identity, filling men's minds with strife and bitterness against each other, and creating a gen-

eral scramble, in which the most selfish passions are aroused, and all are eager to seize whatever comes within their reach?"

"I tell you," exclaimed my fellow-visitor, dogmatically, "that human selfishness is an impediment you can never make away with. Whatever theory you may propound for the amelioration of the race, must take in that universal instinct as an important factor."

"Human selfishness," continued the settler, "is no more an impediment to the identification of interests, than the law of gravitation is an impediment to free locomotion. Without selfishness, which inspires the disposition to acquire and enjoy, human nature would stagnate. I readily admit that if my plan of socialistic reform were at war with this ineradicable instinct, it would be, as you regard it, visionary and delusive. But the true socialist only seeks to control this principle by subordinating the regard for self to a consideration for the interests of the whole race. If you and I, being neighbors, are constantly at strife, we can inflict lasting injury upon each other, and, in the end, the winner will find he has played a losing game. But let us work together harmoniously, and while I am best advancing my own interests, I am at the same time promoting yours."

"Yes, but——" my friend attempted to say.

"One moment, if you please," pursued the speaker. "Extend this practice to the whole village community—to the whole State—or, indefinitely, to the whole civilized world. Do you contend that there is no plan practicable of convincing poor, struggling humanity—every member of which is, to a greater or less extent, robbed of the happiness for which this life was designed—that the identification of his interest with that of society at large is a more efficient way of securing his own well-being, than the

present mode of waging a constant war with his whole race? To question it would be to deny the wisdom of the Almighty, and hold that His intelligent creation are the creatures of blind chance."

These arguments impressed my mind with great weight. It was a beautiful theory, certainly, this application of the Christian principle of Universal Love to the daily and mundane relations of man with his brother man. But, like my fellow-visitor, I could not but feel prompted to reject the whole of the settler's views as impossible of attainment, and to class them with those visions of human beatification, which, in this hard, selfish, struggling world, we can never see realized. But, deeply interested in this excellent man's ideas, I could not refrain from asking him how he supposed his proposed substitution of identity for antagonism of interests could best be brought about.

He answered: "The agencies that are destined to work this social revolution are everywhere in operation. Throughout Europe, and reflectively in this country, the conviction is gaining ground, that the great mass of humanity were created for other purposes than merely to toil that a few individuals may roll in superfluous wealth. The leaders of the reform movement, in their endeavors to bring about a more equitable division of property, may advocate false measures, and disturb existing relations, without having the wisdom more properly to adjust them. But you will agree with me that it is something to set the agitation in motion: a temporary disturbance must always precede the removal of abuses."

"I suppose you respect the sacredness of private property?" I inquired.

"I advocate no agrarianism," he replied; "but I take my firm stand on Jeremy Bentham's doctrine of 'the greatest happiness to the greatest number.'

And when we see the rapacity and injustice of past ages perpetuated by the law of inheritance, and the strong, the unscrupulous, and the ungodly of the present age using their uncontrolled power to deprive even their Christian brother of his fair share, then, I say, that the powers of legislation and the force of public opinion should, in justice to the great human family, be directed to securing a fairer division of God's common gifts to man."

"You'll have an interesting time," remarked Mason, "in getting these views accepted by property-holders."

"They have had their way long enough," he returned; "perhaps, it is time now for some others to assert their rights. Although I am no longer in the fight, I can not look with indifference upon the efforts made by the great mass, who are the sole producers of wealth, to have some regard for justice established in our social relations. And when I see the producing classes of this country and of Europe setting aside the national jealousies which have hitherto held them apart, and meeting in international congresses to devise some peaceable means for acquiring those natural rights which no hereditary privileges and no musty parchments can fairly deprive them of,

I have such abiding conviction in the moral power latent in this combined movement, that I feel a prophetic assurance that all opposition must eventually give way, and that the millions who are now deprived of their birthright will win for themselves and their children after them a fair share of the rewards which are derived solely from the all-producing hand of industry."

Finding this honest settler so well informed on the labor movements of the present day, I should have liked to hold further converse with him on the radical changes in land tenure proposed and recommended at the Working-men's Congresses held in Switzerland in the summer of 1869, and in Cincinnati last August. But Mr. Mason had grown impatient to get started on our return home. It was now three o'clock, and we had a good four-hours' drive before us: it would be as much as we could do to get to Louisville before sundown. But having had my thoughts set to pondering on this subject by the interesting visit above described, it has occurred to me that a repetition of this good man's conversation might not be without profit, and would be, in some way, advancing the ends of this extraordinary Kansas Settler.

AEROLITES.

IT may possibly be deemed presumptuous to affirm that of all the various theories submitted by scientists on the subject of aerolites, not one has unre-servedly commended itself to the acceptance of the great mass of ordinarily well-educated people; and yet, there are few phenomena in which mankind at large take more interest, because they occur within the scope of their vision, and attract particular notice by their frequency,

brilliancy, and singular characteristics. A chemist or other scientific individual may retire within the *arcana* of his studies, and effect astounding results which gradually commend themselves to the practical acceptance of the whole world, without enlisting general attention; but all theories relative to aerolites are seized, discussed, and either accepted or discarded, nearly as soon as they are published, because aerolites are familiar

visitants, and continually absorb much public interest. Admitting the serious difficulties which must be encountered in ascertaining the origin and character of aerolites, their ends and uses, it is, nevertheless, true that none of the solutions heretofore given seem to meet all the requirements of the case. Their authors have, doubtless, succeeded in convincing themselves and a moderate number of other *savans*, but the intelligent world has not been satisfied. It is the object of this paper to pass in review the more important hypotheses advanced by philosophers, and, without proposing any thing new, to defend the claims of one, which was formerly promulgated under disadvantageous circumstances, at a period comparatively early in the examination of these phenomena, and, therefore, lacking in the knowledge since acquired. Steam, the magnetic telegraph, and other great forces have been successively discovered, condemned, exploded, revived, and made the great motors of civilization. The denunciation and apparent disapproval of a theory do not necessarily involve its worthlessness, nor do they debar it from the possibility of recall whenever additional arguments can be cited in its support, and especially when the theories which have been made to take its place are so very open to more decided objections. If this article fails to convince, it will but meet the common fate which has befallen all previous dissertations on this interesting topic. Agitation and open discussion are the only means of arriving at a satisfactory solution, and the writer specially disclaims any other object than to excite renewed attention toward aerolites.

Solid, semi-metallic substances, candent, coruscating, and falling to the earth from the atmosphere, are the things known under the generic name of aerolites (air-stones, or meteoric stones). These strange visitants are accompanied with a horrible hissing sound, like

the rush of a huge shell, and sometimes, if not always, by a loud report, like the bursting of a bomb. They generally leave a long trail of light in their wake, which is so vivid that it can be clearly seen for some time after the aerolite has disappeared. A noted writer on this subject says: "Of course, these appearances have been observed only at night; when the stones have fallen in the day-time, the meteor has not been observed, but the report and shower of stones only have been noticed." This is a grave error. The writer has on four different occasions observed them during the full glare of a noonday sun. Within a mile of Fort Craig, New Mexico, in October, 1862, himself and some thirty other persons were astonished at the sudden and remarkable appearance of a very large and exceedingly brilliant meteor, which crossed the sky from south-east to north-west, about half-past twelve o'clock in the day, which was one of very great splendor and clearness. The meteor passed, apparently, within twenty yards of the line of the sun's lower limb, and exceeded that luminary's light so much that it was as distinct as a flaming ball would be at night. A loud, rushing noise was heard, and its train could be marked for some distance. There are several gentlemen now residing in San Francisco who were present, and noted the facts as related.

It has been held that "these meteoric masses come from a height of from twenty to one hundred miles, and that the diameter of some of them has been calculated to be at least half a mile." Further, that "the stones which reach us from them form but a very small portion of their bulk, the main body holding on its way through the heavens." If we are to accept these statements, what becomes of Newton's principle of attraction of gravitation? That a little fellow only half a mile in diameter—granting the calculation to be correct—should

pass within twenty or one hundred miles of the earth without being drawn into it, in the absence of any known or supposed counteracting force, but should pass off, after giving us a parting shot, requires a stretch of the imagination which I am not prepared to suffer. We can not reasonably destroy a principle which has been proved correct, to make way for a series of suppositions. We are assured that aerolites do not move with a velocity *less* than three hundred miles in one minute. Now, as aerolites weighing several hundred pounds have been found on the surface of the earth, only partially buried, and perfectly symmetrical, showing no crack or flaw, nor exhibiting any ragged edges, as they would if they were the fragments of a large mass, one is involuntarily led to doubt the statements relative to their velocity, magnitude, and fragmentary character. Propelled at the rate of three hundred miles a minute, a meteoric stone of one hundred pounds would either bury itself deep in the earth, or be dashed into minute particles by such violent impact on solid rock. It certainly would not remain on the surface in perfect condition.

Some writers, claiming to be scientists, have obstinately maintained that aerolites are the products of earthly volcanoes; while others have as persistently contended that they are missives from volcanoes in the moon. With reference to the former of these propositions, it is only necessary to say, that much the greater number of aerolites have been discovered in regions several thousand miles distant from any active volcano; and there is no terrestrial power known to man that will hurl them such an immense distance. Besides, they do not resemble any volcanic emissions. I shall take the liberty of styling the second, the lunatic proposition. It is now generally admitted by informed minds, that our world is some hundreds of thousands of years old; and aerolites have

undoubtedly been falling much of that time. There is nothing to show that their advent is recent, but much that leads us to believe otherwise. If we credit the moon with being the source from whence our meteoric stones are derived, we must also believe that her bombardment has been maintained long enough to have shot away many times her volume, especially when we reflect that the cannonade is not solely directed at the earth, but is maintained with equal activity in other directions. While some of her volcanoes are blazing away at us, others are shooting into space, or peppering some other planetary target. One may be pardoned for believing that the natural forces of the earth and of the moon are proportioned to their respective magnitudes, and that if terrestrial volcanoes are insufficient to throw aerolites a thousand or two of miles, those of so inferior a planet can scarcely be held to hurl them 240,000 miles.

Another mild-mannered theory, which has its devotees to this day, is to the following effect: That aerolites are small comets, whose orbits are occasionally so near that of our earth that the picayune comet and the earth sometimes come almost in contact, when the angry little fellow lets go a petard, and projects a portion of his already diminutive body against the surface of his more pretentious antagonist. To sustain this hypothesis, it is argued that solar comets sometimes approach near enough to the sun to almost strike that great luminary, and then, frightened at his grandeur, move off with exceeding celerity beyond the orbits of all the planets, and do not return again, in some instances, for hundreds of years; and that the earth is likewise furnished with its system of comets, whose size and periods of revolution are proportioned to the body around which they revolve. As before observed, this globe of ours is not by any means a new creation. Its existence commen-

ced thousands of centuries ago, and its size, movements, and general laws of action have been pretty accurately determined many generations back. Why the Creator should have organized a numberless corps of mimic comets, for, apparently, the sole purpose of acting as *mitrailleurs* to our orb, rather surpasses ordinary comprehension. Granting their existence, and making proper allowance for the time they have been engaged in their amiable mission, and the immense, almost incomprehensible, quantity of matter they must have lost, and this earth gained, is it not somewhat singular that our globe is no larger now than it ever has been? What has become of the pulverized comets? It is certain that aerolites are constantly falling; that scarcely a day passes without the advent of some of these singular visitants. Have we been shooting them back into space, and leaving them to be picked up again by their damaged parents? One or two visits of a pigmy comet would suffice for its entire demolition and absorption by the earth; is its loss replaced by some other? It is claimed that these fragments strike us with a velocity amounting to 300 miles a minute. The speed of a cannon-ball is 1,500 feet a second, or 90,000 feet (about seventeen miles) in a minute. A cannon-ball weighing one hundred pounds, and striking the earth obliquely at the moment of its greatest velocity, would bury itself many feet deep; but when we increase that velocity in the ratio of three hundred to seventeen for aerolitic speed, is it reasonable to conjecture that the stone would be found at, or near, the surface? Could any stone or known metal withstand such terrible collision? Many things have great similarity of appearance, but are, nevertheless, quite different in point of fact; and any resemblance between the motions of comets and those of aerolites can not be considered as determining a relation-

ship of the two. A bomb-shell, or a large rocket cleaving the air at night, appears as nearly like an aerolite as does a comet, and yet it is not an aerolite.

One of the most recent theories announced has been put forth by Monsieur Stanislas Meunier, of the Museum of Natural History, in Paris. This *savant* has discovered a remarkable relationship between a mass of meteoric iron found in Chile and another mass found on the Alps, and between them and a stone picked up in Algeria; and he immediately concludes that they have been mutually connected by stratification upon an unknown globe. He then proceeds to state, that "the meteorites which now arrive upon the earth are not of the same mineralogical nature as those which fell in past ages. Formerly, iron fell; now, stones fall." I shall assume the liberty of disagreeing with Monsieur Meunier. It is not true, as he evidently intends to have it understood, that iron has stopped falling, and given place to stones. So late as 1862, a very large meteor fell near the town of Tome, situated on the east bank of the Rio Grande, about twenty miles south of Albuquerque. It was so large that the fragments were sufficient to ruin the agricultural capacities of a two-acre lot, the largest piece weighing several tons, to judge from its general appearance, and none of them being so small that it could be lifted by a man of ordinary strength. The whole mass was meteoric *iron*; and it still remains, subject to the inspection of the curious or scientific.

Monsieur Meunier then says, "During the last 118 years there have been in Europe but three falls of iron, whereas there have been annually, on an average, three falls of stones." It is humbly submitted, that neither Monsieur Meunier, nor any one else, knows, or can possibly know, how many falls of either iron or stone have occurred in Europe. Meteoric visitants are extremely chary

of displaying their beauties in populated communities. There is no record of one ever having fallen in a town or city, or ever having struck a house, barn, or other building. They have never been known to commit any act of hostility on mankind, and invariably seek the unfrequented wilds in which to hide their faded splendors. In regions remote from the habitations of man, they are infinitely more numerous. In Sahara, the deserts of Arizona, New Mexico, western Texas, Arkansas, and the broad prairies of the American continent; in the enormous waste places of South America and Africa, they can be seen in all their coruscating glories as often as two or three times a week. This assertion positively ignores what are popularly called "shooting-stars," having reference only to true aerolites. If Monsieur Meunier had been awake at all times, could take the whole of Europe within the scope of his vision, and had kept an accurate record of each meteoric visitant, his claim to exact knowledge, so stiffly asserted, might be worth something; but in default of all these requisites, it can only be received with a very large amount of allowance.

Let us pursue that gentleman's arguments a little further. He says, "The greater number of meteoric *irons*, which exist in the Paris collection, have fallen on the earth at undetermined epochs; all the meteoric stones are of comparatively recent date." It has already been shown that meteoric irons have fallen within a very recent period, completely upsetting Monsieur Meunier's theory on that point; must one now be compelled to believe that no meteoric stones have fallen in past ages because the Paris collection does not happen to contain a few specimens? Again, this *savant* adds, "Perhaps we are even justified in saying that stones of a new kind are beginning to arrive; for falls of carbonaceous meteorites were unknown before the year

1803." The gentleman clearly feels justified in his foregoing deductions, but admits a little hesitancy in the one just quoted. There is a broad distinction between the existence of a thing, and the knowledge of such existence. Gold has existed in California for no one knows how long, but the fact was unknown until quite recently. Monsieur Meunier tries to prove too much. He goes too far, and leads his disciples beyond the bounds of common sense. Granting that meteorites are fragments of "lost stars," and that their nature has changed from iron to meteoric stone, and from that to carbonaceous stone, with, as he adds, the prospect of having other changes in future, we must also grant that those "lost stars" have been remarkably precise in the quality of their *mitraille*, banging us with iron at one period, with stone at another, and altering the substance of their discharges without any apparent reason, but with great certainty.

It would be impossible, within the limits of a magazine article, to follow up and dissect all the various chimeras that have been advanced to puzzle the brains of mankind. It is sufficient to say, that none of them appear to be based on any more solid grounds than those already cited. The human mind is prone to indulge in the marvelous. It likes to deal with things uncommon; and scientists are, in general, no exception to this rule. The medical profession has wrapped itself up in the gloom of Greek and Latin, of which two-thirds of its votaries know little. Botanists, mineralogists, geologists, ethnologists, entomologists, ichthyologists, and the whole host of scientists, deal only in the abracadabra of their respective studies. But why invade the heavenly host, and rend them into fragments, to account for the fall of aerolites, when natural causes, within the reach of ordinary comprehension, are sufficient for their explanation?

Those who have adopted the cometary theory, by which aerolites are credited with a velocity of from three hundred to four hundred miles a minute, contend that if they were concretions of earthy particles, formed into compact, candent masses in the air, and from thence launched back to earth by their acquired gravity and the power of attraction, their dynamics would not correspond with those of cometary fragments, nor with shots from lunar volcanoes. It is sought to make their movements agree with a cherished theory, rather than to build a reasonable hypothesis upon known movements. No substance foreign to this globe has ever been discovered in the composition of a meteorite. To accept the proposition that these visitants are fragments of stars or comets, would be to credit those celestial bodies with being of like components with the earth, which is at variance with the received theory relative to comets.

Disabusing ourselves of the impression that the dynamics of meteorites are precisely those of comets, and keeping ourselves within the confines of ordinary intelligence, by close investigation of determined results, we shall arrive at the conclusion that there is nothing so mysterious, after all, in the frequent visitations of aerolites. Infinitesimal particles of earthy matter are drawn up into the atmosphere to very great heights, with the same ease that infinitesimal particles of vapor are caused to ascend and form themselves into clouds. Water-spouts do not expend their whole power on aqueous particles, but take up vast masses of other and more solid substances as well. The phenomenon known as the "rain of frogs" has been ridiculed and contradicted by certain scientists; nevertheless, there is abundant proof to show that it has occurred, and probably will again. In 1864, the writer, in company with some fifty other travelers, had personal experience of the fact. We

were in Arizona, not less than twenty miles from any stream, pond, or water. The day was extremely sultry, and we had halted to let the animals graze and rest for an hour or two. Not a living thing besides ourselves and horses was in sight, and certainly no frogs were hopping over the rich, tufted *gramma*-grass, which covered the ground for miles in every direction. Suddenly a dense, black cloud made its appearance, and it soon began to discharge a copious rain upon our unsheltered heads. The drops were very large, and the water quite warm. Nearly every person wore a broad-brimmed felt hat, which proved a great protection against the rain as well as against the sun. Our attention was soon arrested by the pelting of something which struck our hats like hail, but which proved to be frogs, and in less than two minutes the grass was fairly alive with those creatures. Several of the party took some from their hat-rims. Our unexpected visitors were all of one size, about quarter of an inch long from nose to rump, very lively, and apparently in the best condition. Their fall had been broken by the springy, resilient nature of the grass. It is not probable that several hundred thousand, perhaps millions, of frogs had suddenly been hatched into life in the ground by the rain, or, if they had, that in their infantile glee they jumped five feet eleven inches from the earth to the top of our heads merely to show how the game of leap-frog should be played. Nor had they any such caudal appendages as are generally attached to juvenile *rana*. They came from above, in company with the rain; and this fact was made clear by holding out the hand and seeing them fall upon it, as well as finding them on our hat-rims. The eggs from which these reptiles sprung, had undoubtedly been drawn up into the atmosphere by the action of a water-spout, and held in suspension with aqueous

particles long enough to hatch them out and give them perfect form; then, by the force of mutual attraction, the separated particles of vapor got together in such masses as to form heavy sheets of water, which, in turn, became amenable to the law of attraction of gravitation, returning to the earth from whence it had been drawn. In the fall new divisions were created, called "drops," among which the frogs descended, having been, obedient to similar forces, moving with the aqueous particles. This instance is cited to show that other things besides vapor are translated from earth to atmosphere by certain well-known and accredited developments of natural laws.

Along the Gila River, the soil is covered, and in many places white, with alkali, which, by the passage of troops and teams, has been ground into a fine, impalpable dust, so extremely light that, in some seasons of the year, the tramp of one's foot will send it high in air. Strong whirlwinds occur, carrying great masses of this dust, fine sand, leaves, and other substances of trifling weight, to heights beyond the reach of human vision. Several columns, not less than from fifty to one hundred feet in diameter, have been observed rising simultaneously, like monstrous, erect, yet twisting serpents, soaring away in the mazy depths of the upper atmosphere. Upon meeting some obstacle, like a hill, or forest, the whirling columns are separated from their bases, and gradually disappear amid the clouds, just like water-spouts. The same phenomena have been witnessed on Sahara, Atacama, and other wide deserts. The sands of Sahara have been gathered from the decks of vessels 250 miles distant. To have accomplished so great a distance, they must have attained an immense height, and to their superior gravity may, probably, be ascribed their return in the normal state.

It is not within the range of reasonable conjecture that the enormous masses of finer, lighter, and more buoyant earthy particles carried aloft by whirlwinds remain there; and as they have never been known to come back in the same shape they had when departing, they must necessarily return in some other. The laws of gravity inculcate that gravitation occurs between the most minute particles; that it is proportioned to the masses of those bodies; that it is transmitted instantaneously from one body to another. These rules are not founded on hypothesis, but are the results of actual observation and experiment. When vast masses of earthy particles find themselves suspended far above the earth's attraction, in their divided and separated condition a rapid, mutual attraction takes place, and they fly together with intense speed, being all instantaneously affected, forming a nucleus at some point, which then acts as the centre of attraction, until a body is aggregated too large to be longer uninfluenced by the earth's attraction. This conglomeration of infinitesimal particles then launches itself from unknown heights, becomes incandescent while it is passing through a denser atmosphere, is deprived of its impurities, which are thrown off in coruscations, acquires a magnetic character, and directs its course toward that portion of the earth's surface which is most in sympathy with its magnetic state, and either lands with or without an explosion, which is caused by the violent bursting of the aerolite under the action of fiercest heat.

Now for the dynamics. Galileo proved, that the velocity of falling bodies increases in proportion to the time occupied in their fall, density having nothing to do with the question. There is no possibility of knowing from what heights aerolites commence their descent; but, from the marked difference in their velocities, we can feel assured that some

come from very great elevations, while others fall from comparatively much less heights. Falling bodies precipitate themselves at the rate of 16 feet for the first second of time, 48 the next second, 80 the next, and so on, the spaces passed being in proportion to the square of the times or seconds. It will readily be inferred that a body falling from a very great elevation must acquire an immense velocity in twenty seconds only, and many aerolites have been observed which occupied considerably more time in their descent, which is always oblique, and not perpendicular. The rapidity imparted by natural, well-determined causes is quite consistent with the discovery of ponderous aerolites on the earth's surface, and the inconsiderable depth to which some have penetrated in soft ground. Their oblique direction is more than probably due to strong magnetic attraction impelling to the point where it exists. It has been remarked that they never have been known to strike a house, to fall in a town, or to come in conflict with any object made by man. Such could hardly have been the case were they fragments of celestial bodies, hurled against us by merely passing within the limits of our attraction. There must be some better and more special reason for their persistent avoidance of men's habitations, and exclusive attachment to open and unprotected spaces. Where no artificial obstacle interposes between the attractive qualities of a given spot and an aerolite, the latter launches itself in that direction after having come within the sphere of its influence, and hence its oblique course, as well as its invariable selection of an uncovered surface. It is assumed here, that the application of cometary dynamics to meteorites is entirely unfounded and visionary; but having been adopted by certain scientists, they are bound to force extraordinary conclusions in support of their pet theory. Instead of in-

vestigating well-known natural causes, they have preferred to adopt mysterious and unnatural sophistries, and have been ever since puzzling their brains to reconcile them with facts.

It is confidently claimed, that, within a year, a complete and intelligent theory has been laid down, satisfactorily accounting for the fall of aerolites, and demonstrating the source from whence they come. The fundamental idea is as follows: "The planetary spaces are crowded with an immense number of bodies, which move round the sun in all kinds of erratic orbits, and which are too minute to be seen with the most powerful telescopes. If one of these bodies is so large and firm that it passes through the atmosphere and reaches the earth without being dissipated, we have an aerolite. If the body is so small or so fusible as to be dissipated in the upper regions of the atmosphere, we have a shooting-star. A crowd of such bodies sufficiently dense to be seen in the sunlight constitutes a comet. A group less dense will be entirely invisible unless the earth happens to pass through it, when we shall have a meteoric shower. All these bodies to be called by the general name of 'meteoroids.'" Now, it is precisely this confusion of distinct substances to which objection is taken. I affirm that vast masses of meteoric iron and stone have reached this earth in great numbers since its existence; that they are still doing so; and that they are entirely distinct from the objects known as shooting-stars. It is not my intention to discuss these last; and I readily subscribe to the theory that they may be, and possibly are, infinitesimal nebulae, the wear and tear of comets or other celestial bodies, coming within the orbital motion of our earth, and inflamed by the intense velocity with which they are met by the earth. But why large fragments of iron or stone, or both combined, should invariably fall without

damage to any body or thing, and should as invariably be composed of certain well-known substances, is not accounted for by the foregoing accepted theory.

It is a reasonable presumption, that if fragments of comets, weighing from one to five or six hundred pounds, were met by the earth in the course of its orbital rotation, they would not be so tenderly regardful in their conduct, but would hit hap-hazard, destroying any thing in their way. That such has never happened, leads to the inference that there is some specific law governing those bodies, and directing their movements, entirely independent of that which controls shooting-stars. There is nothing to show precisely of what shooting-stars are composed, and a wide difference of opinion exists upon this point; but we have tangible evidence of the composition of aerolites, to the exclusive consideration of which this article has been directed. "Professor Newton estimates the number of shooting-stars which enter the earth's atmosphere daily at seven millions. Their average mass appears to be the fraction of a grain, say one-third. We may, therefore, roughly estimate the amount of matter daily added to the earth in the way described at three hundred pounds, or one cubic foot. At this rate, it would require seven millions of millions of years to increase the diameter of the earth by a single foot." This is all very probable, so far as shooting-stars are concerned; but it can have no relation to large, heavy, and compact bodies, like aerolites. The earth moves at the rate of 98,000 feet every second, which is the velocity with which it would strike a body at rest in planetary space. This velocity would produce a rise in temperature of 600,000 degrees, Fahrenheit—a heat greatly in excess of what any chemist can produce with the most powerful agents. The November fall of shooting-stars struck our atmosphere

with a velocity of forty-four miles per second, and were exposed to a heat of 3,000,000 degrees, Fahrenheit. If those infinitesimal nebulae struck our atmosphere with such an intense velocity, it is but reasonable to infer that the larger, denser, heavier bodies, weighing hundreds of pounds, would strike us with even greater velocity, in which case they must either be ground to powder by the impact, or penetrate the earth far beyond ordinary reach, provided their components could withstand the action of a heat equal to more than 3,000,000 degrees, Fahrenheit. The substances of which aerolites are composed could not endure such intense fervency, but would be liquefied and dissolved instantaneously.

The conclusions arrived at, are: that aerolites are formed within the limits of our atmosphere; that their components emanate from the earth and return to it, never having gone outside of its influence; that their dynamics and force of impact with the earth are not properly accounted for under existing theories; that no sufficient reason has yet been given for their avoidance of human habitations, their appearance on the surface, and the uniform nature of their composition. A substance reducible to powder under the hammer, could never retain its integrity after striking the earth at a rate of speed equal to forty-four miles per second, or about 155 times harder than a cannon-ball, especially while subjected to the crucial test of fervent heat, which must either reduce it to liquid, or render it intensely susceptible to entire disintegration.

The theory of earthy concretions in our atmosphere is not new. It has been given to the world in a crude state, unsupported by well-ascertained facts, and before it had the chance of comparison with more recent hypotheses. However well the atomic, cometary statement may apply to shooting-stars—and the gradual

disappearance and absorption of certain comets indicate the correctness of that view—it can not be made to hold good in reference to large, compact bodies of substances reducible to vapor under the action of a heat infinitely less than that which is ascribed to them. Although the uninhabited spaces of this earth are largely in excess of the inhabited, it is

more than probable, that, during a period of some hundreds of years in which aerolites have been the subjects of observation and discussion, some, at least, would have fallen among the habitations of men. They could not all have avoided them with such unflinching pertinacity, unless influenced by some distinct and inexorable law.

IN VAIN.

Should we grasp one truth profound,
Should we hold some region vast
Of the venerated Past,
Should we mount to height sublime, by mortals yet unfound,
Should we enter some temple untrod —
Sacred to secrets of God :
If we yield no answer to Humanity's great claim,
We have thought our thoughts in vain.

Should our souls be stern and strong,
Dauntless in the battle's heat,
Undismayed by swift defeat :
If we strengthen not the weary, if we right no wrong,
If we crush not false with iron hand,
Bind not truth with golden band,
Give no courage to the doubting, to no loss our gain—
Our strength, our power, is vain.

If by ceaseless, strong desire,
Underneath some bitter cross,
Counting selfhood utter loss ;
If through agony untold, one soul has come up higher,
Yet calls not through that shadowy space,
Pleading from its calm, white place,
Reaching down through depths of conquered pain,
We have climbed the heights in vain.

Should we hear, or almost hear,
Hymns by mortal thought unknown,
Saints have sung by shining throne—
Hear the infinite, sweet chorus of the swinging spheres :
If we knew, or if we *almost* knew,
Yet led no shrinking traveler through
Portals dim of doubt, to pathways pure, and high, and plain,
We have heard and known in vain.

A MIDDLE WATCH.

I BECOME conscious, by degrees, of a presence in my room, and awake sufficiently to be aware that there is a light burning in it. I am not yet enough aroused to know what it means, though I have a dim idea that it is nothing agreeable; and I have time to get up some absurd theory, in my half-sleeping brain, to account for it, before the voice of the Quartermaster, saying, "Eight bells, sir!" dissipates all my misty notions. "Light my candle, Quartermaster! How's the weather?" "Fine night, sir." "Very good." The Quartermaster goes out, and shuts the door. Then ensues a miserable minute, in which I debate with myself the point of turning out, argue a matter already settled, and try to avert the inevitable. It terminates in my rising, of course. I dress rapidly; for I want to get on deck within ten minutes—the longest time allowed to a good relief, in which to reach the deck at night.

All this while extremely discontented thoughts are worrying me. I am sleepy, and do not want to go on deck. I feel tired, and not at all inclined to walk for four hours. I think how snug I'd be at home, and envy my 'long-shore friends their privilege of unbroken rest. But my discontent can not long be exercised in my room, because I am soon ready to go on deck, so fast have I been dressing. I glance regretfully at my still warm bunk, blow out my candle, and grope out of the dark ward-room up to the spar-deck. There I find young Haulbowline, the Officer of the Deck, waiting for me at the head of the ladder.

Haulbowline is juvenile and impatient—one of the late promotions—and gives me an insight of his character, in

the quick way he shuffles his feet while I come up the ladder, and in his manner of passing the orders. Sleepy as I am, I notice that. "Thirty fathoms chain starboard bower—six fathoms water—boats are up—Captain's aboard." "Very good; I'll relieve you——" Clatter, rumble, bump!—and Haulbowline's already on the gun-deck. He went so fast that he almost fell down the ladder. A second rumble and clatter, and then a faint bang comes up as he gets down the berth-deck ladder, and shuts the door of his room.

My reflections begin: What's the use of such a man as Haulbowline turning in? He can't appreciate sleep: he's too impatient. I'd be all right in five minutes: rest wouldn't be wasted on me. I'll warrant he won't be asleep inside an hour. Wonder what time it is? Only nine minutes past twelve! I must have relieved him in eight minutes, and that's all the thanks I get. He would have growled enough if I had been two minutes late. Waterways never relieves me inside of fifteen minutes, and I'm beginning to think that this punctuality doesn't pay me at all. Virtue is its own reward too much. (Yawn, fearfully prolonged.) What a dreary, long time four hours is at night. I can't see any end to it—wish it were seven bells. (Yawn.) Wonder what time it is—won't look at the clock. That makes time drag. (Yawn—yawn.) Wish it were seven bells.

Here follows a period of time, filled with an indescribable mixture of unsettled thoughts, discontent, and drowsiness. The condition of a very sleepy man who may not indulge himself, is the acme of painless, physical misery. My time passes by in this manner until two

bells (or, one o'clock); seeming to be longer than it really is because of the restless component in my feelings. Then I find myself wide-awake, engaged in thought, and forgetting my sleepiness in some interesting subject.

My reflections continue: This is better than an hour ago. One hour of my watch gone. I must beat up some interesting things to think about, to amuse myself and occupy the time. I ought not to have much trouble to get enough of this brain-fodder for a night-feed. One must be busy or he will be miserable, day or night. Captain Catharpin recognized the principle when I spoke to him, on one occasion, about our extra work. I went to him as spokesman of the Midshipmen, and told him that we would like to be excused from standing watch in port, and from further copying of the log. "Well, sir," he answered, "tell the Midshipmen that they can't be excused from standing watch and copying the log." "May I ask, Captain, how long we shall have this work to do?" "I can't say exactly, sir; but I intend to keep you busy as much of the time as possible. You young gentlemen need ship's duty to keep you out of mischief. Now, when I was a Midshipman," etc., etc. How disgusted the fellows looked when I gave them the Captain's message! Says Ennis, "When Catharpin went to sea in the steerage, with twenty other youngsters, that was all very well." Ennis was nineteen. Smiff said not a word, but ran his fingers through his thick side-whiskers, with a smile of ineffable disdain on his handsome countenance. Ye gods and little fishes! How are the times changed! No; but how altered are the Mids. "The times do not change, but we change in them."

So I want something to interest me: not to keep me out of mischief—for there's not enough life in me to make any danger of that, even if I were not

the grave and responsible Officer of the Deck—but for occupation; to grease old Time's joints, and let him slip by more quickly and quietly. What shall I think about? Bah! what an empty-headed fellow I am. I feel like Don Quixote with his cats. My head is empty. Nature abhors a vacuum. Ideas reach my skull, and there stop and scratch to get in. The sound they make is magnified into a mighty bell-ringing by its reboundings in the space within. That was far-fetched! It won't do at all. Try again, Hanks. No; 'it isn't worth my while. I'll stop here; it's convenient to lean on the rail and rest my pins, while I beat my brains for something to occupy me.

What a glorious night it is! The mellow moonlight seems to inclose every thing it touches, folding it in a covering of an indistinct, soft light. It lends a mystic charm, and it creates for all wakers that peculiar, cool, dreamy joy one can feel on such a night alone. On such a night Selene awoke Endymion with her kiss. How beautiful her kiss is now on the water yonder—a golden radiance. That glow is like a floating bridge of tremulous light, undulating on the swell, and vibrating on the ripples. That is a beautiful thought of Longfellow's—perfect in its way. How black and mysterious is the high land over yonder! How delightful this faint breeze. Why, this is Arcadia I'm in! I've been here before and recognize the country, but did not expect to make it a visit to-night, when I turned out so unwillingly. Truly, Byron and Shelley were right in their love and praise of the night. I can now understand Shelley's longing, loving strain in his hymn; but by daylight it seems weird and far-away.

This reminds me of Nagasaki Harbor, that still night I stood the mid-watch there, three years ago. There was the same high, black land, and romantic moon, and bright starlight; the same delightful "wandering airs," as to-night:

but there were other elements of interest then than now. The boatmen ashore had their boats hauled up on the beach, and straw fires under them, which burned high and sank to bright points alternately; fitful, flaring fires, casting long beams of red or yellow light on the dark, glassy water. How densely black it was under the high hills below the town! I could see within a hundred yards of the shore; but when I tried to look farther, my gaze was stopped by the mass of solid gloom. How ghostly white the huge, square sails of the junks showed against the blackness, their dark hulls barely discernible in the night, dim and unsubstantial. Phantom barks! The priests in the temple kept banging away on their gongs, and sang as only priests can; but, happily, they were so far away that their noise was softened by the distance to a pleasant sound. Occasionally a fish leaped up and fell back into the water with a sharp splash, throwing the drops of gold about him prodigally, and leaving the widening circles of light to mark, for a time, his bold *début*. I'll remember the sights and sounds of that charming night as long as I live.

Nagasaki was always pretty, night or day. When the bay was ruffled by the afternoon breeze, while the little coves remained still smooth, reflecting the dark green of the trees; and the trees on the hills, and the plants and grasses fringing the shore, rustled and waved; and the brown, thatched villages in the valleys at the head of the coves lay still and apparently void of life; and the terraced hills, striped stone-color and pale green alternately, rose up like banded pyramids; and the ships-of-war, with the flags of three great nations flying free at their peaks, swung silent at their anchors, graceful in every curve and line—then was Nagasaki Bay the loveliest harbor I ever saw.

What a gay tramp Ennis, young Catharpin, and I enjoyed that afternoon!

How charming a color was the pale, yellowish green of the young rice in the valleys. It was like the first unfolding of buds in spring, at home. Those paths on the sides of the hills, winding along, rising and falling, were very pleasant paths to walk in. The grasses and vines hung down from the rocks on one side, and the hill sloped steeply down on the other to the level of the valley, of which we sometimes caught a glimpse through the breaks in the foliage. The bright-eyed, darting lizards, with their quick motions, gave enough of life to those peaceful and quiet places. The little, brown Japanese girl, who surprised us by shouting the familiar word, "Ohio," when she had reached a safe distance from the strangers, seemed appropriate, and a part of the picture. We didn't know then that she meant, "Good-day." Those common country-folks were pleasant enough always: one got scowls only in the towns. I wish we could have reached that cave. The thick bamboos were too much for us; and perhaps the other fellows thought, like me, of the snakes we had seen, and felt queer about the legs in that close undergrowth. It was not agreeable to have to give it up after so much effort; but I don't think we could have climbed to the mouth of the cave, even if we had been able to reach the foot of the rock. It's pleasant to remember how we strolled along the winding paths, contentedly puffing our Manilas, occasionally stopping to drink from some pure, bright, little brook, attracted more by its sparkling beauty than by thirst, and enjoying the loveliness of the ever-changing view. Ennis and I didn't do very well with the pistol that day. It was risky work, firing down the hill without knowing whether any one was in the valley below. I think we were decided to take the chance by the unconscious reflection that one Jap, more or less, didn't matter. Like the Dutch Captain, who said: "No matters. Blanty more

Dutchmen in Holland!" when the commander of an English vessel went aboard to apologize for having killed a man by firing a shotted gun in saluting.

What an infernally bad salute we fired there. The Britishers might well laugh at us for those three double-headers, five times missing fire, and that solitary fourteenth gun about twenty seconds after the salute was finished. There was plenty of it, such as it was. We were ashamed to look an Englishman in the face after that.

That's a good smell—hay, I guess. Reminds me of the mid-watch I stood, when we were steaming up to the Straits of Sunda: I smelt the spices in the airs off the land. I was thinking of Nellie that night, with what I thought were feelings of ardor unquenchable, and the time flew by swiftly. That was a rare mid-watch—one of a thousand.

Light ho! what is it?—only the railroad ferry-boat starting out of the dock. Queer old town, this! One night, when I was here before, I saw a fire, and I made a mental resolution then that if I ever settled down I'd avoid this place. The house burned half down before any alarm was given, and entirely so before they got the engines out. Then they rang the bells and yelled like fiends for half an hour after the fire was over, when the whole thing would have been done with in an ordinary town. Gay place! My watches were three times as long then as now, for I couldn't help watching the clock, and my impatience merely increased its own cause.

Four bells! Jove! how the time has gone by. My watch is half over already. These trains of thought pay a man at night. Wonder how much longer I am doomed to stand watch for a living. I'm tired of this life. It isn't likely to do a man much good, either, unless he be very stiff in his purposes, and his aims be high. I'm afraid that I'm not fit for much else than to eat the

lotus. I'd make a gay old lotus-eater, now—never thought of that. Sorry it's impracticable. Let me see how Thomson's idea of 'long-shore bliss suits me. How does it go?

"An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labor, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven."

Better than the lotus, but, alas! no more to be attained. I'll run over the list, and see how much of it may be had by a man in the Navy. "An elegant sufficiency?" Not in the Navy. "Content?" Old Content was never in the same ship with me. "Retirement?" Not in the Navy; at least, not in the poet's pleasant sense. "Rural quiet?" Rural gammon. "Friendship?" Thank heaven, yes. "Books?" That depends on the size of the mess-bill, and the number of one's family. "Ease and alternate labor?" All but the "ease and alternate." "Useful life?" Can't say as to that: the Department doesn't let a man know until he's dead. Of "progressive virtue," the less said the better; and as to "approving Heaven," every man must settle that in his own mind for himself. Balancing it all, the list, as a whole, is almost impossible for any body to attain, and entirely impossible for an officer in the Service. My idea of the nearest possible approach to happiness is, to be in a pleasant business ashore; to have the society of congenial friends, and to have home comforts, in a nice house, with a pretty little wife to take care of it—wife! absurd! . . . Wonder if she meant to lead me so far? What a confounded fool I made of myself! Wonder if all women are so fond of amusement? Pshaw! this is a disagreeable subject, and I must change it. . . . Wonder who the fellow is that she—the deuce! can't I keep that girl out of my head?

I've been thinking a good while; it must be near the half-hour. "Isn't it

five bells, Quartermaster?—No? Very good." It must be somewhere near it, at any rate. Wonder what time it *is*. I won't look, though: watching the clock makes time drag. Won't look?—no, I won't look.

What! only twelve minutes past two! The clock has surely stopped; but it has not, though. I can't account for this. I thought it was certainly near five bells. Serves me right for looking at the clock. Wonder why I always do, when I make up my mind not to do any thing of the kind. I can never pass the clock three times in succession without looking at it, when I especially resolve not. . . . I'd like to know who the fellow is that Jenny——confound it! can't I keep that wretched subject out of my head after all this time? What could I do if I did know his name? I'll drop it, and think of something else. What shall it be? I'll make it box-hauling. When you come nearly head to wind, square away the after-yards. Let 'em swing square, holding on to the opposite braces. But you'd want a careful hand by the main-brace, in puffy weather, or your main-yard might go, which would be inconvenient at that period of the evolution. Then brace abox the head-yards. Let's see if I can remember the orders in Luce——oh, pshaw! it's a bore; it don't pay. Five bells! that's better. Let me think "wearing" over again. No; I won't, either. I've worn that subject out already. Why is it that some officers run the lee-clew of the foresail up to the yard in tacking? That's beyond my knowledge. . . . Who can that fellow be?

"Forever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe——"

I wasn't going to think of that any more. I must drop it. It's a queer way of club-hauling that Marryatt gives in "Peter Simple." May be he swung all his yards together, but I'm like that Paddy, who, hearing the story of Sam-

son's exploit for the first time, said, "Faith, an' it's a thousan' of 'em he kilt wid the ja-a-a-bone of a jackass, ye say? May be he did, but dom'd if I b'lave it." Marryatt's girls were all of the right kind, at any rate—all nice girls. I've seen a few like them. What a sweet and dignified one was Lucy. No nonsense about her, no airs, no *flinginess*, but the quiet and graceful manners of a lady. I fear that I did a little too much in the Edmund Sparkler line at that time. What a charming little witch Nellie was, and how she could skate! Putting on her skates, hearing her lively talk and musical laugh, and seeing her pretty face and graceful skating, did that business for me in one afternoon. I was spooney enough for awhile, but I was a Midshipman then. "*Qu'on est bien à vingt ans!*" What an arch and mirthful manner she had! I'd like to be with her half an hour, to see if she remembers those pleasant old times of flirtation as well as I do. I heard, the other day, that she is engaged. Jove! I can't be so sick for Jenny as I thought, or I wouldn't find myself remembering Nellie, the prettiest of them all, with so much interest. Inconstancy, thy other name is Hanks!

"Six bells, sir!" calls out the Quartermaster. "Swing strong and well the iron mace against the inner surface of the bronze paraboloid of revolution. Let the vibrations thereof be six times repeated." "SIR!!" "Strike it, Quartermaster." "Ay, ay, sir." The old fellow was "all in the wind" for a minute.

"Ca-ap-tif au riva-age de Maure,
Un guer-ri-er cour-bé sou-ous ses fers——"

Pshaw! I can never remember the air of that.

"En avant! partez, cam-ar-r-r-ades!
L'arme au bras, le fusil chargé.
J'ai ma pipe et vos embr-r-rassades——"

Can't recollect the words of that, and it takes them, as well as the air, to make a

song. That's one of Béranger's best, and I think I'll learn it. It's a pretty thing they sing in the steerage, that "I'll sail the seas over." I had to laugh at Kaybel's singing it, "I've sailed the seas over without any mess-stores;" for there was more truth than poetry in that rendering.

It's too bad, Bender's not getting us any fresh grub now we are in port. I'm tired to death of his beans. And all the old jokes about beans, "Be(a)neficial," "*Nota be(a)ne*," "I sighed when I thought of what might have bean," etc., are decidedly threadbare. How was it Kaybel had our bill of fare down yesterday? Bean-soup, boiled beans, baked beans, pork and beans, mashed beans, beans on toast, pickled beans, and curried beans. Halibut was ready to swear that it was a bean-pie we had, too. It did look like one. O, cruel Bender!

"I'll sail the seas over——"

Bender bought a barrel of beets, a bushel of cucumbers, and a dozen soup-plates, the first time we went to sea. He hasn't done so well since—

"I'll roam the wide ocean,
I'll sail the seas over for thee."

John Phœnix said Poe used the word "albatross" in one of his pieces, because he had to choose between that and "old hoss," and took the first as the more poetical.

"Boat ahoy!" Wonder who the Quartermaster is hailing now. They answer, "Ay, ay!" Let me see. There are only Waterways and Bender ashore in our mess, and that voice does not sound like either of theirs. I fancy that some of our Warrant Officers must have gotten tight and have forgotten their hail. "Take a light over the side, Quartermaster." I'll soon see who they are. They're coming. Here they are: Waterways and Bender, after all. Why don't they come up? What's the matter with Waterways? He seems to be

sick. He *is* sick—very sick, apparently. I'd better go down and help him up.

"Bender, you had better turn in. You're tight."

"I cer'nly shan't stay 'p here t' be 'n-sulted. I'll—hic!—see you 'bout this in the morn'n', sir!"

There goes Bender, thanked be the gods! He goes much easier than Waterways did, but still he finds the manropes very useful. There's his last hic-cough.

How can any man deliberately go to work to stupefy the soul within him, and make a temporary animal of himself? I can understand it only when it is done to drive dull care away, to extinguish pain's quick flame, with responsibility's dull, eating fire. But men forget that alcohol burns, too.

My watch is nearly over. Poor Booms! he will have Waterways' watch, and it was his night in. He won't like that.

It was a funny thing, that, about the eel. The Boatswain's Mate brought two boys to the mast for fighting. Splice said that Stopper had stolen the fish he caught, and he had hit him for it; "an' plaze, sur-r-r, he's got me fish now."

"No, sur-r-r," affirms Stopper; "it's me own fish, sur-r-r. He was tryin' to go through me for it, and I hit him, sur-r-r. I caught the fish meself."

"He lies to yer face, sur-r-r!" exclaims Splice. "It's me own fish, and his mouth is tored where I pult the hook out of him, more be token."

"Where is the fish?" asks Luff.

"He's got it on him now, sur-r-r," sings out Splice.

"Let's see it, Stopper," says Luff; and Stopper reluctantly pulls an eel a yard long, still alive and wriggling, out of his breeches' pocket, amid the roars of the men forward and the quarter-deck smiles of the officers aft.

"Here, Boatswain's Mate! give the boy Stopper a dozen, well laid on, over

the shoulders, with this eel! And let me find you stealing again!"

"Thank ye, sur-r-r," says Splice, delighted at getting so much the better of Stopper, and prepared to witness the punishment with lively satisfaction.

"Be off, you young rascal, or your back will feel eelskin, too!" Luff's a great fellow for summary vengeance.

What did Bender mean by saying, one day, "Let the dog wait?" It seems familiar to me, but I can not recall its connection. Let me see—ah! it's Thackeray's:

"Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate:
Let the dog wait!
Happy we'll be!"

Most intellectual Bender! He has probably been excusing himself with the rest of that verse, and has filled his glass a good many times on the strength of it.

What was I thinking about? Booms won't like being called a bit, poor old fellow! I pity his gray hairs, but I can't stand his watch for him. The seven or eight miles I've walked since midnight have tired me. There's the first rosy flush, the peep o' day. "Hope

is the morning red of joy, and memory its evening red. What a beautiful— Eight bells? Strike it, and call Mr. Booms."

My four hours have gone by very pleasantly, after all. What a fool I was to let sleepiness make me so miserable in the first part of it. I suppose every body is influenced more or less by such weaknesses; so I'm not alone. Poor human nature! There's little use in determinations to leave the Service made at such a time, or in thought on the subject at any time, apparently. I couldn't make my salt outside of it, and plenty of salt is thrown in while I stay. Nearly every thing bids me remain, and I'm not sure that my inclination would make me leave if I could. Then I've such a good opportunity for usefulness— Here comes Booms, feeling as I did at twelve, only worse. "Well, Booms, glad to see you. . . . Yes, Waterways is sick. I'll tell you all about it in the morning. There are thirty fathoms of chain on the starboard bower, and six fathoms of water; the boats are up, and the Captain's aboard. You'll find the morning orders in the book. Good-night."

THE MAORIES.

FEW savage races have, of late years, attracted more of the world's attention than the New Zealanders, not more on account of the rich, inexhaustible gold-mines which their country is known to possess, its prolific soil and invigorating climate, than from their stubborn resistance to British rule during the last thirty years; their indomitable spirit in a series of sanguinary wars with the British Government; their tenacity and assertion of "native rights," and their strategy and bravery—remorseless, it is true, and savage, but never-

theless effective. Reconcilable, but defiant, they hold much of what they originally claimed. Their chiefs have, many of them, attained to opulence, and several of them are representatives of their race in the Colonial Parliament.

Less than thirty years ago, the Maories (Mouries) were not only fierce savages, but cannibals; and, with the solitary exception of infanticide, were steeped in every vice and crime peculiar to savage warriors. They have now a native literature, can read and write their own language, and are, almost all of them,

Christianized. They cultivate the soil, have their own flour-mills, and depasture flocks and herds. Many of the chiefs keep their carriages, own gold-mines, and are among the richest men of the country. The daughters of these wealthy New Zealanders are trained in modern accomplishments, such as music, singing, and drawing, and in the ball-room are as much distinguished for their politeness, as admired for their exterior attractions. Few women in any part of the world, not excepting even the Andalusian damsels, possess greater natural attractions than the half-breeds of this warlike race, where, by the admixture of White blood, the sombre olive is tinted into piquant brunette, the gross native habit of body attenuated into symmetrical development, and the large, dark, liquid eyes are instinct with passion, but flashing with intelligence, and subdued by decorum. To trace, therefore, the antecedents and the *régime* of this people may not be uninteresting to the general reader.

New Zealand, which comprises several islands in the Indian Ocean, denominated respectively North, Middle, and South islands, with others of less note, extends eight hundred miles from north to south, and varies from fifty to one hundred and fifty in breadth. The geographical position of the country, as well as its physical features, account in a great measure for the characteristics of the race; for, fanned by warm breezes from the Indian Ocean on the one hand, and tempered, on the other, by gales from the Antarctic, the climate is eminently calculated to develop the physical powers, and ripen the intellectual faculties.

The North Island is the stronghold of the natives; and in the fertility of its soil, the equability of its climate, and the number of its commodious harbors, as well as the richness of its gold-mines, is by far the most important of the whole

group. There are reasons for believing that the natives, whose ancestors are supposed to have immigrated from the Sandwich Islands, have occupied these islands for five hundred years, and that those "ancient mariners" landed first on the North Island, not more than twenty miles from the present city of Auckland, whence their descendants spread into the valley of the Waikato River; thence into the country of Taranaki, now the province of Wellington; and ultimately possessed themselves of the whole of the North and Middle islands.

The New Zealanders are able-bodied, of a dark-brown color, and manly bearing. They have well-formed, intellectual heads, a good muscular development, and admit neither beard nor whiskers. They are quick observers, have the tact of accommodating themselves, for the time being, to the tone and temper of those with whom they come in contact, whether in the open field, the market, or the counting-house. They are implacable enemies, and faithful friends; once injured, they never forgive; once deceived, they never confide. They will stop at no falsehood, cunning, or hypocrisy, to circumvent a foe; they will share their last meal with a friend, and protect him with their lives. In addition to these good and bad qualities, they are strictly temperate.

Some years ago they made the alarming discovery, that, owing to pernicious vices—the vice of intemperance in particular—introduced among them by the Whites, their people had ceased to multiply as of yore; and they were warned that, if these vices were not rooted out, their race, which had survived the ravages of fire and sword, would in a few years succumb to the inroads of disease, and the Maori name and race be blotted out forever. Alarmed at the possible contingency, they at once discarded the use of intoxicating beverages, abandon-

ed polygamy, constructed warm and comfortable dwellings, and, for the double purpose of acquiring industrious habits and securing in the future less precarious supplies of food, their young men secured employment on the farms of the Whites, in order to learn the arts of husbandry. The coveted knowledge once acquired, they returned home, cultivated their tribe-lands, and instructed their people in the use of the plow and harrow. Their producing power for years past has exceeded the requirements of home consumption; and with the proceeds accruing from the sale of surplus produce, they purchase ammunition and arms. Owing to this prudent policy, they are enabled, at any time, to send into the field two thousand men, well armed and equipped; but, as the dense forests, and the almost impassable nature of some parts of the country, are invaluable allies—in guerrilla warfare, especially—not more than half this force is required in ordinary campaigns, the remainder staying at home to cultivate the soil.

Before the introduction of Christianity among them, the Maories were pantheists. One god presided over this, and another over that. Tane made trees; Ra built mountains; Tangaroa shaped fish; Matua dug rivers, and so on. Besides these national gods, the New Zealanders, like the Romans, had their *Lares* and *Penates*; for on the death of a relative, the spirit of the deceased became the Atua—the guardian divinity of the family—and took a lively interest in mundane affairs, and especially in the fortunes of his godship's relations. The Atua, as may be supposed, was a very important, but not at all an aspiring god, as, in his manifestations to his friends, he skipped about playfully as a lizard, crept slyly into their habitations, sometimes ensconced himself quietly in the chimney-corner, and there, with his keen, inquisitive eyes, took note of his relatives

in the flesh. To children he sometimes made himself particularly agreeable by running up their backs, and resting himself on their shoulders. The child so favored was always an object of particular respect in the family, and, if a boy, the most encouraging hopes were entertained of his future prowess as a warrior. At other times, the Atua assumed the shape of a spider, when, sobered and cobwebbed on a rafter, he reposed calmly under the same roof with his friends—a sign, to them, that peace and domestic quietude were *in prospectu*. Again, by some mysterious process known only to multiform and ubiquitous spirits, the Atua assumed the shape of the greenstone, *teki*—a very beautiful kind of stone, found in the river-beds of the country, worn by the Maories even yet as amulets around the neck, and worked into gold ornaments by the jewelers of that country. In short, the Atua manifested himself in various fantastic ways, discoverable only by Maori eyes, but always discoverable, nevertheless. He was, besides, particularly jealous of his prerogatives: any thing he touched became more or less *tapu*, or sacred; and he could by no means dispense with the *ritenga*, or obsequies in honor of departed relatives. Any one offending in this way—that is, in neglecting to pay due reverence to the remains of a friend—was punished with sickness or some other misfortune; and if by sickness, the victim had to be removed to some isolated spot away from human assistance, there to live or die, as best might please Atua's divine behests. The head and back of a chief were, for some reason never properly explained, also *tapu*, and any thing touched by these parts became sacred in turn. It was sacrilege and a *casus belli* for any one else to appropriate the object so touched. The consequence of this observance was—and the case finds numerous parallel illustrations among communities more enlightened

than New Zealanders — that religion was often made subservient to self-interest, and turned to profitable account by the fortunate owners of sacred heads and backs, who needed but to call the best land or richest fisheries in the country their “backbone and head,” and the claim was respected, *provided* the claimant had warriors enough to sustain him. The custom, in consequence of its abuse, was provocative of contentions, which frequently terminated in bloodshed. It had doubtless, however, some good moral effects. It may further be observed in reference to the Maori religion, that, although having no idea of unity in the godhead, they believed in a spiritual world, and in rewards and punishments in a future state of existence.

But though Atua's importance was fully recognized in the family circle, and the divinities who built mountains, and made trees and fishes, were useful enough in their way, the catalogue could not have been complete without deities of greater pretensions. A fierce and warlike race could not get on without a god of war, and, of course, a demon. Therefore Nui, who could blunt the spears, break the clubs, and blind the eyes of warriors in battle, should not be neglected, and was consequently propitiated with votive offerings on the eve of war. Hence, prisoners, taken in previous wars and reserved for the occasion, were sacrificed and duly eaten, while their blood, poured out in the skull of some former victim, was offered as a libation to the grim god. If favorable to the impending expedition, the Maori Mars would come and quaff the goblet overnight; but if not, he would leave the beverage untasted. Still, some important advantage had often been obtained over the enemy even while Nui appeared unpropitious; but this was because Tapoa, the demon (I think the name was Tapoa), would sometimes, for sheer love of deviltry, make his appearance in the op-

posing lines, and put them to ignominious flight. So, between Nui's favor and Tapoa's devilment, the contending forces had each a hope of victory, and the chances of war were as favorable to one as the other; or, what amounted to the same thing, they thought so.

Tapoa usually appeared in the shape of a large bird, the skeleton of which may be seen in the Museum of the Public Library at Melbourne, Australia. A living specimen — seen, it is said, a few years ago in New Zealand, and still supposed to be stalking somewhere in the forests there — must be an enormous creature! The skeleton alluded to stands over five feet high, the body resembling that of a young camel minus the hump, while the neck and head, of enormous size, are not unlike those of an emu, but of course vastly larger. The full-grown, living specimen can, it is said, look over moderately tall tree-tops, and, judging from the skeleton, the bird standing erect with neck and head outstretched, would measure at the least sixteen feet. Well, Tapoa, in this *outré* habit, would disperse any number of men; for, though the demon exhibited none of those stereotyped appendages familiar to civilized conceptions, the Maori mind was sufficiently appreciative to give his satanic majesty a wide berth, if possible. But it was not always possible; for sometimes Tapoa would drop upon an unwary native, snatch him up in his beak, run away with him to Rangitoto, and pitch him into the bowels of that burning mountain!

Tapoa's ravages in this way had, perhaps, been limitless had not Atua, the Beneficent, restrained him a great deal, condemning him, among other restrictions, to perpetual solitude. But the demon would sometimes slip his restraints and appear in the villages, when he would carry off man, woman, or child that fell in his way. Having been, at one time, particularly mischievous in this

respect, Atua, knowing the path he was pursuing, dug a pit in his track—possibly, a crater—in which he was trapped, and from which he did not emerge for a long time after. Atua was very kind, and fond of helping the unfortunate. A deformed maiden said to him, one time, in her agony:

“O, Atua, I’m blind, and lame, and hunchbacked—have pity on me!”

“What would you have?” demanded Atua.

“I would be comely,” replied the distressed maiden; and next day she was the most beautiful woman of her tribe.

This rude mythology shows the New Zealanders to have been, at any rate, a people deeply imbued with religious notions; and indeed, when Christianity was preached to them, they embraced it with a readiness and fervor such as no savage race had ever done before. For this and the following reasons, it has been always a marvel how the Maories could have been cannibals: their forests abounded with wild fowl, their rivers and fishing-grounds were stocked with abundance of excellent fish, and they had the *taro* and fern-root, and (since Captain Cook’s time) the potato, for esculents. Consequently, cannibalism could not have been resorted to from a deficiency of food. Females, however, were not, in general, allowed to eat human flesh, and in modern times the practice has been confined to the eating of enemies slain in battle, when the chief female of the tribe, as a mark of distinction, was presented with the ear of him who had first fallen in the conflict. Possibly, the abatement of this horrid custom was owing, in some measure, to the presence among them of White Men, such as runaway seamen and convicts from Australia; for seventy years ago, or less, New Zealand was almost a *terra incognita*, where such men found ready refuge. These men, many of them, had acquired property by trading with whal-

ing-ships; but as they recognized the authority of the chiefs, and had made the natives more or less acquainted with civilized customs and habits, the latter, sensible of such advantages, left them in undisturbed possession of their property.

In the year 1814, the London Missionary Society, seeing that New Zealand presented an unexplored field for missionary enterprise, commissioned a Mr. Marsden to proceed thither and put himself in communication with the natives. Mr. Marsden, conformably with his instructions, set out on his mission, and, as a basis of future missionary labors, succeeded in purchasing two hundred acres of land for the moderate equivalent of twelve axes. Encouraged by such a beginning, the Society persevered in its efforts, sending out new missionaries from time to time; and from 1814 to 1835 they had acquired, by similar barter, several million acres of territory, the transfer of which had been confirmed by duly attested assignments, but whose force the natives by no means understood. In the latter year, certain capitalists at London, aroused by, or perhaps jealous of, the territorial acquisitions of the Society, formed an association for the colonization of that country, and, without a charter from the Government, or the sanction of the natives, sold to intending colonists land which the capitalists never saw, and on which they had not the shadow of a claim, to the value of \$500,000. On the arrival of the settlers, the natives were astounded at the idea of strangers attempting to take unceremonious possession of their lands, and the unfortunate settlers were no less so on seeing that what they were led to regard as a rightful claim was disputed; for they, at least, had paid their money, and naturally expected peaceable possession. Regardless, however, of the Maories’ remonstrance, Colonel Wakefield, the Company’s agent, sent out a party of surveyors to measure off the

land for the purchasers, when the natives indignantly ordered them off, and the party returned to Nelson, the Company's head-quarters.

This was a most critical moment, requiring the greatest care and nicest discernment. Had prudence then swayed the councils of the adventurers, years of strife and torrents of blood had, perhaps, been spared to both parties. But the doctrine of force alone prevailed: Mr. Thomson, a magistrate, and a rash, impetuous man, insisted on arresting the Maori ringleaders, and with this purpose, had set out with a *posse* of armed men. Meeting the natives, who interrupted the surveyors, Thomson demanded the surrender of the chiefs, and was refused. An altercation followed, and Thomson ordered his men to fire. The natives returned the fire, when Thomson and three of his party were instantly killed, and several were wounded on both sides. This was the beginning of that series of wars, which, for the last thirty years, have interrupted the peace and prosperity of that splendid Colony. Flushed with this temporary advantage, the natives continued to keep the settlers in hot water until 1840, when Captain Hobson arrived, with consular authority from the British Government; and, with the view of checking the rapacity of the Whites and the turbulence of the Maories, proclaimed the Queen's sovereignty over the whole group of islands.

But neither the intentions of the Government, nor the interposition of Captain Hobson, availed in staying the land-sharks; and, rather emboldened by the *ægis* of Government protection, than deterred by governmental authority, the spirit of rapacity expanded to greater dimensions, until, in 1843, the Maories, driven to desperation at being deprived of their land in this wholesale fashion, took the open field against the Queen's forces: the one, under the leadership of

the Chief Heki; the military, commanded by Colonel Despard. Hitherto, hostilities had not assumed an organized shape on either side. This, therefore, was the first organized New Zealand war, and lasted four years, during which the brave and gallant Colonel Despard had often admitted the prowess of the enemy, and the strategic ability of the Chief.

On the restoration of peace, a treaty was made and signed by the belligerents, which treaty admitted the territorial right of the natives, and provided that a fair and equitable price should be paid them for their land, while it guaranteed to legitimate purchasers security of person and property. The change that followed was marvelous. Settlers and speculators no longer entertained the mad idea of driving the Maories off the land, for the latter were made, they saw, of very stern metal indeed; while the natives discovered that it was no light matter to provoke the resentment of a powerful Government. Both parties began to regard each other with respect; a freer intercourse began to be maintained; neighborly offices were exchanged, and the natives were induced to turn their attention to the instruction of the rising generation, and the cultivation of the soil. Churches and school-houses now began to appear everywhere, the foundation of civilization was laid on a permanent basis, and a golden age of peace, plenty, and prosperity was beginning to dawn, when the elements once more portended a storm—the flashing of musketry and clashing of steel.

But ten years had elapsed since the signing of the treaty above alluded to, when the announcement of the gold discovery in New Zealand rang throughout the Australias, and crowds of eager miners rushed, like a torrent, on the new El Dorado. These stalwart, vehement men knew little about treaties, and cared much less. They wanted gold, and have it they

must, if sinew and iron could anywhere obtain it. They rushed madly on. The Maories appealed to the Government; the Government replied that all minerals belonged to the Crown. The natives retorted by flying to arms, and driving the diggers back. This was the beginning of the second New Zealand war, which lasted eighteen months, and was conducted by Colonel Cameron for the Government, and by Tito Kiwarra for the Maories. This war is remarkable as having embraced a feature which entailed a third war, and will continue to be a source of perpetual irritation to the natives: namely, that of "military settlers." It originated in this way:

The Home Government refusing to supply an adequate force, the Colonial authorities were obliged to take the field with a limited number of men, who, from the nature of the country and the novel mode of warfare, had been rapidly exhausted, and required reinforcement. To effect this object, the New Zealand Government recruited in the other Colonies, promising each recruit fifty acres of Maori land on the condition of conquering and afterward holding it. These terms attracted a large number of men to the standard of the New Zealand Government, and were thenceforward designated "military settlers."

A stern soldier was Colonel Cameron. With a large force now under his command, he determined to penetrate the country, and reach the Maories in their villages. He set his men to hewing the intervening jungle, in order to pierce the forest by military roads. But the natives, hanging on his outskirts, saw what he was about, and constructed a *pah*: that is to say, they threw up earth-works ahead of him to dispute his progress. The *pah* was, however, reached after several weeks' hard work and a good deal of desultory fighting, when a herald was dispatched to summon the warriors to surrender.

"Let the *pahiki* speak," said Kiwarra, appearing on the breastworks as the herald approached.

"I come to offer peace," replied the herald.

"The terms?" demanded the Chief.

"That the Maories surrender unconditionally, and permit the White Man to dig for gold unmolested."

"Will the *pahiki* pay the Maori for digging up his land?" demanded the Chief.

"The land is the Queen's," was the reply.

"Before the *pahiki* set foot in New Zealand, and before the Queen was born," retorted Kiwarra, "the Maori possessed the land. The Queen never paid the Maori for the land. How can the land belong to the Queen?"

"Surrender!" returned the discomfited herald, "and save the lives of your people!"

Kiwarra, dilating his figure to its fullest dimensions, defiantly exclaimed, "The Maori will fight on forever and forever!" and slowly descended into the trenches.

The officer returned; the truce was ended; the artillery opened fire. Covered by their guns, the military advanced under the deadly hail of the Maories' musketry. Platoon after platoon dashed to the trench, and attempted to scale the opposing ditch, but were mowed down as they advanced. The action continued till late in the evening, and the trenches were choked with the dead and dying; but the Maories were dislodged, and Kiwarra, with several of his men, taken prisoners.

Next day the Commander prepared for vengeance. Having procured a guide, he entered one of the villages before sunrise the following morning, while the unconscious inhabitants were yet buried in sleep. Old men were then bayoneted, women were brained, and sleeping children dashed against the

trees. Before the sun had reached the meridian, *six hundred* men, women, and children were mangled corpses! The fetid atmosphere attracted the unclean birds of the air. It was Mqloch making carnival for vultures! Many of the leading men surrendered with their wives and families to save the lives of the rest of their people, and one hundred and fifty prisoners of this class, among them Kiwarra and his wife, were sent to Stewart's Island, six hundred miles south. But Governor Grey was horror-stricken at the atrocious slaughter, and suspended Colonel Cameron.

In their remote island prison—garrisoned by some fifty soldiers—the prisoners took kindly to their prison-life, became tractable, and cultivated gardens. Peace was now surely established; for the “ringleaders,” as Mr. Thomson would have said, were secured, and, during the eighteen months of their imprisonment, evinced a commendable spirit of reconciliation and submission. At the close of that period, a weird-looking Maori (himself a prisoner) might have been seen entering a fellow-prisoner's hut one rainy afternoon, when the prisoners were resting from their usual labor. His haggard mien and wild look betokened a cold spirit and restless temperament. As he entered, he beheld a handsome man of nine-and-twenty stretched on the floor, in boisterous play with his two children. It was Tito Kiwarra. The weird-looking Maori silently and unceremoniously squatted himself cross-legged on the floor, after the manner of his race. The playing ceased; the children slid quietly to their mother's side, and looked timidly askance at the weird man, but no one ventured to break the silence that immediately succeeded his appearance. “Tito Kiwarra is no longer a Chief!” broke forth at last the weird-looking visitor; “he is a slave—an old woman—and heeds not the bondage of his friends, nor the

longing wishes of his people at Taranaki.”

“Reviling again, like a cross-grained hag!” retorted the angry Chief.

“Kiwarra, don't talk so to the *prophet!*” softly interposed his wife.

“Last night,” continued the prophet, without heeding the interruption, “while stretched in my cabin, oppressed and lonely, Atua, the Beneficent——”

“What!” interrupted Kiwarra, smiling, “dost thou still hold to Atua, and give up the God of the Christians?”

“The Christians have robbed us of our land, and given us instead playthings they call civilization and Christianity. Let them keep their civilization and Christianity, but let us have back our lands. My god is Atua, the god of my fathers.”

“And Atua?” said Kiwarra, amused at the other's reasoning. “What of him?”

“Atua, the Beneficent, came to me last night, while stretched in my cabin and thinking sadly of my people far away, and he said, ‘Faithful prophet, what would you have?’ ‘Freedom,’ I said, ‘O, Atua—freedom and revenge.’ ‘Take them!’ he said, pointing with his divine hand to the schooner at the jetty. What says Kiwarra?”

The Chieftain's eyes flashed with furtive meaning. A new light had broken in upon him; for a Government schooner had just arrived the day before, with stores for the garrison. The weird-looking man took his departure, and in two hours after the garrison was disarmed, and the schooner in the hands of the prisoners. The latter might have reproduced the tragedy of Cameron, but Kiwarra was too chivalrous for such butchery. But one man received a mortal quietus from his tomahawk, and he for his fool-hardy attempt to prevent their escape. They might have rifled the camp of clothing and provisions, but had been content with the merest neces-

saries, and before daylight next morning the schooner, with every living Maori on Stewart's Island on board, was steering for Poverty Bay, on the east coast of New Zealand, where in May, 1868, the escaped prisoners landed in perfect safety.

Received by their countrymen with every manifestation of welcome and joy,

Kiwarra and his lieutenants soon collected a chosen band of young warriors, and marched two hundred miles across country, over mountain and morass, to Taranaki, the scene of their late exploits. Then commenced the third war, which is not yet quite ended, and whose object is the expulsion of the "military settlers."

THE HOME OF AN EMPRESS.

IT has been destroyed, the home of the Empress—the spot where her happiest and her saddest days were spent—ruthlessly destroyed by the blind fury of the people who should have kept as a sacred shrine the walls hallowed by the spirit of the being that once dwelt there: Josephine, Empress long after the crown had been taken from her head and placed on the calm, cool brow of the Austrian Princess—Empress to the day of her death—Empress when borne to the tomb, followed by a part of the army which had but just conquered the husband who had repudiated her—followed by the noblest and best among the triumphing nations.

Do I say too much when I assert that people whose liberal education and enlightened views, whose greatness, perhaps, should raise them above all superstition and belief in the supernatural, have a little, pet superstition in some nook or cranny of their inmost heart, which they shield carefully from their own sight and that of their fellow-beings? Napoleon himself, we all know, was not free from this charge; and Josephine, when in prison during those bloody days of 1794, had no hesitation in cheering the hearts of the two women in the same cell with her, by relating to them how an old Negro woman on the island of Martinique, Josephine's birth-place, had prophesied to her that she

would rise high above all Queens, before her death—though she would die alone and neglected. The prophecies of this Negro woman, Josephine argued, had all come to pass, up to this day; then why should they fear death? Josephine did not, and she was here under the same accusation for which the other two women had been imprisoned: that of being an aristocrat.

They passed long, terrible days in their gloomy prison, nevertheless. Besides Josephine—who had been made "Widow Beauharnais" by her husband's death under the guillotine, to which he had been condemned by the mad populace for having badly led the army—there were a *citoyenne* D'Aiguillon, and *citoyenne* Tallien, whose husband was once the warmest admirer and most devoted follower of Robespierre. It was through Tallien that Robespierre fell at last—upon which the intended victims of the guillotine were set free; and it was at Tallien's home, in the *salon* of his wife, Therèse, that Josephine first met her destiny—Napoleon. He was General then, and just rising into notice as an able artilleryist; soon he grew to be famous; and not long after he had been united in marriage to Josephine, the same people that had condemned the Vicomte Beauharnais to the guillotine, placed Napoleon at the head of the army, to lead it to victory and glory.

On his return from Egypt, crowned with fame, and worshiped by the people, he was led by Josephine to their new home, the villa and park of Malmaison, which she had purchased during his absence, and had restored and beautified, as only she, with her exquisite taste, could do.

Had she never given a thought to the significance of the name it bore? Different people have given us different sources from which the name of the "Evil House" is said to have sprung. "His Bloody Eminence," the Cardinal Richelieu, is said by some to have furnished it with its unenviable name: not that he himself had called it so, but the people of the neighborhood, who knew of foul, dark deeds committed with his sanction within the precincts of the "Evil House." Others go back as far as the fourteenth century for the origin of the name. At that time the place is said to have been the stronghold of a gentleman-robber—such as were not rare then—and he is said to have made the neighborhood unsafe even after his death. Only when the monks of Saint Denis took possession of the premises, some time later, and sprinkled the walls with holy-water, did the restless spirit of the Knight of the Highway cease to trouble. True, Richelieu himself never lived here, but in the *château* near Rueil, not far away. The body-guard, however, which this prudent man had raised for himself, and which existed long after his death under the name of "Gray Guard," was quartered within the then newly built walls of Malmaison. This was somewhere about 1630. And Malmaison should be called a *château* rather than a villa, because the latter word brings before us a gay, white, modern building, while Malmaison has an ancient and almost melancholy look about it. But whether villa or *château*, many memories cling around the spot—many stories are told by the wind that sweeps through

the tall forest-trees, and kisses the dismantled marbles on the lawn.

Late in the last century it fell into the hands of a titled lady, who gathered about her men and women of talent and fame; music and song had their home here, and men of letters have walked in the shady avenues while their brain was at work on some production that has outlived the horrors of the Revolution, which already loomed like a threatening phantom over Paris. Soon the phantom spread its wings, casting darkness over the land, swooping down on every home where culture and refinement had dwelt—not sparing Malmaison or its inhabitants and guests, among whom were members of the royal family.

The family to whom Malmaison belonged at that time had saved but little besides this domain from confiscation; from them Josephine purchased it, so that Napoleon, the man who had virtually ended the Revolution, might rest there on the laurels he had reaped. She had spent months in Malmaison before Napoleon's return, working with her own hands the decorations and hangings that were to adorn his room; she had pictured to herself, during those hours, the quiet happiness that was to be theirs, when he should return from the wars. He came at last, and, at his side, she was borne up to the very pinnacle of happiness and greatness. But reaching the height, the dread of the descent—which she believed, with strange fatality, she must make—crept over her soul; and she could not find, in the brilliant, glaring splendor of St. Cloud, what she had left behind her in the dense shades of Malmaison.

No one can doubt that to Josephine belonged whatever of heart or affection this man, who could crush nations without a feeling of pity, might possess. That he could love, he has proved in many ways. For Josephine's daughter, for instance, Hortense Beauharnais, and

Eugène, her son, he showed all the affection and tenderness a father could have had. He made Eugène Prince of Leuchtenberg, Viceroy of Italy, and gave the hand of Hortense in marriage to his brother Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland. To his dying day he retained the truest veneration for the memory of Josephine; and even Napoleon III., the son of Hortense, has been in my eyes a better man from the fact that he fully shared his mother's idolizing love for the dethroned Empress.

While in St. Cloud Josephine knew that, in spite of all the splendor and pomp by which she was surrounded, an icy hand was stretching forth to crush her heart in its remorseless grasp, and hurl her down from the heights she had but unwillingly climbed. And it came at last—the dreaded hour when he, whom she had learned to love as simple soldier—whose fortunes she had as readily shared had they led him down to obscurity instead of up to the light of the sun—when Napoleon asked of her to sanction—nay, to procure—a decree of divorce from him. Ambition was blinding him, and hardening his heart to the suffering he knew he was inflicting. What though he knew that none would be so true a friend, so devoted a wife to him, as Josephine had been! Perhaps he persuaded himself that he must sacrifice his heart's warmest love for the good of the nation. How often we try to look upon ourselves as martyrs and bleeding victims of cruel circumstances, when in reality we want to still the gnawing at the heart which the knowledge of inflicting pain on others, for the accomplishment of our own purposes, always causes!

It was in 1809 when Napoleon took the fatal step which has always seemed to me the beginning of his downward career. He himself read aloud the decree of his separation from the Empress; and though his voice seemed strained

and unnatural, and he faltered once or twice, he read to the end, before the silent assemblage, then entered his carriage and drove to Trianon; while Josephine returned to Malmaison, which had been neglected during the years of her reign by the Emperor's side.

She murmured no more, though she had pleaded with him long and earnestly before the final step was taken by Napoleon. She had pleaded not to be cast off: it was an ill omen for him, she said, that he should take the crown from her head; his "good genius" would leave him, she warned him, if he banished her from his side. But it was all in vain—and Josephine had spoken truth. He was loosening the crown on his own head, when he took it from hers; and his good angel, who had averted his face when Josephine knelt helplessly before him, never smiled on Napoleon again, but departed from his side, slowly and sorrowfully—weeping that earthly grandeur and perishable greatness should so dazzle the children of men with their glitter and pomp.

Back she went, broken-hearted, to the scene of former joys—walking slowly over the lawns his feet had trodden—resting wearily under the trees in the park, where the statues seemed to gaze on her with sorrowing brow, and the deer came to look into her face with pitying eyes.

Once only she left Malmaison. Perhaps the spacious halls seemed too narrow to hold such grief as hers; but she returned from sunny, southern countries, to find peace at last in the "Evil House." Napoleon never ceased to pay every tribute of respect to her. It was to her the first news of the birth of his son was sent; and she rejoiced with him, as she rejoiced in all the good fortune that came to him. Often he sought the shade of the willow and the cypress at Malmaison; feeling, perhaps, with unerring instinct, that his "good genius" still lingered here. Marie Louise is said to

have known the full extent of the affection her husband entertained for the love of his youthful days; and she feared the repudiated wife more than she would have feared any beautiful young rival. Anxiously Josephine watched for news from the battle-field when Napoleon went forth from France again; and anxiously she watched the growth and thriving of a flower—a native of her island-home, which had been transplanted to the soil of France. The Empress had always been passionately fond of flowers, and her life was spent among them, and in devotion to them, at Malmaison. The plant I speak of had been named the Bonapartea; the blossom it bore was of the most brilliant hues; and Josephine, with that unaccountably superstitious feeling of which I spoke before, fancied a mysterious connection between these flowers and the fate of the Emperor. In 1813 all the numerous specimens of this flower in her possession, with the exception of one or two, were destroyed by the frost; and the Empress is said to have grown very sad over the loss—auguring evil from it for the Emperor.

In her quiet retreat, she had often spent long, sleepless nights in prayer for the welfare of the man who had abandoned her to mount one step higher on the scale of greatness. *She* could see the shadow that “coming events cast before them” darkening over him, when he still felt secure in his power; and *she* wore away life and health in bitter re-
 pining over his misfortune, when Marie Louise, for whom she had been abandoned, was hastening away from France and her husband, back to the safe nest in her father’s country.

Then came the 31st of March of 1814, when the troops of the Allied Powers entered Paris, victorious. Napoleon, conquered, broken, was fleeing from the wrath of the nations he had so cruelly trodden under foot; while Josephine,

Empress now as she had been indeed all these years, was receiving, at the hands of the Monarchs who had entered France with the Liberating Army, every mark of esteem and respect. When the Czar Alexander of Russia made his first visit at Malmaison, Josephine was already suffering with the throat-disease which finally ended her life. When the Czar had departed, she said to her children and the little Court surrounding her, that she felt better in health and spirits than she had felt for many days before; and Alexander was enthusiastic in praise of Josephine’s amiability and high-bred manner.

“She spoke only of Napoleon,” he exclaimed to a gentleman of his Court, “and only *for* Napoleon.”

And still he had been carried away with the charm of her conversation.

Frederick William III., of Prussia, and his two sons, the present King William I., and his brother, the late King Frederick William IV., also waited upon her; and soon such men as Humboldt, Nesselrode, and artists, poets, and statesmen, enlarged the little circle that had gathered around her.

Gladly she would have followed the Emperor into exile, had she been permitted to do so, but she could not even see him, to comfort him in his fallen state; and the unspeakable longing, the hopeless yearning to be reunited to him, broke her heart, and snapped the slender thread that bound her to this life. To the last, she watched with tender care over her beloved flowers. Some days before her death she sent for an artist, who was to paint two favorite children of her conservatory. The one flower was the Bonapartea; and in her eagerness to watch the artist’s work she left her couch and leaned against the mantel for support, with head and throat muffled in wraps. She seemed to have forgotten that but a little while before she had requested the painter not to approach her bed for fear

of contagion from her throat-disease. "I am anxious that they should be faithfully represented," she said, referring to the flowers. "Poor things!—no one will cherish them as I have done, when I am gone; and I must leave them now in a very few days."

She had given of the seeds of these plants to Alexander, of Russia, in whose conservatories in St. Petersburg the flowers were held in high honor. On May 29th, she died—her last thought still of Napoleon and the place of his banishment, Elba. Her two children followed her to the grave she had chosen for herself in the little village-church at Rueil; the Czar Alexander sent two of his Generals to accompany the *cortège*, and Humboldt followed the coffin as sincere mourner. The detachment of Russian military that escorted the funeral procession was swelled by thousands who had come from distant towns to pay the last honors to the dead Empress; and the people of the village and immediate neighborhood, to whom Josephine had ever been as an angel of mercy, had for days crowded the halls of Malmaison, where they kneeled by the coffin for a last sight of the sweet, still face of their best earthly friend.

Never had the Austrian Emperor's daughter reigned in the heart of the French people as Josephine had done. With all her extravagance and love of luxury—for which Napoleon and the enemies she had in his own family sometimes upbraided her—she combined such rare good qualities of mind and heart that she had succeeded even in drawing those of the Royalist party to the Emperor's Court; while Marie Louise brought no blessing to his heart, no gain to his house, save the heir he had coveted for the transmittal of his crown and name.

A year later, after the feverish dream of the Hundred Days, a fugitive knocked at the door of Malmaison; and Josephine's daughter, Hortense, a Queen, too, without a crown or country now, opened

the door to receive Napoleon—Napoleon, broken in heart and spirit, as Josephine had been, when she entered here after her banishment from his throne. But sadder and darker was Napoleon's heart than Josephine's had ever been, for he was revisiting the scenes of her innocent suffering—suffering to which his boundless ambition had doomed her. Dreary indeed the neglected avenues and the untrimmed willows must have seemed to him; and harshly the screech of the wild swans on the meadow-lake must have fallen on his ear; for as the image of his youthful love rose up before him, his guardian angel with averted face seemed to overshadow it, and "Useless—useless—useless the sacrifice!" seemed to be the wail of the wind, and the cry of the swan on the water. Useless, indeed; for the heir to his shadowy crown was pining in the chill atmosphere of Schönbrunn, and the treasures and territories Napoleon had hoarded and gained, had passed from his hands, and faded away like 'a dream. Useless, indeed; for when, after many decades, the Bonapartean Eagle again spread its wings over the throne of France, the crown was worn by the descendant of Josephine, and not the offspring of the Austrian Princess.

In November, 1870, when it became apparent that Malmaison must be immolated, as so many other monuments of historical interest had been, to the Demon of War, King William himself visited the "Evil House," to see if any relics from the time of Josephine's reign could be found, and saved from destruction. But nothing remained, save the tapestry worked by the Empress, and covering the walls of what was once Napoleon's own room. Of this King William had a piece severed, which he carried with him—a last memento of the crownless Empress, to whom he had paid willing court, in these same halls, fifty-six years ago.

HEARTS OF OAK.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART FOURTH.

AN UNDERCURRENT.

IN the course of nature, Chum Rivers climbed into the mountains, and was happy with Hesper. The fact delighted Paul beyond expression; and he went his way, rejoicing in the belief, that, through his skillful management, two souls for the time being found a single thought sufficient for both of them, and two hearts were satisfied with half a beat apiece. Paul, of course, felt well in consequence, and said over and over to himself, "Rivers shall be at rest; Hesper shall be glad; but as for me, I will deny myself, and work, work, work!" He did work as well as he knew how, and made several excellent resolutions concerning his future deportment. It was time to be laying up something against the rainy day that threatens every body, and in whose distant and gloomy shadow Paul pictured himself as a modified Ajax defying the lightning with a vast umbrella, while between the flashes he whispered words of comfort and encouragement to the timid, but robust Hesper, who clung to him in an appropriate and wife-like manner. I suppose there is no man, living or dead, who has not, at some time or other, glorified himself in a similar fashion. While Paul was struggling valiantly, there were some troublesome obstacles that had yet to be met with and overcome. He strove to hold himself entirely aloof from Gusher's cottage, and would probably have succeeded, had not several charming notes come to him with such touching and tender queries as to his absence, his silence, his anger, etc., that he could scarcely resist them longer.

O, why has a man a weak spot, and why has a woman the cunning to find it!

Of course, he went to her: young men of the period are not translated in a day, and then it is so natural and young-manly to fall from grace. Paul went to see Gusher with a settled purpose: namely, to meet her with a dignity and independence that would, no doubt, astonish her, and then and there to deliver himself of a brief, but scathing bit of sarcasm, admirably calculated to wound the self-pride of any woman, and more especially Gusher's; and in the same breath, as he supposed, to deal just vengeance to the woman who had duped him.

A fine speech formed itself in his mind, and his tongue ached to deliver it. Each morning he nerved himself for the climax; each noon he faltered; each evening he deferred it to the next day. He was preparing himself for a scene, for tears and entreaties, and possibly a pallid and prostrate form upon the hall-rug, over which he should virtuously stalk, leaving it to recover at its leisure, and then, perhaps, realize the awfulness of its fate. This was what worried him, and weakened his appetite.

At last he went; but he went in a state of nervous excitement, poorly calculated to forward a conquest. Moreover, there was something about the atmosphere of the place that seemed to quiet his indignation. The keen rebuke that was red-hot for delivery as he scornfully rung the door-bell seemed to have lost its edge, and he was quite at a loss how to begin it, and even began to think that it didn't apply just then—at any rate, were better postponed for the present.

Gusher had a cunning way of giving him little surprises; of praising him, now and then, so honestly, and with such charming enthusiasm, that he was quite thrown off his guard. Old times they talked over; Paul relapsed into his confiding ways, and was artfully drained dry. Then Gusher assumed her office, and the young man was upbraided for his frivolity, and the Gusher's fidelity was pictured in such glowing colors by the faithful Gusher herself, that Paul almost feared he had misjudged her. Surely she might have some good in her; and was she not of the same sex with Hesper? Hesper had given him a new insight into womanhood, and he thought better of them all for her sake.

His visits were brief, and made at long intervals; they were more like recollections than any thing else, and were only indulged in as reminders of the burning hours that had consumed him there. Suddenly it occurred to Paul that he was playing with fire that had once made him suffer, and that it was too dangerous a toy to be trifled with. Then the judgment came between them, and the masks were torn away from the faces of each. This was impromptu, and therefore a success.

In her darkened parlor stood Gusher, haughty, defiant, and revengeful. She affected these subdued lights, and naturally enough; for darkness is the strength of sin. Had Paul first seen her as he now saw her, much, very much had been spared to all parties. Instinctively they rose at one another. Every attribute of Paul's nature was turned against the false life he had been living, and it was impossible that he could again be reconciled to it while its bitterness was endangering his soul. The air of the room was charged with a subtle perfume, which was but one of the arts employed by the siren to entrap her victim. Fiery and insidious liquors were at hand; a rose-leaf filled with these was enough to

captivate the senses. Paul fought manfully against these spells, and the honesty and strength of his purpose were his safeguards.

"Mme. Gusher," said he, with what firmness he could, while his face was pale as marble, "our game is at last up; do you think you can any longer deceive me? Your skill lay in the assumption of an innocence that allured me. My vanity and weakness led me to play the rake, when it was as hateful to me as poison. What lights we live in; changeful, false, discolored! Who sees us as we are till they have measured us by their own stature, and find us better or worse than they? And that discovery throws them beyond all hope of reconciliation. The illusion is dispelled when one catches a glimpse of the machinery which produces it. You are as false to yourself as to any one, and therefore less pardonable; for this is suicide. Forgive, if you can, my unhallowed motives in seeking you. I can not forgive or respect myself for having stooped to such baseness."

Paul paused in the intensity of his emotion, and stood fixed and motionless. Gusher sank upon the sofa, beating the air vehemently with her fan. She could think of but one resource in the emergency. To battle with an enraged man, would be to invite renewed abuse. She must subdue him with tenderness. A tear was commissioned to act as spy, to enter into the heart of the enemy, and betray the citadel. Having achieved her tear, she bowed herself in a fictitious grief, and then pleaded her cause. "She was defenseless; she had been too trusting, and must now suffer the betrayal of her generous love." With penitent and imploring glances, and all the aspects of genuine sorrow and despair, Niobe Gusher strove to undermine the determination of Paul Rookh.

But the young man was wiser and calmer than in the days when this spec-

tacle would have brought him to his knees at about the third tear. With a look of unutterable scorn Paul turned from her, and passed into the hall. This would never do for Gusher. If he was bound to retreat, he should not retreat in good order. "Stay!" she cried. Paul turned to the woman, whose face, now wholly in earnest, was fearful in its agonized expression. Had she not been foiled in her own game? Was not her pride touched as, perhaps, it had never been touched before? Wounded, enraged, yet still clinging desperately to the hope that he would relent, she bowed her face, and poured her copious tears before the man she had truly loved with such love as she was capable of. Paul beheld the woman prostrate and trembling before him, and again he wavered. Alas, Paul! this is the tempest that tries the oak; sudden and destructive, but soon over. A little parrying of words, and some keen and stinging thrusts, and Paul forced himself into the street, beyond the peril of her wiles. Into the street again; leaving at that door all thoughts of her who had become an episode of his young life; shaking from him the dust of the past; looking with clearer and calmer eyes to that future which invited him. Paul shut out of his heart that corrupting passion.

Mme. Niobe Gusher was stung by this slight, but consoled herself with a fresh assortment of lovers (she was three-deep during the Rookh siege, as Paul afterward learned), with each of whom she wept, chided, and charmed, while they in turn enacted the mild tragedy of desertion, until age and dissipation gathered her debased body to the tomb.

Whither fled the soul that once inhabited it? Perhaps it was for her to work out her own destruction. Certainly she battled little against the ravages of the life she loved. But inasmuch as she seduced others, and those of the purest and best, shall she not answer tenfold the

murder of these innocents? Hers was a Heart of Oak, also, but gnawed by the grub and the canker-worm, and sheltering within its sunless cavities the deadly litter of the snake.

THE HARVEST OF RIPENED FRUITS.

There had been plenty of windfalls in Paul's boisterous life; but now, at the harvest-time, the ripened fruit began to show itself. He felt the returning strength, and dignity, and glory of manhood. The thought of his beloved Hesper and his dear Chum Rivers was a double joy to him. He was always picturing them in that sweet vale—a flower-girdled, bird-possessed, bee-haunted domain—over which Hesper ruled, while Rivers and he were her votaries. It was the faint and far-off music of the life there that rang ever in his ears, and it filled his regenerated soul with the unuttered prayer of thankfulness.

Paul was getting back into his old, splendid ways—fresh, generous, and magnanimous—and Rivers was so very glad, and wrote him the dearest letters in consequence, which made Paul altogether happy and forgetful of the past. Paul's correspondence at this time was voluminous, but the envelope was invariably addressed to Hesper or to Chum Rivers. These letters were the ripened fruit of a harvest that followed a rather hard season. In giving one of these messages of love to the public eye, it has been considered how the public can not possibly know who Paul is in reality, and that to them Hesper must forever remain a mystery, profound as death. Hence the liberty taken with a matter so sacred and so secret; but any who still deem it an unwise or cruel act had best turn at once to the next chapter, and pardon me, if they can. There is a line or two at the close of this chapter that concerns them, inasmuch as it concerns Paul, Hesper, and Rivers; but the letter is optional with the reader.

Rivers had sorted the mail, and Hesper, with the well-known packet, destined for her eye alone, passed into the arbor at the end of the garden, there to break its seal and learn the contents. * * *

I do not, on the whole, feel quite right in reproducing the document that charmed and puzzled Hesper. It had a great deal to say about her, personally, and seemed to imply that she was every thing to a certain gentleman named Paul; much more, in fact, than she could realize. It recalled nearly every little occurrence of the brief season of communion that seemed to have baptized him into a new and purer life. Hesper liked it, for it was charmingly written, and she was the heroine; but she thought Paul was inclined to exaggerate, and feared very much that by and by he would read the letter himself with some surprise, and wonder, perhaps, how he could ever have written it. I need not enlarge upon its nature. You all know how they read, and are aware of the singular and universal resemblance each bears to the other. Paul had written it in a pensive and delightful mood, as many another writes many another letter very much like it. Hesper read it in the arbor at the end of the garden, with mingled emotions of pleasure and pain. She was pleased at his declarations of eternal love and fidelity, yet she was pained to think that very likely Paul himself did not realize what superhuman qualifications he was declaring himself possessed of. She knew too well his nature, and she knew it to be an honest, impulsive, and noble one; but constancy was something of which he was guiltless, and this pained her keenly. Then, why should she encourage him, when she knew them to be so ill-suited to each other? With her, love was a deep, abiding trust—an implicit confidence in one person, that nothing in earth or heaven could shake. Paul loved several people, very much indeed, *sometimes*,

and at other times was doubtful whether he loved them at all. He had his moments of calm reason, when he turned over in his mind these facts, and wondered what manner of man he was. He was forced to give it up at last, for the riddle was insolvable.

While Hesper sat musing over Paul's letter (she always mused over them), wondering what could be done for him, and who was elected of heaven to do it, Rivers drew near, and, unobserved, stood by her in respectful silence. Hesper presently saw the shadow falling across Paul's letter, as it lay in her hands. Paul's passionate avowals faded utterly away, and were swallowed up in that shadow. It seemed strange and startling to Hesper, who lifted her pure eyes to Rivers', and read to him the decrees of that sibylline shade. Paul would have been amazed to hear the oracle speaking through the lips of his Hesper.

It was growing late. Hesper still sat in the arbor, and she was not alone; some one was near her then, who implored mercy from the most merciful mistress it was ever the lot of slave to serve. Two shadows passed from the rose-arbor through the twilight fragrance of the garden. They paused by the little wicket; near by flowed, as of yore, the clear, wimpling waters. In a low cloud hung the silver-horned moon. Hesper observed all, and cried, with exceeding pity, "Our Father who art in heaven, grant HIM thy peace."

Paul, meanwhile, was working with dogged diligence at his books, resolved to live always the new life he had entered upon; and while he was patient and persevering, and thinking a great deal about the little valley and its inmates, whom his thoughts would dwell upon in their peacefulness, the unwatchful hearts of these two, almost imperceptibly, gravitated to that centre and soul of all that makes earth fair and like unto the kingdom of the angels—requited love.

TRIED AS BY FIRE.

It did not occur to Paul, when he hurried Chum Rivers into Hesper's presence, that he was about to bring upon himself a blight that should overshadow his after-years. Nor was there any design upon him or his, when Rivers found himself growing, day by day, so used to Hesper's pure and perfect ways that they had become almost a necessity of his nature, and certainly of his happiness. It had been so natural, their meeting and their mating; no two could have been more surprised at the result of Rivers' visit, than Rivers and Hesper themselves.

There was need of a speedy announcement to Paul of the state of affairs—to defer it, would seem like guilt—and they assured themselves that the most suitable mode of breaking the intelligence to him would be by a letter, written jointly, and worded simply, truthfully, and affectionately.

Any artifice would have been but a frail assumption in the presence of this man's earnestness. As it was, the awful solemnity of his surprise, as he endeavored to decipher and comprehend the revelation he held in his trembling fingers, might well have alarmed the lovers. It was the terrible suddenness of the blow, coming from the hand whence he had expected and received caresses, that maddened him now. He cursed his fate; for was it not Fate that had so often crossed him, and with a flaming touch written those prophecies within the chamber of his memory?

The children in the park, the picnic in the wood—thrice was he crossed that day—thrice in an hour. Blinded, heart-broken beyond the uses of reason; hating the very thought of the saint-like woman in whose sweet presence and for whose sake he was sanctified! Cursing the splendid man who had hazarded a life in quest of a sunken body, compell-

ing his own breath to visit and flood its vacant avenues, believing now, in his anger, that he had given him life only that he might deprive him of it at this crowning hour! In the whirlwind of his passion Paul fell prone, and was humbled in the dust. His aims were again broken, and he knew not which way to turn for comfort and relief. The world seemed armed against him.

As one who has descended into an abyss of darkness returns by slow degrees to the light, pale, haggard, and exhausted, Paul regained his reason, and was as one recovering from some long illness. In the prostration that follows extreme excitement we willingly submit to any judgment, not having the strength nor the desire to resist it. So Paul pondered, gravely and hopelessly, on the life which was just turning its clouds and shadows upon him. He was submissive and very patient, and willing to do what might seem best; but, in that submission, he desired not to see those who were the occasion of his downfall. He could not humble himself before them, as he humbled himself alone in the gloom of his chamber at the Rookery.

But they came to him; he felt their influence without the use of vision, and for a moment only—a rude impulse—he turned from them in his bitterness. Still, the pleading presence of his betrayers haunted the stricken man. They knelt before him; and in the long silence that followed, the prophecy was fulfilled. It was the grand act of heroism in a life that had till then shown little chivalric mettle; but in that one hour he was challenged, and victorious.

At the chaste portals of mercy, whose softly swinging gates are parted by the breath of prayer, waited love's true apostles. A stricken soul in the guise of the avenger, with threatening arm, forbade the passage. Love pleaded with him; and having loved, his heart was melted at the voice, the way was opened, and

with generous hand he led on the pilgrims toward that haven of bliss, into whose joy he was denied admittance.

O'ER THE WIDE WATERS.

The burly skipper of the *Lapwing* kept his crew on the double-quick, so numerous and so rapid were his orders, as the shining hull of the bark moved off into the muddy and boiling waters of the bay.

For a day or two Paul had been walking as one in a dream, saying little, and apparently unconscious of passing events. But one object was always looming up before him, whichever way he turned. It was a bark with slender masts, and white sails, that hung loosely from the spars, as though ready and eager to spread themselves and fly seaward. He seemed to catch a glimpse of those fluttering sails at the end of the long streets leading to the water; and he would turn away, only to behold some other reminder of the new bereavement that hung over his bowed heart.

The inevitable hour approached. Paul followed Hesper and her lord to the vessel, and they were seated upon the after-deck in perfect silence, when the moorings were cast off, and the bark was free at last to begin her voyage.

Paul was near them, but nearer than they imagined. His whole being was absorbed in the contemplation of his loved and doubly lost. The pure saint whom he had canonized in his holy zeal, seemed about to take her flight for another world, and he was left poor indeed. There was no hope left for him now. It would have been a consolation to throw himself upon the heroic heart of Rivers in such an extremity, but Rivers was gone also—his foster-brother, whom he had loved with a love passing that of woman, he went with her—and Paul was quite alone. Every moment swept them toward the sea, and shortened this hour of communion. Paul

was pale, and calm, and patient. He was as tender as a woman then; every breath was a benediction given them with the very blood of his broken and crucified spirit. O, martyr! thus to suffer for thy loyalty, and thus be stoned for thy meekness.

The wind increased, and lent a thousand wings to the bark when she dipped in the rising swell as though animated with the boisterous life of the sea. The last dregs of this bitter cup were drunk when the farewell was implied in Paul's hopeless face, for he could not speak it. He entered the skiff that was to bear him back to the city, groaning in the intensity of his despair. He was as a man whose soul was dead within him; pale as a corpse, trembling and speechless, in the mid-waters of the channel he beheld them on their way. Fainter and fainter grew their outlines as he watched them, receding, while the skiff was tossing upon the crest of the waves, and the wind was wet with spray.

The sun had set; the sky was a cloudless canopy of gold, arched and sweeping to the zenith. The ocean, reflecting its lustre, was equally brilliant; and in the centre of the gorgeous picture, against the magnificent draperies of the west, drifted the shadowy *Lapwing*. The very sails were gilded and made silken by the glow of the evening. The gulls seemed dove-like as they wheeled about it. Paul beheld it, and, covering his head, sank under it; for that dim shadow floating down the amber sea, as it vanished with those happy hearts wedded forever, bore away also the youth and the beauty, the strength and the ambition, of a right faithful soul—bore all these with it, beyond the purple curtains of the night.

THROUGH THE VALLEY AND THE SHADOW.

The tide turned, as that precious argosy was lost in the vastness of the night. Back, back, into that sweet vale

where he had first met Hesper, and first known the abiding influences of a pure and honorable love, Paul Rookh, with faltering steps, returned. The very birds seemed to pity him; their songs were sadder, or sounded sadder to his almost paralyzed sensibilities. How often had he almost reached the acme of earthly bliss in that dear place, where he was now to learn the suffering and despair that crush the life out of a man like an overwhelming wave.

Wild and sleepless, he cast himself upon his bed, and did not rise again for several weeks; and in those long hours of delirium, temptations beset him, goading him on to madness. His love-life with Hesper was given back to him, in all its sweetness and purity. She was present in spirit, hovering continually about him. He forever addressed her with infinite tenderness, imploring her retreating apparition to return again to him, if only for a moment. His old life, too, was lived over again in those hours. He was sometimes haunted by that dangerous woman, whose hot breath had more than once flushed his cheek. Could he ever have loved such, he asked himself; and the unstained spirit of the man replied, Never! His mind, now easily excited and overstrained, was imperiled by these visitations; and only by recalling visions of Hesper could that perfidious creature be driven out. It was a weary time for those who watched with him. Long he lay in a prostration that alarmed his physicians. His spirit seemed absent from the body, while the lips gave faint whisperings of its pilgrimage. He walked often among the palms, as in his school-boy days, but it was now in search of Hesper. Sometimes he seemed to catch a glimpse of her form and to give chase, but fruitlessly, and then he would cry piteously to her and to Rivers to wait a little, for he was weary with running. Then he would become entangled in some net of vines,

and struggle in vain to extricate himself; every moment increased his agitation, and at such times his life was endangered. Soon he became so weakened that his delirium was scarcely noticeable: a vague something seemed to interest him, but life was at a low ebb.

Strength to rally was what he needed; and it came to him in a small, sealed packet. He knew the simply and naturally formed letters of the superscription: it was Hesper's own handwriting. Her womanly instincts had prompted her to this tender act. Paul kissed again and again the unbroken seal of the letter; and was very happy indeed, with a childish happiness that was half-hysterical. Then he read it, over and over again. He detected the faint odor of the tropics in its warm and fervent pages. Hesper was very happy—that he could read in every line; why, then, should he be repining? Was it not selfish in him, since Hesper was happy? Hesper was at peace, and prayed him to be so: he would not have denied her any thing for the world. Sooner would he have sacrificed his right hand in the flames than that Hesper should suffer in any way. She desired him to arise and be strong again; for he was wasting a life that might yet yield him a rich harvest. With that thought he revived, and grew stronger, day by day. He was able soon to dictate a genuine, hopeful, and heartfelt reply; and before many weeks, began to wield his pen with his accustomed power.

I suppose this story is about finished; and I'm not sorry.

Probably Paul Rookh hasn't distinguished himself in the eyes of many readers; but that fact doesn't make the slightest difference to him. From this hour, he is worth full twenty of the Pauls it took to make him.

Sometimes I wish that people might stop growing in their golden hour, when

they are *just right*, and ever after slough their skins annually, so as to be eternally fresh and beautiful. It may be so in heaven; though, in that case, some of us will have to peel clean to the bone to begin with! But it also occurs to me that we don't often realize that the hour is golden until it is over and gone. Moreover, some people are always ripening, and are never so good as at the last; and it is probably best as it is. So I will let Paul go out into the world, all alone, stripped of much folly and vain-glory; and I feel in my heart that he will not fail to find earth full of splendid opportunities—waiting, even, to pluck him by the hand as he passes.

Doubtless the fond novelist, having achieved his last chapter, with pardonable egotism sinks into his easy-chair,

and dreams of the possible future of his various characters. Such a vision visits me at this moment. In the bright vista of the hereafter I behold three familiar forms. It is day-break; their eyes beam hopefully; the flattering sun crowns each with a visible halo. Two of these, arm-in-arm, having waved me a farewell, withdraw into domestic privacy, and close their door in my face.

The last approaches me joyfully, and I would fain prevail upon him to go my way; but he delicately insinuates that his path is plainer now, and that he is able and eager to walk it alone: in proof whereof he plunges boldly into the midst of the throng, and becomes a unit in the million. After all, how little the novelist has to do with the affairs of his heroes!

BEATRICE CENCI.

(IN A CITY SHOP-WINDOW.)

Out of low light an exquisite, faint face
 Suddenly started. Goldenness of hair,
 A South-look of sweet, sorrowful eyes, a trace
 Of prison paleness—what if these were there
 When Guido's hand could never reach the grace
 That glimmered on me from the Italian air—
 Fairness so fierce, or fierceness half so fair?

“Is it some Actress?” a slight school-boy said.
 Some Actress? Yes.—

The curtain rolled away,
 Dusty and dim. The scene—among the dead—
 In some weird, gloomy, pillared palace lay;
 The Tragedy, which we have brokenly read,
 With its two hundred ghastly years was gray:
 None dared applaud with flowers her shadowy way—
 Yet, ah! how bitterly well she seemed to play!

—Hush! for a child's quick murmur breaks the charm
 Of terror that was winding round me so.
 And, at the white touch of a pretty arm,
 Darkness and Death and Agony crouch low
 In old-time dungeons:

“Tell me (is it harm
 To ask you?): is the picture real, though?—
 And why the beautiful ladies all, you know,
 Live so far-off, and die so long ago?”

IDEAL WOMANHOOD.

NO. II.

ADVERSITY has been called the Divine diet, dispensed by the beneficent All-Father to the children whom He most tenderly loves. Whether this is admitted or not, it is very certain that we best learn the art of consolation by the endurance of suffering ourselves. By the sharp and heavy blows of affliction, the alabaster-box of human affection is broken, and the aroma of sympathetic love and tenderness is diffused abroad. No character can be properly tempered and burnished until it has been annealed in the furnace of trial.

Our ideal woman has not lacked an experience of this sort. In a former paper, we left our merry-hearted maiden—modest, graceful, and filial—walking the beautiful paths of a true home-life; the dear delight of parents, the help and joy of brothers and sisters, the sprightly and agreeable entertainer of acquaintances and friends, and a kind and beneficent spirit of goodness, to such as find in an outstretched hand encouragement and life. But in the few years that have intervened since then, misfortunes have swept over that home-roof like a tempest.

“Alas! misfortunes travel in a train,
And oft in life form one perpetual chain.”

It was so now. The hard-earned accumulations of years have suddenly vanished, leaving the father bankrupt, and almost palsied with discouragement. Sickness and death have invaded the home-circle. The inspiring genius of that home, the devoted wife and mother, caught a glimpse of beckoning fingers, and flitted starward, breathing out bless-

ing until angel arms received her, and bore her quite out of sight. But the stamp of the mother was left upon her child: she is equal to the responsibilities, great as they are; she is weighed in the balance, and is not found wanting. From sorrow and adversity she has gathered wise resignation, not defiant desperation. She battles with ungracious Fortune, not as a hateful necessity, but as a disciplinary dispensation. By wedding beautiful thoughts to lowly occupations, she finds sincere enjoyment in them. She proves herself the good spirit of love and encouragement to her father, who is prone to drift back into the gulf-stream of old recollections, until Hope seems to turn away her face, and a smothering sense of irreparable loss comes over him like a pain. It must not be supposed that her heart is free from shadows; but, like every true woman, she has learned to suffer and be strong. The soul has been put to school, as well as the body and mind.

There are branches of female education which are not to be learned in academic halls. Our ideal must have full preparation for the part she is to act in that blessed sphere of home, where she is to work out those great moral transformations by which the world is to be redeemed. One of the first and most important lessons is that of self-dependence. Every woman should have an inward principle of self-support. A lady may possess these traits, and be none the less feminine—none the less a true and refined lady. Dependent poverty is one of the saddest and hardest conditions to which a female can be reduced.

Life is a dreary waste to such a victim; and its storms are too often fraught with certain destruction to those who have never learned to suffice and act for themselves.

Home, with its voices of experience, its duties and its trials, is preparing our heroine for the rough world outside. Home is but the dressing-room of life; "the antechamber, which will eventually lead into the world's great assembly hall;" the little world, in which the events of the great world are daily and hourly rehearsed. With its lessons faithfully learned, the loving daughter will be abundantly prepared to fill with fidelity any subsequent station which fortune may assign her. She will be fitted for a glorious and happy womanhood. She is now undergoing the necessary discipline to the attainment of this end. How? By being thrown, in a measure, upon her own resources; by being compelled to think and act for herself; by the assumption of household duties and responsibilities; by sharing the labors and cares of the nursery; by the necessary exercise of self-control and self-conquest; by drawing out and bringing into play her own inventive faculties, in the multitude of perplexing dilemmas incident to domestic life. And all this may be achieved, without subtracting from girlhood one iota of its beauty and joy. It is quite possible to find a healthful aliment in all the little duties incident to domestic life, inspiring ardor in the young soul, as it plumes itself for the gracious duties allied to the chamber, the nursery, the kitchen, and the garden. It is quite possible that enthusiasm, energy, and happiness shall be made to unite in a trinity of potency and power, even amid the homely cares of every-day life. A loving, open-eyed faithfulness goes hand-in-hand with happiness.

Another invaluable lesson to be learned by such an early domestic experience,

is, the wholesome practice of economy. Every true woman should know how to measure her wishes and wants by her means; to adjust her expenses to her income. Wise and judicious expenditure might almost be reckoned among the lost arts. Extravagance is a hydra-headed monster, certain to generate a multitude of evils. It has involved gloom and discouragement in countless happy homes, and spread blight and mildew over hundreds of hopeful, earnest spirits. To this mischievous mania for factitious display may be justly attributed a large proportion of the ill-assorted marriages which are such a curse to society. An overweening desire to appear aristocratic, elegant, and refined has sounded the death-knell of love in many a heart. It has caused many an amiable, but foolish girl, to reject the manly soul whom she loved, and plight her faith in solemn vows to another, when every heart-throb awakened within her the agonizing and ignominious consciousness that she was perjuring herself in every word she uttered. She would not accept the man she loved, because his time was due to toil—hard toil—for daily bread; he had his way to make in the world, and she was not content to walk by his side, cheering him on in the struggle. She prefers to wear a golden sorrow. The sequel tells the story of her suicidal folly. Countless matrimonial shipwrecks attest the fearful peril consequent upon neglect in searching beforehand for possible reefs and quicksands in seas as rich in treasure as the golden waters of the Pactolus. Silver solace may prove a panacea for pride, but it will never suffice as an elixir for a bleeding heart.

But how is it with our ideal woman? Will she manage to steer clear of these dangerous breakers? Suppose we venture within the sacred *penetralia* of her love-nature! We tread now upon holy ground. A luminous sun has risen in

the blue sky of her life. Its warm and penetrating rays have enkindled a new joy in her heart. As she flits from room to room, nimble-footed and musical, there is a shadowy presence at her side. Many a spiritual *tête-à-tête* goes on, unperceived by others, unconsciously almost to herself. The tendrils of her affectional nature are evidently reaching outside the lattice of home. Sad, yet gladsome, is the fact. Love's telegraph has been brought into requisition, and rosy signals are being swiftly interchanged.

The auroral dawn of love is glorious in beauty: it presages wondrous things. We may be pardoned for reveling a little amid scenes so inspiring. We know there comes a time in the life-experience of every individual when the heavens seem to open, and a little bit of paradise is bequeathed to earth. Now, paradise is supposed to be the dwelling-place of Him whose first, best name is Love; and whatever emanates therefrom must necessarily partake more or less of His essence. Angels, and other loving spirits, are supposed to inhabit there. This, doubtless, accounts for the amazing facility with which lovers manage to communicate the heart's hushed secret, without so much as the intervention of a word. They, "like angels, by the eye discourse." It is meet that a thing so subtle, so pervading, so electric as love, should be transmitted through the medium of the eye. Love is fitly incarnated in a look. The most emphatic revelations of the soul come dancing out of the eyes; and such revelations do not pass unheeded. Eyes glistening with love, dart exultant havoc into masculine hearts; and then comes this holiday of romance, at which we have just hinted. Little account is taken of the dull routine of business; things go wondrously awry. Notes in bank go to protest, while soft and tender notes of protest are sent flying in another direction. The dull and prosy

details of this humdrum life are regarded with ineffable disdain by him who is enslaved in the soft captivity of love. All his wits are summoned in committee of the whole to compass a nobler object.

What a magical change has come over all things! The deep-blue sky above has caught the music of the heart, and the very stars whisper lovingly, as they blink and twinkle out the marvelous story of their love. The green earth smiles, and looks wondrously beautiful. Trees bedeck themselves in their fairest drapery, and nod tenderly and sing wooingly to one another. Flowers, in the affluence of a Father's love, breathe only His spirit; they are love's best language; they sweetly interpret the hidden mysteries of the heart. Merry-hearted birds pour forth their love-songs, till it would seem their little throats must burst with very gladness; and all "this waste of music is the voice of love."

What is this all-pervading, all-absorbing passion, that throws a halo of such transcendent beauty over every thing? Is it all a myth? Is it by a mere trick of the imagination that this cheering caloric is so diffused through one's entire being? Do not Divine fingers attune harmonies so ecstatic? Is love definable? Like the aroma of flowers, it is fragrant, pervasive, delightful; yet intangible, and indefinable. It is more intimately connected with our life-happiness than all else, yet we amuse ourselves at its defeats; chat merrily over its untimely workings, and rally and joke its vanquished victims. We do not sufficiently contemplate this wondrous mystery of our being.

"Strange, and passing strange," says Mrs. Jameson, "that the relation between the two sexes—the passion of love, in short—should not be taken into deeper consideration by our teachers and legislators. People educate and legislate as if there were no such thing in the world; but ask the priest, ask the

physician: let them reveal the amount of moral and physical results from this one cause. Must love always be discussed in blank verse, as if it were a thing to be played in tragedies, or sung in songs—a subject for pretty poems and wicked novels—and have nothing to do with the prosaic current of our every-day existence, our moral welfare, and eternal salvation? Must love be ever treated with profaneness, as a mere illusion? or with coarseness, as a mere impulse? or with fear, as a mere disease? or with shame, as a mere weakness? or with levity, as a mere accident? Whereas, it is a great mystery, a great necessity, lying at the foundation of human existence, morality, and happiness—mysterious, universal, inevitable as death.”

Upon the subject of the affections, any amount of prosaic philosophy has been expended. What is most needed now, is, the judicious exercise of a little common sense. “Love *will* go where it is sent,” retorts the headstrong damsel, in response to the expostulations of a fond mother, whose only desire is to see her daughter suitably mated when married. But the “love-lorn maiden” has taken leave of her senses, and has no reason left to be consulted. She sees in her adorable Adonis the embodiment of all that is chivalrous, heroic, peerless, and godlike; whereas, the truth may be, that he is a vain, purposeless, wayward nobody, overflowing with his own littleness; possessed, perchance, of a few cold, negative virtues, coupled with an exaggerated conceit of himself and his own capabilities; weak and incontinent of soul; capable of little but self-admiration, and an egotism that is forever magnifying its possessor. Such a creature is not capable of a genuine affection, for selfishness and an exalted love never live in the same neighborhood; but the poor girl could not be made to believe this, and so, in the face

of all protests, she marries her god, and sadly consents, afterward, to live with a cross between a transmigrated donkey and a humanized pig.

The expression, “falling in love,” has a vast amount of marital infelicity to answer for; as if it were a kind of accidental plunge in the dark, with ten chances to one that it would be a break-neck operation, any way. Genuine love is not a mere passional attraction; its abiding-place is in the soul. It should be guided by judgment, affectional judgment—an intuitive perception of suitability, or adaptedness. We do not advocate a selection from expediency or interest, governed wholly by reason or intellectual appreciation, nor should the dictates of the heart be violated by an exercise of judgment alone; but, in a matter of such vast import, great care should be exercised lest mere fancy, passion, or caprice lead the heart captive. It will not do to affirm that unions are predestined in heaven; that love is intended to be stone-blind, although a majority of marriages would unfortunately confirm the latter assertion. It will not do to trust to chance that the sequel will be glorious; that luck will bring it out all right. Such expressions, in regard to matters of the heart, are as fatal as in all other affairs of life—indeed, they are more so: they are but the wild vagaries of a blind optimism. There must be a judicious and resolute will set toward the practical and sensible; an indomitable purpose to do the wise and right thing in the matter of a life-choice.

Love will bear dissection; poets and dreamers to the contrary, notwithstanding. It is as capable of giving a good and intelligent *raison d'être*, if interrogated, as is friendship; and surely, no one is so chimerical as to cherish a blind infatuation for a friend, without seeing in that friend a reasonable foundation for such esteem. Mere theorists may insist that love is positive, inexorable,

and irresistible; but the sober-minded and practical know just as surely that it is amenable to good judgment and common sense; that it can be held in by bit and bridle, and guided into wholesome paths.

What, then, are some of the causes of so many misalliances? Does not the mischief lie in the fatal facility with which marriages are contracted?—Marrying without sufficient reflection, without studying mutual fitness; marrying for social or moneyed considerations; marrying for beauty, for position, or out of spite. It has been well said, that when a man and woman marry all over and clean through, every faculty and sentiment of each finding its complement and counterpart in the other, there will be no desire for separation or divorce. But when they are only half married; when only a third part of them is married; where they are married only in their instincts, or their imaginations, or their fortunes—the unmarried part of both is very apt to get uneasy, and they find a Bedlam where they looked for an Elysium. Affection, under such circumstances, becomes wonderfully attenuated; and if the parties manage to tug on together, it is because they deem it the less of two evils. They are perpetually fighting a crusade against peevishness and dissatisfaction; the romance of life has all faded out, and reality reveals itself in all its hard severity of outline. An unending perspective of sadness stretches out before, as far as the eye can reach. The present is full of querulousness, fault-finding, and complainings; constant, acrimonious disputes are as vinegar to the spirit; distrust and fear play at battle-door and shuttlecock with what little of weak affection remains, fevering the heart with jealousy, which is, above all, the rank poison of marital life. A great woe holds the poor unfortunate in its iron gripe. A freezing anxiety is congealing the heart. The very effort

to conceal only enhances the grief; for where pain and attempted mirthfulness live in such hateful contiguity, the effect is fearful.

Few, if any, young women, possessing even ordinary endowments, reach their second decade of years without having one or more *affaires de cœur*. The love-market is brisk and open, and there are large and dangerous transactions on that exchange. Childhood has its endemic diseases; young womanhood, not less. But most of these attacks take slight hold, and like the measles, mumps, chicken-pox, and other infantile ailments, pass off without leaving any cicatrices behind; although the patient, at the time, deems the case most desperate.

The pre-eminent virtues and comeliness of our ideal maiden have invited many such invasions. The first unfortunate victim of her innocent conquest was considered "the catch" *par excellence* of the town. He could trace his proud lineage through a long line of distinguished ancestry, into a twilight of improbable remoteness; but unhappily for him, after all this was accomplished, the humiliating fact stared him full in the face, that, like the potato, the best part was underground. He did not recognize the truth, that we inherit nothing justly but what our actions make us worthy of. He was a gentleman—an accomplished, elegant gentleman, as the world goes. He had that high-bred ease and chivalric courtesy that come down, as an inheritance, from generations of judicious leisure. He was cultured, lively, and volatile, and would readily assimilate with one whose distinguishing grace was a cheerful vivacity. He had that fascinating art of "telling little flowerets of compliments with grace and ease;" of supplementing with significance of look and gesture the delicate reticence of word. The misfortune, however, was that he had paid far more attention to

the culture and development of the æsthetic than to the ethic. He "set great store" by his epaulets, and kept them in full, shining splendor; reasoning truthfully, that Mars may be assured in advance of the sweetest smiles that Venus has to offer. His own eye was aloft in social matters; others were not less susceptible to such distinctions, in all probability.

To be sure, he was subject to occasional attacks of "moral vertigo," but even the most sincere well-wishers of our ideal—her father excepted—felt that he would speedily overcome this tendency, and, on the ladder of her strong and wise counsel, climb to a purer life. "A reformed rake makes the best husband," the old adage has it. It is whispered, too, that there may be in him a laxity of principle in other respects: a species of skepticism, to palliate vices; habits of mild profanity; occasional dissipation. But all this is of the most refined and gentlemanly sort. It is carried on in the most inoffensive manner—strictly *sub rosa*—and it is a miracle that even a hint of it has ever transcended the limits of the charmed circle. He is a fast young man, of the most proper kind. His amiable vices are supposed to be entirely esoteric. It would be sheer presumption in a *fiancée* to inquire into matters of so delicate a nature, or even to entertain shadowy thoughts or opinions concerning them. He is accomplished, devoted, wealthy, of fine family, and handsome *physique*: what more can she desire? She would show herself a prude, almost a fool, were she to go prowling around, unearthing his manly indiscretions. Her worldly-wise friends hope she will not so unsex herself. It is a pity that society so abounds with these itinerant venders of ill-starred advice.

Happily for our young lady, she has a conscience alert, and a mind keen to discover an infirmity of moral strength.

She needs not the alms-basket of borrowed opinion. She has taken pains to trace the life-history of her suitor from his childhood, and is forced to the unwilling belief, that boyish inadvertences have expanded into manly vices, although she would hesitate to parade her conviction before others. His heart, too, like his body, has been prematurely worn out; for he has been an unmitigated, gentlemanly flirt, until that amusement has been utterly exhausted. His love-tournaments, heretofore, have been carried on with those who were about as innocent of genuine heart-affection as he dared to be; hence, the results have never been shockingly disastrous.

But now a new era in his love-experience has dawned. An acquaintance with one so pure and ingenuous has awakened a spasmodic fluttering at the heart, which he would dignify with the name of love; and we must do him the justice to admit that it is as genuine a passion as he is capable of entertaining. He is by no means a deceiver—a *soi-disant* lover, tugging about with him the base consciousness that he is only acting a part. Nor is he in a state of "chronic spooniness." It is a genuine heart-matter with him, in so far as that organ is capable of doing duty in the way of love.

Here is one of the severest tests which could be presented to a naturally loving, trustful, and forgiving spirit; especially where a fervent passion has been enkindled toward the one suing for affection. Love begets love; and in the *mirage* of early enthusiasm we are prone to invest our ideals with shining halos of illusive excellence. The lens is beautifully adjusted to magnify the beauties, but to take little or no account of deformities. Then, too, in the matter of moral rectitude, he has learned to make an astonishing display on a very small capital. He exhibits, also, a marvelous ingenuity in inventing excuses for short-comings; he is the very prince of plausibilities,

with such fascinating confessions of timid and reproachful self-abasement. What wonder that he delights to bask in the sunlight of those clear, calm, trustful eyes! She is truth itself, and he feels for her a worshipful reverence. The heart stirs and uplifts itself into an ecstasy at once rapturous and overmastering; the skies are luminous with beauty; he breathes with transport; walks, as it were, upon the clouds, and hears magical music everywhere. He will brook no denial. Opposition only stirs the soil around the roots of his affection, imparting to it a robust life.

She reminds him of his moral obliquities; hints at the fearful possibilities entailed by them; tells him she dare not peril her life-happiness by inviting such experiences. He graciously admits the potency of her plea, but promises reformation. But how is she to be assured that the reform will be genuine? If he appears so, may he not be insidiously concealing his vices to make sure of his prize; with this secured, may he not gradually throw off the mask, and return to former haunts and dissipations? Infirmities of this sort are seldom healed. Like cutaneous disorders, they disappear for a time, but speedily make themselves visible in fresh eruptions. No wealth of affection, virtue, graces, or accomplishments can permanently hold a character like this. Fugitive pleasures suit best. He may be rich, courtly, handsome; but dearly is such tinsel purchased by a union with them, if moral rectitude be wanting. Could we read on the secret heart the records of wretched wives, we should realize the terrible woe which such mistakes inevitably produce.

Do not suppose our ideal maiden to be one of those withered exotics, who discover indecorum in all enjoyments in which they are not privileged to participate—one of those decorous souls who never unloose their trig, tight-laced cor-

sets. There is nothing of the ascetic or prude about her. Life is brimful of beauty and joyousness; but she understands that a compromise of principle will always prove ruinous. With all her vivacity, she has sufficient self-poise to let good, plain common sense analyze facts, group conclusions, force conviction, and determine action. She permits no infirmity of moral courage to weaken her judgment. She knows that the sweet romance of love will read very differently, when "it has crystallized down into the permanent forms of daily existence under the same roof, and at the same table and fireside, year in and year out, for summer and winter, for sickness or health, for better or for worse, clear on to the door-way of death." When Love launches his beautiful bark, it is wreathed with orange-blossoms and manned with rosy congratulations from smiling friends; but little account is taken of storms and clouds ahead. Happy, if, when the tempest overtakes it, there be found underlying the decorated hull, ribs of oak and beams of strength and tenacity.

By a miracle of will-power, a prodigy of moral vitality, our heroine rises superior to the importunities of her suitor, the cheap advice of her worldly-wise friends, and the love-drawings of her own warm heart. She permits reason and common sense to plead. A few prayers and an earnest struggle, and she is free. She throws out pickets to guard against surprise; principle, not caprice, is the watchword of her life. In her, as in every true womanly nature, there exists the necessity to honor, as well as to adore; to trust most where she loves most. When the idol is discovered to be naught but clay, the worship becomes cold and formal, or ceases entirely. Respect is the very foundation-stone of a permanent, vitalized affection; and the more highly organized, the more imperative the necessity for

this. The more perfect the instrument, the more extreme its delicacy; slight jars derange its harmonies. Those whose thoughts and feelings move along on the same steady diapason, have not so much to fear. The lower form of love—a mere passional attraction—may suffice to hold such together: the organ that gives birth to this species of love has its home at the base of the brain, and is of the earth, earthy. But the love that is heaven-born and abiding; that lies at the foundation of all true happiness; that achieves all that is worth achieving; that makes earth beautiful and joyous; that is equal to the tug and toil of this work-a-day life; that knows every attitude of self-sacrifice, whose very essence consists in the capability of annulling self—such a love has its rise in an organ high on the fore-front of the brain, towering heavenward, and its home is in the very centre of the æsthetic family of graces; such as Hope, Reverence, Ideality, and Fancy.

Years ago, from one of Beecher's marvelous inspirational efforts, we jotted down the following beautiful and

truthful delineation of the different forms of love. It could scarcely be excelled. He says: "The lower forms of love are rude, brief, and slenderly fruitful. It is the yearning of one toward another, without any offices of reason interposed: it is the love of the udder, and not of the heart. Love springing from that part of the mind which is nearest to God, in sympathy with the spiritual and eternal, is an electrical connection with heaven itself, and emits its flashes and its inspirations. None can truly and wholly love, except those whose life is the unfolding of their whole nature on the plane of Christianity. A full and perfect love, then, is one in which two natures match each other in every faculty, so that moral life is reciprocal; so that thought-life is interchangeable; so that taste-life is harmonious; so that affectional life is competitive and stimulating; and so that all the under-faculties are sobered and trained, and brought into unison, by the religious nature. Two full beings, each provocative of all that is true, and sweet, and right, and kind, and noble—these are, in the divine sense, lovers."

PACIFIC SEA-COAST VIEWS.

WHEN plying along the Pacific shores of the western continent, the changing scenery, together with the varied bearing and different modes of life among the races who people an almost unbroken extent of territory, reaching near the poles, are full of curious interest to the observer. After passing the Diego Ramires—those isolated, barren rocks, situated in the region of Cape Horn—which are the abode of the howling sea-lion and the resorting-places of the screaming sea-fowl, in the midst of mountainous waves and terrific gales that play havoc with ship and crew, we come

to that remote Tierra del Fuego, where gloomy weather prevails, and storm follows storm in quick succession: This "land of fire"—as named by its ancient discoverer—is high, broken, and of that dark, forbidding appearance which is well in keeping with the depressing atmosphere prevailing throughout the year. The highest elevations ever wear a wintry garb, although many of the lower hills are covered with verdure. The forests, principally consisting of beech, birch, willow, and winter bark, grow quite uniformly to the height of forty or fifty feet, looking at a distance, when in

full leaf, like an even field of shrubbery. On landing, one finds every thing dank and cheerless. The natives, too, present an appearance even more repulsive than the country, over which they roam in semi-vagrant bands, generally by families, huddled in rude bark-canoes, which are propelled with small paddles by the women and children. In their frail skiffs, fire is kept constantly smoldering on a hearth of half-submerged stones, which imparts a degree of comfort to those miserable and hideous creatures, who are low of stature, ill-shapen, and covered with filth that disguises their coppery skins. They go barefoot, and with no clothing except a scanty piece of seal-skin partially covering one shoulder, which is changed from side to side to shield them from the driving storms. Their weapons are spears pointed with bone, and long slings to cast stones. With the former they take fish, found in plenty among the thick beds of kelp; these, with shell-fish, that abound, wild celery, and hardy berries that grow about the shores, constitute their daily food. No fixed habitation gives them an attachment for home, as they wander from place to place, building their huts behind some sheltered nook, where mussels and clams are at hand in profusion. Their contracted dwellings, perhaps four feet in height, and occupying double the ground-space, are built of brush-wood, covered with grass and turf; or they are formed, like a cone, from the trunks of small trees, the crevices being filled with twigs and earth. These structures are devoid of all comfort, except to Fuegians. A more degraded people could hardly exist; yet with strangers they are quite talkative, and cheerful, even to boisterous laughter. Their voices are musical, and they are addicted to chanting their varied, plaintive song, the *ha-ma-la*. When approaching ships or boats, the men will sometimes vociferate an harangue; but they converse with each oth-

er in low monotonous. Unlike the savages of the northern antipodes, the women do but little work; the men providing food, and building the huts and canoes. The mothers manifest a fondness for their children; still, they are quite willing to barter them for a few trifles. Both sexes are great mimics, are fond of ornaments, and are prone to thieving. The whole life of the Fuegians may be regarded as a forlorn hope of wandering human beings, scarcely elevated above the brute, seeking a precarious subsistence about the broken shores of the bays and inlets within their isolated land.

Crossing the Strait of Magellan, we come to Patagonia, which reaches northward to the Argentine country and that of Chile. It is bounded, on one side, by the boisterous South Atlantic; on the other, by the Pacific. The Cordillera of the Andes, rising to the height of six thousand feet, runs through its entire length. These abrupt elevations are said to descend, terrace by terrace, toward the east to the ocean; while, to the west, a diversified region reaches to the broken and precipitous coast, skirted by innumerable islands of every sombre hue, with changing peaks, cliffs, and chasms. The Antarctic gales roll in upon the bleak shores—an overgrown swell—raising a fearful surge about the outlying rocks and rugged points. Along the bases of the Andes a fringe of woods may be seen, and patches of clear land, cultivated by the natives, produce wheat, maize, and other cereals; but as a whole, the country is desolate, and has a rigorous climate. Its inhabitants are a stalwart race, tinged with the universal bronze of the American aborigines; and they are equally as fond of tawdry ornaments, and of painting the face. Their habitations are tents formed of poles, and covered with skins. Their clothing is “a long mantle, made from the peltries of the *guanaco*, and loose breeches and buskins.” The Patagonians are

bred to hardship, daring, and treachery, yet susceptible in some instances of hospitality to those who may be regarded as friendly. They lead a nomadic life; and, should opportunity offer, are ever ready for combat and for plunder. Mounted on their wild steeds, they course about the mountain passes, over the *pampas*, and through the valleys, pursuing the ostrich, and hunting the *guanacos* and wild cattle with the *bolas*, lance, and *cuchillo*; the captured animals furnishing them their chief supply of food. The principal tribes inhabiting the whole domain are said to acknowledge various petty leaders, who maintain but little sway; for they have never submitted to any positive authority, and the Spaniards sought in vain to conquer even those who prowled around the frontiers adjoining Chile.

And now we come to a land teeming with subjects of interest on every hand. By referring to the map, it will be seen that its boundaries reach, on the north, to the parallel of twenty-five degrees, uniting with the meagre portion of Bolivia that reaches the ocean; and on the east, limited by the continuous chain of the Andes, that, as it were, shades the fertile valleys, yielding their fields of grain and luxuriant herbage; diversified, here and there, by the retiring hills—rich with gold, silver, and copper—which are relieved, at intervals, by belts of timber. To the west, a picturesque shore, varying in height, breasts the Pacific. A salubrity of climate pervades the whole area; and the inhabitants of this favored land, situated nearly without the Tropic of Capricorn, seem to be imbued with a degree of superior characteristics engendered by the genial and invigorating atmosphere. Those of the old Spanish blood are said to speak the language with that purity and graceful accent truly Castilian. Chile, too, is further advanced in civilization and in wise legislation, encouraging improve-

ments in mechanics and agriculture, as well as the arts and sciences. Religious tolerance is also enjoyed. In fact, the republic seems rapidly advancing toward all those refinements which are in keeping with the highest state of civilization; and may it not deservedly be called the New England of South America? If it be true, as usually averred by the philosopher, that where Nature has been most prodigal in her gifts pertaining to the earth, there the occupants are found less endowed with energy, industry, and the higher order of intellect, it is not so in Chile; for its inland borders are guarded, and its tropical division tempered, by the snowy peaks of the Cordillera of the Andes, and refreshed during summer by the strong winds from the south, while to the west it is circumscribed by the listless sea, as if to protect the prolific country from those political discussions that too often convulse American republics, whose extent and diversity of territory create opposing interests, which prove fatal to private, as well as national, welfare.

The principal commercial sea-ports are Valdivia, Lota, Talcahuana, Constitucion, Valparaiso, Coquimbo, Huasco, and Caldera. The first mentioned is situated on the south side of a swift river of the same name, nine miles from its mouth; but, farther toward its source this rapid water-course, which is constantly fed by the heavy rain-falls, takes the name of the Calla-Calla. Valdivia is the great lumber-port of Chile, but its supplies are not adequate to the demands of the flourishing northern towns and cities; and at the present time, large imports of heavy timber and deals come from Puget Sound, in Washington Territory. Valdivia was founded by Don Pedro de Valdivia, or Baldivia, in 1551, and was destroyed by the Araucanians, in 1559. In 1643 it was taken by the Dutch; but, although they built strong forts, they were soon compelled to evac-

uate. In 1835, the whole place was laid in ruins by a fearful earthquake. Notwithstanding all reverses, and the drawback of being contiguous to the battle-grounds of the unconquered Araucanians, it has considerable commerce. Those brave warriors of the Patagonian clan are still often seen leagues to the northward of the port, by passing ships, riding along the high table-lands, mounted on their rough-riding chargers, and brandishing their war weapons in boasting exultation of their victorious prowess.

Lota is only important for its exports of coal. Talcahuana, near the head of Talcahuana Bay, has been the *dépôt* for the city of Concepcion, which is six miles distant; but now the thriving towns of Pinco and Tome, situated on the opposite shore, are becoming rivals. The trio are the outlets for the large products of the fertile interior, which consist of cattle, grain, flour, wine, fruit, vegetables, wool, and copper. The thriving town of Constitucion is on the west shore of the Maule, a swift river, draining a fruitful valley, and bearing the ladened hoys and steamers, freighted with produce, to the ocean, where they run before the fresh summer trade-wind over the broad highway to their great mart, Valparaiso. This is the chief commercial city of Chile, and one of the first in South America. The view, when approaching from the west, has much to inspire feelings of lively interest. On either hand, the bay is studded by elevated and broken land, which changes its dark shades with ridge and cliff; and at its head the picturesque city rests on the naturally terraced, rocky hill-side, reflecting its quaint beauty in the undulating waters, whose constant surf whitens along the crescent shore, sounding its knell at midnight-hours through the quiet streets, drowning the cries of the patrolling watchman, in his stealthy saunterings. The distant view from seaward, at early dawn, reveals the Andes in all their grandeur,

defining the eastern limits of the peaceful republic; and then, as you approach still nearer, the receding elevations of the mountain-chain appear as if wasting away in the murky haze of the morning, like the mighty waves of the ocean after a boisterous gale. Then, as you close in with the coast, the white beacon of Piedra Blanca is seen, marking the southern headland; or, if it be night, its steady light directs the care-worn mariner clear of the hidden dangers that beset him.

It was a dismal winter evening, in 1851, that we were off the roadstead, anxiously working our ship, with every favoring wind-flaw, toward the anchorage. A heavy swell was heaving in, and the high rollers, beating upon the bold coast, resounded oppressively as the fitful land-breeze filled the light, lofty sails; while the far-off volcanic peak of Aconcagua flashed its lurid light, as if boding disaster. Slowly we coursed along till the signal-lights of the shipping were seen, and the shouts and calls of the boatmen were distinctly heard, as they groped among the numerous fleet in the blinding darkness. We could hear, too, the seamen working with hurry and bustle to secure their ships against the impending storm; for a norther was close upon us.* Day dawned, however, before our vessel swung to her anchors; night came again, and with it the gale burst in all its fury. The sea soon arose to a fearful height, and nothing could be heard but the howling of the blast through the rigging, and the washing of the spray over the bow of the ship. Night came again, but the gale was still raging; the whole bay seemed one waving sheet of phosphorescent foam, while ship after ship dragged its anchors and came in collision with some other. The first streak

*The "northers," or *temporales*, are heavy gales, accompanied with much rain, that occasionally blow along the coast during the winter months, and sometimes cause much damage.

of dawn faintly gleamed through the dismal sky, to make the scene more dreary; and, amid the hail and rain, numbers of vessels were still driving—with their heavy ground-tackle—before the awful tornado, causing one to strike against the other with a reeling crash of spars and timbers, and in brief time they were helpless wrecks.

We watched anxiously a beautiful American schooner lying broad in the bay, when she parted her cables. The officer in charge, seeing no other alternative, run his craft before the gale for the shore, hoping thereby to gain one chance of saving the wretched crew. The gallant little vessel bounded over the heavy, breaking billows, and plunged into the high-bounding foam near the shore—and that was the last seen of the vessel, and all on board. A huge *vapor*, which was anchored, with steam up, being unable to breast the wind and waves, drifted into the *olas altas* along a sandy beach; and soon the fragments of the fated vessel strewed the shore.

At meridian, the gale abated. Then light, fanning airs from the southward stilled the wild waters, and again the noisy boatmen were afloat, rowing among the fleet, and the *lanchas*, filled with freight from the ships of every clime, passed to and fro, as though no spiteful *huracan* had swept along its winter track.

In spring-time, and during summer, nothing can be more pleasant than the climate of middle Chile; and Valparaiso, its metropolis, is full of life during the mild season. On landing at the mole, one finds it thronged with people of the varied castes incident to the mixed blood of the Indian, African, European, and Anglo-American. The various costumes, likewise, of fantastic fashions and showy colors, add much to the pleasing spectacle. At the head of the landing-place is the Exchange; a fine building, eighty *varas* in length, sur-

mounted by an elegant tower. From a tall flag-staff signals are made, telling the height of the barometer, prognosticating the approach of the *temporal*, and announcing the arrival of vessels in the offing. From the mole, you pass under the broad archway of the *Bolsa* into the *plaza*, where, on one side, is the Governor's residence. The city may be said to extend around the water-front for more than three miles; and in name is divided into two parts, one called El Puerto, which is the commercial portion, and the other the Almendral. Besides the public buildings before mentioned, there are the extensive customs warehouses, churches, monasteries, nunneries, hospitals, and a fine theatre, situated in the Plaza de la Victoria, which adorns the Almendral. The Plaza de la Municipalidad affords a pleasure-ground in the western limits of El Puerto. The time of the foundation of Valparaiso is not definitely known; but it was scarcely more than a barren waste in 1543. Soon after, however, a cluster of huts sprang up, inhabited by fishermen; and a Peruvian vessel called annually, bringing European goods. Toward the end of the seventeenth century it acquired some importance, in consequence of Chile beginning to export grain to Peru. In the year of the independence, 1818, the population of the city did not exceed 5,000. In 1832 it had swelled to 20,000; in 1847, it was 40,000; and at the present time it exceeds 80,000.

Although El Puerto and the Almendral both have vastly improved within the last score of years, yet there is much about the city as of "days ago." Still the armed *sereno*, on his *caballo*, is at his post, as well as those on foot, ever watchful and efficient—features which have distinguished the police force of Valparaiso since the days of Portales. Then there is the jouncing *virlocho*, with its postilion in saddle beside the shaft-horse. The iron road and easy

car can not lure all from the dashing curricule of old Spain. Then there are the imposing habitations of the monks and nuns, and the massive cathedrals sounding forth chiming peals from their silvery bells, betokening the hours of devotion, when all in the streets—who are of the faith—pause, and offer up a prayer in smothered cadence. In the principal commercial *calle* may be seen trains of mules, laden with valuable metals extracted from the distant mines of the Andes. The *ranchero*, too, with his broad hat and other simple habiliments, with long goad in hand, driving his ox-team, the animals yoked by the horns, drawing the queer and cumbersome cart, with its block wheels, which is peculiar to Chile. Then there is the swarthy Indian, astride his *caballo de carga*, both horse and rider being quite hidden in the burden of long, fresh grass brought from the green fields of the distant valley to vend in the market-place. In truth, the whole city, as it lies clustered over the intervalles, or perched up along the steep declivities, with its tiled or thatched roofs, teems with many objects which exhibit a pleasant, animated, and vivid picture of Spanish-American life.

Still northward comes Coquimbo, situated under the tropical line, which is not subject to the violent gales of the south, or the depressing influence of an equatorial sun. Really, the weather is so invariably fine, the climate so even, and the air so clear, as to have caused the city to be named "*La Serena*." But the true town of La Serena is six miles farther northward, or around the bay. It is well laid out, the streets crossing each other at right angles. Nearly every domicile has a garden attached, screened by beautiful trees, among which are the myrtle, olive, palm, and orange; but all the tenements are of one story, on account of the prevalent earthquakes, to which the whole coast is subject. The buildings are principally *adobes*;

and among the public ones are seven churches. The inhabitants of this quiet city are noted for their kindness and hospitality to strangers. Coquimbo proper is on the west side of Coquimbo Bay. It is a village of more than two hundred dwellings, scattered somewhat promiscuously. There is one principal street, and its public buildings are the Collector's office, Post-office, and the church, which is ever present and principal in all the settlements along the coast. Coquimbo is much frequented by foreign ships, and its chief export is copper.

The port of Huasco, still northward, is only an open roadstead, where vessels find shelter from the southern "trades." The town consists of about fifty houses, which are scattered among the rocks near the shore-line. The country immediately around is extremely barren, and has nothing to please the eye of the traveler who seeks either business or pleasure, except that it is the *embarcadero* for the products of the considerable inland town of Ballenar, and copper from the mines adjacent.

Farther northward is the town of Caldera, situated near the shore of a small bay. The place came into existence in 1850, despite the dreary aspect of the surrounding plateau, which is a desert of drifting sand, with here and there a few blackened rocks protruding, and with no fountain of fresh water within a long *jornada*. But the mines at this point required a port in such a locality, to enable them to be worked successfully; and the rich copper ores are now transported from the original deposits to the pier by rail, and the silver upon the backs of mules, as of olden time. Fresh water was obtained by distilling apparatus. The progressing town is said to be well designed, and has some fine buildings, while others are of the most humble construction. And by means of the "iron horse," the products of the

fruitful valleys and the grazing sides of the distant mountains are brought into communion with the desert city, nestled among the sand dunes.

Leaving the shores of Chile, we come to Bolivia. Its chief port is Cobija. The coast-line of the province extends from near Hueso Prado to the Rio Loa, lat. $21^{\circ} 30'$ S. From the ocean far inland spreads a barren waste; and its possession being of little importance, the exact boundaries between Chile and Peru have not yet been marked. The whole desert of Atacama, which stretches from the southern confines of Peru along the sea-line of Bolivia, and reaches to the northern extreme of Chile, is a parched country, where rain never falls, and it lies under a vertical, burning sun; while the southerly winds that cool the summers of Chile are like a simoom in temperature as they blow faintly over this arid region. The settlement of Cobija is scattered along the beach, at the foot of abrupt and lofty hills. The dwellings and other buildings present a neat appearance, principally ranging along one street. The harbor only protects from southerly winds, and whatever is exported is borne on the backs of *cargadores* through the surf. The number of inhabitants may be 1,500; and for their protection, a fort stands on the point to the south of the bay, and a band of soldiers guard the opposite shore. A scanty supply of brackish water is conducted from the neighboring hills, and doled out daily, by the authorities, to each family; and cattle for slaughtering—their only supply of meat—are driven from the plains of Buenos Ayres. Much of the yield of the copper-mines, near by, is shipped from Gatica and Aldodon, a few leagues to the northward.

Leaving Bolivia we come to the more extensive coast of Peru, which reaches from the Rio Loa to the Tumbes. The whole province, with every diversity of scenery and climate, has been the thea-

tre of fearful and thrilling events, from the last days of the Incas up to the present generation. The cruel and blood-stained conquest of Pizarro was followed by the total destruction of all those institutions which were the foundation of patient industry, that insured a competence to all, and fostered contentment throughout the golden land of those good and simple aborigines. And when one reflects on the contrast between the happy life of those "children of the sun" and that of their vile conquerors, who can wonder at the retribution, as if providentially meted out to them? And the history of the subjugated country since the days of the conquerors is that of revolution succeeding revolution, until the whole domain has been desolated by fire and sword, with anarchy prevailing in every hamlet. Still more, as though to heighten the terror of calamities, the appalling *temblor de tierra* has razed towns and cities to the ground, or buried them beneath the "tidal waves," and spread devastation in every quarter.

As we work northward, the first haven of commercial importance is Iquique, which is protected from the prevailing winds by a small, low island, once a deposit of guano. The landing is through a cluster of rocks to the beach. A mole juts out sufficiently for boats to land at the steps, but all exports are borne through the surf on the backs of *cargadores* to the *balsas* that lie near the edge of the breakers. These odd transports receive the burdens of the half-amphibious carriers, and float them to the lighters, which go alongside the vessels. In the general acceptation of the name "*balsa*," one imagines a sort of raft ingeniously constructed of logs, so as to be tenable for making quite a voyage at sea; but the *balsa* of Iquique is only two inflated seal-skins, with four pieces of light wood secured to them as a sort of platform, on which the load is placed. When not required for use the *balsa* is

removed, and the air-filled skins are vented, when the *cargador* throws them over his shoulder—like a Fuegian garment—and backs them to the storehouse, to be again used when the next vessel comes for cargo.

The lower portion of the old town of Iquique was washed away by the incoming sea, caused by the earthquake of 1868. The new town is built higher up and to the southward of the old one, close to some high hills. Its inhabitants are estimated at 6,000, who are chiefly dependent on the production of the inexhaustible deposits of nitrate of soda in the vicinity, which are extensively worked, although the supply taken out is not equal to the demand. Formerly Iquique was the shipping-place for the silver-mines of Huantajaya and Santa Rosa. But the nitrate trade seems to have absorbed nearly all the other interests. The price of labor is extremely high, as the place is subject to a disease called the *peste* during the summer months, and every thing for the subsistence of men and animals comes from abroad, except fresh water, which is distilled from the sea. Landward, there is nothing but naked mountains of rock and dazzling sand, and every thing looks lifeless, save the busy town and the locomotive, with its train of cars, running to and from the mines. But, with all its local disadvantages, Iquique is advancing, and vessels of the largest class may often be seen waiting in the roadstead to receive their cargoes, which are dug from the bowels of the earth.

Arica, in time past, was much frequented, it being the outlet for the mines of Potosi. It has still considerable trade in Peruvian bark, wool, copper and silver ores, which come from Bolivia; and fruits, flowers, and vegetables are shipped to the desert towns of Iquique, Cobija, and Copiapo. Here, also, vessels can obtain ample supplies of fresh provisions. The town has repeatedly suf-

fered from earthquakes; and the one of 1868, with its treble swoop of the sea, caused almost complete ruin, not only here, but southward to Bolivia, and northward to Callao. So that the Spanish-Peruvian cities that enlivened the seashores can never again be seen as once they stood, relieving the surrounding Pacific landscape; but yet, the long, winding ridge of the Andes reveals its hoary peaks, sparkling in their distant elevations, and shedding their majestic splendor over the peculiar *tierra*, whose inhabitants cling to their trembling homes like the helpless seaman to the stranded wreck, and the heavy freighters and the tiny brigantines pursue their trade along the coast, entering and departing from the many ports with the various products of the land, which is so rich in natural wealth. The precious ores, oil, fruit, *italia*, guano, sugar, rice, grain, salt, and spice are among the articles that pass through Islay, Atica, Pisco, Callao, Truxillo, Lambyeque, Payta, and other places more remote that are merely small *embarcaderos*.

The Tumbes divides Peru from Ecuador, where it empties into the Gulf of Guayaquil; and, although a short and turbid river, it is distinguished as being the place where Pizarro first landed his motley clan of determined adventurers. Here they found a village, with an Inca's palace and other public structures; but not a trace is now left to indicate their primitive foundations. The banks of the river are covered with rank, spontaneous herbage, where not cultivated by the swarthy planters; and the alligator basks in the midday sun unmolested, with here and there a canoe, shallow, or log *balsa* floating quietly on the sluggish stream. The present site of the village, having the same name as the river, is on the left shore, six miles from its mouth. Formerly a large fleet of whalers resorted thither for supplies of vegetables to take on their tedious off-shore cruises.

The place is but a group of tenements, built, after the usual manner, of reeds and mud-plaster, with thatched roofs, or only a slight covering for present necessities.

At one time we chanced to pass a week in the place, and, through the kindness of our Consul, visited some of the hospitable residents. Every thing seemed in primitive style, but our cordial welcome made up for what might have been lacking in show or convenience. Our first of several calls was on Don Juan —, who was among the highest officials, although he lived in a *casa chica*, the floor of which was of the virgin earth, darkened and enriched, doubtless, by the constant use of the variety of occupants. We found the master of the house sitting with a feathered companion, enjoying a cigarette: that is, Don Juan was smoking, but his noisy house-mate was not, he being a large game-cock, tied to the leg of a huge table, on which rested a bottle of fiery *aguardiente*, with three glasses. Our kind host tried in vain to entertain us with a prolific effusion from his tongue, for his proud room-mate, in high tones, kept up such a continual crowing as to drown all voices but his own; so, by general consent, we three drank a pantomimic bumper. Then bowing our-

selves into the street, we walked to the residence of General B——, which was truly a spacious structure, with whitened walls and a high, peaked roof, that made the interior cool and refreshing. The ground-floor was covered with clean, white sand, marked off in diamonds. The apartment in which we were received was nicely furnished, in the usual mode of the higher classes, and all bespoke an air of refinement, not met with elsewhere in our ramble. The General is mentioned as a fine specimen of the soldier, who gave us a hearty reception. The young ladies of the house soon came to greet us: they were beautiful in figure and complexion. Then came the mother, who really possessed more charms than her daughters. On entering the room she took the cigar from her mouth, and, after passing the usual salutations, pressed us to join her in a social smoke.

During our agreeable sojourn in the village, we saw enough of its inhabitants to convince us that "man wants but little" in the genial climate of Peru to pass a life of indolence. For there it requires but partial industry to maintain an existence in a measure respectable; and the same may be said of all the small settlements along the Pacific coast, from tropic to tropic.

TUSCULUM.

A TWO-HOURS' ride over the Campagna, through fertile fields — where poppies and gay-colored flora made the ground a vast pattern of living mosaic, and where the broken arches of aqueducts, and the ruins of Roman tombs, told of the past and its glories — brought us to the termination of our railway jaunt: the station of Frascati. For weeks we had resided within the Eter-

nal City, its walls forming the boundary of our explorations; and our only glimpses of the free, open life of the country were obtained from the massive roof of the Baths of Caracalla. From this elevation we had often looked over the intervening plain, till our eyes rested upon the gentle hills of Albano, dotted with white villages, and clothed with green forests, with ever and anon some

high peak lifting itself into the air, catching the fleecy clouds that floated through the blue sky, and holding them as a mantle of light, till the wind swept them away on their course. Our eyes having often beheld these pleasant hills, we soon desired a nearer acquaintance with them; and finally, one fair morning in early spring we forsook the old city, designing to spend a quiet day among the birds and trees, with naught of civilization around us, save grassy mounds and ivy-mantled ruins. As the station was at the bottom of the hill, and the town of Frascati occupied a high table-land some distance above, we were obliged to hire a cab to transport us thither. The ride was a most beautiful one, along a smooth turnpike, winding up the mountain in a gradual, serpentine manner. The gorge through which it ascended was eminently Italian, with bold rocks, softened by moss and lichen, jutting out and overhanging the road on one side, while, on the other, it was fenced in by stone-walls overgrown with ivy, trailing vines, and roses, rendering the air fragrant with perfume. Cabs and calashes, donkeys laden with panniers, and people bearing burdens on their heads, moved up and down, giving life, animation, and picturesque-ness to the scene.

Arrived at the town, we became at once the centre of attraction; our dress and manner betraying that we belonged to the *forestiari*, which fact was sufficient to cause all the idlers—of whom every Italian town can boast an indefinite number—to take a deep interest in us: some from motives of curiosity, some in the hope of obtaining a few *baioccos* by their persistent begging, and others desiring to serve us as guides and donkey-boys. After considerable difficulty, we singled out a stout, hearty fellow; and, accompanying him to his stable, endeavored to effect a bargain for donkeys and a guide to Tusculum. In Naples and Rome, our hearts had

been made sick by the cheating and knavery to which we were exposed on every hand; but being now in the rural districts, we felt confident that we had entered into the Utopia of Italian honesty and truthfulness. Alas for our ideas of mountain freedom as conducive to a higher degree of purity than that enjoyed by cosmopolitan mortals! Our donkey-man began by demanding twenty-seven *liri* for the use of his animals and the company of his valuable self; at our remonstrances against his exorbitant price, he shrugged his shoulders, looked pityingly at us, and fell to enumerating the merits of his beasts; and it was only upon our turning to leave that he, in despair of swindling us, agreed to our offer of *six liri*. An American, in making this concession, would have felt humbled to the dust; but our handsome peasant was not at all discomposed by his defeat, and immediately began to saddle his animals for the trip, during which he proved himself a most agreeable and companionable *cicerone*.

Having some time to spare while his preparations were in progress, we walked about the town, accompanied by an escort of children and beggars. Frascati, although containing but four thousand inhabitants, is a cathedral-town, and the see of a Bishop. It is most pleasantly situated upon a spur of the Alban Hills, overlooking the Campagna, and having in its immediate vicinity the villas and country-seats of many of the princely families of the Pontifical City, who, during the *villeggiatura*, make it their summer residence. The cathedral is a large Romanesque structure, standing in the central piazza; and, although noticeable on account of its size, is devoid of ornament, and can boast but few pictures. In common with all churches in Italy, it is always cool and comfortable in warm weather, and is generally the only spot where strangers can obtain quiet and repose, undisturbed by the

whines of beggars and the clamor of officious guides. It proved a most acceptable retreat to us; for entering it, we left the rabble in the square, while a side-door gave us exit into a little street, where the donkeys were in waiting.

Leaving Frascati, we struck a narrow bridle-path, leading upward, in the winding, sinuous manner peculiar to mountain roads. Shortly after our departure from the town we reached the Villa Aldebrandini; at which, through the instigation of our guide, we dismounted, and were immediately taken in charge by the custodian of the place. The *casino*, a large Tuscan building, flanked by wings, was grand in appearance, and profusely ornamented. Before the principal entrance ran a colonnade of pillars, festooned with creepers, and adorned by statues; while fountains of running water, and vases of tropical plants, rendered the spot exquisitely beautiful, suggesting the court-yard of the Oriental palace of some Eastern prince. The grounds surrounding the house were tastefully laid out with parterres of flowers, summer-house, and rustic retreats, having intricate foot-paths and broad carriage-ways intersecting them. Beyond this villa we continued up the bridle-path, passing through clumps of stout pines standing in solemn groups together, or winding through thick copses of live-oak and olive-trees. The trunks of these olive-trees were much decayed, and gnarled and twisted into every conceivable shape. Clothed as they were in glossy, oval leaves and green fruit, they formed a pleasing contrast to the straight cypresses and pines, to which we had so long been accustomed.

At length, after a pleasant ride, we reached Tusculum, or the heap of ruins now denoting where once stood the great city which had successfully resisted the attack of Hannibal, who in frequent battles with Rome had often proved the victor, till she achieved the honor of be-

ing considered the chief of the Latin cities, "the proudest town of all." Whoever has read Macaulay's *Battle of Lake Regillus*, will remember the prominent position in the league of the Thirty Cities which he ascribes to Tusculum. Her name and her banner seemed invincible, and her warriors, led by the brave Mamilius, were among the most valiant of ancient times. As I stood amid the mounds marking the site of this once famous city, I saw in fancy the walls crowded with old men and children, eagerly watching for tidings of the battle in progress on the borders of the lake, with every nerve and muscle strained to catch the faintest sound indicating the victory that was sure to attend their standards. How bitter must have been their disappointment, how great their despair, when they beheld the riderless steed of their chieftain flying up the steep mountain path! Frenzy-mad from the heat of battle, and bewildered by the loss of his master,

"He rushed through the gates of Tusculum,
He rushed up the long, white street;
He rushed by tower and temple,
And paused not from his race
Till he stood before his master's door,
In the stately market-place."

And now all was changed. The broad, white street was there still, but choked up with *débris* and rubbish, with grass growing from its polygonal blocks of lava; the stately temple and pillared forum had crumbled to decay, and the tolerably perfect ruins of the theatre, and the remains of a large *piscena*, or cistern, were all that remained to attest to the former splendor of Tusculum. Nature, however, had taken pity upon the fallen city, and, as it decayed, had robed it in garments of beauty and grace. Green grass and tall trees grew over the mounds; ivy and wild roses trailed from the broken walls; jonquils and delicate blue flowers crept from the interstices of brick-work, while the rich stems of the golden-rod waved in the passing breeze. Where

once had gathered mighty men and noble matrons, the green-backed lizard glided at will; where once the learned *savans* had assembled to legislate and to decide grave matters of importance, our voluble guide reined in his steed, and expatiated upon the fame of *questo antico Tuscalano*. We scarcely heeded his babbling; but each of us was busied with his own reflections, thinking what vain names Fame and Power were; how the mighty were sure to fall; how city after city, and nation after nation, were swept away, and yet how the unconscious world moved on; and how Minerva smiled as sweetly upon those who were uppermost to-day, as she did in bygone ages upon the men whose memory has faded away. Surely the graves of the forgotten dead, and the ruins of once powerful cities, are startling commentaries upon the ending of the Vanity Fair in which we are all moving.

The view obtained from the summit of the Tusculum Hill is extremely beautiful, comprising a landscape both soft and picturesque, and overlooking one of the most classical tracts in Italy. To the northward lay the Sabine Mountains, with Tivoli, Palestrina, and other famous towns nestling at their bases, or boldly perched on crags, and rendered almost impregnable from attack by the security of their position; while towering far above the surrounding peaks was the rocky crest of Soracte—the most noticeable of all the mountains in the vicinity of Rome. Rising among the clouds, with its summit often covered with snow, it stood as a sentinel, keeping watch upon the ancient fortresses that clustered around it. The panorama immediately before us was most comprehensive.

Green hills and waving forests extended from our feet, with Frascati and its surrounding villas, almost hidden from view by the exuberant foliage, occupying the ledge below us; and at the foot of the mountains lay the Campagna, stretching away on every hand, here lost in purple mist, and again bordered by a hem of silver, marking the Mediterranean. The eye ranged over bright fields of wheat, fresh pastures where goats were browsing, and, following the line of aqueducts converging to a common centre, reached the Eternal City, which was so far distant that its position through the haze was solely indicated by the swelling dome of St. Peter's, which in grandeur rises above tower and palace, and when they are lost to view still looms grandly up against the horizon. The landscape to the southward consisted of rugged mountain and placid lake, smiling valley and castled crag, with Villettri, Roma di Papa, and Castel Gandolfo, denoting life and activity; with the summit of Monte Cavo, whose fires have long since ceased to burn, rising in majesty, and from its high altitude looking down upon the classical spots around it.

So charmed were we by the beauties around us, that we lingered till the lengthening shadows admonished us that it was time to begin our homeward march, which we reluctantly commenced. The next morning the *Giornale di Roma* stated, that on the previous day a band of brigands had descended upon Roma di Papa, carrying off all available plunder. As this town was but two or three miles from Tusculum, the knowledge of this fact on the day of the robbery would have materially lessened the enjoyment of our day in the Alban Hills.

THE HAUNTED VALLEY.

A HALF-MILE north from Jo. Dunfer's, on the road from Hutton's to Mexican Hill, the highway dips into a sunless ravine, which opens out on either hand, in a half-confidential manner, as if it had a secret to impart at some more convenient season. I never used to ride through it without looking first to the one side and then to the other, to see if the time had arrived for the promised revelation. If I saw nothing—and I never did see any thing—there was no feeling of disappointment, for I knew the disclosure was merely withheld temporarily, for some good reason which I had no right to question. That I should one day be taken into full confidence, I no more doubted than I doubted the existence of Jo. Dunfer himself, through whose premises the *cañon ran*. It was said that Jo. had once undertaken to erect a cabin in some remote portion of it, but for some reason had abandoned the enterprise—almost any reason, I should think, would have been a valid one—and constructed the present hermaphrodite habitation, half residence and half groggery, upon an extreme corner of his estate; as far away as possible, as if on purpose to show how radically he had changed his mind.

This Jo. Dunfer—or, as he was familiarly known in the neighborhood, Whisky Jo.—was a very important personage in those parts. He was apparently about forty years of age, a long, shock-headed fellow, with a corded face, a gnarled arm, and a knotty hand like a bunch of prison-keys. He was a hairy man, with a stoop in his walk, like that of one who is about to spring upon something and rend it. Next to the peculiarity from which he had derived his local appella-

tion, his most obvious characteristic was a deep-seated antipathy to the Chinese. I saw him once in a towering rage because one of his herdsmen had permitted a travel-heated Asian to slake his thirst at the horse-trough in front of the saloon end of Jo.'s establishment. I ventured to faintly remonstrate with Jo. for his unchristian spirit, but he merely replied that "ther wusn't no mention of Chinamen in the Noo Test'ment;" and strode away to wreak his anger upon his little, White man-servant, whom, I suppose, the inspired scribes had likewise neglected to mention by name. Some days afterward, finding him sitting alone in his bar-room, I cautiously approached the subject, when, greatly to my relief, the ends of his long mouth drew round into a good-natured grin, and with an air of conscious condescension, he explained:

"You youngsters are too good to live in Californy: you'd better all of ye git back to New England, fur none of ye don't understand our play. People who are born with autermatic gold spoons, nine hundred fine, a-shovelin' choice viuns into ther mouths, can afford to hang out liberary ideas about Chinagrattion" (by which poor Jo. meant Chinese immigration, and in which he included every thing relating to that people); "but us that has to rustle round on the outside fur our hash, hain't got no time for foolishness."

And this long consumer, who had never struck a stroke of honest work in all his life, sprung the lid of a Chinese tobacco-box, and with his thumb and forefinger forked out a wad like a miniature hay-cock. Holding this reinforcement within supporting distance, he fired away with renewed confidence:

"I tell ye, youngster, ther a bad lot, and ther agoin' fur every thing green in this country, except yourself" (here he encountered a stubborn chuckle, and pushed his reserve into the breach) "like a herd of 'Gyptian locusses! I had one of 'em to work fur me, five years ago, and I'll tell ye all about it, so't ye ken see the bearin's of this whole question.

"I didn't pan out well, them days: drank more'n wus good fur me, and hadn't no nice discriminatin' sense of my duty as a free W'ite citizen; so I got this pagan as a kind of cook, and turned off a Mexican woman—as nice a Greaser as ye ever seen. But when I got religi'n, over at the Hill, and they talked of runnin' me fur the Legislater, my eyes wus opened. But what wus I to do? If I made him sling his kit and mosey, somebody else 'd take him, and mightn't treat him well. *What* wus I to do? What 'd any Christian do, 'specially one new to the business?"

Jo. paused for a reply, with an expression of grave thoughtfulness, but an indescribable air of uneasiness; as of one who has arrived at a correct result in the solution of a problem, by some shortcut of his own, but is not quite satisfied with the method. He finally rose, and swallowed a tumblerful of bad whisky from a full bottle on the counter, and resumed his seat and his story:

"Besides, he wa'n't of no account: didn't know nothin', and wus always takin' on airs. They all do it. I stood it as long as a *riata*, but 'twa'n't no kind of use. Still, I couldn't quite make up my mind to discharge him, and I'm glad now I didn't, fur the example of what follers would 'a been lost. I'm *mighty* glad!" And Jo.'s glee was solemnly celebrated at the decanter.

"Once—'twus nigh onto five years ago, come next October fifteenth—I started in to stick up a shanty. 'Twus 'fore this 'un wus built, and in another

place; it don't signify where, 'cause 'tain't of no importance. I set Ah Wee and a little W'ite, named Gopher, to cuttin' the timber. I didn't expect Ah Wee to be of much account, 'cause he wus so little, with a face 'most as fair as yourn. and big, black eyes that somehow I seem to see 'em yet."

While delivering this trenchant thrust at syntax and sense, Mr. Dunfer fixedly regarded a knot-hole in the thin board partition, as if that were one of the eyes whose size and color had incapacitated his servant for active usefulness.

"Now, you youngsters won't believe anything ag'in' the infernal yeller devils," he suddenly flamed out, with an appearance of rage which somehow failed to impress me; "but I tell ye that that Chinaman was the perversest scoundrel you ever dreamed of!"

* I was about to explain that perverse scoundrels were not a staple article in my nightly visions, when Jo. rose excitedly, dashed in another brimming tumbler of whisky, and resumed, standing:

"That miser'ble, pig-tail Mongolianer went to hewin' away at the saplin's all round the stems, girdleways. I p'int-ed out his error as patiently as I could, an' showed him how to cut 'em on two sides, so's to make 'em fall right; but no sooner did I turn my back onto him, like this"—and he turned it upon me, amplifying the illustration by taking in some more liquor—"than he wus at it ag'in. It wus jest this way: while I looked at him, *so*"—regarding me rather unsteadily, and with evident complexity of vision—"he wus all right; but when I looked away, *so*"—taking a long swig at the decanter—"he wus all wrong. Then I'd gaze at him reproachful-like, *so*, an' he'd reform."

Probably Mr. Dunfer honestly intended the regard he turned upon me as a merely reproachful one, but it was singularly well calculated to arouse the gravest apprehension in the breast of

any unarmed person so reproached, and as I had lost all interest in his interminable narrative, I rose to go. Before I had fairly risen, he had again turned to the counter, and with a barely audible "So," had emptied the bottle at a gulp. Heavens! what a yell! It was like a Titan in his last, strong agony. Jo staggered back after emitting it, as a cannon recoils from its own thunder, and then dropped into his chair, as if he had been stricken down like a beef—his eyes drawn sidewise toward the wall, with a stony stare that made my flesh creep on my bones. Looking in the same direction, I saw, with a quick chill of the scalp, that the knot-hole in the wall had indeed become a human eye—a full, black eye, that glared into my own with an entire lack of expression more awful than the most devilish glitter. I involuntarily covered my face with my hands, to shut out the horrible illusion, if such it was, and the little White manservant, coming into the room at that moment, broke the spell, and I walked out of the room with a sort of dazed fear that *delirium tremens* was contagious. My horse was hitched at the watering-trough, and, untying him, I mounted and gave him his head, too much troubled in mind to note whither he took me.

I did not know what to think of all this, and, like every one who does not know what to think, I thought a great deal, and, naturally, to very little purpose. The only reflection that seemed at all satisfactory, and which, singularly enough, was uppermost in my mind, was one that was not at all connected with Jo. Dunfer and his pointless narrative; and this was, that on the morrow I should be some miles away, with a strong probability of never returning.

A sudden coolness brought me out of my abstraction, and, looking up, I found myself entering the deep shadows of the ravine. The day was stifling; and this transition from the silent, visible heat of

the parched fields to the cool gloom, heavy with the pungency of cedars, and vocal with the melody of the birds that had been driven to its leafy asylum, was exquisitely refreshing. I looked for my mystery, as usual, but not finding the ravine in a communicative mood, dismounted, led my sweating animal into the undergrowth, tied him securely to a tree, and sat down upon a rock to meditate. I began bravely, by analyzing my pet superstition about the haunted valley. Having resolved it into its constituent elements, I arranged them in convenient troops and squadrons, and, collecting all the forces of my logic, bore down upon them from impregnable premises with the thunder of irresistible conclusions, and a great noise of chariots and general intellectual shouting. Then, when my big mental guns had overturned all opposition, and were growling almost inaudibly away on the horizon of pure speculation, the routed enemy straggled in upon their rear, massed silently into a solid phalanx, and captured me, bag and baggage. An indefinable dread came upon me, and I rose to shake it off, and began thridding the narrow dell by an old, grass-grown cow-path that seemed to flow along the bottom, as a kind of substitute for the brook that Nature had neglected to provide.

The trees among which the path straggled were very ordinary, well-behaved plants, a trifle perverted as to bole, and eccentric as to bough, but with nothing unearthly in their general aspect. A few loose bowlders, which had detached themselves from the sides of the depression to set up an independent existence at the bottom, had dammed up the pathway, here and there, but their stony repose had nothing in it of the stillness of death. There was a kind of death-chamber hush in the valley, it is true, and a mysterious whisper above: the wind was just fingering the tops of the trees—that was all.

It is strange that in all this time I had not once thought of connecting Mr. Dunfer's drunken narrative with what I now sought; and it was only when I came upon a clear space and stumbled over the level trunks of some small trees, that the revelation came to me. This was the site of the abandoned "shanty," and the fact was the more forcibly impressed upon me by quickly noting that some of the rotting stumps were hacked all round, in a most unwoodman-like manner, while others were cut square, and the butt-ends of the corresponding trunks were hewn to that blunt wedge form which is given by the axe of a master. The opening was not more than ten yards in diameter, and upon one side was a little knoll—a natural hillock—some ten feet across, bare of shrubbery, but covered with green grass. Upon this, standing up rigidly a foot or two above the grass, was a head-stone! I have put a note of admiration here, not to indicate any surprise of my own, but that of the reader. For myself, I felt none. I regarded that lonely tombstone with something of the same feeling that Columbus must have had when he saw the hills of San Salvador. Before approaching it, I completed leisurely my survey of the stumps, and examined critically the prostrate trunks. I was even guilty of the affectation of winding my watch, at an unusual hour and with uncommon care and deliberation. Then I lighted a cigar, and found a quiet satisfaction in the delay. All these unnecessary, but only possible, preliminaries being arranged, I approached my mystery.

The grave—a rather short one—was in somewhat better repair than seemed right, considering its age and surroundings; and I actually widened my eyes at a clump of unmistakable garden-violets, showing evidence of comparatively recent watering. The stone was a rude-enough affair, and had clearly done duty once as a door-step. In its front was

carved, or rather dug, an inscription, the exaggerated eccentricity of which I can not hope to reproduce without aid from the engraver. It read thus:

AH WEE—CHINAMAN.

Aig unnone. Wirkt last fur Wisky Jo. This monment is ewrecked bi the saim to keep is memmerry grean an liquize a wornin to Slestials notter take on ayres like Wites. Dammum! She wus a good eg.

It would be difficult to adequately convey my amazement at this astonishing epitaph. The meagre, but conscientious, description of the deceased, the insolent frankness of confession, the grotesque and ambiguous anathema, and last, but not least, the ludicrous transition of gender and sentiment, marked this as the production of one who must have been at least as much demented as bereaved. I felt that any further discovery would be a pitiful anti-climax, and, with an unconscious regard for dramatic effect, I turned squarely about and walked away.

"Gee-up there, old Fuddy-duddy!" This unique adjuration came from the lips of a queer little man, perched atop of a light wagonful of fire-wood, behind a brace of fat oxen, who were hauling it easily along, with a simulation of herculean effort that had evidently not imposed upon their driver. As that gentleman happened at the moment to be staring me squarely in the face, and smiting his animals at random with a long pole, it was not quite clear whether he was addressing me or one of them; or whether his beasts were named Fuddy and Duddy, and were both subjects of the imperative verb "to gee-up." Anyhow, the command produced no visible effect upon any of us, and the queer little man removed his eyes from my face long enough to spear Fuddy and Duddy alternately with his wand, remarking quietly, but with some feeling, "Dern your skin!"—as if they enjoyed that intendment in common. So far, my request for a ride had elicited no further attention than I have indicated, and, finding

myself falling slowly astern, I placed one foot upon the inner circumference of a hind wheel, and was slowly elevated by an aspiring spoke to a level with the hub, whence I boarded the concern, *sans cérémonie*, and scrambling forward, seated myself beside the driver—who took no notice of me until he had administered another indiscriminate castigation to his cattle, accompanied with the advice to “buckle down, you derved Incapable!” Then, while this dual incapable was, by courtesy, supposed to be reveling in the happiness of obedience to constituted authority, the master (or rather the former master, for I could not suppress a whimsical feeling that the entire establishment was my lawful prize) trained his big, black eyes upon me with an expression strangely, and somewhat unpleasantly, familiar, laid down his rod—which neither blossomed nor turned into a serpent, as I half expected—folded his arms, and gravely demanded, “W’at did you do to W’isky?”

My natural reply would have been that I drank it, but there was something about the query that suggested a hidden significance, and something about the man that did not encourage a shallow jest. And so, having no other answer ready, I merely held my tongue, but felt as if I were resting under an imputation of guilt, and that my silence was being construed into a confession. Just then a cold shadow fell upon my cheek, and caused me to look up. We were descending into my ravine! I can not describe the sensation that came upon me: I had not seen it since it unbosomed itself four years ago, and now I felt like one to whom a friend has made some sorrowing confession of crime long past, and who has basely deserted him in consequence. The old memories of Jo. Dunfer, his fragmentary revelation, and the unsatisfying explanatory note by the head-stone, came back with singular distinctness. I wondered what had be-

come of Jo., and—I turned sharply round and asked my prisoner. He was intently watching his cattle, and, without withdrawing his eyes, replied:

“Gee-up, old Terrapin! He lies along side uv Ah Wee, up the *cañon*. Like to see it? They al’ays comes back to the spot: I’ve been expectin’ you. H-woa!”

At the enunciation of the aspirate, Fuddy-duddy, the incapable terrapin, came to a dead halt, and, before the echo of the vowel had died away up the ravine, had folded up all his eight legs and lain down in the dusty road, regardless of the effect upon his derved skin. The queer little man slid off his seat to the ground, and started up the dell without deigning to look back to see if I was following. But I was.

It was about the same season of the year, and at near the same hour of the day of my last visit. The jays clamored loudly, and the trees whispered darkly as before; and I somehow traced in the two a fanciful analogy to the open boastfulness of Mr. Jo. Dunfer’s mouth and the mysterious reticence of his manner, and to the mingled insolence and tenderness of his sole literary production—the Epitaph. All things in the valley seemed unchanged, excepting the cow-path, which was almost wholly upgrown with rank weeds. When we came out into the “clearing,” however, there was change enough. Among the stumps and trunks of the fallen saplings, those that had been hacked “China fashion” were no longer distinguishable from those that were cut “Melican way.” It was as if the Old World barbarism and the New World civilization had reconciled their differences by the arbitration of an impartial decay—as one day they must. The knoll was there, but the Hunnish brambles had overrun and all but obliterated its effete grasses; and the patrician garden-violet had capitulated to his plebeian brother—or perhaps had merely reverted to his original type. Another

grave—a long and robust mound—had been made beside the former one, which seemed to shrink from the comparison; and in the shadow of a new head-stone, the old one lay prone upon the ground, with its marvelous inscription wholly illegible by reason of the dead leaves drifted over it. In point of literary merit the new epitaph was altogether inferior to the old, and was even repulsive in its terse and savage jocularity. It read:

“JO. DUNFER.—DONE FOR!”

By the air of silent pride with which my guide pointed it out, I was convinced that it was a conception of his own; but I turned from it with indifference, and tenderly brushing away the leaves from the tablet of the dead pagan, restored the mocking inscription of four years ago, which seemed now, fresh from its grave of leaf-mold, to possess a certain pathos. My guide, too, appeared altered, somehow, as he looked at it, and I fancied I detected beneath his whimsical exterior a real, earnest manhood. But while I regarded him, the old far-away look, so subtly forbidding and so tantalizingly familiar, crept back into his great eyes, and repelled while it attracted. I resolved, if possible, to end this scene, and clear up my mystery:

“My friend,” said I, pointing to the smaller grave, “did Jo. Dunfer murder this Chinaman?”

He was leaning against a tree, and looking across the little clearing into the top of another, or through it into the sky beyond, I don’t know which. He never moved a muscle of his body, nor trembled an eyelash, as he slowly replied:

“No, sir; ’e justifiably hommycided ’im.”

“Then he did really kill him?”

“Kill ’im? I think ’e did—rather. Don’t every body know that? Didn’t ’e stan’ up before the Corriner an’ confess it? An’ didn’t the joory render out a verdick uv ‘come to ’is death by a healthy Christian sent’ment workin’ in

the Caucasian breast?’ An’ didn’t the church at the Hill cashier ’im fur it? An’ didn’t the indypendent voters ’lect ’im Jestice o’ the Peace, to git even on the gospelers? I don’t know w’er’ you was brought up!”

“But did Jo. actually do this because the Chinaman could not, or would not, learn to cut down trees in the manner he prescribed?”

“Yes; it stan’s so on the reckerd. That wus the defense ’e made, an’ it got ’im clear. Stan’in’ on the reckerd, it is legle and troo. My knowin’ better don’t make no difference with legle trooth. It wa’n’t none o’ my fun’ral, an’ I wusn’t invited. But the real fact is (and I wouldn’t tell it to no other livin’ soul, nor at any other livin’ place—and you ought’o knowed it long ago) that Jo. was jealous o’ me!” And the little wretch actually swelled out, and made a comical show of adjusting a merely hypothetical cravat, noting the effect in the palm of his hand, which he held up before him to represent a mirror.

“Jealous of *you!*” I repeated, with ill-mannered astonishment.

“Yes, jealous o’ *me!* W’y, ain’t I nice!”—assuming a mocking attitude of studied grace, and twitching the wrinkles out of his threadbare waistcoat. Then suddenly changing his expression to one of deep feeling, and dropping his voice to a low pitch of singular sweetness, he continued:

“Yes; Jo. thought dead loads o’ that Chinaman. Nobody but me ever knowed how ’e doted onto ’im. Couldn’t bear ’im out uv ’is sight—the derved fool! And w’en ’e come down to this clearin’, one day, an’ found me an’ Ah Wee neglectin’ our respective work—him to sleep an’ me to grapple a tarantula out uv ’is sleeve—W’isky laid hold o’ my axe and let us have it. I dodged jist then, fur the derved spider had bit me, but Ah Wee got it bad in the breast an’ stiffened out. W’isky wus jist a-weigh-

in' me out another one, w'en 'e seen the spider fastened onto my finger, an' 'e knowed 'e'd made a derned jack uv 'isself. So 'e knelt down an' made a derned one. Fur Ah Wee give a little kick an' opened up 'is eyes—'e had eyes like mine—an' puttin' up 'is hands, drew W'isky's big head down, an' held it there w'ile 'e stayed—w'ich wusn't long, fur a tremblin' run all through 'im, an' 'e give a long moan an' went off."

During the progress of this story, the narrator had become transfigured. Gradually the comic—or, rather, sardonic—element had been eliminated, and, as with bowed head and streaming eyes he painted that strange death-scene, it was with difficulty that I repressed an audible sob. But this consummate actor had somehow so managed me that the sympathy due to his *dramatis personæ* was really bestowed upon himself. I don't know how it was done, but when he had concluded, I was just upon the point of taking him in my arms, when suddenly a broad grin danced across his countenance, and with a light laugh he continued:

"W'en W'isky got 'is knob out o' chanc'ry, 'e wus about the worst lookin' cuss you ever seen. All 'is good close—'e used to dress flashy them times—wus sp'ilt. 'Is hair wus tusseled, and 'is face—w'at I could see uv it—wus so w'ite that chalk 'ud 'a made a black mark on it. 'E jist stared once at me, 's if I wa'n't no account, an' then—I don't know any more, fur ther wus shootin' pains a-chasin' each other from my bit finger to my head, an' the sun went down behind that hill.

"So the inquest wus held without my assistance, an' W'isky went before it an' told 'is own story; an' told it so well that the joory all laughed, an' the Coriner said it wus a pleasure to hev a witness as hadn't any nonsense about 'im. It took W'isky six weeks, workin' at odd spells 'tween drinks, to gouge that

epitaph"—with a diabolical grin: "I gouged his'n in one day.

"After this 'e tuk to drinkin' harder an' harder, an' got rabider an' rabider anti-coolie, but I mus' say I don't think 'e wus ever exactly glad 'e snuffed out Ah Wee; or that, 'f 'e'd had it to do over ag'in, 'e'd a even soop'rintended the job in person. He mayn't 'a suffered as me an' you would, but 'e didn't use to brag so much about it w'en 'e wus alone, as w'en 'e could git some goose like you to listen to 'im."

Here the historian twisted his face into an expression of deep secretiveness, as of one who might tell more if he chose, and executed a wink of profound significance.

"When did Jo. die?" I inquired, thoughtfully. The answer took away my breath:

"W'en I looked in at 'im through the knot-hole, and you'd put suthin' in 'is drink—you derned Borgy!"

Recovering somewhat from my amazement at this astounding charge, I was half minded to throttle the audacious accuser, but was restrained by a sudden conviction that came upon me in the light of a revelation. Mastering my emotion—which he had not observed—I fixed a grave look upon him, and asked earnestly, and as calmly as I could:

"And when did you become insane?"

"Nine years ago!" he shrieked, springing forward and falling prone upon the smaller of the two graves; "nine years ago, w'en that great broote killed the woman who loved *him* better than she did *me!*—me who had disguised myself an' follered 'er from 'Frisco, w'er' he won 'er from me at poker!—me who had watched over 'er fur years, w'en the scoundrel she b'longed to wus ashamed to acknowledge 'er an' treat 'er well!—me who, fur 'er sake, kep' 'is cussed secret fur five years, till it eat 'im up!—me who, w'en you p'isened the broote,

fulfilled 'is only livin' request o' me, to lay 'im alongside uv 'er an' give 'im a stone to 'is head!—me who had never before seen 'er grave, 'cause I feared to meet 'im here, an' hev never since till this day, 'cause his carcass defiles it!"

I picked up the struggling little maniac, and carried him fainting to his wagon. An hour later, in the chill twi-

light, I wrung Gopher's hand and bade him farewell. As I stood there in the deepening gloom, watching the blank outlines of the receding wain, a sound was borne to me upon the evening wind—a sound as of a series of rapid thumps—and a voice cried out of the night:

"Gee-up there—you derved old Germanium!"

WHY?

One perfect day!—The glory of all days
 Shone on the morn when forth we went to meet
 The summer and the flowers. Tiny sprays
 Fluttered a welcome to our dancing feet,
 And bluebells, swung by fairies, tinkling rang,
 Timing our song. The stately lilies beamed
 All-gracious, as o'er daisy banks we sprang,
 Eager of life; and where the wild rose gleamed,
 Blushing and shy, and the rich jasmine hung,
 Lavish of perfume—there Love's vows we made.
 Dainty we grew, and sought to cull, among
 The brilliant treasures of the hill and glade,
 Blossoms where dew-drops, ling'ring still, found rest;
 And 'neath the shadow of the rose-queen's throne—
 Flashing with gems that nestled in her breast—
 One purple violet shone forth alone.
 High rode the sun, marking the hours, while yet
 We wished them young; and gathering our store,
 Roamed we where tree and laughing rivulet
 Sang with the birds. And there we fashioned o'er
 Again our garlands, and in fancy wrought
 With the sweet flowers—visions fair as they—
 And by the stream we loitered; and we thought,
 Sharing our joy, it rippling kept our way,
 Murmuring a welcome. Then the wild birds flew,
 Calling their nestlings, while the boughs o'erhead
 Rustled with melody. And well we knew—
 Seeing the shadows, and the west grow red—
 The sun, the birds, sought rest. The day had fled.
 Slowly we turned, roused from our summer dream,
 Back to the world, by ling'ring footsteps led,
 And left our garlands, withered by the stream.

O, perfect day! A memory of youth.

O, perfect day! A memory of love.

I fain would know—as one who seeks for truth—

Why, ever to my heart, when raised above

This weary round of care I pause to dream

Of that loved day, come only dreams of this—

The shadows length'ning on a day of bliss;

The withered garlands, lying by the stream.

ETC.

It is said that more citizens of Boston than of San Francisco annually visit Yosemite and other notable places in this State. The fact (if it be one) may, or may not, be creditable to the taste and enterprise of the people. In all the large Eastern cities, the number of persons having wealth, leisure, and a fair degree of culture is relatively large. Every year these people spend some months in travel and sight-seeing. They have nothing else to do; or, at least, choose nothing else for the time being.

If the Falls of Yosemite were within three hundred miles of Boston, probably some of those who have made the journey of three thousand miles would have failed to see them. If it were but two days' journey to the Rhine, the number of San Francisco visitors might be diminished. For most of the people of this city, the opportunities for travel have never come. The workers are overworked; and as for the rest, many of them, if they travel at all, have just that degree of taste and culture which sends them on foreign tours, before they know any thing from observation of the resources and marvels of their own country. If they have seen the Rhine, why should they see Yosemite? If they have seen the Pyramids, why should they trouble themselves about climbing any of the higher mountains of the Sierra? Having tasted of some famous European vintage, why not ever afterward disparage wines of home production?

We have heard of one intelligent citizen, who, while on a visit to the Atlantic States, accepted an invitation to lecture on the wonders of Yosemite. His performance elicited enthusiastic praise, although he had never seen Yosemite, as he afterward confessed! We shall go no further than to admit that many of us have an aptitude for recommending all strangers to see Yosemite and the Geysers, although we may never have seen

these wonders ourselves. But this default is only another illustration of the fact that we are an overworked people, unable as yet to find rest for muscle and brain. If the nearest mountain should send up a jet of flame and smoke, we could not spend more than ten minutes in looking at it; and, on the second day, might only glance at the newspaper accounts of such an event.

THE author of the "Rale Rode" epic has turned his attention, this month, to the famous Cayuse, the glory of the Red Man, and the torment of every White Man, we suspect, who ever had the misfortune to bestride this plucky little horse.

The poem is prefaced with the following note: "Among the fauna of Oregon, the 'spotted cayuse' may be said to be 'wrought in the solitude of his own originality.' He deserves a place in song and history, and to that end I contribute the inclosed:"

THE SPOTTED CAYUSE.

Now the Government mule's an unprincipled steed,
And comes as near being a genuine ass
As any that isn't just exactly the breed;
But the crookedest thing that is loose upon grass—
A demon on wheels, and without an excuse—
Is an Oregon pony they call the cayuse.

He's of Indian extraction—a savage at heart,
With an odor of *camas* and smoke of the camp,
That has scorned the dull life of the plow and the cart,
And is now and forever a vagabond tramp;
With a stomach so tough that he'll live and grow fat
On a Hudson's Bay blanket, or piece of old hat.

I bought a cayuse, in the days that are gone,
And I think he was rather too good for this world,
With his billowy mane, and those natty spots on,
And a tail like a pirate's black banner unfurled—
Ah! surely, his like never strayed among men,
And I piously trust that 'twill never again!

He had nothing worth mention in matter of ears—
And it made him look saucy, and rather unique—
For the Oregon youth chew them off, it appears,
And as long as *ears* last they can manage to stick

Through the tempest of "spiking" that follows, of course,
Whenever they mount this ineffable horse.

He would wave his hind-legs with a kind of war-whoop,

If I tried to draw near with a rope in my hand,
And I ran till I wheezed like a babe with the croup,
But the frolicsome thing would not come to a stand;
And I dug a deep pit and with branches concealed,
Where the monster was trapped—but, Jehu! how he squealed!

Then he fought like a tiger, and wouldn't give in
To the touch of the saddle, until he was thrown
And choked with a chain; and it seemed like a sin,
As he limbered right out, and grew calm with a groan;
But his eye was half closed, and it shimmered a fire
That startled me quite with its terrible ire.

O, he looked his disgust at the menial gear,
As he drooped like a butterfly rudely caressed;
And I pitied his plight, and was brushing a tear
That hung on my lash, like a traitor confessed,
When the beautiful fiend—'twas a neat little trick—
Made me swallow three teeth with a marvelous kick!

From the uppermost rail of a very high fence
I slipped down on his back, and at first he was still;
But I wasn't kept long in the pangs of suspense,
When he started, and—well, I was forty days ill—

We withhold the benediction contained
in the concluding lines, it being a little too pointed and energetic for these columns. Whoever has become profoundly acquainted with the nature of a mustang, or native California horse, will not fail to appreciate all the points poetically set forth in the cayuse. As for the matter of slipping down from a rail-fence on to his back, we know how it is ourselves; and we have a vivid remembrance of how it was afterward.

THE point of the moral in the following "narrative" is too good to be lost. We can

bring many credible witnesses to testify that the main incidents herein related are true:

BROKE.

Broke?—Yes. You say that you've been thar:
Well, you ought ter know how it is.
Say, d'ye see that tall feller goin' in thar—
Him with the lank, sad-lookin' phiz?
Well, he's broke, and these fellers is helpin' him—
Leastways, that's what they call it round here—
But it's more like wild Injuns a-skelpin' him,
Accordin' to the things what I hear.

Hank—that's him as I was a-showin' yer—
Had got on the down-track, yer know;
And you're posted on some men if they're owin' you:
How they feel sort of down-like and low.
So Hank had got kind of don't-carish,
And was drinkin' the worst pizen in town,
When some of the folks in this parish
Sort of went in and talked him around.

Into stoppin' and gettin' on up ag'in,
Tain't me that's sayin' a word ag'in' that;
So they got him to swear off his drinkin',
And set him up clean-dressed and pat.
So fur it was all right and splendid,
And I wish I could stop with it thar;
But my story has got to be ended
On a different lay-out, I'll swar.

He'd no sooner got fairly afloat ag'in,
Than every mean cur in the lot
Went a-blowin' and tellin' and whisperin'
Jest how much from each he had got;
And because he kind of held his head up,
Tryin' to keep a stiff upper lip,
They said he was proud and ongrateful,
Till they worried Hank ready to slip.

And if he ever does get off a-drinkin',
They're to blame for the whole cussed lot:
For they ain't no religion, I'm thinkin',
That'll tell when it's given what's got.
And when the good Master above us was
Teachin' us lovin' each other down here,
He didn't tell any such ornery fellers
As these that their title was clear.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE DESCENT OF MAN. By Charles Darwin. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

If it were possible to read these volumes with the same degree of candor which has toned and qualified what the author has written, we should have little concern for whatever errors they may contain. Aside from the question whether the Darwin hypothesis is true or false, the best natural history of modern times is furnished in *The Descent of Man*, and in the two preceding works, which are necessarily linked with the later one, and really constitute one treatise on natural history. If we had never heard or conceived that Darwin was a dangerous propagandist of theories which were designed to shake the faith of Christendom, we should reach this conclusion slowly, if at all, on reading the volumes. As a writer of natural history, no living or dead author has pushed his investigations so far, or brought together so much curious learning. The scientific exposition of the laws of animal life are in some sort a revelation. So long as we have to do with facts, we are on safe ground. These are cautiously set forth with the temper of one who does not hesitate to acknowledge an error in his own statements or deductions, or to admit the full force of a fact, even though it militates against his own theory. When we arrive at the last of Darwin's facts, we have the alternative of attempting to cross the wide and almost bottomless gulf on the farther side of which the Darwinian conclusion is reached, or go back and note the strength of such objections to Darwin's conclusions as St. George Mivart, in *Genesis of Species*, has set forth.

Crossing this Darwinian chasm, it remains only to accept the following conclusions:

"But no one can at present say by what line of descent the three higher and related classes, namely, mammals, birds, and reptiles, were derived from either of the two lower vertebrate classes, namely, am-

phibious and fishes. In the class of mammals, the steps are not difficult which led from the ancient monotremata to the ancient marsupials; and from these to the early progenitors of the placental mammals. We may thus ascend to the Lemuridæ; and the interval is not wide from these to the Simiadæ. The Simiadæ then branched off into two great stems: the New World and the Old World monkeys; and from the latter, at a remote period, man, the wonder and glory of the universe, proceeded."

Chronologically, evolution has neither beginning nor end. It overturns at once what is accepted as the revealed account of the creation of man, and substitutes in its place a *catarhine* evolution as one of the later developments of animal life in the long pedigree of humanity. Was there a point somewhere in this process of evolution when this mortal monkey became an immortal man, charged henceforth and forever with moral responsibility; and yet has only merged into this condition as a tadpole is merged into a frog?

The evolution theory is also at variance with the most conclusive and satisfactory geological accounts of creation. The record of the rocks, as read and interpreted in this light, is that there have been separate and successive acts of creation—that genera, species, races, have appeared on the earth, and have then become extinct. The monsters did not perpetuate themselves. The next species appearing is not a related one, but wholly distinct. After millions of years, man himself appears as a separate creation, having no relation whatever to any species of animal life which had preceded him. Darwin anticipates this view, only to affirm that geological discoveries have not yet proceeded far enough to demonstrate the truth of the proposition. The very weakness of the answer is an admission of the strength of the converse statement.

It is a significant fact that no very strong antagonisms to the conclusions of this book have yet been disclosed by that art of the

press which is the special exponent of the doctrines of the various religious denominations. The criticism from this quarter is not only weak, but, in many instances, there is much less of dissent than of semi-acquiescence in the views which Darwin has promulgated.

THOUGHTS ABOUT ART. By Philip Hamerton, author of "A Painter's Camp." Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The alliance of literature with art never seems so obscure to us as when an artist commits his thoughts to print. Ruskin and one or two other artists have become masters of a vigorous and graphic style of expression. But the greater number of those who have communicated with the public through the medium of books or pamphlets, constantly remind us that they owe nothing to letters. And yet, as painting is a pictorial language, we should expect from one who is a master in this department, that if he did not become an artist in words, he would at least use our common speech with some degree of grace and facility. We may never tire, for instance, of Turner's pictures; but we tire soon enough of his ignorance of tolerable English, and could wish that the great artist had managed in some way to conceal this ignorance from the public.

It is noteworthy that not in our time has any great artist successfully united the functions of a competent art critic. Ruskin's place is certainly not among famous artists; art in this instance only serving to inform the mind of a bold and incisive critic. Had Ruskin attained the artistic fame of Turner, would he have broken through the stolidity of his countrymen, telling them truths touching their ignorance of art which only one Englishman will tolerate from another? But Ruskin, as the commentator of Turner, beginning where the latter ended, rendered a noble supplementary service to art.

In *Thoughts about Art*, the author addresses himself more particularly to artists; but evidently aims to enlist the interest of that larger public who have some æsthetic culture. He has a blunt, honest way of stating his propositions, and deals candidly with such difficulties as are likely to beset all young artists.

The qualifications of art critics are very well set forth in the following extract:

"True art critics will belong to a separate class, when we shall have enough of them to be called a class. They ought to be especially educated for their office of criticism. They should be practically acquainted with all the ordinary difficulties of art. The commonest tricks of the studio constantly impose on persons who pretend to judge of performance in art without practical apprenticeship. A real critic can scarcely be an accomplished artist, but he must be able to draw delicately, and must have *tried* to color, or he will never know what color means. The most recondite secrets of method must all be as familiar to our critic as his alphabet. He must have drawn from the living figure and dissected the dead. If he presume to criticise landscape, he must have *lived* among the noblest natural landscapes, and there filled his note-books with thousands of memoranda. After long discipline in the life-school, on the mountains, in the forest, by the shores of the great lakes, out on the storm waves, and, *lastly*, in the best galleries of Europe, his opinions concerning painting may come to be worth listening to, but not otherwise."

The author assigns a low rank to photography as an art. He insists that painting does not need the help of photography, and beyond fixing isolated facts to serve as occasional reference, it can not be made an important auxiliary aid to painting.

"Photography can neither color nor compose; therefore color and composition in painting will be felt to be more precious than ever, and the lovers of intellectual art will prize its peculiar attributes yet more highly when they come to perceive the immense distance which these two mighty powers place between it and all photographic imitations of Nature."

But the writer candidly admits, that, as a means of art education, its influence on the public has been salutary. It records simple facts cheaply and well. The details of architecture are faithfully represented; and in exactness of mechanical delineation, extending so far as to supplant miniature portraiture in oil, it certainly has gained a recognized place as an art. The chapter on "Word Painting and Color Painting" is one of the most thoughtful and suggestive in the book. The author classes Tennyson at the head of modern word-painters; but, after citing a dozen other English authors, makes no mention of Hawthorne, whose rank in this respect is superior to that of a number included in this exclusive list. Except Ruskin, no one of late has given to the public a more sug-

gestive book about art than the author of *A Painter's Camp*.

CHIPS FROM A GERMAN WORKSHOP. By F. Max Muller. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

Some critic has found fault with Max Muller for giving these volumes the inelegant title of "Chips." We like it. It makes us feel that the learned German is thoroughly at home among us, and knows the strong, every-day side of the English tongue. We see that he is a great Sanskrit scholar and general philologist; we are glad to find, also, that he can come down to the common apprehension, and use words plain enough to instruct all who are willing to learn. Really, his English style is something marvelous. We are apt to think of Germans, especially German professors and doctors, as any thing but models of clearness—"going down deep," but sure to "come up muddy." Now, here is a German, whose life is devoted to studies that are called abstruse, who has become a master of good English. No Oxford Briton can make philology fascinating like the foreign professor of Sanskrit. We are sorry to confess that our most eminent American philologist, with a reputation of which we may well be proud, in clearness and vivacity falls far behind Max Muller, the German.

This volume has much to interest the general reader. It gives a valuable introduction to the study of German literature, with its distinctly marked epochs. It has a charming account of Schiller, and a filial tribute to Wilhelm Muller, who, dying at the early age of thirty-three, had done much to enrich German poetry. The language and poetry of Schleswig-Holstein are treated in the true spirit of the philologist. French literature is recognized, in the account of Joinville, contemporary and chronicler of St. Louis, and in two shorter pieces. A speech concerning Shakspeare, and an essay on Bacon, in German, are our author's tributes to the literature and philosophy of England; while Cornish antiquities receive a careful historical and philological treatment. The last essay is on the Chevalier Bunsen, whose achievements, great as they were, are overshadowed by the largeness and nobleness of

his manhood. As a fitting appendix to this account, Bunsen's letters to Max Muller are given, to the amount of a hundred pages. They will be found not the least interesting portion of the book. We commend the volume to all lovers of good English and of scholarly themes.

GHARDAIA: or Ninety Days among the B'ni Mozab. By G. Naphegyi, M. D., A. M. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

Here is a new wonder-story of the desert. The smoke of an approaching caravan ascends in the rosy East; twenty tawny Arabs on twenty clumsy camels bear down upon us. They are merely the advance-guard: behind them press numberless dromedaries, staggering under the baggage of Mozabite women, while at the side of each plods a Soudan Negro, who cautiously picks his way among the countless skeletons that mark the track of the fated caravans of the past. In a radiant litter reclines the voluptuous Taleb, of Ghardaia, and near him, confined in a gilded cage, Zelma, the beautiful slave of the invisible Deborah, is borne; and it is but reasonable to suppose that her mistress is not far distant. At Zelma's right-hand is seen the sad face of Naphegyi, the adventurous, who thus pictures himself at this period of his life:

"I was a little over twenty years old, impulsive, impressible, and full of life. No wonder that a feeling which till then had lain dormant was aroused within me. Far away from home, kindred, and friends; shut out, as it were, from civilized society, in the midst of the great Desert of Sahara, with a few semi-barbarous companions, the only person with whom I could unreservedly converse being Deborah, and she a creature of surpassing loveliness, endowed with a mind of unusual power, how was it possible for me to remain indifferent, unless I had been like that saint of old, who, according to tradition, when the devil wished to tempt him, appearing in the guise of a beautiful woman, thrust his head into a wasp's-nest, seeking to forget in bodily pain the snares of the Evil One?"

Alas! there are no wasp's-nests in his immediate neighborhood. Naphegyi, therefore, with one wild bound, lands in the saddle of an Arabian steed, and, plunging into the heart of the desert, seeks to bury his emotions in night and silence. It is impossible not to lose one's self under these circumstances. The Saharan mile-stones are

far between, and the sign-boards have been blown over or brought away as relics. Naphegyi begins to realize his forlorn condition, when a lucky, but unexpected, camp-fire flickers upon the remote horizon. With a cry of thankfulness he rushes madly forward, and finds himself in the embraces of the fierce Tuaricks, the terror of caravans, who immediately proceed to starve him almost to death, and suddenly, and without provocation, to feed him to a like disagreeable extreme, to clothe him splendidly, and supply him with a guard of honor. But no man of twenty can long endure such magnificent monotony; and the adventurer again steals off into the darkness, and discovers hideous Bedouin plotters on the one hand, and on the other, just around the corner, lo! the beloved tail-end of his own particular caravan, utterly unconscious of the death that awaits them at sunrise. Again his youthful heart palpitates madly, and with one wild shriek he rushes to the rescue; but an undiscovered abyss, that lies between him and his adored Deborah, receives his mangled form.

But his ninety days in the desert are not yet up. The shade of Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., watches over him in his horrible career through space; and as he awakes, he is half inclined to be ungrateful at finding himself safely lodged in the lap of a beautiful Arab girl, "a perfect mountain gazelle," who industriously fans him with a palm branch, holding a bowl of camel's milk to his feverish lips the while. Vain are her tender glances; he seeks only to know the latitude of his Deborah. Fed with omelettes, made from a small portion of an ostrich's egg, and the delicious broiled tails of the enormous Saharan lizard, he soon recovers, and is borne to the shining gates of Ghardaia, but just in time to weep over the melancholy grave of Deborah, who, with womanly firmness, persists in dying several days before her time.

The ninety days having about expired, Naphegyi turns his restless feet to other lands. He has yet to set his heel on the proud summit of Orizaba; Cofre de Perote and Popocatepetl beckon him, and the peaks of Atlas have lost their charm to stay him longer.

To the Appletons we return thanks for one of the neatest bindings of the season. The

author, in picturesque costume, with elbow set pretty well up on the side-elevation of his pet camel and a passport held negligently in his hand, gazes thoughtfully upon a vignette of the lamented Deborah, which graces the title-page. The story is certainly interesting, but the situations seem overdrawn. It is not so good as Mayo's *Kaloolah* or *The Berber*, and is poor in comparison with the magical pages of *The Howadji*.

THREE SUCCESSFUL GIRLS. By Julia Crouch.
New York: Hurd & Houghton.

One is almost disposed to marvel at the cool intrepidity manifested by the author, in daring to introduce her heroines over the frothing, spuming, steaming suds of a wash-tub. She is putting the courage of all masculine readers to a crucial test. Every farsighted man will manage to "make himself scarce," on such eventful days. When suggestive articles of linen are snapping on the line, keep at a respectful distance. Venture not within the gates when such ominous prognostications meet the eye. Unmistakable signs are they of the terrific struggle going on within. It is a sort of general doomsday: every thing is dragged forth to judgment. Repeat the litany, and drive on!

However, the Misses Mary, Kate, and Hannah probably never appeared to better advantage than on this day: they were never in better spirits, nor enjoying themselves more intensely. There they are on the porch with their tubs, wash-boards, short, calico dresses, stout boots, clean stockings; arms and hands gleaming white (for, somehow, these girls *would have* white hands), bright faces, and busy, gossipy tongues. They are plotting a rebellion—a revolution, to call it by no harsher name. They are determined to slip the dear, safe anchor of home, and drift out into a broader sea. They are now in the transitional dispensation; it would not be astonishing to note some abnormal manifestations. This dispensation of a young woman's life is said to be marked by many curious symptoms, such as eating slate-pencils and chalk; others take a literary turn—send contributions to the press, which the editor kindly and carefully tucks in the wastebasket; others take to shopping, patronizing gracious clerks, who are just becoming proud-

ly conscious of their first tender efflorescence of whisker. They sometimes flirt, as if it were a moral duty. Others take to solitude and poetry; walk with downcast eyes, talking to themselves, and imagining that every body is gazing at them. This has been pronounced the era of hasty marriages, deathless attachments, and delicately formed determinations to live a maiden life. Happy the young woman who is carried safely through this dangerous epoch. But we are wandering from our insurrectionary trio. They are reaching forth from the quiet seclusion of their country-home to the glittering glories of the great metropolis. They propose to educate themselves: one is to be a painter, one a musician, one an author; this is predestined. They propose to take things in their own hands, and play Providence. In their schemes there is a queer dovetailing together of shrewd sense and wild extravagance. There is any amount of good, stupid, homely talk; there are Utopian schemes and odd fancies. No obstacle is to come between them and success; no loving heart, no happy home, must divert them from victory.

When a young woman is left to find her way, unprotected and alone, through the lowering futurity of this earthly pilgrimage, we would have the gate of opportunity thrown wide open before her; but we doubt very much the wisdom of fledgelings forsaking the home-nest, so long as the mother-bird is disposed to brood and shelter them. In marking out a pet career, there may be obstacles interposing themselves, that we should very much doubt the wisdom of trampling under feet. Energy and perseverance are, unquestionably, most desirable traits; but when directed to the simple carrying out of one's own way, the sequel may not always be so glorious. The spirit of self-sacrifice and filial devotion is not unbecoming a true woman. There is just the faintest suspicion of questionable theology and commonplace diction; the words occasionally trip each other up with an air of gleeful triumph.

Going to hear Beecher, and a country girl's appreciation of the hand-shaking with that great apostle of eloquence, is well told; and the little *morceau* of well-timed advice which she volunteers to such notable professors of philanthropy, is most adroitly thrown

in. She has little patience with a religion whose chief characteristics are gloom and ferocity, or with religious teachers who use the holiest truths as stones with which to pelt their congregation, fondly thinking that the success of Christianity is mainly due to the fact that they have consented to preach it. The pith of the whole story lies in the challenge of St. Maur, where he says to the three adventurous spirits, "Convince me that a woman with even ordinary attractions, and perhaps more than ordinary ability, without genius, which *must* work itself out, can climb the ladder successfully, and make herself useful, and her mark in the arts, sciences, or professions, and I will give each of you a gold medal, and a present that will charm you." The sequel discovers a gold medal for each, and a husband in St. Maur for Kate. Every body is happy, and the world moves on.

BLUE JACKETS; or, the Adventures of J. Thompson, A. B., among the "Heathen Chinese." A nautical novel. By Edward Greedy. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

Mr. Edward Greedy has written with an object, and a worthy one; but we fear he has written in vain. It is more than likely that the unregenerated British Navy will continue to plow the deep, and flog seamen, though Mr. Greedy sweeps the lurid horizon with his heaviest metaphorical broadside. It is now the custom to begin a reformation with a novel. It is necessary to give truth an air of fiction, in order to reach the public. Facts are too slow, and too common. Probably some zealous Millerite will be putting the closing line to his *Romance of the Judgment-day* (written for the conversion of the globe), as the angel whisks him off to glory with a wet quill between thumb and finger, and a blot on his robe. Perhaps Mr. Greedy would have created more sympathy for his sailors had he made them more worthy of it. Our blood curdles at the harrowing details in Chapter V. (to which Mr. Greedy calls particular attention in his preface); but it curdles in like manner when those marine martyrs get ashore in the land of the "Heathen Chinese," and proceed to amuse themselves by blowing up old prisons full of prisoners, firing antique pagodas, upsetting innumer-

able idols, and playfully confiscating much idolatrous treasure. Jack Tar, at liberty to do as he pleases in China, is as pitiful a spectacle as the same Jack lashed to the grating for the entertainment of his Captain, who sees that the lash is well applied, and the ceremony suspended from time to time, that the insensible victim may be properly restored. H. M. S. *Stinger*, under Captain Puffeigh, is a veritable floating pandemonium; but a shore village in China, under the temporary rule of some dozens of drunken sailors, is, to speak truly, no better.

The plot of the novel is indifferent, and the characters are feebly drawn. The irrepressible Jerry Thompson, A. B., of course, kisses every thing feminine in true sailor fashion; and having turned the holy pigs, the consecrated storks, the sacred gold-fish, and what other edibles are found in the temples, into a sort of sacrilegious stew, and devoured the same with profane relish, he returned to England to find his Mary Ann married elsewhere, and the mother of two little ones already. But he instantly "pipes his eye," and marries the first maid he meets, adopts the orphan child of his bleeding chum, Tom Clare, who fell a victim to the cruelty of the British Navy; and the nautical novel of *Blue Jackets* closes to the musical clatter of sailor-hornpipes in the distance.

WONDERS OF ENGRAVING. New York: Scribner & Co.

Does any one imagine that engraving is a modern invention? This little volume has many interesting anecdotes for the general reader, and perhaps one of the oddest is this:

"A goldsmith of Florence, Maso Finiguerra, had just put the last touch to an engraving of a 'Pax,' ordered by the Brothers of St. John, and wishing to see the effect of his work, filled the lines traced by his engraver with a liquid composed of oil and lamp-black. By chance, a pile of damp linen was placed upon the silver plate thus prepared, and the sunk lines filled with black liquid were reproduced upon the linen."

Horace Walpole in his *Anecdotes of Painting*, vol. V., tells how Prince Rupert, neph-

ew of Charles I., was led to the discovery of mezzotint engraving, in 1649. He says:

"Going out early one morning, he observed the sentinel at some distance from his post, very busy doing something to his piece. The Prince asked what he was about. He replied, the dew had fallen in the night, had made his fusil rusty, and that he was scraping and cleaning it. The Prince, looking at it, was struck with something like a figure eaten into the barrel, with innumerable little holes close together, like friezed work on gold or silver, part of which the fellow had scraped away. The Prince concluded that some contrivance might be found to cover a brass plate with such a grained ground of fine-pressed holes, which would undoubtedly give an impression all black, and that by scraping away proper parts the smooth superficies would leave the rest of the paper white. Communicating his idea to Wallerant Vailant, a painter whom he maintained, they made several experiments."

"Unfortunately for the English historian," adds Georges Duplessis, the author of this volume, "mezzotint engraving had already been invented for several years, and Louis of Siegen, a German officer, had employed it in 1643, and a certain Francois Aspruck had engraved a series of thirteen plates of 'Christ and the Apostles,' and one of 'Venus and Cupid,' which all bear the date 1601, by means of some process giving a result very similar to that obtained from mezzotint."

This little book throws much light upon the origin of the various modes of engraving, and it is admirably illustrated.

THE POETS AND POETRY OF EUROPE. By Henry W. Longfellow. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

This compilation was given to the public a quarter of a century ago. But it has lost nothing of its interest. It is still the most satisfactory collection of European poetry accessible to most American readers. The biographical notes are also of great value.

THE PROSE WRITERS OF AMERICA. By Rufus Griswold. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

Large additions have been made to this volume. The selections are brought down to the year 1870. Although the book very imperfectly represents the prose writers of this country, it is much more complete than when it was first published.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

From A. Roman & Co., San Francisco :

- WONDERS OF THE HEAVENS. By Camille Flammarion. New York : Charles Scribner & Co.
- HEAT. By Jacob Abbott. New York : Harper & Brothers.
- THE LANDS OF SCOTT. By J. F. Hunnewell. Boston : J. R. Osgood & Co.
- PUBLIC AND PARLOR READINGS. Edited by Lewis B. Monroe. Boston : Lee & Shepard.
- TRIED FOR HER LIFE. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia : T. B. Peterson & Brothers.
- TEARS AND VICTORY, AND OTHER POEMS. By Belle W. Cooke. Salem, Oregon : E. M. Waite.
- NEW TESTAMENT MANUAL. By Stephen Hawes. Boston : Lee & Shepard.
- A SMALLER SCRIPTURE HISTORY. By William Smith, LL.D. New York : Harper & Brothers.
- A LIFE'S ASSIZE. A Novel. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell. New York : Harper & Brothers.
- THE VIRGINIA TOURIST. By Edward A. Pollard. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott & Co.
- ANTEROS. A Novel. New York : Harper & Brothers.
- THE OGILVIES. A Novel. By Miss Mulock. New York : Harper & Brothers.
- THE LIFE AND TIMES OF HENRY LORD BROUGHAM. Written by Himself. Vol. I. New York : Harper & Brothers.
- THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY. A Novel. By Miss Mulock. New York : Harper & Brothers.
- OUR EYES, AND HOW TO TAKE CARE OF THEM. By Henry W. Williams, A.M., M.D. Boston : James R. Osgood & Co.
- HAND-BOOK FOR IMMIGRANTS TO THE UNITED STATES. New York : Hurd & Houghton.
- PIKE COUNTY BALLADS, AND OTHER PIECES. By John Hay. Boston : James R. Osgood & Co.
- CONDENSED NOVELS. By Bret Harte. Boston : J. R. Osgood & Co.
- THE OLD WORLD SEEN WITH YOUNG EYES. New York : T. Whittaker, No. 2 Bible House.
- XENOPHON. By Sir Alexander Grant, Bart., LL.D. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott & Co.
- WHY DID HE NOT DIE? or, The Child from the Ebräergang. By Mrs. A. L. Wister. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott & Co.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco :

- THOUGHTS ABOUT ART. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Boston : Roberts Bros.
- TATTERED TOM ; or, The Story of a Street Arab. By Horatio Alger, Jr. Boston : Loring.
- A VISIT TO MY DISCONTENTED COUSIN. Boston : Roberts Bros.
- DESK AND DEBIT ; or, The Catastrophes of a Clerk. By Oliver Optic. Boston : Lee & Shepard.
- FOUNDATIONS ; or, Castles in the Air. By Rose Porter. New York : A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
- LITTLE MEN. By Louisa M. Alcott. Boston : Roberts Brothers.
- SONGS OF THE SIERRAS. By Joaquin Miller. London : Longmans, Green, Reader, and Dyer.
- AMERICAN JOURNAL OF OBSTETRICS. New York : Wm. Baldwin & Co., Publishers.
- THREE LECTURES ON BUDDHISM. By Rev. E. J. Eitel. Hongkong : At the London Mission House.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE

OVERLAND MONTHLY.

JULY, 1871. — VOL. VII., No. 37.

CHAPTER XI.

Letter from Senator Clemens. — Resign from the Boundary Commission. — Departure of the Commission. — New Expedition. — Ride up the Gila. — Terrible Conflict with the Apaches. — Desperate Personal Encounter. — Defeat of the Savages. — Return of the Expedition. — Long for a Quiet Life. — San Francisco. — Cogitations on Indian Character. — Advice Given and Disdained. — The Fatal Results. — Necessity for Constant Caution. — Extent of Apache Country. — Numerical Strength of the Apaches. — Female Warriors. — False Impressions of Indian Character.

A WEEK after our safe arrival in San Diego, worn-out and suffering from nearly two years' wandering upon the uninhabited deserts of Texas, Arizona, northern Sonora, and a portion of New Mexico, I received a warm, cordial, and brotherly letter from the Hon. Jere Clemens, Senator from Alabama, who had been my Lieutenant-Colonel during a portion of the Mexican war, after the death of Colonel Ransom, and the capture of Chapultepec, which letter informed me that although the appropriation for the Boundary Commission had passed Congress, yet John B. Weller, Senator from California, had managed to have inserted in it a proviso which would have the effect of rendering that appropriation unavailable, and that the probabilities were we would be disbanded in the deserts, without money, or the means of return to our friends and homes at the East. He also advised me to leave the Commission, as we had arrived within the precincts of civilization, and pursue some other avocation. The

advice and arguments of my former superior, whose kindness and remembrance had followed me throughout our toilsome and dangerous career, convinced my mind of their value, and I resigned my place in the Commission. Three weeks afterward it returned toward the East, while I remained in San Diego.

About a month after the Commission had departed, carrying with it my warmest and most kindly esteem toward its gallant and noble-hearted members, a small party of ten men was formed for the purpose of entering and exploring a portion of Arizona, with a view to locate and exploit some of its valuable gold and silver mines, and I was engaged as the interpreter and guide of the party, on a salary of five hundred dollars per month.

On an appointed day we started, and, after a tedious march, reached the Colorado, which was then the theatre of an active war against the Yuma Indians. Colonel Heintzleman had arrived with

his troops, and had begun a vigorous campaign. We were immediately crossed by the guard in charge of the launch, and cautioned about the Yumas, who were then supposed to be in force on the Gila, about thirty miles from its junction with the Colorado. In consequence of this warning, we determined to proceed by night instead of day until we had passed the field occupied by the savages. The rumbling of our two wagons, and the watchful stillness of our party, impressed the savages with the belief that we were an armed body stealing a march upon them, and we passed unmolested in the dark, arriving at Antelope Peak in our march from Fort Yuma. Here we considered ourselves comparatively safe from the Yumas, although exposed to visits from the Tonto Apaches, who inhabit the northern side of the Gila, from Antelope Peak to the Pimo villages. Our party was well armed, each person having two revolvers, a good rifle, and a large knife; and we felt ourselves equal to four or five times our number of Indians in an open fight; but were also aware that the utmost precaution was necessary at all times.

Just below and about what is known as Grinnell's Station the road is covered from four to five inches deep with a fine and almost impalpable dust, containing an abundance of alkali. The lightest tread sends it in clouds far overhead, and a body of men riding together in close column are so thoroughly enveloped as to prevent the recognizing of each other at the distance of only three feet. In some places the road passes through the middle of an extensive plain, apparently incapable of affording covert to a hare. We had arrived at one of these wide openings, and were inclosed in a cloud of dust so dense as completely to bar the vision of all except the two who occupied the advance. One or two others attempted to ride on one side of the road, but the terrible thorns of the

cactus and the pointed leaves of the Spanish bayonet, which soon covered their horses' legs with blood, and lamed the poor animals, induced them to resume the dusty road. No one expected an attack in so open, exposed, and unsheltered a place; yet it was the very one selected for such a purpose. The wily savages knew that we would be upon our guard in passing a defile, a thick wood, or a rocky *cañon*; and also judged that we might be careless while crossing an open plain. They were well acquainted with the dusty character of the road, and, relying on it to conceal their presence, had secreted themselves close to its southern edge, awaiting our approach.

At a certain spot, where a dozen or two yucca-trees elevated their sharp-pointed leaves about four feet above-ground, and while we were shrouded in a cloud of dust, a sharp, rattling volley was poured into us from a distance of less than twenty yards. It has always been a matter of astonishment to me that none of our party was either killed or wounded; but we lost two mules and three horses by that fire. The dense dust prevented the Apaches from taking aim, and they fired a little too low. It was no time for hesitation, and the order was at once given to dismount and fight on foot. We could distinguish little or nothing; shot after shot was expended in the direction of the savages; now and then a dark body would be seen and made a target of as soon as seen. Each man threw himself flat upon the ground; but scarcely any could tell where his companions were. It was pre-eminently a fight in which each man was on "his own hook."

While we lay prostrate the dust settled somewhat, and we were about to obtain a good sight of the enemy, when John Wollaston cried out, "Up, boys! they are making a rush." Each man rose at the word, and a hand-to-hand

contest ensued which beggars all description. It was at this juncture that our revolvers did the work, as was afterward shown. Again the dust rose in blinding clouds, hurried up by the tramping feet of contending men. We stood as much chance to be shot by each other as by the savages. The quick rattling of pistols was heard on all sides, but the actors in this work of death were invisible. The last charge of my second pistol had been exhausted; my large knife lost in the thick dust on the road, and the only weapon left me was a small, double-edged, but sharp and keen, dagger, with a black whalebone hilt, and about four inches long on the blade. I was just re-loading a six-shooter, when a robust, athletic Apache, much heavier than myself, stood before me, not more than three feet off. He was naked, with the single exception of a breech-cloth, and his person was oiled from head to foot. I was clothed in a green hunting-frock, edged with black; a pair of green pants, trimmed with black welts, and a green, broad-brimmed, felt hat. The instant we met he advanced upon me with a long and keen knife, with which he made a plunge at my breast. This attack was met by stopping his right wrist with my left hand, and at the same moment I lunged my small dagger full at his abdomen. He caught my right wrist in his left hand, and for a couple of seconds—a long time under such circumstances—we stood regarding each other, my left hand holding his right above my head, and his left retaining my right on a level with his body. Feeling that he was greased, and that I had no certain hold, I tripped him with a sudden and violent pass of the right foot, which brought him to the ground, but in falling he seized and carried me down with him. In a moment the desperate savage gained the ascendant, and planted himself firmly on my person, with his right knee on my left arm, confining it closely, and his left arm

pinioning my right to the ground, while his right arm was free. I was completely at his mercy. His personal strength and weight were greater than mine. His triumph and delight glared from his glittering black eyes, and he resolved to lose nothing of his savage enjoyment. Holding me down with the grasp of a giant, against which all my struggles were wholly vain, he raised aloft his long, sharp knife and said, "Pindah lickoyee das-ay-go, dee-dah tatsan"—which means, "the white-eyed man, you will be soon dead." I thought as he did, and in that frightful moment made a hasty commendation of my soul to the Benevolent; but I am afraid that it was mingled with some scheme to get out of my predicament, if possible.

To express the sensations I underwent at that moment is not within the province of language. My erratic and useless life passed in review before me in less than an instant of time. I lived more in that minute or two of our deadly struggle than I had ever done in years, and, as I was wholly powerless, I gave myself up for lost—another victim to Apache ferocity. His blood-shot eyes gleamed upon me with intense delight, and he seemed to delay the death-stroke for the purpose of gladdening his heart upon my fears and inexpressible torture. All this transpired in less than half a minute, but to me it seemed hours. Suddenly he raised his right arm for the final stroke. I saw the descending blow of the deadly weapon, and knew the force with which it was driven.

The love of life is a strong feeling at any time; but to be killed like a pig, by an Apache, seemed pre-eminently dreadful and contemptible. Down came the murderous knife, aimed full at my throat, for his position on my body made that the most prominent part for attack. Instantly I twisted my head and neck one side to avoid the blow and prolong life as much as possible. The keen blade

passed in dangerous proximity to my throat, and buried itself deeply in the soft soil, penetrating my black silk cravat, while his right thumb came within reach of my mouth, and was as quickly seized between my teeth. His struggles to free himself were fearful, but my life depended on holding fast. Finding his efforts vain, he released his grasp of my right arm and seized his knife with his

—The foregoing is taken from that interesting work, entitled "Life Among the Apaches," written by Colonel John C. Cremony, and published by John H. Carmany & Co., 409 Washington Street, San Francisco, Cal. Mailed to any address, post-paid, for \$1.50. The following extract from the author's Preface explains his motive in the publication of this book: "If this volume shall have the effect of bettering our present deplorable Indian policy by letting in some light, it will accomplish the author's object."

"The reader is apt to be reminded of Cooper's vivid descriptions of backwoods life; and while the thread of savage craft and human endurance is less fine spun by Cremony, there is a satisfaction in the assurance that what he tells is literally true."—*Sacramento Union*.

"It is racy in style, vigorous in thought, and full of curious information. It is so full of suggestive matter, so rich in anecdote and incident, so fresh in its descriptions of the life and scenery of the frontier, that our interest is awakened with the opening chapter, and never flags for a moment until we have read to the last line of the last page."—*Evening Bulletin*.

"Major Cremony has furnished the best book yet published about the Apaches—a tribe who have proved more troublesome to the United States forces than any other yet met in our country. He has had excellent opportunities to observe them, and he gives full account of their character and modes of thinking,

living, and fighting. Much of the information is very curious, and the book is decidedly interesting."—*Alta*.

The sixth volume of the OVERLAND MONTHLY closes with the June number. Its popularity has induced the publishers to make still greater exertions in producing an interesting and instructive periodical, and they now have, among its corps of contributors, the ablest pens on the Pacific Coast, as well as numerous authors of acquired fame in the East and in foreign lands. We always find the OVERLAND as fresh as the atmosphere around the Golden Gate, in every department, while its book notices—the most profitable of all desultory reading—are better perhaps than those of any publication which reaches us. Too many of our magazines are mere advertising almanacs of books issued from the same house which publishes the magazine, and such a thing as honest criticism is altogether too rare in their pages. In short, fault-finding on one hand, and bare-faced puffery on the other, is much more common than legitimate criticism.—*Herald, Providence, R. I.*

When Nye "went for that heathen Chinee" he made a winning fight of it, and we advise our readers to go for that admirable *fac-simile* of the original manuscript, as written by F. Bret Harte, with all its interlineations and corrections, together with the letter-press copy as it appeared in the OVERLAND MONTHLY of September, 1870, embellished with a capital likeness of the author. Every one desirous of seeing just how Bret Harte looks, and of perusing his calligraphy, will possess himself of a copy. It is issued from the office of John H. Carmany & Co., 409 Washington Street, San Francisco, Cal., and is for sale by all news-dealers. The lithographic execution is a perfect specimen of that art. Price, 25 cents per copy.



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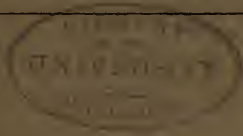
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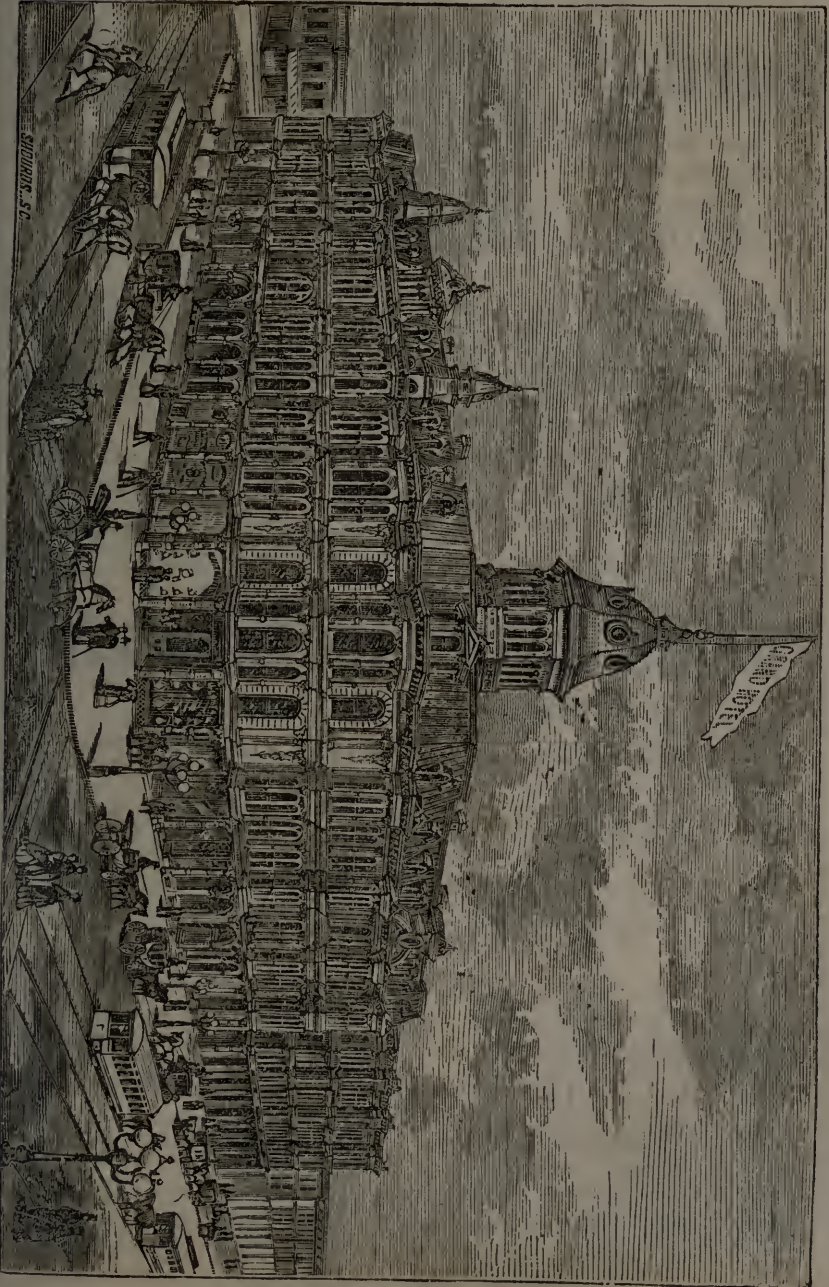
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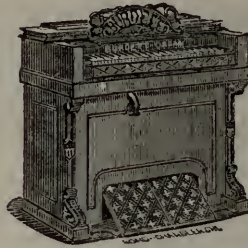
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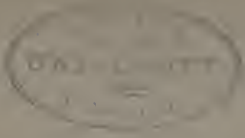
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VOL. 7.—AUGUST, 1871.—No. 2.

AN EARLY HERO OF THE PACIFIC.

DOUGLAS, THE BOTANIST.

THE most familiar object of natural scenery in Oregon, Washington Territory, and British Columbia is the "Douglas Pine" (*Abies Douglasii*). Rising from a base ten feet in diameter, often to the height of four hundred feet, it forms the pillared aisles in the forests, that extend from Alaska to Shasta. When the tide of commerce, which has rolled along the Atlantic during the last hundred years, pours into the Pacific, unlimited stores will be found in these for ship-building. Already it has been used for spars in the East; and at the International Exhibition in London, in 1862, we saw a magnificent specimen, 309 feet in length, which had been sent from Nootka Sound.

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Astoria; at a time when Mexican *Alcaldes* were chasing their herds in the valleys of California, and a few trappers were roaming through the forests around the Columbia River, there went out, on board the Hudson Bay Company's ship at London, David Douglas, who was the first to introduce the productions of this Western country to the world of science. Romantic and interesting his life, tragic and melancholy his end: it is well that one of the most widely distributed trees on our coast should bear his name, and perpetuate the memory of his noble and self-sacrificing labors.

During the ten years between 1824 and 1834, the fur-trappers and Indians often came across a stalwart Scotchman traveling through the forests, with his gun across his shoulder and the *vasculum* on his back, attended only by his inseparable terrier, rough and shaggy as his master. This man often stopped to ask them strange questions about plants and birds, and passed away. Among the Indians he was accounted a "Big

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Medicine," and far and wide was known in the *ranchos* as "the Grass Man." Often the chief traders at the different posts between Puget Sound and Monterey, where he was ever a welcome guest, would hear at night the terrier's yelp that announced the approach of David Douglas, and prepare for him their warmest corner. Not long would he stay, however. The forest was his home and his delight. Sleeping behind the shelter of the trunk of his favorite tree became so natural, that he was shy of blanket and bolster, and felt uneasy when within the pickets and bastions of a well-appointed post. Finally, having accomplished his mission, and added above a thousand plants to the vocabulary of botanists, he started on his journey homeward, in which he was tragically cut off.

A Scotchman, born in the last year of the last century, we may trace something of his intense love of Nature to the scenery around his native place: the ancient town of Scone, where the Kings of Scotland were crowned of yore. Set in the strong background of the Grampians, right in front of the Highlands, it looks out from among its stately groves upon the stream of the winding Tay and the rich valley of Strathmore. His father—a worthy stone-mason—had set his heart upon making him a scholar, but the boy turned from book-learning to fishing and bird-nesting. The only books he manifested a liking for were "Robinson Crusoe," "Sinbad the Sailor," and accounts of Travel. Yet in other things he manifested perseverance and steadiness of purpose. Among his family of birds, he had secured some hawks and a nest of owls. The latter were voracious. He could not catch mice and birds quickly enough to supply them. So he saved up the pennies which were given him for his daily lunch at school, and made an arrangement with the neighboring butcher for a supply of liver. Though

strange and peculiar—a boy difficult to deal with—he appears to have commended himself, to those who knew him, by an active and generous disposition. Strong and hardy, he held his own with the other boys, and his master sharply replied to one of numerous complaints brought against him, "I like a deil better than a dult."

He started his Botanical career, in humble capacity, as a seven-years' apprentice under the old gardener of the Earl of Mansfield. Here we find him, first, in the flower-garden, and afterward in the forcing department. During the day he works away, puzzling the older heads about the names and the nature of plants, and devoting the evenings to the study of books that treat of them. A great reader now, he buys and borrows all the books he can get hold of on Travel and Natural History. He soon obtained another situation in the garden of Sir Robert Beston, at Culross. Here we find him at nineteen, working away in the kitchen garden. At this place, there was a fine collection of exotic plants. This was his peculiar delight. In the manor-house there was an excellent Botanical library. To this he had access, and diligently improved the privilege. During the two years he spent here his ambition was fired, and his course determined.

His next step was wisely chosen. Having obtained a situation in the Botanic Garden at Glasgow, he was surrounded with associations and opportunities which greatly improved him. He was no daysman working for a wage; but an ardent student, walking among the things he loved. He was brought into contact with one whose influence was potent to direct the after-current of his life. Glasgow University was peculiarly fortunate in having, at this time, as Professor of Botany, a man whose enthusiasm flowed over into all his students. This was the late Sir W. J. Hooker.

One of the highest mountains on our coast perpetuates his memory. He has been a moving power among many. His son is now the Keeper of Kew Observatory, and one of the highest authorities in science. His students are scattered throughout the world. The garden was then most unfavorably situated in the midst of reeking chimneys and murky factories. The lecture-room was a small, dingy building in its centre—only different from a dog-kennel in being up-stairs. Since that time, both the university and the garden have been removed to more favorable localities. Yet in that old building some noble work was done. There Hooker gave those lectures which established his name as a prince in Botanical Science. These lectures Douglas attended while engaged there. His soul was set on fire with zeal. Not any of the medical students, who attended as a part of their curriculum, made better progress, or attracted more the attention of the warm-hearted Professor. David became his favorite companion in those delightful summer excursions which he made to Benlomond, Balquhider, and the Western Islands.

From Hooker came his first promotion to the ranks of an Explorer. The plants and trees of America had long attracted the interest of the Horticultural Society, in London. They applied to Hooker for a qualified collector, and David Douglas was appointed. In 1823 he came out to the United States, and was so successful in adding to their collection of fruit-trees, that, next year, when an opportunity was offered by the Hudson Bay Company of sending a collector to the region around the Columbia River, Douglas was the man fixed on. He never forgot Hooker. Two years after, in writing to him from Oregon, he says: "I expect to reach the mountains in August. How glad I shall be to join you in our usual trip to Benlomond, where we shall have more time, and a

keener relish, for talking over north-west America. Pardon the shortness of this note, as I have neither time nor convenience for writing—no table, nor desk: this is penned on the top of my specimen board, under which are some exceedingly interesting things."

Strangely enough, at the time Douglas was dispatched to explore the flora and plants from the western sea-board, another acquaintance, Drummond, who had wrought with him in the garden at Culross, was attached as Naturalist to the Expedition of Sir John Franklin, which made its way from eastward up to near Peace River. Three years afterward, they met at Carlton House, on the Rocky Mountains, where they showed to each other their varied treasures. Douglas says of Drummond, "He had spent the greater part of his time in exploring the Rocky Mountains contiguous to the sources of the rivers Athabasca and Columbia, where he had made a princely collection." Such meetings with kindred spirits occasionally relieved his solitary life. At Monterey, he once met Doctor Coulter, who had been collecting in Mexico, and, in the joy of his heart, reports his luck to Doctor Hooker: "As a salmon-fisher, he is superior to Walter Campbell, of Islay—the Izaak Walton of Scotland—besides being a beautiful shot with a rifle; nearly as successful as myself! And I do assure you from my heart, it is a *terrible* pleasure to me thus to meet a really good man, and one with whom I can talk of plants."

It is noticeable that the Hudson Bay ship on which he embarked took from July 25th, 1824, till April 8th, 1825—nine months. Since, the time of a journey from London to the Columbia has been immensely shortened. First, the Company found ships to do it in five months; then ocean steam and the Panama Railway brought it down, in 1851, to forty days; and now the Cunard line and the Central Pacific will lift a man at

London and put him down at Astoria in sixteen days. The tedious voyage was interesting to Douglas from the improvement which he made of it. We have a lively picture of him, sitting on deck, hooking up sea-weeds, and casting his bait to the birds. He seems to have rejoiced most in the stormy weather, it being only then he could catch the "*Diomedea exulans*," a smaller species of gull. They called in at the island of Juan Fernandez, and, singularly enough, found there a second Robinson Crusoe. On the second day, when out exploring upon the island, a being sprang from the bushes, to their great surprise, clad in coarse trousers, the original material of which it was hard to say, a flannel shirt, and no hat. In the vicinity, they found his hut, built of stones and turf, and thatched with the straw of the wild oat. His only cooking utensil was a cast-iron pot, with a wooden bottom, in which he boiled his food by sinking it a few inches in the floor, and placing fire round the sides. He longed to taste roast beef. One day he had tried to bake some, but the bottom of his pot had given way in the process. His name was William Clark, and he had come from London five years before. He had a few books, among them "Robinson Crusoe" and "Cowper's Poems." From the latter, he had committed to memory the poem on Alexander Selkirk:

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute."

Douglas says, "No pen can correctly describe the charming and rural appearance of this island." Lord Anson and Douglas have been its Botanical benefactors. The former had introduced the peach, the quince, the apple, the vine, the strawberry, and a few kitchen plants; and Douglas, in return for the few dried specimens he bore away, sowed the seeds of a few fruit-trees and culinary vegetables. After a few months more, the guns of Astoria announced their arrival.

"The joy of viewing land, and the hope of being able in a few days to range through this long-desired spot, may be easily imagined. I think I may truly reckon this (April 7th) as among the happiest moments of my life." Doctor Scouler, the surgeon of the ship, and he went ashore at Cape Disappointment, which, by a singular error, he supposed to be on the south of the Columbia.

On the following day, Doctor McLoughlin, the Chief Factor, came down in a small boat, and took him ninety miles up to Fort Vancouver. This post, pitched on a beautiful opening in the woods, opposite the spot where Vancouver completed his survey in 1792, became his head-quarters and *home* (so far as a place where he occasionally reported himself may be called a home) during his pioneer life. Situated amid extensive wooded scenery, broken only by the white summits of fine, lofty mountains, it was long the centre of life and commerce in the West. Once every year the mail, and the supplies brought in the big ship from England, were here distributed. To this point gathered the trappers, in their canoes and on their cayuse horses, with the produce of their season. To Fort Vancouver came the early missionaries and settlers for advice and assistance. Many a serious council and social gathering took place within its pickets. The Resident Factor was king of all the land. More than Roderick Dhu on his native heath, was the Chief Factor at Vancouver. The scene has now greatly changed. The fort of the Hudson Bay Company has become a post of the Federal Government. Instead of the huge log-house, there is a smiling village of a thousand inhabitants. The old bastions and the mess-house have been swept away to make room for the officers' quarters. Instead of the Indians yelling amid their occasional "potlatches," there is now heard the reveille and the steady tramp

of the guards. Ten years ago, the present President of the United States, then a cavalry officer, might often have been seen taming wild horses in the fields around.

Douglas began to collect immediately on stepping out of the boat. Between June and October, when the ship returned, he was ready to dispatch a considerable number of specimens, and had completed three journeys: one to the Dalles, another to the Falls of the Multnomah (Oregon City), and a third to the Grand Rapids of the Columbia. He had thus introduced himself to some of the sublimest scenery of the West, and given proof of his fitness for pioneer exploration. No man could accommodate himself with more readiness to the emergencies of his new life. At this day, miners acknowledge the difficulty of prospecting in this region. Very few would trust themselves out alone in the forest to depend upon the game and fruits. But Douglas, although hitherto inexperienced, at once managed to do it, content with his gun and his *vasculum*, in which there were usually more specimens than bread. Writing when he had been out only a few months, he says: "I arrived at Fort Vancouver on August 5th, and employed myself until the 18th in drying the specimens I had collected, and making short journeys in quest of seeds and plants; my labors being materially retarded by the rainy weather. As there were no houses yet built on this new station, I first occupied a tent, which was kindly offered me, and then removed to a larger deer-skin tent, which soon, however, became too small for me, in consequence of the augmentation of my collections. A hut, constructed of the bark of '*Thuja Occidentalis*' (oak), was my next habitation, and there I shall probably take up my winter-quarters. I have been in a house only three nights since my arrival in N. W. America, and these were the

first after my debarkation. On my journeys I occupy a tent, wherever it is practicable to carry one—which, however, is not often—so that a canoe turned upside down is my occasional shelter; but more frequently I lie under the boughs of a pine-tree, without any thing further. In England, people shiver at the idea of sleeping with their window open; here each person takes his blanket, and stretches himself, with all possible complacency, on the sand or under a bush, as may happen, just as if he were going to bed. Habit has rendered the practice so comfortable to me that I look upon any thing more as mere superfluity."

So industrious was he in collecting, that in two years, 1826 and 1827, he had already sent home many hundreds of specimens, and had made numerous additions to the vocabulary of Botany. Dr. Hooker, who published his Journal, gives a list of nearly two hundred which were introduced by him during these years, and had already become common in Botanical collections. Whenever he got the least indication of a new plant, he could not rest until he had found its habitat, and secured its seeds. "Among the most interesting plants which I gathered last year is a species of tobacco. I first saw a single plant of it in the hand of an Indian at the Great Falls of the Columbia, but though I offered two ounces of manufactured tobacco—an enormous remuneration—he would on no account part with it. The *nicotiana* is never sowed by the Indians near the villages, lest it should be pulled and used before it comes to maturity. They select for its cultivation an open place in the forest, where they burn a dead tree or stump, and, strewing the ashes over the ground, plant the tobacco there. Fortunately, I happened to detect one of these little habitations, and supplied myself with specimens, both for drying and for seeds. The owner, whom I

shortly met, seeing the prize under my arm, appeared much displeased, but was propitiated with a present of European tobacco, and, becoming good friends with me, gave me the above description of its culture, saying that the wood ashes invariably made it grow very large." He here introduces us to the early currency of the forest—*feet and inches of tobacco*.

In 1825, he noticed, in the tobacco pouches of the natives, the seeds of a remarkably large pine, which, they said, grew in the country of the Umpqua, two degrees south of the Columbia River. Having secured one of the large cones, he named it the "*Pinus Lambertiana*." When the spring came, he prepared to visit its region. "I packed up six quires of paper, and a few other articles requisite for what I called my *business*—a copper kettle, and a little tobacco to pay my way." This journey was attended with many dangers. The traveler who now rattles along on the stage-road between the Umpqua and Portland on the Wallamet, can little realize the perils through which our hero passed. A dreadful storm burst upon them in the forest; then dangerous sickness overtook him. At last he reached the grove, and saw the precious cones, hanging like sugar-loaves from the pendulous branches. In securing three of these, he nearly brought his life to a close. It being impossible either to climb the tree or hew it down, he tried to shoot them down. The report of the gun soon surrounded him with Indians, painted with red earth, and armed with bows, arrows, bone-tipped spears, and knives. They appeared any thing but friendly. Who was this stranger that thus rudely invaded their sacred grove?—who was he that dared to fire upon these sires of the forest? Their sacred tree was in danger—a Douglas must try his mettle. Presenting all their weapons, they faced him for a time, and retired; when he

embraced the opportunity of their temporary absence to bury himself in the forest. The return journey was made with even greater danger. On the first day, a storm again broke upon him; on the second, the Indians overtook him; on the third, his horse fell over a precipice. Twelve days, passed in extreme misery, brought him to the Columbia River again.

Well did he deserve the title of "the Grass Man," which he received from the Indians. Any sacrifice he would undergo for the sake of his plants. On one occasion, we find him wearing a damp shirt, in order to keep the dry one to wrap around his specimens. At another time, he congratulates himself, when crossing the Columbia up in the Okanagan country, that while he had lost all he had to eat, he had saved his plants. Having formed the intention of crossing the continent and going by sea to visit England, which he accomplished, we are permitted to contemplate the Naturalist's outfit. "My store of clothes is very low, nearly reduced to what I have on my back. One pair of shoes, no stockings, two shirts, two handkerchiefs, my blanket, and cloak. Thus I adapt my costume to that of the country, as I could not carry more without reducing myself to an inadequate supply of paper and such articles of Natural History." On one occasion he had nothing but a little boiled horseflesh to eat, and was glad to eke out this scanty fare with a roasted rat.

Although "the Grass Man" *par excellence*, he also made observations for other departments in Natural History. All living things are sources of interest to him: the birds, the bears, the elks, the deer, claim his attention. He introduces to history a ground-rat, which he discovered in rather a curious way. "During the night I was annoyed by the visit of a horde of rats, who devoured every article of seed I had collected, ate

clean through a bundle of dried plants, and carried off my soap-brush and razor. As one was taking away my inkstand, which I had been using shortly before, and which lay close to my pillow, I raised my gun, which, with my faithful dog, is always placed under my blanket by my side, and hastily gave him the contents. When I saw how large and strong this creature was, I ceased to wonder at the exploits of the herd. The body and tail together measured a foot and a half; the back is brown, the belly, white, while the tail and the enormous ears are each three-quarters of an inch long, with whiskers three inches in length, and jet-black. Unfortunately, the specimen was spoiled by the shot, in my eagerness to recover my inkstand, but I secured another. I understand that these rats are found in the Rocky Mountains, particularly to the north, near the McKenzie and Peace rivers, where, during the winter, they destroy every thing that comes in their way."

We are struck with the shrewdness of this shaggy Scotchman, in dealing with the Indians. It was no small matter to be surrounded by hundreds, who had never seen the face of a White Man before. One of these, having struck a mark 110 yards distant with his rifle, exclaimed that none of King George's Chiefs could do that any more than chant the death-song or dance the war-dance. Douglas lifted his gun, raised a bird, and brought it down flying. This had great effect: they never think of shooting an object in motion, and laid their hands upon their mouths in token of fear. "My fame was hereupon sounded throughout the whole country. Ever since," remarks the wily pioneer, "I have found it to be of the utmost importance to bring down a bird flying when I go near any of their lodges, taking care to make it appear as a little matter, not done to be observed." On another occasion, having finished a bit

of salmon in the eyes of a few hundred Indians of whom he was not sure, he coolly took out of his pocket an effervescing powder, put it in some water, and drank it before them. This had immense effect. A man that could swallow *boiling water* was not to be interfered with. Sometimes he achieved the same effect by lighting his pipe with a lens. He found, also, that a pair of blue spectacles placed on the nose, brought their hands to their mouths in token of fear. Occasionally he dealt with them in a more forcible manner. One Indian had stolen his knife. When detected, he claimed to be paid for it. "I paid him, certainly, and so handsomely that I will engage he does not forget 'the Grass Man' in a hurry." The Chief of the Kiyemuse tribe having done him friendly service, "the Grass Man" bored a hole through his only shilling, and observing that the septum of his nose was pierced, suspended it thereon by a brass wire. Another Chief was rewarded for similar service by requesting to be shaved after the fashion of White Men. When coming up to the Chehalis River, in Washington Territory, he was accompanied by Madsue, or "Thunder." Thunder would not taste liquor, but he made up for it in smoking. In self-defense Douglas smoked also, but in this he astonished his companion by putting out the smoke from his mouth. "O!" cried Thunder; "why do you throw away the smoke? See, I take it in my belly."

He ever speaks in the kindest way of his Indian companions. "Among these people confidence answers best. Another good point in their character is hospitality." When it was reported to him that the Indians at the Columbia had taken part in wrecking a ship, he says: "I can not believe that my old friends would do this. I have lived among them for weeks and months."

Thus, then, our hero wandered through the land, going out of his way often a

dozen miles for a single plant; often ready to famish with hunger; often lying in the rain for several days, unable to move, because of his lame knee, which he hurt in packing his first box of specimens; sometimes stumbling over a precipice, sometimes overcome by the pitiless storms; and several times nearly wrecked in crossing rivers. It was his intention, for instance, to visit the Peace River and Russian America, but his canoe was dashed to pieces against the rocks, called the Stony Islands, up near Quesnelle, on the Fraser River, all his supplies and specimens lost, himself cast into the waters, and dashed in upon the shore. This event appears greatly to have discouraged him: four hundred specimens, the result of laborious toil, gone forever. To add to his misfortunes, his eyesight began to fail him. He could not shoot well; at times, out on the mountains, he could not discern the objects immediately around him; at times, he was lonely, desolate, and despondent. Again and again he refers to this in his letters.

After having been nearly ten years in the country, relieved only by his visit to England in 1827, he indulged the prospect of home. Leaving the Columbia River in October, 1833, he reached the Sandwich Islands in December. He set out to explore the country around the volcano of Mauna Kea on the 7th of January. "Walking with my trousers rolled up to my knees, and without shoes, I did not know there were holes in my stockings till I was apprised of them by the scorching heat and pain in my feet. While on the summit I experienced violent headache."

Between this time and July he made several excursions of the same kind. Returning from his last—the ascent of Mauna Loa—hungry, thirsty, blistered, and jaded, he wrote: "Gratified though one may be at witnessing the wonderful works of God in such a place as the summit of this mountain presents, still

it is with thankfulness that we again approach a climate more congenial to our natures, and welcome the habitations of our fellow-men, where we are refreshed with the scent of vegetation, and soothed by the melody of birds."

These were among the last words he wrote. The last were these to Professor Hooker: "May God grant me a safe return to England. I can not but indulge the pleasing hope of being soon able in person to thank you for the signal kindness you have ever shown to me." In this he was fatally disappointed. He left Kohala Point to cross Mauna Kea on the north side. At six A.M. of the 12th July, he called at the house of an Englishman, Edward Gurney, on the mountain; stated that his servant had given out the day before, and asked him to point out the way to Hilo. They took breakfast together, and Gurney went with him about a mile, showed him the paths, and warned him of the pit-traps, set for the wild cattle. He had not gone more than two miles, when he came to an open trap, in which a bullock had been caught. He had looked into it, and also into another, where a cow was caught. He passed, and went up the hill on the way to Hilo. There, some idea induced him to turn. Laying down his bundle, beside which the dog remained, he proceeded to examine the pit more minutely; and it appears, that while looking in, he missed his step and fell down before the enraged bullock. Shortly after, two natives, passing, saw Douglas under the feet of the animal. They ran for Gurney, who shot the bullock, but found that Douglas was already dead. After removing the mangled body, Gurney took charge of the dog and bundle, and other things which he had in his pockets, which were forwarded to Richard Charlton, the Consul at Oahu. Thus ended the life of Douglas, on the 12th of July, 1834, when thirty-five years of age. Exactly ten years after his first embarkation on

board the brig for America, his body was brought down to Oahu for burial.

His death was all the more unfortunate, as he had not completed his account of his last explorations in the North-west. At the Stony Islands, he had lost his last collection of specimens—about four hundred. He had not corresponded regularly with the Horticultural Society, and had delayed his de-

scriptions for some favored time of rest. Cut off ere he had reached middle life, yet his name and his labors for science will not soon be forgotten. To his memory there are countless monuments in the widely distributed Douglas Pine. Their waving branches, moved by the winds, will sound forth the melancholy requiem of him who loved so well these forests and forest-trees.

AUCTIONS AND AUCTIONEERS.

TWENTY years ago, the most famous man in London was George Robins, the auctioneer. He enjoyed a reputation, in his day, such as none before him had obtained. To a fine person, agreeable manners, gentlemanly bearing, and dignified address, he added mind, education, a keen sense of right, and a knowledge of men that was remarkable. If the auction-room has a school of literature of its own, George Robins must be regarded as its founder. His glowing descriptions of the estates that passed beneath his hammer were certainly among the most extraordinary productions that issued from the press; and, whatever may have been their intrinsic merits, they brought their composer a richer pecuniary return than was ever realized by an author. His knowledge was never at fault. He made the sale of a library a continuous literary lecture. Reading, exquisitely well, passages from the works he was selling—giving, in brief, the biographies of their authors—enlarging upon their peculiar merits or defects of style—summing up the information they imparted—rapping out hexameters from Greek and Roman classics—and repeating excerpts from humorous writers with an air so unaffectedly ludicrous as to set the room in a roar of laughter—he often obtained

higher prices for works than they could have been purchased for in the shops.

But it was in the sale of the treasures of a nobleman's or gentleman's mansion, that George Robins found amplest room for his talents. When Fonthill Abbey was to be sold, in 1820, by a single stroke of his pen he saved Beckford, its accomplished owner, from the ruin that would have attended its sacrifice. Seizing upon the curiosity which the exclusiveness of its owner had awakened in regard to the magnificent shrine, admission was denied to all who were not purchasers of a guinea catalogue. Such was the fame of the unparalleled collection that eight thousand of these were sold. Multitudes rushed from all parts of the kingdom to wander through the grounds and visit the galleries of the Abbey. Accommodations could not be secured. Tents were pitched in the park. Carts and wheelbarrows, barrels and boxes, were used by the gentry for sleeping-places. The sale lasted thirty-three days. The Abbey sold for £330,000—a third more than its value. George Robins' descriptions had set all England mad. Pictures sold at most extravagant prices. Raphael's St. Catherine, now in the National Gallery, brought £5,250. Old prints were run up to £60 and £70. Pen-and-ink sketches realized five times

their cost. It was the triumph of the great auctioneer. The treasures of the Abbey alone—books, articles of vertu, furniture, and works of art—realized more than £1,000,000.

Something of the same interest was excited by the sale of the Duke of Buckingham's property at Stowe, in 1851. Multitudes who did not care to buy, purchased catalogues to visit the famous lordly domain. During the sale, the unrivaled man of the hammer made capital of every thing. Upon this bed her Majesty had slept—this Rembrandt Prince Albert had specially admired—the “savage Rosa” gave this identical landscape to his daughter—and this “Unjust Steward”—“I will not insult you by describing it, ladies and gentlemen: it is one of the marvels of art.” The Stowe sale, also, like the Fonthill Abbey, released its proprietor from debt.

It is said of George Robins, that the only professional mistake he ever made brought him more reputation than any act of his life. He had to sell the effects of a merchant lately deceased. The plate amounted to above six hundred ounces of silver; but for daily use there had been reduplicates of the set in Sheffield ware. By some accident, or, as it was afterward whispered about, by the contrivance of a gang of “dealers,” it happened that the whole of the silver was knocked down as plated ware on the first day of the sale, and carried off at one-twentieth of its value. The second day, when the plated ware was put up as silver, the fraud was of course discovered; but then it was too late for recovery, the purchasers of the silver being nowhere to be found. Mr. Robins made good at once from his own purse the loss that had been occasioned by his carelessness.

It would seem that there is no limit to the importance that may be attached to a sale by auction. Once, now and then, in the course of years, it happens

that a single sale will agitate the whole civilized world. A quarter of a century ago, on the decease of a Cardinal at Rome, whose collection of antiquities was of world-wide celebrity, the sale was announced sixteen months before it took place. Catalogues were circulated throughout both hemispheres; and as the prescribed period approached, artists and connoisseurs from every Court in Europe, from the United States, India, and South America, poured into Rome, where they remained for months, consummating the dispersion of the gatherings of a long life. In like manner, the sale of the picture-gallery of Marshal Soult—who was known to have plundered the Peninsula of the choicest works of Murillo—attracted the nobility and gentry from all parts of Europe.

The auction, undoubtedly, had its origin in a remote period of antiquity. It is an *ultima ratio* of necessity, where property must be converted into money; and it must have sprung up in some form in every place where wealth had begun to accumulate. The Greeks, probably, derived it from the Phœnicians, whose extensive commerce would naturally resort to it. From the Greeks it may be traced—etymologically, at least—to the Romans. With these, it was an every-day transaction. Seneca tells us the manner in which an auction was conducted in his day. It is analogous to our own. A placard (*tabella*), describing the property to be sold, was affixed to a pillar in some public place. Courts in the Forum (*atria auctionaria*) were set apart for the sale. The law required it to be public. A spear (probably derived from the disposal of spoils of war) was set up at the entrance, as a signal. *Sub hasta venire* was equivalent to “come under the hammer.” The bidders were not allowed to talk to each other, or to chaffer with the auctioneer. A public crier acted as mouthpiece to bidders, who, if they accepted his price,

held up their fingers. He then advanced the price, and kept on advancing until only one finger was visible. The lot was at last adjudged to the persevering finger. A licensed broker noted the price, collected the money, and gave the purchaser written authority to receive the goods.

Spanish auctions, to this day, resemble the old Roman. Their manner accords with the national temperament. There is no noise. All gabbling is prohibited. The auctioneer is made responsible for the description he gives. He proceeds slowly. A becoming gravity obtains. All excitement is avoided. A bidder names his price; the man of the hammer repeats it; silence for longer or shorter duration follows; another bidder advances upon the last; his price, too, is called—and thus, solemn as a religious conference, the sale goes on in silence till the mallet falls. The whole proceeding is characteristic of Castilian gravity.

The French auction-room is, on the contrary, a perfect Babel. In Paris, there is nothing so noisy. The St. Antoine vendues, where *gamins* and roughs, market-women and beggars, *chiffonniers* and Jews, contend for cheap bargains, are scenes of boisterous rivalry, that not even the donkey-boys of Alexandria can outdo. There is no contrast greater than that which this hubbub presents to the dull decorum of an auction-sale in Amsterdam. There Mynheer Auctioneer sits before a table, covered with catalogues of the articles to be sold; withdrawing his pipe from his mouth long enough to announce the terms of sale or thing to be sold, and then resuming it; waiting patiently, amid clouds of smoke, for some bidder to advance the price. He makes no haste, uses no persuasives, creates no excitement in himself or others, watches no countenances, and takes no nods or winks—nothing, in fact, but good Dutch words.

—for a bid. Before him is a box, or small basket, containing candle-ends. If there is too long delay, he lights one of these in silence, and thrusts it on a spindle fixed in the table. If no advance in price is offered while it burns, the last bidder takes the article.

There is a curious, time-honored custom at the Billingsgate Fish-Market, of selling fish from the boats by an auction of *reduction*. The contents of each barge are sold altogether. Twenty or thirty sales are going on at once. It is early morning; when late in the season, often before light. Buyers are walking up and down the docks, scrutinizing each cargo. Men and women indiscriminately play the part of auctioneers. A price is named and bawled out vociferously for a minute or two, when, no takers offering, another and lower price is named. “Here’s your Yarmouth bloaters, bloaters, bloaters, only five shillings the cantle;” “Here’s your fat mack’rel, mack’rel, mack’rel, nineteen shillings the hunder’.” Thus the noise goes on, amid oaths and imprecations, chaffing and laughter, the sale and the purchase, until the boat-loads are all disposed of, and a new fleet succeeds them.

In our large cities, Jews are taking the places at auction-sales which they have occupied exclusively in England for the last twenty years. It is impossible to be certain of a fair purchase of any kind of property at vendues there, unless you employ a Hebrew agent. Real estate and works of art, furniture and cattle, carriages and leaseholds, it matters not what, are all the same. You will be bid against extravagantly if you bid for yourself. But, when once employed, the Jew serves you faithfully. He will tell you beforehand the real value of what you desire, and the approximate price it will bring—will precisely follow your orders—will do his best to obtain good bargains for you,

and will be satisfied with a moderate commission.

Nothing need be said here on the utility of sales by auction: their adoption at all times and in all countries is sufficient argument for that. It is through the hands of the auctioneer that imports find their way to general use, and that home-manufactures, in the main, are disposed of in the markets. But, like all useful things, auction-sales are liable to abuses. To these let us turn our attention.

First, comes the shallow device of advertising to be sold goods of value that do not exist. This species of hoax takes place daily among the underling auctioneers of New York and London, Paris and Hamburg, Berlin and St. Petersburg. It is a trick of the trade. Valuable books, pictures by the old masters, antique China-ware, the lease of a house, a freehold, or any thing likely to draw buyers, are advertised on the bills and in the catalogues; but when called to be put up, the inquirer is told that they have been withdrawn for the present. The trick has answered its purpose of gathering a crowd and securing competition for other sales.

Second in our order, though first perhaps in frequency, among auction-sale abuses, is the well-known "rig." For the benefit of the uninitiated, let it be explained that the "rig," meaning in Saxon-English either *a dress for the occasion*, or in the same Saxon *a trick*, as in John Gilpin—

"He never dreamt when he set out
Of running such a rig"—

is a sale of goods by auction for which there is no necessity, and which will not be sold unless full value is obtained. A rig sale is, generally, a conspiracy between needy brokers and dealers, who furnish an empty house between them, and, by bidding for articles themselves, entice the unwary to bid beyond them. A sale entirely a rig is, however, com-

paratively rare, except in cases of prints, pictures, and objects of vertu. A more common mode of practice is to rig a portion of a genuine sale. Thus, if a gentleman is sold up, his drawing-room may be found hung with pictures in gorgeous frames; or his side-board crowded with old China and Bohemian glass; or his chests filled with costly napery; or his music-room choice with grand piano, guitar, harp, and Cremonas—all being property thrust into the house by the auctioneer's connivance. One-eighth of all the pianos sold in New York, it is said, come under this subterfuge. It is the public only who are deceived. The brokers, if not in the ring, smell the rig instinctively, and act accordingly.

But the third abuse of the auction-sale—more common in France and England, but not uncommon here—and which is nothing short of remorseless robbery, is the "knock out." It consists in a combination of the brokers to bid nominal prices below value, and to damage the property in the estimation of strangers. The latter seldom know the real worth of the articles offered for sale. They are molested in a characteristic way, if they attempt to interfere. The auctioneer, reluctant to sacrifice his client's property, and desirous to increase the amount of his own commissions on the sales, is, nevertheless, compelled to sell without reserve. The brokers will not bid. Strangers, made mistrustful by whispers, hang back. The sheer pressure of organized rascality triumphs. Property worth thrice the price at which it was knocked down changes hands from owner to broker. The sale concluded, the conspirators meet at another place, and put up each individual lot again. This is the real sale. The former was a semblance. Each man now bids what he knows to be the real value, and pays for it on the spot. It is the work of an hour only. Every body means business. There is no chaffer-

ing. At times, the goods fetch five, or ten, or twenty times the amount for which they were extorted from the auctioneer; and the surplus is divided among this gang of open-day robbers, whom there is no law to touch. .

The last abuse of auctions that shall be mentioned, is the worst. It is the "mock-sale." There is no large city, here or in Europe, where it is not known. In all ages, it has been practiced. It is an open attempt, on the part of undisguised rascality, to plunder the unsuspecting. A thousand times it has been exposed. Its victims are paraded constantly in the newspapers. Every body in the rural districts reads the narratives of the thieveries it perpetrates, and thinks himself safe. But it still thrives. Though the whole thing is a mockery; though the goods are known to be mock goods, got up, like Peter Pindar's razors, only to sell; though the bidders are mock bidders, miserable tools of knavery, clad in borrowed garments, and hired at penurious fees to play the part of call-birds to the fowler's net; and though the seller bawls himself hoarse the live-long day, virtually crying to passers-by, "Dilly, dilly, dilly—come and be killed," its dupes never diminish. The atrocious cheat, however palpable, is never defeated. Not one person in a thousand who passes these open man-traps is ignorant of their character, and yet there are enough left to render the mock-auction a profitable speculation.

Some years ago, an English boy of fifteen, on leaving school to take his place at his father's counting-house, showed such skill and neatness in accounts that a delighted elder brother made him a present of £10. The boy, with good reason, was much attached to his mother. It was Christmas time. He had heard the remark made at home, that a pair of silver candlesticks were wanted to set off the mantel-piece; and he resolved, now that it was in his pow-

er, to purchase a pair, and make them a present to his mother. Full of his project, he sallied forth next morning for the city, and, as destiny would have it, was attracted by a brilliant pair of candlesticks glittering on the stand of an open auction-room. He went in, looked wistfully at the splendid articles, took them up, examined them, and asked his neighbor, in a whisper, if they were silver.

"O yesh, shilver; not a doubt of it," said the communicative stranger, after handling them.

"Then I should like very much to buy them, if £10 would do it," replied the boy; "and I will wait till they are put up."

Of course, they were very shortly offered by the auctioneer, and knocked down for £10 to the eager youth, who received and ran off with them, but too well pleased.

In the evening, when candles were called for, he produced and presented them to his mother, whose pleasurable feelings may be imagined. The father, too, praised the boy's generosity, but confessed to some suspicion lest he might have been imposed upon. "But we shall soon see," he said; "step over, Edgar, to Mr. Johnson, the silversmith, and ask him to do me the kindness to call around and drink a glass of wine, and taste our Christmas pudding."

Mr. Johnson came in a neighborly way, and, his opinion of the wine and pudding being satisfactory, was asked to declare, if he could, the value of the candlesticks.

"Well," said he, as he took one in his hand and turned it about in various directions, "do you wish me to be plain?"

"As plain as possible," answered the father.

"Good! Then let me say, that, if they had been properly plated, they would have been worth a guinea; but as they are merely washed over, less than half that sum should pay for them."

Here was an interesting discovery! The boy blazed up in a passion. The father was indignant, and resolved, if practicable, to obtain redress. Mr. Johnson, on hearing the story, was of opinion that redress was not to be had; and he had excellent reasons for that opinion.

The next morning, father and son, accompanied by an officer of justice, proceeded to the mock-auction, and, producing the candlesticks, demanded the return of the money. The auctioneer said he knew nothing of the transaction, but civilly added that he would inquire into it: he did not sell yesterday, and could not say who did.

"Who shold dese 'ere candlesticks?" he bawled out to his company.

Nobody could even recollect that a pair of candlesticks *had* been sold yesterday.

"Are you quite sure dat you bort 'em 'ere?" asked the auctioneer.

"Quite sure."

"Den who shold 'em to you, I vant to know." Then, turning to his company: "If any on yer shold 'em, I wish you'd shpeak. Vash it Levi shold 'em?"

Levi declared, "It vashn't me."

"Vash it Moshesh?"

Moses was equally confident that he had had nothing to do with it.

"Vash it Lasharush?"

"No."

"Was it either of these men that sold you the candlesticks?" asked the officer.

"No, sir; it was not."

"Then I'm afraid it's a bad job. If you can't identify the man who took you in, you can't give him in charge. It is very hard, my little man. You see this sort is up to any thing; and they know what they are about too well to let the law take hold of them. Take my word for it, it's a regular swindle."

In representing mock-auctions to be principally in the hands of Hebrews, no

injustice is done that race. As a rule, there are no business men in Europe who stand higher for integrity, as well as enterprise, truthfulness, as well as industry, and honorable dealing as well as extraordinary sagacity. The foremost commercial men in all the great towns of the East are Jews. And it is no disparagement to the Israelites, more than to the Gentiles, that there are rogues among both.

Time was in England when auction-rooms were a morning lounge for the gentry and nobility. That era, with the days of the *Spectator*, has passed away, and auctioneers now hold their levees for the stern purpose of business alone. If there be any exception to this rule, it is "Christie's"—the world's great auction-room for works of art—where all that is costly, or beautiful, or rich in the domain of taste throughout Europe, seems destined to come when passing from one proprietor to another. In fact, "Christie's" may boast of more attraction to connoisseurs and lovers of art—giving it the necessary time, since its treasures are always changing—than any public institution or private collection, accessible either by favor or purchase, in all England.

Christie's auction-rooms are situated in St. James' Square. They are something more than one hundred years old. There is nothing remarkable about them in architecture, ornament, or arrangement. Around the dingy space that is railed in by the heavy bars and cross-pieces of wrought iron that characterize the inclosures of old London, stand Romney House, Ormond House, Wyndham Club, Norfolk House, and the London Library; and among them is the unpretentious mansion that attracts daily, during the season, the lovers and purchasers of pictures and pencil-sketches, antique porcelain and precious stones, vases and statues, laces of the seventeenth century and Elizabethan heirlooms, Sèvres

China, and medieval articles of vertu. The entrance is narrow, the rooms plainly furnished, the light badly disposed, the accommodations meagre, and the attractions connected with the place exceedingly dull. But it has the simple finish about it that English aristocracy loves. There is no frippery of French show-rooms—no lath and plaster of modern architecture—no *slang* of appointments or persons anywhere. Every thing is neat, well-kept, in good condition, orderly, and old.

But it has got to be, in the course of time, the one place in all Europe where art is valued at its worth. The masterpieces find no bribed critics at "Christie's." There is no flourish of speeches when a statue is unveiled. A view-day draws together all the artistic talent of the metropolis, but no reporter proclaims through the newspapers the opinions that are entertained. It is one thing to judge an artist by his isolated pictures—a sculptor by a single statue—or a cabinet of translucent pottery by a specimen cup or platter. It is quite another thing to have presented together the entire works and collections of artist or antiquary, as you have them at "Christie's"—sketches and unfinished productions, drawings and attempts, false and real antiques, the completed *chef-d'œuvres* and palmed imitations, which the exhibition of the whole places before you. Some years ago the water-colors of Mulready, when presented in a body after his death, took the whole world by storm. The collection of Lord de Tabley at the same place impressed hundreds for the first time with the stupendous genius of Turner.

The assembly at "Christie's" varies in character with the articles to be sold. Family-plate, bearing the crest of the Stuarts—jewelry worn by the beauties of the Court of Charles II.—trinkets with the blazon of Henry VIII.—the laces of Queen Anne's period, choice

and strange precious stones that her once-friend and afterward mortal foe, Duchess of Marlboro', used to please herself with having set, and the bee-be-spangled necklaces and bracelets of Josephine—call together one class of nobility and gentry. Antiques, valuable for age and taste only, without intrinsic value, call another class. Pictures assemble a third. Autographs and rare books, a fourth. A constant visitor might judge, without sight of the catalogue, of the character of the sale, by the people whom the advertisements have assembled.

The purchases, nevertheless, are almost always made by deputy. Agents and dealers do the business. Hebrews—men of money, and experts in their craft—have managed to monopolize these sales. It is perfectly understood that to secure any choice lot the object is best attained by employing one of the privileged Jews. The rapidity of the proceedings is generally in the inverse ratio of the value of the goods. It is a fatal blunder to send wares of small value to such a market. It is like setting small-beer before guests accustomed to champagne. The company resents the affront in a significant way, let the auctioneer labor as he may.

The stranger happens to enter "Christie's" on a day when paintings are for sale. Agents and speculators are in attendance from far and near. A small, gray-looking sea-piece is on the revolving easel, and the porter is turning it round slowly that all may see it.

"What shall I say for the 'Vanderfelde,' gentlemen? Will you give me a price? Two hundred, shall I say?"

A voice says, "Sixty."

"Sixty guineas—thank you—five—seventy—five—eighty—eighty guineas."

"A hundred," from another part of the room.

"And twenty," from the first bidder.

"A hundred and twenty guineas," responds the auctioneer. "Thank you."

Now ensues a cross-fire from all sides, the batteries returning shot for shot, the auctioneer turning his head in a lively way at each explosion. At length there is a sudden halt at one hundred and ninety guineas; and with the gentlest tap, as though the little ivory hammer had dropped accidentally from its position between the second and third fingers, the "Vandervelde" is knocked down to the last bidder, and disappears.

"Off the coast, by Turner;" and with the words all eyes are directed to the easel. There are seen the live billows leaping and dashing beneath a dark thunder-cloud; a smack in the foreground is struck by a sudden squall, under which she heels over almost to her keel, while all hands are busy in lowering the broad sheet, which flaps and flutters in the gale. In the far distance, miles away from the black cloud overhead, the sun is shining in a broad stream of light, and a whole fleet of craft of all kinds is lying at anchor under the battlemented fort of a large city, whose quaint towers and turrets speck the sky with streaks of dazzling light. The whole scene is so real, that you hush your breath as you gaze on it, and wonder that you do not hear the dash of the billows, the hoarse cries of the seamen, and the howl of the blast. What you do hear, is the question:

"Shall I say a thousand guineas for this 'Turner,' gentlemen?"

After a pause of a few moments, a voice is heard offering five hundred, when the auctioneer politely states that he is open to nothing less than the sum he has proposed, as he has already a bidding from a nobleman of £1,000—a guinea, by the way, being twenty-one shillings, while the pound is but twenty.

"Guineas, then"—from a gray-haired man on the bench, whose eyes are fixed on his catalogue.

Yet the "Turner" does not stop there, but, after a few more advances, is finally

knocked down at twelve hundred and fifty guineas.

This is followed by other masterpieces of various value, among which is a "Teniers," for £600; an "Ostade," for £1,100; a "Constable," for £400; and a work by a living artist, who is present in the room, who sees it knocked down for £180, having sold it fifteen years ago for £70, to his complete satisfaction.

Happy is the artist who lives to witness such substantial proof of his reputation. It is in art as in other things: the race is not always to the swift. Men of finest genius have given their days to labor and nights to study, and yet have won posthumous reputation only. The most faithful landscape-painter Britain can boast was Patrick Nasmyth, whose works yielded him, when living, about the wages of a boot-closer, but since his death have realized hundreds under the hammer. It was the same with poor O'Connor, who painted for the dealers for whatever they would give, or for the pawnbrokers for whatever they would lend; but who was no sooner dead than his pictures rose in value two thousand per cent., and enriched the patrons who had half starved him. There are numerous instances of the same kind.

In spite of the usually grave character of the proceedings at "Christie's," ludicrous scenes will sometimes occur. One day a rather fussy-looking, elderly dame had pushed her way through the throng and taken her seat immediately under the rostrum, where she sat for some time, unmoved by the swaying of the crowd and a fire of sarcastic remarks. An hour passed thus, and, as she had bid for nothing, the company began to speculate aloud as to what her intentions might be. The mystery was explained by her suddenly lifting up her voice in bidding for a particular lot. It appeared that she had set her heart upon a silver tea-pot of old-fashioned model and half-gallon capacity, and was determined to

have it. Plate being always sold by the ounce, it was put up at five shillings. "Five and a penny," said a dealer.

"Six shillings," cried the old dame.

"Six and a penny," responded the first bidder.

"Seven shillings," retorted she.

"Well, seven and a penny," said her opponent once more.

"Eight shillings," she replied, as loud as before.

"Let the lady have it, by all means," said the dealer; and to the lady it was accordingly knocked down.

"What name, ma'am?" inquired the auctioneer's clerk.

"O, never mind the name. I'll take it and pay for it."

"You can not take it now, ma'am; we do not know the exact weight."

"What signifies the weight to you? Give me the pot; it's mine; and take your eight shillings out of that"—offering a sovereign.

This proposition was received with a general roar of laughter. The simple dame had imagined that she was going to carry off a tea-pot, weighing from twenty-five to thirty ounces, at a cost to herself of eight shillings. The real state

of the case was civilly explained to her by the clerk, when she gathered herself up and in no amiable mood shuffled out of the room, while the lot was put up again, to be knocked down for six and three pence per ounce.

It is well understood at "Christie's," that advancing years of a favorite artist increase the value of his works in almost geometrical ratio, and that his death will be the signal of their apotheosis. The three Landseers—Thomas, the engraver; Charles, the historical painter; and Edwin, famous for his paintings of animals—are respectively seventy-four, seventy-two, and sixty-nine years of age. Consequently, their works have not only increased greatly in price during the last few years, but they are now seldom offered for sale. Dealers hold them back, in anticipation of the enhanced value that is certain to come. With Madox Brown's pictures, though he is but fifty, the same rule is beginning to be applied; but Rossetti's, Holman Hunt's, and Millais'—Brown's superiors in the pre-Raphaelite school—still sell, their authors being comparatively young, at prices that await better works from their hands.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF ROBERT FAIRWAY.

I.

AS Robert Fairway swung with careless, yet graceful, step down Main Street, in the sunny little town of San Dioso, more than one of the dark-eyed *señoritas* turned a laughing look toward him, for he was a handsome man; and as he crossed the *Plaza* into the more modern and American portion of the town, there were cheerful salutations and gentle good-mornings from the rosy damsels who were busy with their gar-

dens at the time. Fairway bore the reputation of a lady's-man; and there were not wanting quiet little bits of gossip, and slyly told stories of his successes in the rôle of *roué*, to add that spice of danger to an acquaintanceship which young girls seem to love so well, and which, at the early day of which I write, was no bar to entrance into the best California society. Sauntering on, passing the hotel with its morning group of idlers, he turned up the stairs of the first and only brick building in the village, and open-

ing a door having on it a little tin sign which told of "Robert Fairway, Attorney and Counselor-at-Law," walked in. The place was small, yet neatly fitted up and tidy. The carefully assorted papers on the table which served for a desk, the plain redwood shelves filled with well-kept volumes, the spotless floor, the straight, white curtains, and the rose in a tumbler of water—all gave tokens of neatness, if not system. Throwing up the window—which opened upon a balcony—and lighting a fresh cigar, he sat in the clear morning sunlight, to all outward appearance a man thoroughly satisfied with himself and all around him.

Yet this man was throwing his life away. He was letting a land-practice worth a competence slip through his fingers—was neglecting every interest intrusted to his care, until clients dropped away from him one by one—was worse than wasting the best years of his life. Still, he was in no want of money. He always dressed well, and drove the best teams. When he reached into his pocket for the elegant little knife with which he trimmed his dainty nails, there always issued forth the music of jingling coins. His room-rent for the best parlor and bedroom at the widow's big house across the creek, and his board-bill at the best hotel, were paid to the hour. His purse was ever open to the call of friendship, or the cry of distress. Educated in the law in Louisiana, he had passed his examination—which, in that State, is rigid—with honor and credit. But he had also acquired there the seeds of the fatal passion which was now blighting his life: he was a gambler—and a successful one. Cool, clear-headed, and calculating, he had made the game of Poker his study, and had mastered it. Having cast his lot in life among the simple-minded and wealthy Spaniards of the old Mission of San Dioso, with whom gaming was the passion of their lives, he found ample

means to gratify his taste. His office was a law-office but in name: the little back-room was the real workshop, and the blanket-covered table and a few chairs the tools. Here, night after night was spent in the game. Almost every man of any consequence in the town had, at some time or another, taken a seat at that table. Judges, merchants, *rancheros*, and doctors met there, with one common object. The games were fair and above-board: an ignominious exit would have been the fate of any one who should have dared to try any of the blacklegs' games there. All that was done or said at that board was on honor, and the play was a square contest of skill and nerve and pluck, while neither losses nor winnings made any change in the courteous demeanor of the men who changed their gold there. One would hardly realize, as he sat there in the bright light of this morning, lazily puffing his cigar, that this man could have turned the whole current of his life into this channel.

A step on the stair started him from his reverie, as a tall, dark-skinned, black-haired son of Spain entered the room. "*Caramba*, but I envy you your nerves: here you look as fresh as a new-blown rose, and as clear as if you had slept the sleep of a baby instead of being up at that cursed game till daylight," broke out the new-comer, whose energetic salutation was received with a courtly smile by Fairway, who pushed a chair toward him, with a careless "O, it's nothing when you're used to it." The Spaniard, who was the heaviest land-holder round about, took the proffered chair, and, producing his packet of cigarettes, proceeded to solace himself with the weed. José Alvido had become, upon the death of his father, sole heir to the vast grant of land, acquired under the old Spanish Government, known as the San Salicis Rancho, which subsequent litigation has made familiar to every one interested in

the history of land matters in California. He had all the improvidence of the Spaniard; and, disdainful of work, was the source of sustenance to the many human leeches who hung around the wealthy Spaniards at the time we speak of. Fairway was his legal adviser, as well as his boon companion; and although he would have spurned the imputation of dishonesty, was rapidly, and perhaps partly unconsciously, drawing him into the vortex which was destined to impoverish the one and enrich the other. Winning from him ready cash enough to keep his pockets lined with yellow twenties, he could well afford to take contingent fees of interests in his land in pay for such legal services as he rendered. Thus gaining a foothold on the estate, it requires no great amount of thought to enable the reader to comprehend the manner of his ultimate acquisition of a large part of it. Matters had reached very near this point on the morning of which I write. The night before had been passed in a game where stakes were high, and title-deeds formed the pool. But, as yet, these heavy losses and winnings were known only to the two parties interested. Fairway knew his man well enough to be content with the simple entry in his private memorandum-book of the acknowledgment of debt; and Alvido, in his simplicity, recognized such obligations as binding in honor, if not in law.

The meeting this morning had been arranged between the men for the purpose of straightening out and putting in legal shape these debts and conveyances. Books and papers were produced; and to Alvido's surprise, he found that fully one-half of his property would have to be conveyed away to clear up the accounts. He was moody and silent, as the lawyer, with quick professional skill, commenced to draw the proper conveyance for one undivided half of the estate; when suddenly drawing himself to his full height,

his eyes flashing fire, and his quick-drawn breath betokening the violence of his agitation, he cried out: "Stop! I will make you a proposition. Half my estate belongs to you already. Draw that deed for the whole *rancho*. I will sign it, and we will play again for all or none. Fortune can not always be against me, and I must surely win. What say you—my half against yours?" Fairway said nothing, but, carelessly tearing the paper upon which he had been writing into ribbons, drew from his desk a fair sheet, and silently wrote a deed for the whole right, title, and interest of Alvido in the San Salicis Rancho. There was a slight curl of triumph about the corners of his mouth, and a queer look in his eyes; but Alvido saw them not as he impatiently paced the room, consuming cigarettes at an enormous rate, giving occasional vent to an oath. When the paper was finished, Fairway put on his hat, and, stepping out, soon returned with a dapper little man, who combined the duties of chief engineer of the hardware, dry goods, and grocery establishment on the corner below with that of Notary Public, and in a few moments the signature and acknowledgment were perfected, and the deed which held the fortunes of the two men lay completed upon the table between them.

Not until the Notary had left the room did Fairway speak; but then, turning to Alvido, he said: "Now, José, I have drawn this thing as you wanted it, because I have no right to refuse your proposition. It lies there on the desk, and is your property. I advise you to take it and tear it up. Whatever comes of this business, you will remember that such was my advice. If you insist upon your proposal to play for it—my share against yours—I will do it, and I will win. But I make one condition, without which I will not play."

"Name it," said the Spaniard, almost fiercely.

"It is, that we now and together mount our horses, and spend the day on the *rancho*. You shall ride over the place; we will dine, and smoke, and chat together, then, to-day, as though there was not a card in the world. You shall see and realize what you are risking; and then, if when we return you still insist, we will play for this stake"—touching the paper lightly as he spoke.

In vain did the Spaniard urge and remonstrate. It soon became evident that Fairway was in earnest, and he gave a reluctant consent to the plan. A brisk ride of a few miles brought them to an *adobe* house, and, dismounting, they fastened their horses to a convenient rack, and entered the low-ceiled room. The furniture and fittings of the apartment gave no evidence of wealth or culture, although every thing was scrupulously clean. A large open fire-place occupied one end of the building, before which a young and rather pretty woman was dusting the ashes back with a goose-wing. This woman, whom the two men addressed as Delphina, rose at their coming, and, cordially shaking hands with the American, made some laughing remark in broken English, displaying, as she did so, a row of teeth that fairly glittered in their milky whiteness. Although not Alvido's wife, she passed for such, kept his house, and cooked his meals, appearing contented. Speaking to her in Spanish, José told her that they would be back to dinner, and, going into the yard, soon returned with a pair of chickens which he had killed, and an armful of vegetables fresh from the ground. Short as was his absence, there had been time enough for the woman to ask, with a half-regretful, half-careless manner, "Have you been winning from him again?" To which Fairway replied, laughingly and evasively. With a look of quick contempt as she heard the approaching footsteps, she said, "If I was a man, you wouldn't twist me around

your finger as you do him." But Alvido's return put a stop to the conversation; and after a few hurried directions, the two mounted their horses and started on their ride. For hours they rode on, side by side: the Spaniard, sullen and speechless; Fairway, on the contrary, seemed to have an unnatural flow of spirits. Nothing could discourage him. Reining in, once in awhile, at some point of observation, from which the goodly heritage could be seen to advantage, he would launch out into praises of its beauty and value, suggesting possible improvements, and speaking of the immense facilities it possessed. He spoke feelingly of the benefits of the possession of such a property, and talked of the folly of risking it. To do him justice, he exhausted every power of eloquence and persuasion to dissuade José from the venture he seemed bent on making. "One-half this place," said he, "in partnership with me, is all that you need to make you happy. I have business tact. I can make golden dollars grow on every blade of grass. Come, José, give up this notion. I will be your friend; and you will never regret the day. You can settle down, then—marry Delphina." The Spaniard, whose face had begun to show signs of yielding until those words were spoken, turned on him then, and with an oath, ground out between his teeth, exclaimed: "You are afraid to risk what you have already won. If the place is what you describe, why not own it all? You say you can. Are you a coward?" Except a whitening of the face, and a twitch around the corners of the mouth, Fairway exhibited no emotion, but simply said, "I have no more to say: to-night we play for this great stake; the loser has but himself to blame"—and turning their horses' heads, they spurred them to their utmost speed until they reached the house, where, seeing them properly bestowed, after refreshing themselves with a hearty wash, they lit their

cigarettes, and took their places in the cool shadow of the porch to await the call for dinner. After eating, which was accompanied on the part of José with copious draughts of the powerful white wine of the old Mission orchards, they returned to the town, and at early candle-light the men, locked up in the little office, sat down to play.

The game chosen was the simple one known as "freeze-out," each taking one hundred beans. So skillful were the players that the night waned and morning began, and the chances were about equal. Still they played until at last José, putting up all his stock of chips, staked every thing upon his hand. Fairway covered the pile. José then exultingly threw down a full hand—three queens and a pair of sevens. His hand was outstretched to take up the deed, when Fairway, with a smile, laid down four tens; and rising from the table, opened the window to let the cool morning air blow in upon their fevered brows. José sat like a man in a dream; and it was not until the clang of the iron door of the little safe in the corner of the room recalled him to the realization of the fact that the title to his lands had passed from him, and the evidence had been locked up by the owner, that he raised his head. Fairway walked to the mantel-piece, poured out a glass of wine, drank it off before he spoke, and then said: "José Alvido, yesterday you called me coward when I wanted to prevent what has just now happened. To-day I am richer by all your wealth, and have grown selfish in my riches. I have just made a promise to myself that I will never touch another card so long as I live. But you shall never want for any thing which I can supply; and I hold myself bound to accede to any request you may ever make to me. Until such time as I may otherwise dispose of the property, you will continue to occupy it as you always have done." The Span-

iard made no reply, but, with an attempt to seem careless, shrugged his shoulders, and, jingling the coin in his pockets, threw on his cloak and hat, and quietly walked down the stairs. Fairway watched him from the window until he entered the Spanish gambling-house across the *Plaza*, and then, throwing himself upon a lounge, dropped asleep.

The next day the deed was placed on record, and in a few weeks it was known throughout the town that Fairway had sold the San Salicis Rancho to a New York company, and was going to San Francisco to live. Alvido had left, and no one knew his whereabouts. Gradually the gossip ceased, and only a memory of the actors in this episode was left in San Dioso.

Robert Fairway was true to his resolution. Gathering about him his newly acquired wealth—for he realized a large sum by the sale of the Rancho—he invested largely in growing real estate in San Francisco. Freed from his cursed infatuation, he applied his mind to his profession. The study of criminal law became with him a passion, and in a few years he rose to the highest rank in the practice of that branch of the law. During this portion of his life I was intimate with him; and from a friendly letter dated at the hotel at Placerville, and written to fill in a leisure hour, I gather the main incidents narrated in the following chapter. He was sent for from far and near, and his fees were enormous; but he had the reputation of clearing his clients. He could sway juries by the torrent of his eloquence. In the prime of life, he had attained the highest distinction. Already had his name been spoken of in connection with the highest offices in the gift of the people. Men looked up to him; crowds flocked to hear him; honors poured thick upon him. But one day he disappeared—went out from among the presence of men as though the earth had swallowed him—went out like a

flame that is extinguished—and from that hour to this no man has known what became of him. Those who follow this history to its end will be the first to lift the veil of the seemingly impenetrable mystery that has surrounded his fate.

II.

In May, 1852, a cold-blooded murder was committed under circumstances of great atrocity in Placer County, and a Spaniard, known by the *sobriquet* of Spanish Joe, to whom suspicion attached, had been arrested for the crime. The circumstances attending the murder will be remembered by many as we recall the principal incidents, the crime having caused wide-spread comment and interest at the time. The man so foully assassinated had resided for a short time in the neighborhood of Placerville—or, as it was then known, Hangtown—and although peculiar in his habits, was a peaceable, orderly citizen, living alone in a cabin about a mile from the town. Living by himself, as was the custom with many in those auriferous days, he had never been known by any other name than that of Baltimore Dave, he having spoken of the City of Monuments as his native place. Dave was in the habit of coming to town only once in the week, to sell his dust and buy his little supplies; during other times working his claim, which yielded fair wages. He had little to say, made few acquaintances, and was generally liked for possessing the virtue of minding his own business. His cabin stood in a ravine some distance from the trail, and in an unfrequented part of the gulch. Dave was missed from his usual work for a week or so, but it excited no remark, as in those days it was no unusual thing for a man to pack up and be off to other places without any notice. But on one Saturday afternoon a white-faced miner rushed into town and proclaimed the

news that he had called at the cabin to borrow a pan, and had found the body of Dave lying partly under his bunk, having evidently been dead some time. There were no inquests in those days, but a crowd of miners and others repaired to the spot, and upon investigation discovered that the poor fellow had been shot as he sat upon the edge of his bunk, smoking his pipe. A thorough search demonstrated the fact that the assassin had fired three shots through the window, every one of which had penetrated his body; but the most horrible feature of the matter was the strong probability that the man had lain there, helpless, dying, and alone for days—no one could tell how long. The reaction against lawlessness had just set in at that time throughout the State; and after giving decent burial to the remains of the unfortunate man, the officers of the law commenced a vigorous search into the mystery surrounding the crime. It was found that the Spaniard spoken of had, on the night of the 3d of May, borrowed from the *monte* saloon a pistol, which he returned the next day; and the balls found embedded in the woodwork of the cabin, corresponded with its bore. It was also ascertained, that on that night he had been seen going out of town, in the direction of Dave's claim. A shoemaker also recollected his having brought a pair of boots to him for repairs, shortly after that time, which were thickly incrustated with the peculiar red clay of that neighborhood. The evidence against him being thought sufficient, he was arrested and lodged in jail; from which place he dispatched a note to Robert Fairway, San Francisco.

In due time Fairway received the letter, and the bar of Placer were somewhat surprised to receive the announcement that this Spanish gambler was to be defended by the ablest criminal lawyer on the coast. It was notorious that Spanish Joe had no money save what

little he could win at cards; and why Fairway should enter upon his case was a matter of much speculation and discussion. However, he came. The clerk of the Carey House greeted him with an obsequious bow as he registered his name; the landlord, in person, showed him to the best room in the hotel; judges and lawyers greeted him cordially. But he scarcely seemed himself. His usual genial manners were overcast with a look of sadness, and his face was paler than usual. Hastily excusing himself, he requested that his horse—a valuable animal, which he had ridden over from Auburn—should be taken good care of, and, in company with the Sheriff, started for the jail to see his client. When the two were left alone, the Spaniard was the first to break the silence:

“Fairway,” said he, “you once said that you would grant any request of mine. You must save my life.”

“Yes, José Alvido,” he replied; “I remember, and I am here.”

A long conversation ensued between the men, in the course of which Alvido freely admitted his guilt. Said he:

“When you left me, a homeless pauper, in San Dioso, I did not complain: what you had, you won fairly. I murmured not. I had left me my health and strength, and my knowledge of cards. Upon the latter I relied to retrieve my fortunes. You were wiser than I, but no matter. Delphina”—and, as he mentioned her name, an almost demoniacal light glittered in his eye—“Delphina soon found out that I was ruined. She taunted me with it; and when I spoke of my intentions for the future, she brazenly told me that she had long anticipated this end; and roused me to fury by her talk. In my rage I struck her, and she left me. One week after, she was the acknowledged mistress of an American gambler, and flaunted her silks at me from the rooms over the faro-bank. The man who bought her

was the man I killed. I left then and came into the mines, where I have dragged out an existence by rough gambling. I knew of your prosperity, but never troubled you. I had almost got over all thoughts of what I had been until one Saturday night this man Dave Kraver came into the saloon where I was sitting. I did not recognize him. He has his own tongue to thank for that. He never was a man to talk much; but this night he had got a letter from home, and it loosened his tongue. He went on to tell the boys what a good mother he had, and how he had been the black sheep, and how he had come out here and learned to deal faro, and about his going to the lower country; and then—curse him!—he told about how he had fooled a rich ‘greaser,’ and got his wife—for he thought she was my wife, and she never told him any better—and how long they had carried on, and the ‘greaser’ was as blind as a new-born puppy. I kind of suspected it, though; and I knew enough to make me fly up the way I did the day we rode over the old *ranch*o, if you remember. Well, he went on, and told all about it, and how he had sworn off gambling and turned honest miner, until all the blood in my body was on fire. That was Friday night; and the next day I borrowed the pistol, walked out to his cabin, and shot him like the dog that he was. You made me what I am, Fairway: you must get me out of this scrape. You’ve done worse things than this; and this you must do.”

Fairway acknowledged the difficulties of the case, frankly telling him that he had no hope, but promised faithfully that all that man could do should be done. Delay was his only chance: to get the trial over the term was the only possible outlet to ultimate escape; and to this end he bent all his energies. Meanwhile public opinion was growing more and more determined that an example should

be made. The miners held meetings, and quiet threats and distant murmurs of a Vigilance Committee were heard among them. But Fairway put all the powers of his mind into the case. He searched with eager eye every particle of the evidence; he found defects in the indictment; he prepared affidavits; and worked with an untiring zeal that made people think that Spanish Joe must have had stored away untold piles of gold. When the court sat, and the prisoner was arraigned, such showing was made in his behalf that the Judge ordered a continuance,* and the prisoner was remanded to jail.

It was well on in the afternoon when this was done, and Fairway went to the hotel, ordered his horse to be saddled, paid his bill, and went to the jail to pay a parting visit to the man for whom he had labored so hard, and thus far successfully. He had been so frequent a visitor to the jail that the Sheriff would go up with him and usually lock him in when he went to stay any time, returning at the appointed hour to release him. This time Fairway remarked, as they left the hotel, "I will leave my horse tied here, in front of the house; and as I suppose I shall have to have a good long talk with the fellow, you need not come up till the moon rises, about half-past eight o'clock, as I intend to ride to Diamond Springs to-night, and don't care about starting before it is moonlight." So turning the key upon them, the two men were left alone again for the last time.

The storm which had been brewing so long, broke that night. As soon as it was dark, a band of over two hundred men, armed to the teeth, marched into the town, and, defying the officers of the law, broke open the jail, took out one of the two men they found therein, and hung him to a tree at the door. This took place about eight o'clock; and while the body of Spanish Joe was swinging

in the darkness, the clerk of the hotel saw Robert Fairway, whom he distinctly recognized by a peculiar coat and cap which he wore, mount his horse at the door, and gallop away in the direction of Diamond Springs. As he rode off into the darkness of that night, he rode out into oblivion; for he was never seen again.

III.

Last winter, while on a visit to my old home in the East, I formed the acquaintance of a returned Californian, now doing a prosperous business in the city of Chicago. While enjoying the hospitalities of his house, we sat one evening alone together in his cozy library, discussing old times in the Golden State, and among other themes I happened to mention the strange disappearance of Fairway. I spoke of my knowledge of his early life, and the manner of his obtaining possession of the San Salicis Grant. My host turned pale; and swinging his easy-chair round in front of me, he placed his hands on my knees, and said:

"I know what became of that man. I will tell you what until now has never crossed my lips. It is time this mystery should be cleared up, and you, perhaps, are the one who has most right to know. I was one of that Vigilance Committee," he continued, "and well remember the scenes of that night. On our way to the jail, if you remember, we took the Sheriff in custody, and from him we learned that Fairway was there in company with the Spaniard. He appeared anxious that no harm should come to him; and I, acting as spokesman for the party, gave him the assurance that he should not only escape untouched, but should be treated with courtesy, and allowed to depart without question. When we broke down the doors of the jail, Fairway, closely buttoned up in the large coat he wore, and with his cap drawn

down closely over his head, stood outside the door of the cell, which was open, and the Spaniard had fallen, as we supposed, in an agony of terror on the floor, and in his shirt-sleeves. Remembering my promise, I said to him, 'Mr. Fairway, you will leave here instantly;' and turning to the men who stood in silence, I said, 'Let Mr. Fairway, the lawyer, pass.' They opened a way, and he walked quickly through their ranks, and was lost in the darkness. The prisoner continued in his faint, and I tried to restrain the men until he should recover; but what can you do with a mob? Some of the more violent of them, pushing past me, fastened a rope round his neck, and throwing the other end over a projecting limb, the whole crowd grasped it, and run the man up. He struggled a few minutes with convulsive force, and then hung lifeless. A discussion arose as to what disposition should be made of the body, some insisting that it should hang there the next day as a terror to evildoers; others, myself among the number, desiring to bury it then and there, and so be done with the whole matter. But the crowd who favored its remaining being the stronger, we dispersed to our homes.

"All night long the vision of that swinging body was before me. I could neither sleep nor think. I am no coward, and I felt that we had done an act of absolute justice in his death; but the idea of leaving the corpse of any human being hanging to be mutilated by the hawks, was repulsive to my humanity, and at last I could stand it no longer. Just as day was breaking, I took a pick

and shovel, and repaired to the spot. I didn't dare look at the thing above me, but I dug a grave at the foot of the tree, and that finished, I cut the rope, which had been tied to an adjacent post, and the body fell with a heavy thud to the ground. I approached it, and, to my horror, in the distorted features of the corpse I recognized—not Spanish Joe, the murderer, but Robert Fairway. The truth flashed across my mind in an instant. Joe, hearing us coming, had realized the fate intended for him; and with the instinct of self-preservation, had in an instant stunned his companion with a sudden blow, and, rapidly assuming his outer clothing, had passed for him and escaped. The darkness of the night, and the absence of a light in the jail, prevented close scrutiny; and in the blind haste of the mob we had hung the wrong man. I stood rooted to the spot, not knowing what to do. I knew—and all this flashed through my mind in an instant, like a whirlwind—that the discovery of this fatal mistake would subject all concerned to serious trouble. I felt that immediate and effectual concealment was the only possible way to avoid the consequences; and hurriedly pushing the body into the new-made grave, I rapidly filled in the earth above it.

"I left the country soon after, and embarked in business here, where, as you see, I have prospered. I have often felt the burden of this dreadful secret; and am now relieved to know that there is one other besides myself who knows with certainty what became of Robert Fairway."

TWO PICTURES.

MORNING.

As in a quiet dream
The mighty waters seem;
Scarcely a ripple shows
Upon their blue repose.

The sea-gulls smoothly ride
Upon the drowsy tide,
And a white sail doth sleep
Far out upon the deep.

A dreamy purple fills
The hollows of the hills;
A single cloud floats through
The sky's serenest blue;

And far beyond the Gate
The masséd vapors wait—
White as the walls that ring
The City of the King.

There is no sound, no word:
Only a happy bird
Trills to her nestling young
A little, sleepy song.

This is the holy calm;
The heavens dropping balm;

The Love made manifest,
And near; the perfect rest.

EVENING.

The day grows wan and cold.
In through the Gate of Gold
The restless vapors glide,
Like ghosts upon the tide.

The brown bird folds her wing,
Sad, with no song to sing.
Along the streets the dust
Blows sharp, with sudden gust.

The night comes, chill and gray.
Over the sullen bay,
What mournful echoes pass
From lonely Alcatraz!

O bell, with solemn toll,
As for a passing soul—
As for a soul that waits,
In vain, at heaven's gates!

This is the utter blight;
The sorrow infinite
Of earth; the closing wave;
The parting, and the grave.

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR A BOOK.

THERE are men who diligently amuse their leisure hours by collecting and digesting all possible information respecting hitherto unconsidered trifles, and thereby have, little by little, expanded a few random items into goodly volumes. In this manner, the history of sign-boards, and finger-rings, and painted pottery, and what not else besides, has been satisfactorily written up; no doubt, to the edification of those few readers who are enthusiastically given to such subjects, and, let us hope, to the

exceeding great profit of the painstaking authors themselves. These men, thus clearly fitted by nature to rummage among the dust and sweepings of the past, and thence drag forth and polish up such neglected and forgotten fragments of extinct manners, fashion, or history, are not without their especial use in the world; and their labors, if not exactly entertaining to the great mass of readers, are often found to contain the germs of much that is notably important. But of how much still greater use would

they become, if, not by any means neglecting the cultivation of this talent for collating and arranging whatever may seem trivial in itself, they would consent to strain their inclinations from certain fixed and long-traveled paths, and seek for those subjects which would not only interest a larger concourse of readers, but would also be of benefit to the world by helping to reform its conversation, its studies, and its social observances!

Let one of these industrious plodders, for instance, carefully elaborate a work, in which shall be combined and set forth those crudities of ancient so-called wit with which we are deluged, and of which, against our better judgment, we are summoned by relentless authority to pretend an enjoyment—those wise sayings and apothegms which have no wisdom about them at all, but which, coming with the dust of the past sticking to them, thereby demand our unconditional admiration and concurrence—those dreadful moral examples of antiquity, which we feel bound to wish we could imitate, but which, if we really copied them, would only bring upon us merited ridicule and detestation—in fact, those solemn old humbugs of speech or action, which, presuming upon their flavor of antiquity, or long-revered authority and indorsement, have somehow incrustated themselves like barnacles upon our social existence, and have there adhered until now there seems to be no person bold enough to attempt throwing them off. Let some such collection be made with painstaking, conscientious accuracy, so that not one of the miserable pretenders to reverence can escape, but all be piloried side by side, duly labeled beyond power of deception, like so many insects pinned securely to the wall, unable longer to annoy with their raking stings, or confuse with the glitter of their vibrating wings. Let this be done, not in malice, which might possibly defeat its purpose, but with stern, inflexible justice; not

with the selfish desire for approbation, but in a spirit of unforgiving condemnation; not as one will bring together proverbs and apt quotations for easy application, but rather as an array of ignoble offenders to be shunned forever after—a social “*Index Expurgatorius*,” warning us from the fatal path of subservency to falsity, prosiness, and that commonplace familiarity which can not fail to open up the very lowest depths of contempt. Who, indeed, can truly estimate the pleasant lightening from a heavy, long-endured load which society would then at once feel; and the gratitude which would accrue to the person thus bravely standing in the van; and, with his trenchant battle-axe of criticism, clearing away the broad avenue of reform?

For the elaboration of such a book, it were a hard task to lay down any suggestion of settled plan. That must come to the author himself, by toil and study, and by much inner reflection and outward observation. He must dive resolutely in among the dusty corners of libraries, dragging thence, and exhibiting in all their deformity, the foul roots of what now sometimes pass for brilliant perennials. He must listen to the conversation around the social board, and crush with eager, unrelenting grasp any tendency to an outbreak in favor of the old, obtruding impositions. He must give a life-time of calm, critical scrutiny to the work; to be repaid, let us hope, with a century of after-fame. But still, though we can not profitably aid in laying down the great frame-work around which may be built up such a pleasing and instructive fabric of example and warning, we can, perhaps, venture here and there to throw out a feeble hint; suggestive rather than directory, not offered with authority as from a pretentious co-worker in the great effort, but timidly extended, as from one of the great crowd of social

victims themselves, modestly whispering of the way in which relief might be obtained, and of the form of enemy against whose tyranny that relief is desired.

And, first of all, we would ask protection against any further enforced admiration of ancient wit. Here we will not venture to go far back to the gloomy shades of extreme antiquity. We might quote old *Œdipus*, and that famous riddle propounded by the Sphinx about the animal which, at various stages of its existence, goes on four and two and three legs. It was heavy stuff, all that, and proves of itself that the style of ancient conundrum must have been of exceedingly poor quality, and had not yet passed the boundaries of misty crudity. In justice to the occasion, we must admit that the great, solemn effort was probably not brought forth at a sparkling convivial feast, but, as far as we can learn, in broad daylight, and in grave and formal desert *séance*; and, perhaps, it was not intended for wit at all, but merely as a calm and solid exercise of the intellect. No wonder that the weight of wisdom was crushing; and that, before the meeting was over, one of the parties had lost a life. Had *Œdipus* not succeeded in solving the problem, it is said that the Sphinx would have slain him. That would have been unnecessary, perhaps; for doubtless the King would have expired from his own labor in having such a hard nut to crack. It was the Sphinx herself who committed self-slaughter at having her riddle guessed; though one might have well suggested to her the propriety of living on, in the hope of some day making a better conundrum. But let all that pass. We will freely admit that we have never been called upon to admire or reverence the poor Sphinx's puzzle as a marvel of trenchant wit or oracular wisdom, and therefore we will come down to later days.

It is with the witty sayings of ancient Greece that we must now concern our-

selves; for here commences the summary call upon us for appreciation. Who that has ever been thrashed through the "*Græca Majora*" can fail to remember that solid collection of classical *bon-mots* that lies midway between the calf-skin covers? How pleasantly would the face of pedagogue light up with half-suppressed mirth, as he stumbled through the heavy jests! And how faintly would all the poor, victimized boys smile in unison, and make feeble attempts at sympathetic glee, because they thought they ought to, though feeling in their minds a lurking belief, that, even in their own play-ground, they could any day hear better things than that! This, the collected, boiled-down, Attic salt of ancient fun and vivacity, spread out before us as the *ne plus ultra* of face-suffusing, side-splitting wit—ye gods! can that indeed be all? And can it be true that all Greece, with its gayeties, its feasts, and its holiday pastimes, could do no better than that?

We can imagine the picture. An open hall; a frescoed roof; Corinthian pillars, twined with garlands; a table, with spiced meats and golden flasks of rare wines; lounges at the sides, and reclining upon them white-robed guests, crowned with garlands of roses. Feasting and drinking; the fingers daintily dipping here and there after the thin-cut slices of peacock's-meat, and the crystal goblets of sparkling vintage everywhere waving high in the air; song, and love-glance, and quick repartee prevailing from one end to the other—what a gay scene, indeed! Then suddenly breaks forth *Laïs*, and, with well-rounded arm turned half embracingly to *Strephon*, the better to bespeak his attention, says: "A good thing, *Strephon*, yesterday I chanced to hear! A man wishing to sell his house, carried about with him a brick for a specimen! *Ohoe! Oho!*" "*Ohoe! Oho!*" chime in the others; or, if they say not that, give vent to similar

and appropriate exclamations of rapture and delight at the sparkling wit of the anecdote; and so, with renewed life and gayety, the feast goes on, and the goblets are refilled, and the crank and quip of words fly more merrily than ever, until, as the hours pass by, the guests, exhausted, fall asleep upon their lounges, and are softly wheeled away by the gold-armed slaves.

Can this, indeed, be a true picture? Could it have actually been that the force of wit went no further than we have depicted; that though Athens would willingly be gay, some baneful influence from another quarter had infected its delights, even as the spirit of Asceticism in modern times will often partially pervert the innocent enjoyments of a contiguous nation? We can conceive, for instance, that at a Spartan feast of black bread and sour wine, there would be few jests uttered or puns manufactured; and that these must have been of the heaviest, most lugubrious order. May it not be that this contempt of idle mirth, or this inability to express its longings in proper wanton spirit, had gradually spread itself even over the feasts and frolics of Athens, and dampened that ardor and vivacity of sportive intellect which should have naturally accompanied the swift passing of the wine-cup? Let us hope that it was not so. Let us fain believe, that, inasmuch as in modern times we find that the papers of the day do not always succeed in reporting the most acceptable *bon-mots* of private festal life, so in Achaia there may have been good jests made, and pleasant utterances of wit produced, making the banquet a scene of real gayety and humor; and that therefore the pages of "Græca Majora" do not contain the actual cream of all that was richest and rarest in ancient wit. And so believing and trusting, let us insist that we shall no longer be called upon to admire those collected heavinesses, so falsely termed humorous.

Hard enough was it to find them grouped for our edification in the thorny fields of boyhood's study; but a torture, indeed, is it to discover, that, having passed this ordeal, we have not left them behind, but that they are still constantly spread out before us: here, presented in all their antiquated dust, as precious and unapproachable models of classic excellence; there, metamorphosed and clothed in modern garb, to the sole intent that some designing pedant, affecting by intuitive instinct to discover their origin, may retranslate them, and call upon us to laud, at the same time, their ponderous brilliancy and his own falsely assumed powers of critical acumen.

The wise sayings and doings of great or noted men not unpleasantly besprinkle our text-books and histories, and very often to the great profit of the student. It is a good thing, indeed, to have history teaching us by example. Yet it must be confessed that some of these examples seem not only able to confer little benefit upon the reader, but also little credit upon themselves. The character of them is hardly meritorious enough to be safely followed; the wisdom is of the faintest and most impalpable description. But still they maintain their places stolidly among the more useful ensamples, like a knot of grim, uninvited guests among a party of well-accredited merry-makers, heeding no rebuffs—perhaps, after all, receiving none, so firmly do they hold themselves entitled to be present by the right of long possession, and thereby worthy to be received like the others as honored and welcome guests. Therefore do we silently, almost unreflectingly, yield to them their usurped places, and year by year behold them tenaciously holding their ground, standing before us with that false *aureola* of pretended wisdom encircling their unworthy heads, and, by sheer effrontery, demanding and receiving our unlimited homage.

There are, for instance, those well-known Grecian and Roman soldiers, who, on occasions of popular panic or excitement, stand before admiring crowds, and utter self-laudatory harangues. These men are the stock-pieces of inflated sensation in the annals of those days, wedged firmly into the narrative, like Alfred and his burnt cakes in more modern times, until, as a prospectus might say, no well-organized ancient history should be without them. In the thirtieth or fortieth page they usually begin to appear—helmet on the head, shield on the arm, and spear or short sword in hand; and we are commanded to bow down to them incontinently as to the noblest Grecians or Romans of all. How like old demigods they stand, scarred and wrinkled, against their stone pillars, and make those great speeches about their hundreds of wounds and battles, and wonderful captivities! Something rather grand in it all, perhaps; and yet, when the mind recovers from the false glare of the scene, does it not somewhat indistinctly occur to some of us that, after all, these men of bombastic utterance and terrible self-appreciation are hardly, in so much, the persons to be held up for our imitative approval? Those were days when self-compliment was very allowable, perhaps, and he who would receive due credit for his deeds must sometimes relate them himself, nor be mealy-mouthed about it; yet still we can not but confess to a feeling, that, even then, a trifle of modesty might not be unbecoming to a valiant man. If a soldier of the present day were to arise in the senate-chamber and grandiloquently relate his own exploits, it is likely that the better taste of the day would laugh him down. Should that which may not be done in epaulets, and plumed *chapeau*, and braided coat, become a better example of imitation in helmet and toga?

And there is our old friend Caius Marius, sitting upon the ruins of Car-

thage, and uttering his celebrated speech. We see it all: the bronzed face, the well-grown beard, the somewhat tattered and travel-stained tunic, and, at one side, abashed and confused with the majestic impress of the fugitive leader, the messenger from the Prætor Sextilius. The message is tremblingly given; and then the other, lifting his head with ferocious frown, says, "Tell him that you have seen Caius Marius sitting among the ruins of Carthage." Well, what if he had? All very fine, perhaps; and we indistinctly feel that we must applaud, for something wonderful has been said. As at the theatre, when Iago, after all that prelude of preparation, rolls forth his celebrated climax of reply about "suckling fools and chronicling small-beer," we feel compelled to look wise and give large vent to our enthusiasm. And yet we secretly ask ourselves what it all means exactly. There is a confused perception that there is a remarkable, recondite thought buried somewhere, and we imagine that we can dig out a thread or skeleton of meaning from it, but we do not feel quite sure. What we do know, is, that Marius was indulging his faculty of self-assurance, not merely inconsiderately, but to a dangerous extent; and that, knowing himself to be looked upon as a public enemy, whose shaky head was hardly safe upon his shoulders, it would have been more to the purpose if he had made friends with Sextilius' messenger, and had induced him to return with the information that he had not been able to find Marius at Carthage, or anywhere else. Viewed in the contrast of this sensible and more commonplace light, the actual scene itself, so written about and poetized upon and painted, seems rather remarkable for its want of wisdom than otherwise; and we feel disposed to hope that until the whole race of consuls, kings, and rulers of every description have so degenerated that no better or

more appropriate sayings can be found in the careers of any of them, the compiler of the new "Index Expurgatorius" will so pillory Caius Marius, that, for a time at least, we shall hear nothing more about him.

And there is old King Canute, sitting in his chair of state by the shore of Britain's sea. He is an acquaintance of such undoubted antiquity and faithful service, that we feel a natural reluctance to meddle with him; and but for the maintenance of the principle with which we started upon our series of suggestions, we would fain let him rest in peace, like an ivy-mantled wall or a fallen, sculptured column. But he has so persistently followed us down from the days of our youth, giving us no rest, not allowing the close covers of school-books to detain him, but ever pursuing us in our advanced years and there appearing before us, with equal and ready alacrity, from the careless columns of light newspapers and from the solid pages of ponderous quarto volumes—greeting us from excited political rostrum and decorous religious pulpit, and omitting no method of engaging our attention and providing his poor moral for our edification—that we feel our patience to be exhausted, and can endure no more of him. While in all this time, to heighten our sense of revolt, there has not been, to our knowledge, one listener sufficiently considerate and critical to reject that labored instance of moral illustration, and stigmatize King Canute for the solemn, old, pretentious piece of stupidity that he really must have been.

That even the most powerful and the best-bepraised man is not omnipotent to stay the advancing tide of the sea, is no untruthful maxim, to be sure. Others in their time have confessed their helplessness before the powers of Nature. But they have generally done this with a certain modesty of speech and sobriety of action, nor have cared to manufact-

ure a labored scenic display for the purpose of illustrating the principle. We read that Job admitted his inability to bind the Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion, but we are nowhere informed that he pompously took a seat at his tent-door, and, by way of formal exhibition of his lack of omnipotence, issued his orders and went through a series of vain passes and ejaculations. Why, then, should old Canute have made this stupid spectacle of himself?

We can see him sitting on the shore, with his courtiers all around him; and as we gaze, he stretches forth his royal hand to stay the advancing tide, which, as every one already knows, will not be stayed. We are supposed to be much impressed with the wisdom and majesty of the scene, and to have learned a lesson that somehow had never before occurred to us. But what if such a spectacle were to be played off before us in modern times? Suppose, for instance, that Louis Napoleon had become disgusted with the servility of his Court, and should have undertaken a similar illustration of his own real powerlessness, by placing his chair close to the margin of the sea at Biarritz, and commanding the waves to cease their aggressive approach. How the whole Court, though simpering and smiling to his face, would have laughed behind his back, as they foresaw the inevitable point of the lesson, and have ridiculed this pretentious preparation for its coming! How this Senator of state, or that Marshal of the Empire, would have turned away, so as not to be detected, and have grimly exploded with suffocating laughter behind his cigar! How *Punch* would have taken up and improved the occasion, and *Galignani* followed suit as far as it dared! And if the modern exhibition were to appear so nonsensical, why should any distance of time invest it with dignity and ennoble it, as enacted by King Canute? It may be that the human intellect of the day

was feeble, and really needed long preparation before any ordinary truth could be made to dawn upon it. If so, perhaps Canute did well. But for all that, is there any reason why we, with our more subtle instincts and ability to draw conclusions, should now be obliged to admire and reverence his then enforced stupidity?

Yet once again. There is one large department of the "Index" which should not be neglected. Well edited, it would form, in fact, almost the bulk of the work. We refer to the great body of old saws, and sayings, and quotations, that have done their unremitting work for years past, and now might well be pensioned off, and laid forever upon the shelf. Some are true, and, being accepted as such, might be let alone, and no longer suffered to inflict their axiomatic prosiness upon us. Others are false, yet, from being so long and constantly showered upon us, have at last gained a semblance of truth, and now are employed, not merely for the sake of illustration, but of argument also. Thousands of senseless sayings are fired off, here and there, at our devoted heads, from dinner feasts and public meetings, until our perceptions are deafened by the oft-repeated din, and we subside into helpless silence, and, losing all comprehension of the truth, feel forced to admit the fallacies into the code of our proved and settled experiences. In the matter of apt quotation, the subject is especially serious; for it begins to be suspected that we can never gain relief. The evil has seemingly struck into the whole body politic with fatal effect. Every now and then we find a new dictionary of well-known sayings published; not for the sake of warning, as we would send forth our "Index," but solely for the purpose of allowing each one of us to repeat that which has been said a thousand times before. Apparently it is becoming a se-

rious fault to be original, and no one can claim credit among his fellows, without showing an inability to break away from the path of routine and of the commonplace. In pulpit, at bar, and in legislative hall, it is all the same; and he who would be respected must follow the beaten road of precedent, and extinguish thoroughly any disposition to development of original thought. • It seems, indeed, as though there was a premium upon vacancy of intellect—a punishment decreed for wandering in fields not already carefully gleaned over; as though the leaders of party or profession—those controlling men, who, in every assembly, direct the opinions and actions of others—were accustomed to take upon themselves the matter of taste as well as of politics or doctrine, and, in solemn, secret conclave, to set forth what alone can be said, and to give their rewards or decree their punishments for adhesion to, or withdrawal from, the old prosy, established routine.

Perhaps this is the case; and if so, we may, without any great effort, imagine the scene. The court is assembled, and the proceedings commence. In conformity with long-settled usage, dull uniformity sets its seal upon every brow; and if any new, and as yet scarcely properly repressed, member feels a lurking desire for the exercise of originality, he carefully conceals it. Shakspeare, and Byron, and Tennyson, with marks set in certain famous passages, lie within easy reach of every body; and the President opens the tribunal.

"To Senator Brown, a vote of thanks," he says. "In alluding to the late shipwreck, the Senator well and properly mentioned the fact that 'then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave'—an apt quotation, the utterance of which did him great credit. To Senator Jones, a medal of honor, for having, at the late passage of the tariff amendment, so pertinently assured us that 'the winter of

our discontent was made glorious summer,' and that 'truth crushed to earth will rise again'—two noble sentiments, which, it is needless to say, were then and there anxiously waited for, and the omission of which would have given much disappointment to many of our members. Upon Senator Robinson, I grieve to be obliged to impose a vote of censure for a culpable omission. It may be remembered that it caused comment from many, when, upon being assailed about his vote upon the license question, he made no allusion, in his reply, to the barking of 'the little dogs, Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart.'"

"I beg the forbearance of the court," the Senator says, rising. "But it should be considered, that, as a new member, I am hardly yet versed in the science of parliamentary quotation. And as a plea for some mitigation of the censure, might I not refer to having concluded my speech with the announcement that those 'who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?'"

"A creditable quotation, to be sure," says the President; "and yet it seems hardly proper that one excellence of speech should excuse two omissions. For was it not toward the end of your oration, when, charging the member from Kentucky with his vacillation, you neglected to ask, 'Under which king, Bezonian—speak or die?' The vote can not be expunged, I fear, but will be mildly administered. And let our erring brother take courage from the example of our honored member, Senator Thompson, who, coming here a new and untried member, and being loaded through his first year with many censures, was able, during the ensuing session, to rise to the front rank among us by his apt allusion to his colleague as 'the old man eloquent,' and more especially by his remark that 'if he could make a coun-

try's songs, he did not care who made its laws.'"

So goes on the meeting. Can we not behold the fruits of its workings in all our public debates, where we may look in vain for any original quotation? And yet it may be, that, in this crushing out of originality, our masters do not thoroughly appreciate the true longings of the people. It has sometimes seemed to us that at heart the masses really long for an occasional novelty. It was only five or six years ago, an emboldened orator told us that "the mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly small." Can any one fail to remember the burst of applause with which the newly excavated treasure was received; how it rang from one end of the country to the other, and was adopted by acclamation into every legislative and editorial repertory? It has now been worn threadbare. Is it not time that some new delving among the stores of forgotten poetry should be done, so that, perchance, once more we may be greeted with the zest of a novelty?

And here, in conclusion, one pertinent inquiry presents itself. If our random suggestions are accepted, and some public-spirited person, capable of the task, devotes himself to the preparation of the "Index;" if the people at large accept it with kindly welcome, and endeavor to lay it to heart and profit by it; if thereby a determination is awakened to discard all the most unworthy traditions of past story, and the well-worn quotations of song and drama, and allow the energies of the intellect to be thenceforth devoted to the constant production of cheerful novelty: yet, knowing, all the while, the tenacity of custom and the effects of long-endured prejudice upon the human mind, is it probable that we can ever hope to get rid of Macaulay's New Zealander upon the broken arch of London Bridge?

BERMUDA.

I HAD for some years known Bermuda as an old friend; and now, yielding to the importunities of a party of "Moojans," as they are wont to style themselves, I set sail with them, bound for those "Islets of Ariel." As we bore away to the southward, and each day drew nearer the birthplace of a majority of our number, we talked of her settlement and civilization, her beautiful harbor and never-failing verdure. Having brought forth our authorities in the shape of published works and private letters, as well as rehearsed all the legends extant, we were quite agreed concerning her early history—a part of which I will give you.

The Bermuda Islands are four hundred in number, yet they measure but twenty-five miles in length, and three in breadth. They were discovered as early as 1522, by a Spaniard named Juan Bermudez, who was wrecked off the coast as he was proceeding from Old Spain to Cuba, with a cargo of hogs. Many of his swine swam ashore; and when the islands were visited by Somers, eighty-seven years later, these animals were the only living things to be found, save an occasional turtle that had wandered from its native element. Bermudez bestowed his name upon the island, repaired the wreck, and proceeded to his destined port. We know little more of them for the next threescore years and ten, but this we do know, that in 1593 Henry May, an Englishman, was wrecked upon one of those coralline arms that extend to the sea; also, that from his wreck, and the native cedar, he built a small ship, with her returned to England, and gave to the world the first published account of them.

In 1572, the King of Spain had made a grant of Bermuda to one of his subjects, but no settlement had been made there; and at the time of May's arrival, the islands were entirely uninhabited. The work he published attracted much attention, abounding as it did in accounts of shipwreck—wrought up in fearful style—and of the tempestuous seas by which Bermuda was at all times surrounded. Soon after it appeared, Shakspeare gave us his comedy, "The Tempest;" the name and many incidents in which seem to have been suggested by May's account. "The Bard of Avon" speaks of the "still vexed Bermoothes;" alluding, doubtless, to the dangers of the sea in their vicinity, which dangers still exist, only experienced mariners being able even now to take a ship safely into her harbor.

During the reign of Queen Bess, great interest was evinced by Englishmen in the New World. In 1609, nine ships and five hundred men set sail for the relief and enlargement of the colony. Sir George Somers was Admiral of the fleet; Thomas Gates went out to become Lieutenant-General of the colony, and sailed with the Admiral in his flagship, *The Vulture*. The voyage was weary, and long. The fleet was tempest-tossed. *The Vulture* was separated from the other ships, driven to and fro by the merciless winds, and, many days having expired, all on board gave themselves up for lost. The waves had spent their fury upon the flag-ship of the stanch old Admiral. Its timbers creaked, and water rushed in at the newly created seams. They bailed it out, until, at last, the watery element seemed to have conquered. Like the

Girondists, they drank farewell to their comrades, and prepared, as best they knew, to sail to the farther shore. Some cursed, some prayed, while others sternly and sullenly abandoned themselves to their fate. Suddenly a cry of "Land" was heard. The Admiral had espied Bermuda in the distance.

Strange tales had been told of these islands in the past. Demons, enchanted spirits, and a long list of the dreadful and horrible were believed by sailors to inhabit here; but now, even this land was greeted with joy. Each sprang up as from a fearful dream, rushing to and fro in the wildest delight. Order was soon restored, and every nerve was strained, that, if possible, they might get what *The Vulture* contained of life and valuables on shore. The ship was tossed about roughly until within one mile of land, when she became wedged between rocks in such a manner as to be quite immovable. However, they were enabled to land most of their cargo; and, having completed this work, they cast about for fresh food and places of shelter. Of the former, they found an abundance. Wild hogs roamed over the islands in large numbers; fish were plentiful, and the turtles furnished them with fresh eggs. They found a delightful climate, and groves filled with singing-birds. They led for a time a life of extreme idleness, lulled to rest, as they were, by the winds and waves, and awakened by the entrancing music of birds.

The majority of the sailors enjoyed this listless, nothing-to-do life, but the officials soon became weary of it. Eight fearless men were selected, and, having been placed in charge of the long-boat, put out for the Virginia shore. These men were probably lost; for since their embarkation, no trace of them has ever been found.

While vainly awaiting the return of their brave companions, the remainder of these shipwrecked mariners wooed

Dissension, and she came among them. They divided themselves into two parties; one of which adhered to Sir George Somers, while the other rallied around the standard of Gates. Each built a ship from the native cedar, but, having no oakum with which to render the seams water-tight, something must be found to take its place. It was soon discovered that a cement could be made from lime and turtle's-oil, which would dry readily and become perfectly solid. They built their ships, rendered them water-tight by means of this cement, and finally, deeming them sea-worthy, launched them. On the 10th of May, 1609, they once more embarked for Virginia, having spent nearly a year upon the island.

During their protracted stay, both officers and men had become attached to Bermuda, and were prepared to give a flattering account of her resources. All her real or imaginary beauty and fertility were rehearsed to Lord Delaware, the then Governor of Virginia, who immediately determined to send thither for supplies. Admiral Somers took command of the principal ship, and was accompanied, for a short distance, by a smaller vessel. By adverse winds the accompanying ship was driven ashore, while the silver-haired Somers put boldly out to sea, and once more entered St. George's Harbor. His trip was boisterous in the extreme, and it proved to be the last made by the brave Admiral. Sir George Somers was a model of heroism, yet he died broken down, both in body and in spirit. With his last words he urged his men to return immediately to Virginia, with supplies for the suffering colony. The sailors loved their commander, but did not heed his parting words. They buried his heart at Bermuda, and with his embalmed remains set sail for England. His *body* was buried with military honors, and the place where his *heart* reposes is a sacred place to Bermudians. He had

warm friends in England, and the news of his death carried grief to many a stout British heart.

Captain Matthew Somers, a nephew of the Admiral, took to England such a flattering account of the beauty and fertility of Bermuda, that the Virginia Company, which claimed the island—for the islands are so connected as to be often spoken of as one—sold it to a hundred and twenty of their own number, called the Bermuda Association, or Somers' Island Society, to whom James I. granted a charter. In 1612, this Association fitted out a vessel, and on board of her sixty planters embarked for their newly chosen home. On the arrival of the settlers they found three men, two of whom were convicts, escaped from justice on the occasion of Sir George Somers' first visit to the island. The third had been enticed away from the Admiral's ship on his return from Virginia. These three had collected ambergris in large quantities, and were preparing to take it away in boats. The Association, believing in the popular theory that "might makes right," immediately confiscated the treasure, thereby realizing a handsome sum, which they forwarded to the proprietary in England, together with tobacco, drugs, and cedar, which they had collected. All seemed to be going on harmoniously, when a Spanish force appeared in sight. The settlers fired upon them; and lest there *might* be well-filled magazines upon the island, the Spaniards deemed it best to retire. Yet, at this time, there was but a single barrel of gunpowder in Bermuda.

The extreme beauty of the island, with its eternal spring, was painted in such glowing colors by visitors that not a few peers of the realm honored it with a visit in search of the Fountain of Youth—inidentally, perhaps, but none the less really. Many came from the Leeward Islands, from the northern colonies, and from England.

Royalists took refuge here in the time of Cromwell; and in 1643, Edmund Waller, who, although a nephew of John Hampden, was now a Roundhead and now a Royalist, as the times required, found it convenient to visit Bermuda after his condemnation by Parliament. He was wrecked off the coast, spent several months upon the islands, and praised them as much as his predecessors had done. He speaks of them as the most beautiful part of the world, and as enjoying a perpetual spring. A ring has been recently found at Bermuda, with the roots of a tree running through it, that the poet received from one of the Queen's Maids of Honor, previous to his semi-exile. A lady in Scotland has the ring, which she keeps as a reminiscence of Waller and of Bermuda.

Waller's life was as romantic as his poetry. In his childhood he was left heir to an estate of £3,000 a year. He entered Parliament at eighteen, and at twenty-five married a rich heiress, who died within a twelvemonth. During the Protectorate, he spent one year in prison, but afterward wrote a panegyric on the occasion of Cromwell's death. He thought best, however, to write an address to Charles II., on his accession; and when Charles remarked to him that his address was inferior in point of merit to Cromwell's panegyric, he replied, with his accustomed wit, "Poets, sire, succeed better in fiction than in fact." He served in Parliament at eighty years of age, and died on the 21st of October, 1687, at Beaconsfield. He was placed in the church-yard, where, 110 years later, the clay of Edmund Burke was interred.

George Berkely, afterward Bishop of Cloyne, spent seven years of his prime in endeavoring to found a college in this island retreat. Berkely was at the head of a sect in England called the Immaterialists. He was a contemporary of the great German philosopher, Christian

Wolf, a friend of Swift, of Pope, and of Arbuthnot, and was considered second to no man in Great Britain, either in learning or virtue. In order to become a missionary, and, as he fondly hoped, to establish a college at Bermuda, in 1725 he gave up his appointment as Dean of Derry—a preferment that Swift declares to have been the best in the gift of the Church—and took orders for the west, upon the promise of £100 a year, and of assistance in the building up of an institution in which utility and beauty should vie with each other, and where the sons and daughters of Bermuda might be “polished after the similitude of a palace.”

At this time Berkely married a daughter of the Right Hon. John Forster, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, and with her sailed for the Western World. Notwithstanding his powers of mind, he signally failed in this great undertaking. He was enabled to obtain little assistance from England, and seven years later he returned, discouraged and poor, having spent a large private fortune, and received little in return. Queen Caroline now gave him the bishopric of Cloyne, as an especial mark of her favor.

Hamilton, one of the early Governors, endeavored to found a Marine Academy here; but he, too, failed, for lack of means. A later Irish author says, that this plan of Hamilton's should have succeeded, inasmuch as the Bermudians were compelled to educate their children, if they would educate them liberally, either in England or America; and that, in the latter place, ideas unfavorable to Great Britain were sedulously inculcated.

Although storms and hurricanes frequent the island, this, the day of our arrival, was one of those clear, beautiful days in which all waters seem not only to be rendered transparent, but at the same time to become liquid mirrors; so that every thing below is clearly seen,

and all above reflected. I thought now that the learned Moore had not strained the term “justice” when he spoke of this as a fairy harbor. The little boats gliding forever through waters of exceeding clearness, seem to pass from one cedar grove to another. The water was so like crystal, that, instead of looking for “demons down under the sea,” we looked and saw flower-gardens in *fac-simile*. We could see the brainstone of every variety, the white coral, the sea-rod, and the sea-fan. The many-colored angel-fish glistened for us in the sun. A little fish called the squirrel, or soldier-fish, the pearl-oyster, and the beautiful scallop, whose shell is so justly admired, appeared, to do us honor.

A line of forts is built along the north side of St. George's Island: Fort Albert, Fort Victoria, Fort Catharine, Fort George. The dock-yard is located at the west end, where no large vessels can enter; so that an enemy's ship must needs come in at the east end, and pass to the north side of the island: hence the location of these forts. Near the close of our Revolutionary War, a plan was on foot to take Bermuda, in order to make it a “nest of hornets” for the annoyance of British trade; but the war closed, and the plan was abandoned.

The harbor of St. George's is so extensive that the whole English Navy might easily ride upon its waters. Within it are many small islands. On one of these we found only a magazine, and a hut occupied by a soldier and his wife. In the little bay opposite the harbor Sir George Somers built his ship, and it is called Buildings Bay, in his honor.

Opposite St. George's Island is Ordnance Island, which is used exclusively for the ordnance, and is a small island in St. George's Harbor. Opposite St. George's is St. David's, and together they form the harbor.

On the island of Nonsuch there is but one building. It is built in the form of

an umbrella, is the property of a lawyer, and is used only for picnics.

Great Britain has regarded Bermuda as a fortress of no small importance. She has now fifteen hundred convicts upon two of the islands: Boaz and Ireland. The officials and about six hundred prisoners live upon Boaz; the convicts occupying prisons, as with us. Upon the other island, the remainder of the prisoners are quartered, or rather they are placed in old ships moored to the breakwaters, and are employed about the dockyard. These two islands are joined by a bridge and public road. The convicts have a pound of meat, a pound of fresh vegetables, a pound of bread, tea, sugar, and grog. The jacket and trousers are labeled Boaz. When they cast off the dress of disgrace and return to the world, they are given a slight compensation for their labor. It is very small, but even this is of some import to them; for although friendless, as many of them are, they are not quite penniless.

The Bermudiana is the national emblem; as the thistle is the emblem of Scotland, and the lily of France. This is a plant four or five feet high, with a little blue flower very like the forget-me-not. It was named the Bermudiana by Archdeacon Spencer, of England. The oleander flourishes in such profusion that the Bermudas have been styled the "isles of the oleander." Leaves of the palmetto-tree are made into women's hats, and form one of the chief sources of revenue. The arrow-root of Bermuda is of a very superior quality, and is rarely equaled anywhere else in the world. Cedar grows abundantly, and is much used for ship-building. It bears a berry that is first white, then purple. Of this a syrup is made, distinguished for its healing qualities. The ambergris is mostly exhausted.

Agriculture has received but little attention; and not many years since there was said to be but one plow in all Bermu-

da. Still, Indian corn, oats, and barley are easily grown. Several crops of corn are sometimes produced in a single year. Some of the inhabitants embark in the whale-fishery, some engage in ship-building, and others in sail-making. With their ships they convey salt from Turk's Island to America. They have traders running to the West Indies, and four to New York. One steamship, *The Fahkee*, makes regular trips to the latter port.

While on one of our investigating tours, we found mounds of sand that seemed to have drifted up from the ocean in such quantities as to surround, and almost cover, the dwellings; so that, in some instances, they had been abandoned by their occupants. Along the base of several hills a drive is built, called the Serpentine Road, which no visitor fails both to see and to enjoy. Many of the islands are in such close proximity, that a biscuit can easily be thrown from one to the other. The houses are all whitewashed; so that Moore happily compares them to the "palace of a Lapland gnome."

Only about twenty of the islands are inhabited. Somerset, Nonsuch, Hamilton, St. George, St. David's, Ireland, Boaz, Long, and Bird islands are the principal ones. There are now about twelve thousand persons living upon them, half of whom are Blacks. There are many more females than males among both Whites and Blacks; so that the beautiful girls of Bermuda often marry sea-faring men, and, going away with their lords, make their homes in other lands. The girls of Bermuda have a witching grace of manner—an "affectionate languor," as it has been called—that is captivating to men who are at all impressible.

Among the birds that love to carol here, the bluebird, the blackbird, the elegant red-bird, and the chick of the village, or Virginia nightingale, are most distinguished.

Rats, brought here by European vessels, were for many years a great annoyance; but they suddenly disappeared, and it is now as impossible to discover a rat in Bermuda as to find a serpent upon the Emerald Isle.

Outside the harbor is a place called Groupers' Ground, where groupers are caught. These are fish of the Perch family, which received their name from the West Indians. They sometimes measure four feet in length. Every man of any means has his own fish-pond; and when fish are brought in from outside, as they are in August, September, and October—the only months in which the authorities allow them to be caught—they are purchased, and kept by gentlemen in their own private ponds.

We visited the "Devil's Hole," which is a sort of grotto; and here we found an immense number of starving-fish. It is difficult to determine the exact origin of these fish; but they probably came, when quite small, through some subterranean passage, and, as they increase in size, find it impossible to return. They are in such a famished condition that if a cane be dipped in the water they cling to it, and are drawn out in numbers. A lady of our party floated her pocket-handkerchief near the water, when scores of groupers rushed to the surface in pursuit; and although the handkerchief was quickly withdrawn, it brought up with it two furious little groupers, which Madame G— bore away in triumph.

This wonderful place, until recently, has been accessible to all, "without money and without price;" but it is now private property, and a fee of twenty-five cents is demanded from every one who would explore its mysteries. Our party added a sovereign to the credit side of the owner's "account current."

There are many white stones to be found, which, on being opened, seem to

be made up of the tiniest shells. For water, the inhabitants depend mostly upon rain. There are no fresh-water springs, and few wells; for which reason the people preserve rain-water in tanks, with great care.

Moore was diminutive in stature; and the Bermudians believe, as Goldsmith did of Garrick, that he was "an abridgment of all that is pleasant in man." Eight years after his departure from Bermuda he married Bessie Dyke, an actress, to whom he gave the worship of a lover for the space of forty years, when death separated them. He died at seventy-three years of age. His malady was softening of the brain. We saw "Nea's" husband, who is still living, though a very old man. Her sons, too, reside here. One is Rector of a parish, and the other holds a position under Government.

The Government of the island consists of a Governor, Council, and House of Assembly, the first mentioned of which is usually a general officer sent out by Queen Victoria. The Queen keeps, also, a large military and naval force at this point; so that the little paradise is well guarded.

The residents of Bermuda, like those of most low latitudes, have not the energy of a northern people; but they are pleasing in their manners, and have generous hearts and liberal hands. Prettier women or more agreeable men do not exist than these Bermudians. It has been my pleasure to know and appreciate many of them.

I shall long remember the family of Captain T—. He lived here many years, held positions of honor and trust upon the island, and was finally shipwrecked in the harbor on his return from a foreign voyage. His children have become Americans by adoption, but they are as hospitable and as genial as when their home was upon the "Islets of Ariel."

VINNIE REAM.

THE recent unveiling of the statue of the martyred Lincoln in the rotunda of the Capitol, at Washington, the criticisms which the work has induced, and the probability that it is to stand as the marble representation of one of our noblest men in the national pantheon, excite a curiosity to know something of a young lady whose delicate fingers molded the form that is to last and be looked upon with a feeling akin to adoration by a race, and with reverence by all, long after she has left her name to history. To gratify this curiosity, is one of the objects of this article. There is another. Climate and the aspects of Nature leave their impress upon man and his handiwork. In the north, the rigors of the seasons stimulate exertion for the production of the necessaries of life. The aim of the multitude is for the material and rationalistic. Under more genial skies, and with a fertile soil and smiling landscape, daily wants being assured, the genius of the people develops in the art direction. While the northern mind is forced to the investigation of the solid sciences and mechanics—of any thing that would increase comfort and ameliorate condition—the southern, left to itself, draws inspiration from the beauty of its surroundings, develops the æsthetic, cultivates the graceful, and revels in a world of sense, where feeling is exalted above reason, and loveliness of design above utility.

The home of art is where Nature stimulates the sensual and spiritual-intellectual. Art flourished under Grecian skies. Inspired by the spirit of beauty that dwelt where the chiefest joys of earth, sea, and sky were blended, the splendid Parthenon arose upon the brow of the

Acropolis in the transparent air of Attica; classic groves were adorned with marble men, and chastest temples solemnized with statues of gods. As art has flourished in a zone where the charms of Nature invite man to their enjoyment, and away from anxious cares for self-preservation by the fireside, so to the stimulation of a generous climate, and its attendant advantages for æsthetic culture, are we to look for the founding of the great schools of art upon our continent. Where else are they to appear but on the Pacific shores of the Great Republic? And, as the periods of sublimest progress in the fine arts in the ages of nations have immediately followed mighty convulsions, out of which heroes and statesmen have arisen, so may we not be expectant of transcendent results to flow from a revolution more grand in its aims and achievements than any that marks the pages of history, as the might and civilization of our own Republic are superior to those of nations lapsed? Nay, do we not see, in the wealth of pictures in shop-windows, the art-galleries open to the public, the tendency, more than ever before, to adorn our walls with paintings, chromos, engravings, and our mantels and brackets with busts and statuettes, the appearance here and there of full-sized forms in marble and plaster, the dawning of an era in art-culture in America, more promising than any before it? Any story, then, that shall tell of struggles to express and preserve an art-idea, to portray the actors and their deeds in the drama of the nation—any tale of one of humble origin, without the adventitious aids of family friends, fortune, or education, rising by virtue of native genius alone to become

the chosen agent of the greatest Republic to fashion in marble the form, features, and bearing of the noblest citizen of its sublimest epoch, especially when the story is of a young girl—can not but prove interesting to the promoters of incipient art-civilization on these western shores.

It was my fortune, in days not long ago, to be stocked with credulity enough to believe the asseverations of men in authority; and while a full supply of the article was still on hand, joined in the rush when a change of Administration suggested the policy of a trip to Washington. And thus it was I became a sight-seer and rummager after novelties in the Capital City of our country; and if I did learn by experience that faith is not to be put in accidents when in power, any more than in princes by virtue of birth, there are yet a few pleasant reminiscences of Washington life that compensate for a journey undertaken by a victim of misplaced confidence. Not long after my arrival in the ancient Conogochague, while being chaperoned by a fellow-correspondent, the following conversation ensued:

"I suppose you will want to visit the studio of Vinnie Ream: all new-comers do."

"Well, yes; where is it?"

"On this floor, and not far away."

"Is it accessible? When is it open to visitors?"

"At all times; the plaster statue of Lincoln is ready for inspection."

"We will go there now, if you are at liberty."

"I do not care to patronize the humbug any more. Besides, I have not been saying very complimentary things of Miss Vinnie's work in my correspondence, and do not feel like saying the amiable after it. You had better look in on the young lady, and the traps she has to prove her artistic skill, before you leave; but I prefer to find you some other person as introducer."

"Very well; but tell me why you use the term 'humbug.'"

"We, old stagers here, are not easily deceived. The girl is smart as lightning, but she has not been quite able to make us believe she did the work she passes off as her own. We know all about it. To see her in her studio, with a trowel in her hand and fantastically dressed, you greenhorns would be fooled with the idea that she is a genuine artist."

"Who do you suppose did the work, if she did not?"

"No supposition about it. Fisk Mills is the artist"—and an "old correspondent" assumed the look of one from whose decision there was no appeal.

Not many days elapsed before I accepted an invitation from a friend of hers to visit the studio of Miss Ream. It was a room assigned her in the basement of the old Capitol building, where a southern exposure furnished the light, without which no sculpture or painting is seen to advantage.

A young lady of apparently twenty years, *petite*, with large, lustrous, brown eyes, and a wealth of dark hair that fell unrestrained upon her shoulders, and indicated no need of borrowed additions, received us with an ease and grace that belong rather to southern Europe than to the Anglo-Saxon stock. Small as the lady is, she resorts to no tricks of raiment to increase in appearance her stature. A short dress, with a blouse over it, and a low artist's cap, are not the means to heighten stature or effect. *Petite* as I say she is, she has yet one of those well-shaped and compact forms that embodies all there is of graceful development within the outlines. Most persons would call her pretty. The face is round and features regular. In repose, they are thoughtful and serious, and in conversation lit up with spirit and intelligence. Vinnie Ream is an extraordinary conversationalist. Her speech has just enough of Westernism to betray

her origin. Her knowledge having been acquired more from observation and mankind than from books, though by no means an indifferent reader, she is a popular talker; not in public, for I have to say Miss Ream is not, or *was* not, one of the strong-minded that like to ventilate their gifts in large assemblies. Further, it must be said she is not an advocate of the extension of suffrage to females.

The studio of the young lady was small—too small for the purpose. On the mantel at one end, and ranged on a shelf in the corner, were the busts, in plaster, of Greeley, Senator Sherman, Long John Wentworth and daughter, and other celebrities, besides a group symbolical of the four sections of the Union, as well as other ideal designs of the artist. At the other end, with a curtain for a background, and placed so as to receive the light from the only window in the room, stood the statue of Lincoln, for the production of which the young lady had been immersed two years in the apartment, and for which Congress had voted \$5,000 when the work should appear, as it was, in plaster, and \$5,000 more when completed in marble. The work was ready for the inspection and criticism of the public, preparatory to being boxed for Italy, as a pattern for one of more durable and finer material.

A word as to the appearance of the statue may not be out of place in this connection. It was of the natural height, six feet and four inches. The figure of Mr. Lincoln being tall and attenuated, it was a difficult one to handle to produce a proper effect. But the artist, nevertheless, dispensed with the usual "hitching post" for an elbow to rest on, or "dry-goods box to glue the coat-tail to," for support. A long cloak, a garment often worn by Lincoln, grasped by the left hand and held to the side, was allowed to fall in folds to the ground, thus giving breadth as well as support

to a form inartistic in the highest degree. The right foot was advanced, the right hand held out a scroll as the Proclamation of Emancipation, while the head, inclined forward, allowed the benignant face to look upon the down-trodden race to which it was offered. The *pose* seemed natural, and no one denied that the head was a good specimen of realistic portraiture.

I wish it to be understood that I am not an artist nor an art-critic. Without being the former, every individual American is too much disposed, without an acquaintance with the first rudiments of art, to be the latter. A frequent visitor to the studio of Vinnie Ream as the chaperon of new-comers of my California friends, I had abundant opportunity to observe the critical disposition of my countrymen. The room was generally not without visitors, and the prevailing form of criticism was that of unmeasured flattery of the artist and her work. Prudence sometimes restrained language to general phrases, so as not to betray ignorance of the technical terms belonging to art; sometimes words were used with an *abandon* seldom known, and sometimes the ideas evoked were so sublimized as to seek a remarkable similarity of expression, which *Punch* only, so far, has successfully reported:

Male Dilettante, No. 1 (making a telescope of his hand).—"What I like so much is that—that——"

Ditto No. 2 (with his nose almost touching the object).—"I know what you mean—that broad—er——"

Female Dilettante, No. 1 (waving her hand gently from right to left).—"Precisely. That sort of—er—of—er—of—er——"

Ditto No. 2.—"Just so. That general sort of—er—of—er——"

Ditto No. 3.—"O, yes—quite too lovely—that particular kind of—er—of—er——"

Of the intelligent lovers of art, I would say there are two classes, having different ideas of what a national statue should be. One would have it idealized, so as to be the beatified presence of the subject, or to represent the spirit of his

deeds more, and the actual likeness of the man less. The other would faithfully portray the size, form, clothing, and features of the subject; in fact, a man as nearly as possible as he was, taken at the best period in his history, and in his most favorable mood. One would represent him as a spiritualized incarnation of a great passion or event; while the other would be more intent upon a refined effort of realistic portraiture.

It is not for me to say to which order of statuary the work of Vinnie Ream belongs. Perhaps it may be too natural to suit the class of critics who would exalt their hero in marble to the rank of a demi-god. As good a judge of art as Miner Kilbourne Kellogg, who has spent a life-time in the art-schools of Europe, and is as well qualified to give a just opinion as any man, perhaps, in America, has published, over his own signature, a criticism on the statue of Lincoln, and speaks of it in terms of unqualified praise. It would not be very venturesome to assert that it is good enough, at least, to stand with the work of other sculptors of celebrity, in the National Capitol, as art-effort there is not recognized as of the highest order; and at any rate, the statue is remarkable as the production of a girl, self-taught in the plastic art, and who had not given attention to it at all but two years before she was commissioned by Congress, over older and celebrated competitors, to perpetuate in stone the form and features of the most remarkable personage in our national annals. There was a fitness in committing so important a charge to a child of the West, and to one of a sex in which the sympathetic and reverential so greatly predominate, as that of preserving in marble the great historical representative of the same section of the Union.

Vinnie Ream was born on the banks of the Mississippi, in the State of Wisconsin, in a log-cabin, a painting of which

and its surroundings, presented her by a brother-artist, hangs over her mantel, and to which she points with no feeling of abasement, as her happy childhood-home. She, unlike a large class of young ladies, is not ambitious of a high-born origin. Frankly, and with genuine affection, she tells of her humble parentage; of a father who could not speak English till twenty-two years of age, of his toils and the cares of an excellent and devoted mother. She has a pleasant recollection of her wild life, as a barefooted girl on the prairies, driving home the cows, and of the many little incidents in youthful days fragrant in the memory; and recounts all with the artlessness of an unsophisticated nature, taking you without reserve at once into her confidence with the freedom of a long-time friend. From Wisconsin the family removed to Missouri, and from thence to Kansas. The latter was then but a wild country. The Indians still haunted their old hunting-grounds, loath to leave for the new homes assigned them farther west by the Government. Such massacres as that of Marais des Cygnes had left its impress upon society; and the antagonism between the Northern and Southern elements not yet over. Society was in an unsettled state. The opportunities for culture were few; while the excitements incident to a new country, and the care of providing for material wants, afforded little chance for refinement. Under such circumstances, and with such disadvantages, the young girl grew up till "sweet sixteen." But if schools and seminaries were wanting, the population was from all sections of the Union. The learned and the ignorant came together on an equality; for a new territory is a mighty leveler of all distinctions. Each brought with him the traditions and habits of thought of his section; and thus was brought together a mass of information, imparted orally, in social intercourse, of

the freest order. In the absence of any thing better, from such sources a quick and active intellect might profit. It may be that in this school the self-reliance and conversational powers of Vinnie Ream were developed; and I know of no means, except personal acquaintance, by which she could obtain the extensive knowledge she possesses of the distinguished personages of the country and their characteristics, unless learned in a large degree from intimate friends, who discoursed of them in her hearing while a part of the mixed society of Kansas.

But now a change came in the life of the girl. A sister having married a politician, Vinnie and her parents were induced to proceed to Washington, in the hope of bettering their condition. The city was full of refugees, and the chances for employment few. The family was poor, and in need of something to do. Vinnie determined to assist her parents. It was in the palmy days of shoulder-straps, and the article was in demand. Obtaining a specimen, the girl carefully took it to pieces, learned how it was constructed, and made a few, by which a little money was obtained. The supply from this source was, however, precarious. Learning there were lady-clerks in the Post-office Department, she went there and made application. Several visits were fruitless. The girl was in distress, and therefore persevering. One day, in passing a door, McClellan, Assistant-Postmaster General—a rough, but one of the most noble-souled men that ever had a place under the Government—caught a sight of the dejected girl, and immediately came with a kind “What can I do for you, my child?” In ready language she told him of her desire to assist her parents, and something of her history and qualifications. The official was touched by the story; and never was Vinnie more joyful in her life than when he gently placed his hand upon her shoulder, and said, “Come to

me to-morrow, my dear; you *shall* have a place.” The round of duties performed in the Post-office Department, if not of the highest intellectual order, were gladly accepted, as they furnished the girl the first opportunity of earning something; and, better still, being confined to certain limited hours, gave leisure to gratify a taste for intellectual and æsthetic culture.

Hitherto, there had been little or nothing to meet her eye to stimulate a taste for statuary. Her home had been cast where art is choked by the necessities of an imperfect civilization. The mind, oppressed by care and fatigued by toil, is not buoyant and joyful enough to fully appreciate the beautiful; much less to conceive and attempt a spiritualized copy. If the complaint be just, that justifies the departure of all American artists to the schools of Europe—that our country has no antecedent art; no architecture of the early and mediæval ages; no venerable ruins; no relics of a storied past, when deities inhabited the seas, the rivers, the groves, and the mountains, and men were demi-gods; and no public collections to give encouragement to art-growth—what is the measure of the complaint a Western girl can bring, whose senses have never been stimulated into sympathy with the beautiful in art, except by the contemplation of log-cabins and the plainest box-shaped buildings as specimens of architecture, and scare-crows in a corn-field as the best efforts of sculpture? But Nature furnishes her compensations. The smile of a child in the cradle inspired the boy Benjamin West to preserve it with his pencil. It is possible that a life with the sons of the forest was a school for a Western girl in which to learn, and in which she did learn, the natural form and bearing, dignity of *pose*, and striking character of face which some competent critics assert belong to her works.

In any point of view, the art-treasures of the Old World not being accessible, the removal to Washington was the best step to make. There architecture, if not perfect, is on the grandest, most magnificent, and costly scale, and embellished in a style made possible by a nation's purse. The public buildings are eloquent with color and sculpture, and the associations excite patriotism and inflame and ennoble ambition. Poor and meagre as the national statuary may be, Washington has the best collection on the continent. If the genius of Phidias or Canova is not there displayed, there are the conceptions and skill of Horatio Greenough, Crawford, Powers, Story, and Randolph Rogers, and the warning furnished by Clark Mills, in the shape of a brazen attempt to balance a horse on his hind-feet by the weight of his tail. If the models for study are not of the finest ideal or even rationalistic order, they are yet better than none, and furnish something from which a student in art may profit.

After gratifying curiosity, critically examining art-work, and drinking in its spirit, the next idea is one of wonder how it is done. Vinnie Ream had not been long in the Post-office Department, when, upon expressing a wish to a gentleman to see a sculptor at his work, she was escorted to the studio of one, and permitted to witness the *modus operandi* of fashioning a model by the fingers out of potters' clay, so as to be a likeness of the person intended to represent. Taking leave of the artist and moving toward the door, she said to her escort, "Why, I can do that myself." The remark was overheard; the artist kindly and laughingly supplied the clay, and the three—girl, escort, and clay—went to her home together. Nothing is known of the tearful failures, if there were any. How much of despair or disappointment was felt while making the first attempt has not been made public.

If the first trials were abortive, she continued effort; and in a few weeks the same gentleman who brought away the clay was requested to return it to the artist. But it was in the shape of the head of an Indian.—An art-idea fixed in the mind in youth, and brought from the West? It is reported that the artist declared there was more character in the head of that Indian than he had been able to express after years of study and labor. More clay was supplied, and the next piece was in medallion, and represented the falling of a standard-bearer in battle. The world began to open to her through a new vista. Henceforth her life was to be devoted to art. The place in the General Post-office was abandoned, and a room at her mother's set apart for her studies. In spite of the misgivings of friends, work in the new vocation went on, and the room gradually filled with busts and ideal figures.

Whoever criticises the work of a young artist with no means at command, should remember that one must work to live before he can revel in the beautiful, and successfully seek to imitate it. Stern necessity forces wares upon the market before time has been given for thought and finish. He should remember, too, that, tastes not being generally educated up to the highest standard, the finer excellences of art-work would not be appreciated, and the productions of an artist in need are sometimes adapted to the taste of the purchaser, and do not realize the conceptions of the artist himself. The critic, in passing judgment upon the capacities of Vinnie Ream, should award a verdict with the circumstances fully in view. The true problem is: Given, the standard of popular or individual taste, and the disadvantages of the artist, what ought the work to be? Any work of a pretentious character, however—such as the statue of Lincoln—intended to be national, is to be judged by others of like design.

One of the disadvantages that attended Miss Ream in her earliest efforts was the almost general flattery showered upon her and her work. While it might, in some degree, cheer and encourage, it was calculated to stifle study and effort, under the impression that there was little more to learn, and to leave the girl to be satisfied with half-way excellence. Observing the tendency of visitors to unmeasured praise, I took occasion, at a favorable moment, to suggest its dangerous effect. The prompt reply left nothing to be feared in that direction: "These people know nothing whatever of art. I had rather have the opinions of one even merciless judge than the unmeaning, but well-meant, praise of all of them. Would that I could have the benefit of severe, but honest criticism!" The want has been supplied, so far as severity goes, in the public press, since the finished statue of Lincoln has been set up for inspection. The criticisms may be honest, too; but, it must be said, honesty is sometimes the only qualification a person officiating as a judge of art, as well as of law, ought to pretend to have; and, alone, is but the sorriest of requisites.

I neglected to mention that on the first visit to the studio of Vinnie Ream, while the impression was fresh—left on my mind by a fellow-correspondent—that some one else did the work exhibited as that of the young lady, the query silently came for my answering, while looking at the busts ranged around: Can it be pos-

sible that Senator Sherman, Greeley, and a dozen other celebrities, did not know to whom they were sitting—a man or a woman? And if there was a difficulty in this solution, it might have been removed soon after by seeing the lady herself rapidly creating in clay a life-like head of Parson Brownlow. For once let me turn critic, and say of this likeness of the redoubtable Parson, that it has an obvious defect: it does not shake like him! As to the works of Miss Ream since her departure for Italy, during her two-years' stay there in the focus of art, and since her return, it is not my province to speak. That Liszt, the celebrated musical composer, whose tastes and opportunities ought to qualify him to act understandingly, sat for the fair American, and was delighted with her skill; and that she was, also, favored with the patronage of other notables of Europe—these circumstances, taken in connection with the fact that high-art is better understood and appreciated there than in America, are in themselves some evidence that the young American artist is not without genius, and giving signs of promise. But whatever may be said of her as an artist, I venture to say that the visitor to her studio in the National Capitol will find it replenished with interesting models—studies of her own—and copies of the *chef-d'œuvres* of the masters, flowers in profusion, and singing-birds; and the guardian spirit of the scene as pleasant an acquaintance as he could wish to meet.

MINING ON THE PACIFIC COAST:

ITS DEAD-WORK AND DARK PHASES.

THE value of the gold and silver annually produced upon this coast approximates \$80,000,000: an amount that will be greatly increased within the next two or three years. Only a little more than twenty years have elapsed since we began mining for these metals, during which time we have extracted and put into circulation something over \$1,200,000,000; to say nothing of the other forms of wealth created by our comparatively limited population, meantime. Never before, perhaps, have so small a number of people built up and established upon a permanent footing such a broad and profitable business in so short a period. But this has not been accomplished without much loss to individuals, and even the most costly sacrifices on the part of large classes of the community. As in the founding of every other important industry, time and the expenditure of vast sums of money have been required to bring mining to its present state of perfection; nearly all the experiments and trials made in the furtherance of this business having been carried on under conditions involving great hardship and heavy expense.

Hence, while it has brought ample reward, and even opulence, to some, it has inured only in loss to the many, who have, consequently, felt sore over their want of success; seeking often to attribute, and sometimes with good cause, their failure to the fault of others. Thus, the prospector and locator of mines are prone to censure the capitalist, and *vice versa*; each conceiving that the other has been overreaching, remiss, or otherwise instrumental in working him a

wrong. The indiscriminate indulgence of this feeling, though natural enough, is apt to do both parties injustice; since, overlooking exceptional cases, a survey of the field of operations, so remote and vast, and a consideration of the troubles inherent to a new and difficult business, tend to show that these fancied wrongs were generally the result of excusable ignorance or unavoidable necessity, rather than of willful error. And, as such, they should be overlooked in passing judgment upon the pioneers in this great industry.

Parties supplying the prospector with means should remember the hideous character of the country he was sent to explore—compelling him to undergo a fearful amount of hardship, and exposing him often to the greatest peril—and duly weigh the same in estimating the degree of his faithfulness, and the value of his services. And so, on the other hand, the prospector and claim-holder should bear in mind with what a generous liberality almost the entire community have contributed toward outfitting and supporting him in the field; and more especially the people of San Francisco, upon whom it has been too much the custom of this class, encouraged by the press of the interior, to animadvert in terms of censure—denouncing them for their alleged greed, or upbraiding them for their short-sightedness and parsimonious spirit. How little ground there has been for these complaints, a very brief reference to the history of vein-mining on this coast will serve to disclose; if, indeed, it do not establish that the exploring miners, as a class, have less cause

for finding fault than those who have generously volunteered to furnish them means, or been called upon to foot their bills.

Before the business of raising and reducing ores was extensively engaged in, our capitalists, merchants, and others had lost heavily through credits given and moneys advanced for driving tunnels, building ditches, or prosecuting other works auxiliary to mining enterprise. Not, however, until quartz operations were largely entered upon did their losses assume those overwhelming proportions that involved the ruin of many through the aid extended to this branch of business. Long before the Washoe excitement, inaugurating a new era of disaster and waste, the mines and the miners of California were debtors for millions of dollars advanced on their behalf, and for which their creditors have never received, nor are likely to receive, an equivalent, or, in fact, any direct return whatever.

With the discovery of the Comstock Lode, the spirit of adventure and speculation was immensely stimulated. Prospecting parties were fitted out in every part of the State. Money for these and similar purposes was supplied by all classes, and with the most lavish prodigality. Miners flocked over the Sierra by the thousand, and, ranging through the mountains of western Nevada, located every thing bearing the semblance of a metal-bearing ledge, and often even the loose boulders with which they happened to meet, over a broad expanse of country. Ignorant of the character of true veins and the indications of mineral wealth, nearly every thing they took up proved afterward to be worthless. Nevertheless, under the impression that these masses of barren rock would prove metalliferous at greater depths, exploratory works were commenced upon many of them, being extensively prosecuted in some cases, and at enormous cost. And

thus matters went on for a number of years. Mines, or rather ledges, were located, and partially opened, over a great area of territory; but no bullion of any consequence was produced except from the Comstock Lode, which, within three years from the time of its discovery, began to yield largely.

In the meantime towns were laid out, and extensively built up; costly mills and reduction-works were constructed, and wagon-roads over the Sierra, and for local use, were projected, and in most cases completed. A prodigious amount of shafting and tunneling, besides much work of a miscellaneous kind, were accomplished. An aggregate of at least ten thousand men was kept in the field, while the Washoe mines were as yet contributing but little toward meeting these accumulated expenditures. The means for this purpose were, of course, mostly drawn from abroad; the San Francisco moneyed men and traders furnishing, as usual, the greater portion of them. Even after these preliminary outlays were through with, and the Comstock was turning out a large yield of bullion, heavy requisitions continued to be made on this city; the current expenses of our argentiferous regions continuing to greatly exceed the product of the mines. That these drafts upon the non-mining communities were pretty severe will be understood by all having a knowledge of the style in which matters were conducted in those days. Every thing was planned on a grand scale, and pushed ahead on the high-pressure principle.

In fact, the miners of Nevada and their co-operators had now come to levy tribute, not only upon our own people, but also upon communities abroad. Money poured in from every class and quarter; the whole world, seemingly, being eager to take chances in this great mining lottery. The facility with which money could be obtained naturally led

to carelessness and extravagance; a fearful amount of disbursement being made on mining account, and often for wholly unremunerative objects. It is true, much of this waste was the result of inexperience and ignorance; though not a little, it is to be feared, was justly chargeable, if not to downright fraud, at least to gross mismanagement. To individualize these cases of profligate outlay would be simply to catalogue the leading enterprises carried on during this epoch of prodigality and mistake. With the experience since gained, it seems incredible that sane men could have so blundered and gone astray. The rich ores were disposed of in a manner so hasty and imperfect, that nearly one-half of the metal they contained was lost. Vast sums were expended in the erection of works, to find when completed that they were useless for the purposes intended. Over \$1,000,000 was laid out upon the Gould & Curry Mill, at Virginia City, and nearly as much more on the Ophir Company's works, in Washoe Valley, neither of which was ever operated for more than a short time, both being now considered worthless. Over \$10,000,000 was spent in running tunnels and shafts in the vicinity of the Comstock belt, without developing a single mine of large value. The money squandered, in like manner, elsewhere in the State of Nevada, amounted to two or three times as much; to say nothing of the building up of towns where none were needed, the erection of superfluous mills, and making other premature and uncalled-for improvements. That State—not to mention similar exhibitions elsewhere—is strewn, from one end to the other, with these wrecks of stranded enterprise; much of it undertaken and hurried forward at the solicitation of the importunate and over-confident miner. Doubtless the parties making these expenditures did so in the hope of benefit-

ing themselves; but they were, nevertheless, influenced to this course, in most cases, by the representations of the miner, who, from his superior opportunities for observation, was supposed to be a safe counselor, and who must, therefore, to some extent, be held answerable for these unfortunate results.

If, overlooking the incredible sums wasted about Virginia City, we proceed eastward across Carson Valley, a few miles will bring us into Indian Spring—the nearest of what are termed the “outside” districts. It is situated high up in the Pine Nut Range of mountains, and, with the Palmyra District adjoining it on the south, was once considered a most hopeful locality. Here is the Whitman Mine, upon which work was prosecuted continuously for many years and at great cost, only to be finally abandoned, as have been nearly all the other claims in these districts, including those of the bituminous shale that here abounds, and upon which also a good deal of money was spent, without bringing to light any thing sufficiently carboniferous to answer even for a domestic fuel. The absence of any large deposit of coal, at this locality, superseded the necessity for using, to any extent, the costly wagon-road built up the mountain in anticipation of a heavy transit of this fossil over it. There were formerly a couple of pretty little towns in these mountains; and you can see, by the well-worn streets and the post-holes, where Como, the larger of the two, once stood. Besides these traces of the town, and the numerous mining excavations, you know, by some graves neatly inclosed with paling, that the place was once inhabited by White Men.

But it will not do to tarry in these unimportant places, where so comparatively little was wasted. Our space is limited, and we must get into the broader fields of industrial desolation, where the millions were spent, and which lie, still

unvisited, before us. Proceeding, then, along this range toward the south, we pass through several districts, all full of these same evidences of waste and failure. The hills, once alive with populous camps, are quite solitary now; there being left, of the superior race, only the wood-chopper and the charcoal-burner to vex the Washoe by tampering with his squaws, and cutting down his pine-nut orchards. While on these mountains, we may as well stop and look about a little; for the air is ever clear and pure, enabling one to discern objects a long way off. Those heaps of dirt you see high up against the Sierra, on the opposite side of Carson Valley, are in the Clear Creek District—more Dead-Sea apples, that turned into ashes on the lips of those who sought to taste them. Those heaps farther down, along the base of the range, mark the entrance to so many tunnels, driven far into the bowels of the mountain, in search of certain powerful lodes of silver indicated by the divining-rod to be reposing there. Work upon these tunnels was long since suspended; and if a like fate had been decreed the projector thereof before they were commenced, it would probably have saved the denizens of San Francisco a good many dollars.

If, turning, we look toward the south, we shall see in that direction a rugged peak, nearly as high as the Sierra, with which it is connected by a castellated range—the three forming an irregular basin, containing a number of mining districts, the principal of which is that of Silver Mountain. It is a wild country, in which a small community of miners have been laboring, with but moderate success, for a good many years. They are a hardy and industrious people, and, like the dwellers in all Alpine regions, have become so attached to their homes that they prefer life among these glens and crags to an existence elsewhere, with the prospect of a more

speedy and ample reward. Taken altogether, they have had a rough time of it, though latterly some of their claims have begun to yield more remunerative ores, strengthening an already rugged faith, and rendering their condition more tolerable. Silver Mountain, and the districts about it, contain scarcely a quarter of the inhabitants they once did; the shrunken towns, and the many abandoned claims, denoting how great a blight has fallen upon this once-thronged and bustling basin.

Journeying on by many a deserted claim and camp, we arrive in the Esmeralda country—a very Golgotha of mining enterprise, and hope, and industry. In hardly any other district of Nevada has so much money been spent to so little purpose as here. The sums thrown away may be literally counted by the million. Aurora, once a large and lively town, wears now an altogether cadaverous aspect. Its streets are silent, its houses empty, and its business dried up. But two or three of the dozen or more large quartz-mills erected here and in the vicinity are running now, nor have more than one or two of them ever earned money enough to defray the cost of freighting. But Esmeralda, like many other districts in that State, after a dark and disastrous career, is beginning to recuperate, and, under an improved administration of its affairs, promises to realize some of the high expectations formerly entertained of it.

Turning now, and traveling toward the north, having passed many a bleak and scraggy mountain, and many a mile of tawny desert—all the scenes of more or less costly and abortive effort—we come into the Humboldt region, where we find the history of Esmeralda duplicated; and although the work of regeneration is now somewhat advanced, the depression here was, at one time, of the most desperate type, threatening to become wholly chronic. Ascending Star

Peak, a lofty eminence central to the mines, we obtain from its top a commanding view of the country far around. Tier after tier of blue mountains overtop each other, fading away in the distance. More than a hundred miles off to the north-west, you see a white speck, hanging like a cloud on the verge of the horizon. That is Pueblo Mountain, snow-covered the most of the year, and about which there was organized, seven or eight years ago, a number of mining districts, some of them exhibiting a good show of mineral wealth. At its base lies a great valley, abounding in springs, and containing much fine farming and meadow-land. Here several settlements were made, a town was laid out, and portions of the land were inclosed and cultivated. A quartz-mill was erected, some of the mines were opened, and other valuable improvements made. But in the midst of this progress the Indians came down upon the settlements, killed some of the people, burnt up the houses and mill, and compelled an utter abandonment of the place, which, for some time after, was without an inhabitant. During the past year, a few of the parties in interest straggled back to Pueblo, and resumed work upon the mines; but as yet not a dollar has ever come from that district, in payment of the considerable sums that have been expended there, nor will the losses sustained on its account be made good for a long time to come.

A little to the south of Pueblo is the locality known as Black Rock, to which a couple of mills were hauled and put up, three or four years ago. The enterprise proved a failure, in consequence of there being no mines at all at that place: a circumstance that the parties experimenting neglected to ascertain before taking in their mills. The whole thing was a delusion and a mistake, through the occurrence of which San Francisco suffered to some extent, as may well be supposed.

Besides these untoward mining speculations, this Black Rock country has been the scene of several tragic events, memorable in the history of north-western Nevada. Here Peter Lassen, the simple, kind-hearted old pioneer, was slain by the Pi-Ute Indians, whose fast friend he had ever been, and who, doubtless, mistook him for a stranger. Near the spot where this good old man fell and was buried is another lonely grave, that of the Rev. Henry Smeathman—a man esteemed by all who knew him—also murdered by these same dusky miscreants; and for the reason, no doubt, that they were, in like manner, unacquainted with his amiable and inoffensive character. Off that way, too, James Carico, a veteran prospector, had an arrow driven clear through his body; or, at least, so far into it that he pulled the missile through with his own hand, and yet survived. A score or two of White Men have been slain by these savages in the region of the Great Mud Lakes, with their bitter waters and drifting sands, having been allured thither by the delusive rumors of their mineral wealth.

In that black and sterile range of mountains, lying over to the west, there were collected, some six or eight years ago, a good many miners. The usual formalities of organizing districts, laying out town sites, etc., were duly gone through with. A mill or two was erected, and in process of time some little bullion was taken out. But hardly enough money, all told, was ever realized there to liquidate the whisky bills of the bibulous population; for that is a dry and scorching climate, dreadfully provocative of thirst. In the course of a year or two the whole thing collapsed, and nothing more was heard of Antelope, Trinity, and adjoining districts, with their bright hopes and evanescent existence.

A little farther to the left lies the Desert District, which, though a fearfully barren region, as its name indicates, was

once the subject of many fond anticipations, and the theme of much praise. A mill was put up there at a very early day, the funds for the purpose having been mostly extracted from the pockets of certain credulous San Franciscans, who had not long before been in conference with a party of over-sanguine and guileless miners, fresh from those parts. There is not a remnant of this mill left, nor is it likely that a White Man has slept in the Desert District for the last five or six years.

That dark belt of timber, looking so like the long, black lines of lava that lie over against Trinity Mountain, indicates the site of the Pine Woods District, where, in 1863, a company of jolly prospectors, assisted by some Virginia mining "sharps," perpetrated a sinister joke upon some New York capitalists. They sold them a group of mines for \$500,000—and got the cash, too; the point of the joke consisting in the fact that the reputed mines had no existence whatever, and these jocular fellows knew it. So large was the *bona fide* consideration paid for these mythical lodes, that the revenue stamps attached to the deed of conveyance amounted to over \$3,000. A lengthened chapter might be compiled of similar incidents; the annals of Nevada being rich in *facetia* of this kind. In almost every district some of these drolleries were practiced upon strangers, evincing a nice sense of humor on the part of these rude and artless men!

And you would like to know about those half-fallen chimneys and *adobe* walls, seen in that scraggy-looking *cañon* over yonder? Ah, yes! Dead and deserted as it seems now, that was a lively camp five or six years ago: populous, bustling, and progressive—every nationality represented, and every body hopeful. The trenches you see alongside the mountain were cut by some Frenchmen, in search of a blind ledge supposed to exist at that point. They lost the "crop-

pings," and gave up the work, after prosecuting it for a couple of years with garrulous activity. The ruined *arastra*, a little farther down, was run by a party of Mexicans, working the Poco Tiempo Lode, near by. They did well for a time, until they had used up the richer and more accessible ores near the surface, when they "vamosed the ranch." Every dollar they had taken out was spent in dissipation and gambling. The opening on the hill-side, far above, is the entrance to the Bloody Thunder Tunnel, run by an English Company, in search of the John Bull Lode—the rocky bluff seen a little farther up.

"That big well?"—Why, man! that's not a well at all: that's the Nix Shaft, sunk by a couple of plodding Dutchmen, who worked steadily at it for three years, going down after the "Lunar Rainbow." "The dilapidated mill?"—Well, yes; I forgot about that. That's the Let-Her-Rip, put up by some go-ahead Yankees; and true to the aphorism conveyed by its name, it burst the financial integuments of every stockholder in it. I haven't time to relate the story of The Wild Emigrant, The Shamrock, The Silver Lyre, The Pungle-Down, and a host of other partially prospected lodes in that *cañon*; the history of which is pretty well foreshadowed in what has just been said about those other claims over there.

Looking still farther about from the eminence we are supposed to occupy, we see the billowy mountains, stretching away as far as the eye can reach. North, south, east, and west, they lift themselves on every hand. Some are barren and timberless; some are dark with stretches of woodland, that rest like the shadows of a cloud upon them, while the outlines of the more distant are so dim that you can scarcely trace them against the blue sky. Yet they are not so far off but the prospector has reached them, nor yet so bleak and rugged that

they have not been the theatres of misdirected and precocious enterprise. In all these arid and lonely mountains, districts have been organized, and much unavailing labor done. In the districts close about us, however, has been the largest misapplication of means. Here innumerable works of exploration have been carried on, the mountain-sides being everywhere scarified with open cuts, or bored with shafts and tunnels. A number of thrifty hamlets, and three or four considerable towns, were built up here. Some of these contained a number of handsome and very costly buildings, including well-stocked stores, spacious hotels, and gaudy saloons. Every thing requisite for comfortable subsistence or the successful prosecution of business, or even for questionable pastime and illegitimate pleasure, was in ample supply. For a few years all went on swimmingly. The mines giving promise of great wealth, money for their development was contributed without stint or hesitation. Nobody thought of refusing when called upon for funds, or of asking questions about their disbursement. Meantime, but little really effective work was being done. Mining superintendents, having been chosen with little reference to their actual fitness, fell into all kinds of mistakes and blunders, misapplying and squandering the money furnished them in the most foolish and criminal manner. Nor did the mines themselves, so far as opened, come up to expectation. The ledges generally proved small, became impoverished with depth, pinched out, and in various ways disappointed the hopeful locators and owners. Then things took a turn. Assessments were no longer of easy collection; stocks went down, and "feet" were in bad odor. With their supplies cut off, the miners were obliged to decamp, causing the business of these once flourishing towns to fall off rapidly. At the end of three or four years the most

of them had gone into a deep decline, the greater portion being completely deserted. It would be hard, at this time, to even find where some of these places stood, so completely has every vestige of their existence been removed or obliterated. The frame-buildings have been carried away or converted into fuel, while the less perishable and ponderable *adobe* was suffered to resolve itself into its original mud. Only a few stone-walls, windowless and roofless, are left to indicate that there was ever a town on the spot! The plethoric store, the *corral*, the shops, and the stables; the gilded saloon, and the other haunts of vice and pleasure, are all gone. The merchant, the miner, and the teamster; the lawyer, the courtesan, the dancing-girl, and the gambler, have all left, "moving on" in obedience to the order of an imperious necessity! Such is Humboldt today—a land of silence—an industrial Sahara—a valley of dry bones. Yet these dry bones will live; for they still possess vitality, as the success attending the efforts now being made for their resuscitation abundantly shows.

If, now, descending from our perch on Star Peak, we leave these older, earlier-settled localities, and journey farther on into the interior of Nevada, we shall still encounter like scenes of waste and folly. Travel where we will, for hundreds of miles across the sandy wastes, along the towering ranges of the Reese River country and through its outlying districts, and they still present themselves. Toward the north, the east, and the south; up to and across the confines of Idaho, Utah, and Arizona; far out into the depths of the wilderness—we still encounter them. For he little knows the ways of the prospector who supposes that the steepest mountain can stop, or the most barren desert appall him, or even that the most lavish supply of money can quite satisfy his wants, or stifle his clamor for more.

For a time Austin remained the pioneer post and rendezvous of advanced exploration. But it was soon left behind; the mining frontier having been carried far beyond. Rapidly exploration was pushed in every direction, bringing into existence Cortez, Twin River, Silver Bend, Reveille, Pahranaगत, and, finally, White Pine, which seemed destined to serve as the aphoristic feather that was to break the camel's back. Nothing has ever occurred in the history of mining excitements that has tended so much to restrain reckless investment, crush out the wild spirit of speculation, and cure all classes of a blind confidence in undeveloped mines, as our experience in that district. While tending to greatly enlarge the area of operations, and impart a new stimulus to legitimate mining, it has led to the observance of an unwonted economy and caution, and purged the business of many of its more glaring abuses.

And although the prospector can not now command money as readily as aforesaid, it does not follow that he is any the worse off. Those lavish supplies, as we have seen, have generally been spent with little benefit to himself or others. Certain it is, the practice of upbraiding the denizens of the metropolis for their assumed illiberality, is one for which he has not the slightest warrant. Millions of dollars withdrawn from savings-banks, etc., the gatherings of long and laborious years; farms, the support of families; homesteads, the only shelter of wives and children; the servant-girl's earnings, and the widow's mite, with the millionaire's surplus, and the miser's hoard—all swept forever away into this bottomless gulf of mining speculation! Truly, the miner should be content; least of all, should he find fault with the people and capitalists of San Francisco.

Nor should those who have aided the prospector, or embarked their money in mining enterprises without meeting with any immediate or direct returns, look

upon the same as wholly misapplied. In the first place, they had the money to spare; and if it had not been thus disposed of, they would, most likely, have invested it in some other speculation that would have proved equally profitless. It is quite probable, after all, that the indirect benefits accruing to them through the development of an industry so vital to all others, will more than make amends for all they have lost or expended on mining account. It is questionable whether our men of wealth have contributed more than their just share toward promoting the business of mining, considering the aggregate advantages they derive from it. And when we reflect how vast are the sums lost through stock-jobbing operations, and frequently through mistaken investments in real estate and in the conduct of almost every branch of business, we can see no reason for denouncing mining as a specially hazardous or disastrous calling. As now carried on, it may even claim exemption from much of the contingency that attaches to commercial, if not also to manufacturing and agricultural, pursuits. Our present experience in this business enables us to calculate results with more certainty than can be done in almost any other leading industry. And in thus exposing the Dead-work and Dark Phases of mining in our Pacific States and Territories, it is not done with any view to disparage this business, or hold it up as constituting a particularly unsafe field of investment. The object is simply to illustrate how much it has cost to bring it to its present self-supporting and largely productive condition; how evenly the sacrifices requisite to this end have been distributed throughout the entire community, affording to few any just cause for censure or complaint; and to impress upon all its incalculable value as an energizing and sustaining element in all our other economical pursuits.

THE DARWINIAN EDEN.

THERE is not much to flatter the vanity, or excite the veneration, of mankind, in that garden of Eden which Mr. Darwin proposes to substitute for the delicious retreat from which Adam and Eve were driven forth by the flaming sword. Mr. Darwin, is not as precise in relation to its geographical situation as could be desired. He thinks it was in Africa—possibly, in the island of Borneo—but certainly in a tropical region. He is, fortunately, more definite on the subject of its topography. It must have been a rolling, if not an absolutely level country; not wooded to any very great extent, but most likely covered with a dense and luxuriant vegetation. Here, once upon a time, far away in the dim past, the silent stars looked down upon a most strange and startling metamorphosis. Our quadrumanal grandfather was then daily and hourly becoming satisfied in his mind that the prehensile thumb was of no manner of use to him whatever, and that the sooner he made arrangements to convert it into a big toe the better it would be for him and the ape species generally. Through ages, pondering deeply about getting along in a more respectable manner in the world, he had divested himself of many things that were of little or no service to him. Among others, he had got rid entirely of his tail. Nothing now left but a rudimentary caudal appendage, capable of being entirely concealed from public view. If the prehensile thumb, now no longer of any value—seeing that there are no trees to climb in Borneo—to our ape-like progenitor, bent upon getting along, could be converted into a pivot for the balancing of an upright body,

many most strange things might come to pass. Looking calmly and dispassionately upon what that most remarkable and intelligent animal had accomplished up to that time, we are fully justified in concluding, that, in the “bright lexicon of his youth, there was no such word as ‘fail.’” Mr. Darwin calls upon us to look at him for ages and ages—descendant after descendant working away at that problem of a prehensile thumb, which needed conversion into a great toe—till success, at length, crowned his efforts. We have no reason to suppose that at that time he had any very clear conception of the perfection of form and dignity of station to which he was destined to attain. No more profound speculation, probably, passed through the brain of our struggling ancestor, than that prehensile thumbs had outlived their usefulness. Nothing at all, this many a day, for the quadrumanal *gourmand* hunting for a repast, to do in the way of climbing, as the Eden in which he disported was absolutely treeless. On the contrary, there is a first-class chance for starvation, if our four-handed predecessor can not manage to stand up and use his eyes for the discovery of the game of which he is in search.

Having got him firmly on his “pins,” it is plain sailing for a time. From the erect posture—now all the rage in the most polite circles of the quadrumanes—many changes, of course, followed. The head, for instance, could not be regarded as a model of beauty. It was in no sense a success for an ape slowly changing into a man, and required most unmistakably to be elongated, and rendered more shapely. It would never do to

aspire to humanity with a head like that. We have no doubt that when he called to mind all that he had already accomplished in self-improvement, he was not at all staggered at the difficulties in the way of getting the lines of his cerebellum altered so as to suit the most fastidious taste. It seems to be settled beyond question, by the researches of Mr. Darwin, that it makes all the difference in the world in shape, how one wears his head. If it be the fashion to go on all-fours, the head, among other things, will have to keep itself within reasonable bounds as to size. It has, also, a tendency to flatten, fore and aft. Put it erect, however, over a pair of shoulders, and in process of time it will elongate in a most surprising manner. It was in this way that our ape-like progenitor managed to get his head modeled after the pattern now generally in fashion. But it is in divesting him of the unfortunate hair—with which, in an evil hour, his body had become entirely covered—that Mr. Darwin experiences the greatest difficulty. His first idea was, that it was the hot weather which had rendered him permanently bald on his back. Irrefragable proof that such was the case is seen in the fact that hair now only remains at the roots of the limbs—the places shaded from the scorching rays of the sun. But he had no sooner reached this point than he stopped short, with that candor which constitutes the greatest charm of his writings. Rather doubtful, after all, thinks Mr. Darwin, whether this was the true process by which he lost his hair, seeing that there are tropical animals well coated. Besides, the hair on his head still adheres. Down directly upon that unprotected head poured the fiercest rays. In this strait Mr. Darwin bethinks himself of that law of Nature which has stood him in good stead in many a knotty problem. Sexual selection, according to our philosopher,

has achieved the most astonishing results in the animal kingdom. If it can not take the refractory hairs from the back and limbs of our quadrumane, struggling there in a right quadrumaneal and valiant manner to become in time an Apollo, shapely in form and smooth of limb, it shall evidently be never again law of his: so he brings prominently on the scene, for the first time, our dear, good, quadrumaneal grandmother.

Love, according to Mr. Darwin, rules as supremely in the arboreal retreats of the quadrumanes as in Courts and camps. By some process not explained, that good lady managed to get rid of her hair covering in part—plucked it out, strand by strand, probably. Generations after generations of female apes kept on assiduously at that sort of work till success, at length, was achieved. No sort of chance, for a long period, for an advantageous settlement in life for any female quadrumane who had not eradicated, more or less completely, the covering which Nature had supplied. The hairless were, in a sense, the British Blondes of the epoch, to whom all likely young quadrumanes paid their addresses. We have here, beyond question, the first germ of that art which has since attained to such a high estimation among mankind. Nor are we disposed to censure that ancient quadrumaneal dame for the efforts which she put forward to enchain the wayward fancies of our ape-like progenitor. Seeing that no female quadrumane had the slightest chance of securing a husband who had not done something to substitute an artificial covering for that furnished by Nature, this process of sexual selection, running through ages, resulted, in the end, in hairless men. So argues Mr. Darwin. But a question here arises, which it is by no means easy to meet. Man retains the hair on his face, though he has, for an almost indefinite period, been endeavoring to eradicate it by shaving. It is beyond

cavil, too, that he resorts to that troublesome and painful operation for the purpose of recommending himself to the opposite sex. But sexual selection, on this side of the house, does not seem to have been productive of any results. Notwithstanding all these centuries of painful shaving, there is no perceptible diminution in beards. It may be that our quadrumanal grandmother employed a method for the removal of hair, which none of her male descendants in the human line has been able to discover.

Now we have, at length, men and women standing up there in Borneo, evolved in this wonderful manner from the quadrumanes, with shapely heads and hairless bodies, thinking about venturing out into the world, and performing many strange and novel feats there. No contracted Borneo would do any longer for our ape-like progenitors, now able to walk about in a highly dignified manner, and capable of taking note of many things. No tongue, we fear, will ever be able to narrate the trials and tribulations through which they went before they had succeeded in getting those refractory prehensile thumbs to do duty as big toes; had rounded their heads into the desired shape, or had laid aside the hair by which their bodies were covered. Much grinning and venomous chattering, we are bound to believe, among the conservative quadrumanes, who preferred to run around on all-fours, and stuck up for the quadrumanal "constitution as it was;" possibly, also, frequent trippings, as our adventurous ancestors were trying to find their centre of gravity. It would have been lucky for them if the opposition to their assuming an erect posture had stopped at mere practical jokes. Who knows how many stonings they had to undergo, how many bitings and scratchings they suffered, in their laudable efforts to convert themselves into men and women; to strike

their heads among the stars; to talk of the gods, who were brought on the scene for the especial purpose of looking after their welfare; and to speculate on the grandeur and sublimity of their future. Not more persistent were their efforts to evolve that pivotal joint and imperial member, the great toe, than the persecution to which they had undoubtedly been subjected by non-progressive quadrumanes. We think, that, even at this distance, we can discern the figure of our revered quadrumanal grandmother scuttling away into the bush on all-fours, so as to escape from the envious of her own sex; forgetful, in her terror, of the new use to which she had been putting her prehensile thumb, and anxious only to secure some safe retreat; galloping off at a furious rate, bringing up the hind-legs, and then bounding forward in the old style; willing then, in the hour of her extremity and peril, to give up all her dreams of boudoirs, and Cashmere shawls, and high-heeled shoes, if she could only manage to obtain a little peace and quiet, with a few nuts and oranges thrown in.

It would seem to be tolerably plain to the present writer, that almost any metamorphosis, no matter how startling, could be established by this gradual process of evolution, as time is not an element in the argument at all. It would not require much more than the ordinary amount of nerve to attack the exceedingly unpromising subject of the cathedral of Milan in this fashion, for the purpose of getting it into an opera-house of modern design. Nothing more demanded in that exigency than to lay down certain generalizations in relation to the effects of time and use, even upon the most solid and durable structures. Under the operation of these laws, it would be an easy matter to get the fretwork gradually resolving itself into modern ornamentation; the high, peaked roofs, by the erosion of ages, settling

down into Mansards, and the spires contracting themselves into domes and minarets. On the inside, we will, also, find the chancel, by the wear of myriads of dresses and feet, rounding off its corners, and at length gracefully presenting itself as pit and stage. Such flights of imaginative argument are, undoubtedly, possible; but it is not proposed to indulge in them here at any greater length. The object is, rather, to run out the Darwinian theory to its legitimate conclusion. By natural and sexual selection, Mr. Darwin has worked us up from the Ascidian—a mere pouch with two orifices, which swings in lowest depths, and lives by whatever chance nutriment may float its way—to our present state, as men and women. It is not to be presumed that the great laws of life, by which these wonders were wrought, were repealed the moment our ape-like progenitor stood forth, a man confessed. These laws must be in operation now, or it will be the worse for mankind. Indeed, the exigencies of the theory force us to the conclusion, that, at some period in the far-off future, some other race of men will be developed, who will look upon us, their progenitors, with as much loathing and contempt as we do upon our quadrumanal ancestors. In what particulars they shall be superior to the men of to-day, it is impossible to imagine, seeing that we can have no conception of any organization superior to our own. Possibly, the rudimentary wings, which some naturalists assert we have on our backs, though Mr. Darwin makes no mention of the fact, will sprout out, and posterity will thus be enabled to float about in the upper air, in a highly graceful and serene manner. Possibly, also, they will have brains of so much finer texture than ours, that, with the first dawn of consciousness, the whole scope of that mystery which we call Life will be comprehended by all, without the aid of masters or teachers. Possi-

bly, also, their muscles may be of some more durable materials than those at present in use, and their bones have more of the character of chilled steel than hardened chalk.

In a general way, it is easy enough to see how another and more powerful race could be substituted for that which is now working, fiddling, and dancing away for the bare life upon this pleasant earth. All that is necessary is that a man-child of superior mold, morally and physically, should be born—a monster, as we should call him—to effect the overthrow and destruction of the beings who now regard themselves—and, to all appearances, with every show of reason—at the head of creation. That monster child—growing up to maturity, with an intelligence which would be as the brilliancy of the sun to the flicker of a farthing dip, in comparison with ours; with an arm which would be in force and power as the steam trip-hammer is to the puny human arm—would perpetuate the qualities for which he was distinguished; and in time a race would begin to spread, before which the poor, decrepit, ailing humanity of the present day would melt away and dissolve like vapors before the rising sun. But Mr. Darwin does not admit any aberrations on the part of Nature. According to him, that mysterious power works by laws tenfold more rigid than the traditional Median and Persian variety. Given certain materials, and certain results alone can be produced. The abnormal moral development displayed by the God-man who died on Calvary, is, according to this philosopher, impossible in mere Nature. It is, therefore, a serious question for us to determine whether the laws by which we have achieved a progress as satisfactory as it is consoling, considering the insignificance from which we started, are still in force, and free of all obstruction: not so much out of a solicitude for the success

of a remote posterity, as from the admitted fact, outside even of Darwinism, that if we are not advancing, we must of a surety be retrograding; for no such thing as immobility is possible in Nature. Our inquiry is, therefore, to be: Whether the laws of natural and sexual selection are now administered with that completeness and universality usual since the first sigh or breath of organic life was heard in a startled world?

Looking around carefully for the evidence, we are constrained to admit, that, in this age, the law of natural selection is a law of which little or no traces can be found. It is not the physically superior races or tribes which have it all their own way now. In the early days it may have been true that the finest specimens of humanity always conquered in battle, and, of course, perpetuated the species; but gunpowder and science have been dreadful levelers in this respect. It would be difficult to bring forward proofs that bullets go dodging around on the "tented field" in search of the finest and most splendid types of humanity. Instead of the best man always carrying off the palm, it not unfrequently happens that the missile discharged by the meanest churl has laid low the noblest representative of our ape-like progenitor, now, in these latter days, firmly erect on his "pins," and marching about in a grand and minatory manner. Victory at present usually declares for weight of metal—for the side which has the best arms, and is the most obedient to the drill-sergeant—and not to the best and most powerfully developed. Not only is this the case in those contests which were formerly relied upon to evolve the best men, but, in the peaceful struggles for existence, science is doing much to make the life of the weak as long as that of the strong. We stop their lungs from going to decay, or greatly retard that process; rearrange their livers; put teeth in their heads when their own are gone; supply

them with legs and jaw-bones when they happen to get mutilated, and enable them to step out as firmly, and masticate as perfectly, as the most complete. More than this: instead of leaving them to their fate when reduced to saddest plight, or burying them alive when they have lost their usefulness, we provide hospitals and alms-houses for their reception and treatment. The law of natural selection, if in operation at all, has a reverse tendency. The strongest forms tumble down from the walls of lofty buildings with their hods of bricks, and get their necks broken in a most disastrous manner; they are slain on battle-fields, and generally not by the most-improved specimens among their enemies; they are killed by accident on "flood and field," and are mashed into jelly in the P. R.: while as a general rule the weaker and less promising confine themselves to offices and rooms; work with their brains instead of their muscles; encounter fewer mishaps, and, as a consequence, live longer in the land, and do more to propagate the species, than the other class.

But if the law of natural selection be arrested—in fact, repealed, if not made to operate almost exclusively in the opposite direction—what shall we say of sexual selection? Do the finest males always succeed in mating with the finest females? The times have changed since the days of the quadrumanes, and we are changed with them. It is not permitted now to the male to carry off his bride by violence. For such an appeal to the law of sexual selection, we have severe pains and penalties, and the penitentiary. More rigorous are we than even this. If the young "Hoodlum" merely takes up his stand at the corner of the streets and there displays all the glories of his Turkish pantaloons and stub-toed boots, we hurry him off to prison, and punish him for his obedience to the law of Nature. What field there is left for the operation

of the law of sexual selection, is, therefore, so small, that nothing like general results can be expected from it; especially, when it is considered that in the polite and gentle dalliances, which are now alone permitted, the most likely young fellow that ever trod the earth does not stand the ghost of a show beside the rich man, though the latter should be humped as to his back, gnarled and twisted as to his limbs, lean, withered, and decrepit. Diamond weddings are more frequent than is generally supposed—so frequent that we hear occasionally of the formation of societies of young men for the purpose of tabooing marriage till women become more reasonable on the subject of pin-money and equipages. But even if the obstructions to the law could be removed, the whole matter is so surrounded with deceptions and delusions that very little could be expected from it. Who shall define what love is; how the sentiment is evoked; what is the germ from which it springs? Is it a graceful curl, or a resplendent complexion, or a well-rounded figure? If so, who can tell whether the curl belongs to the lady who displays it; or that she does not owe more to cosmetics and a French artist, with respect to the others, than to Nature? So thoroughly artificial is the state in which we live, that there is no chance for a law of Nature at all.

Mr. Darwin, indeed, has some dim perception that it is not all right with the world in this respect; thinks that some changes and modifications ought forthwith to be introduced. In this connection significant allusion is made by him to the very curious results which have been produced among the lower animals by scientific breeding. By intelligent selection, qualities which were valuable and highly prized have been perpetuated. The trouble is that men and women are getting married on the most frivolous pretexts. Where any

trace of the law of sexual selection is observable, persons are found uniting themselves together in the bonds of matrimony for no higher or more intelligent reason than that they had "fallen in love." We know of no way in which a reformation could be effected in this particular, except by the interposition of the state: Be it enacted by the people in Senate and Assembly represented, that this thing of indiscriminate marriage shall henceforth cease and determine. Candidates for matrimony shall hereafter present themselves to the State Board of Marriage Commissioners. They shall bring with them, duly authenticated, their pedigrees to the fourth generation, together with a phrenological chart. There shall be no more unions of blondes and light-haired men; or of choleric persons; or of athletic and feeble organizations. The very passionate shall be mated with the self-contained and phlegmatic. In this head no trace of reverence can at all be found. It shall repose on the same pillow with a head that rises up in the shape of a cone. The young gentleman with the flat chest can not be joined for life with any but a well-developed young lady.—It is not for us to call up the tears that would be shed in that High Court for the scientific arrangement of marriage; the pleadings and the anguish; the entreaties, the blank despair, and possibly suicides. The applicant, who enters with his beloved on his arm, sees her and her golden tresses transferred to another, while he is compelled to retire with the swarthy Amazon, selected for him by the inexorable laws of science. If gold should enter these sacred precincts, "old men's darlings" would surely abound. What law of the universe could hold out against that? We submit, therefore, that any change, no matter how trifling, in the direction indicated by Mr. Darwin, would bring us, of necessity, face to face with the repulsive doctrines of Free Love.

The operation of the laws upon which he constructs his whole theory was clear enough among men in their savage state. Are we, then, to conclude that the divine laws of the universe, since the appearance of mankind on the scene, were only understood and carried out when our ancestors roamed about with sheep-skins on their backs, and clubs in their hands, acknowledging no ties or obligations but those of the hour?

It is apparent that there is no divine law in operation at this moment—nothing but deceptions, superficialities, false pretense, and entire and general abnegation of the principles by which we were evolved from the lowest form of life. The law of evolution has surely ceased. If we were to argue on this proposition after the fashion of Mr. Darwin, we should commence by a generalization on Bunions. It will not do to explain the bunion by a reference to the malformation of the shoes and boots which civilization compels us to wear. There is a deeper significance in the bunion than the exigencies of fashion, or the unskillfulness of the shoemakers. The laws by which mankind were evolved having been repealed in this sad manner, we are now on the back-track. The bunion too surely indicates an effort on the part of the big toe to get back again to its old position at right angles with the other digits—a reaction, in fact, in the direction of prehensile thumbs! If this thing should be allowed to go on much longer, we shall be on all-fours again before we understand what we are about. We know enough of mankind to be fully sensible of the fact, that, let quadrumanal locomotion only once become fashionable, and there will be a scampering about on the face of the earth never witnessed even on the Silurian Beaches. If it should be objected that this is nothing but trifling with a grave and scientific subject, the writer does not believe that it is incumbent upon him to do more

than point to the fact that Mr. Darwin balances his whole argument upon the big toe. Why, then, should those who are striving to carry out his theory to its legitimate consequences, and strictly by his own methods, be debarred from invoking the assistance of the bunion, which indicates but too truly an uneasiness about the joint of a most important member, which may lead to the most lamentable and awful results? It is against every acknowledged principle of life that we should remain stationary. It is clear that we are not advancing, seeing that the laws which brought us to this point are at this time wholly abrogated. We must be going back, then; and the bunion is the dread sign of retrogression. Nor is it to be expected that we shall stop at the quadrumanes in this fearful tumble from the celestial heights which we have been climbing. To say that there may be a chance for us to be evolved again after having been remanded back to the quadrumanal state by reason of our high crimes against Nature, is to assert that these animals cherish the knowledge of the great law of the universe, which man, in his pre-occupations about railways, and flying-machines, and magnetic telegraphs, had wholly lost and forgotten.

Quadrumanes, then, again, and—O, horror!—with a downward tendency still. No more efforts to stand erect, but a fearful scudding away for the mountains and timber lands. There is rivalry in nothing but in jumping from branch to branch; holding on, now with the hand, now with the foot. Tails, too, are beginning to sprout, and feats of swinging by them are becoming frequent enough. In a word, organic life is in a wild, but not altogether disorderly retreat. The struggle is now toward the lower forms, descending fearfully, step by step, upon that awful ladder. The silence, too, is becoming more and more universal. That chattering and

jabbering in the arboreal retreats of the quadrumanes has given place to mere screams, uttered at long intervals. It is not a New Zealander who contemplates the ruin and desolation of the metropolis of England from a broken arch of London Bridge, but a grave marsupial, hopping around there on its hind-legs, in its ludicrous way. Marsupial, without question—at this time the head of all creation, and noblest form which is anywhere visible. Around it everywhere lie the wrecks of man's noble daring: ships stranded, railroads gone to decay, and cities reduced to rubbish. And this marsupial, by the dread law which is now only in operation, is, generation after generation, becoming less marsupial, and more of some lower form. Before we have time to contemplate him, he is slowly dissolving into the *monotremata*, and these again into lower forms—down, and ever down; reptiles now, crawling about in a hideous and slimy manner; a little farther on, half reptile and half fish; afloat again, but still descending, until the Ascidian is reached; swinging there in lowest deeps, in the awful silence of a world become wholly dumb and voiceless, the only evidence of the wild dream in which organic life once indulged—swinging there in lowest deeps, a mere pouch with two orifices, catching such chance nutriment as may happen to float its way; no other life in the waters around it, nor on the dry land, nor in the air—swinging there alone, mute and unconscious, with the vast machinery of the universe in operation for its sole use and benefit.

 BEYOND.

I said, "The world 'is so dark, so dark,
 There is never a gleam for me;
 The sun is gone out of my life and love."
 And I cried, "Ah, woe is me!
 Must ever my lot on life's shady side be,
 And no warmth from love's sunlight e'er fall upon me?"

I made my moan with an aching heart,
 Looking down to the depths of woe,
 And the shadows gathered and held me close,
 Wherever my feet would go,
 Till I cried in despair, and a voice made reply:
 "Look up from this earth to the beam in the sky."

I looked; and, behold! a tiny beam
 Of sunshine, golden and bright,
 Shone out of the clouds with a tender grace,
 Like a gleam of heavenly light;
 And it fell on my heart, and the gloom passed away,
 Like the shadows of night from the opening day.

While I gazed with ever-fresh delight,
 Lo! it spread the heavens o'er,
 Filling my soul with its radiance bright,
 And I sang, "I shall sorrow no more:
 For whatever my lot, I can bear it, while I
 Can look up from this earth to the beam in the sky."

IDEAL WOMANHOOD.

NO. III.

IT is said that when Burns would do his best, he put himself upon the regimen of a fine woman. Imagine the plenitude and succulency of his feminine commissariat, just previous to the birth of that sweetest of pastorals, "The Cotter's Saturday Night;" and what a lively time there must have been in the womanly *cuisine* which generated and sent forth a "Tam o' Shanter"—grotesque, wild, and terrible! We are much inclined to think that the sweet Scotch bard was not the only embodiment of total depravity and original sin, who has felt the necessity for invoking female sustentation and encouragement, in moments of rare aspiration and achievement. We make bold to assert that the grandest act of Adam's life was that remarkable somniferous experiment, resulting in the loss of one of his ribs, and the finding of a woman. At the same time, let us not be understood as advocating that miserable, lumpish, masculine tendency to doze, sleep, and hibernate, suggestive of a crib and swaddling-clothes. Adam may be pardoned for his nap—for his "deep sleep," even—when we bear in mind that it was his only chance of getting a helpmeet. But *that* is no longer the orthodox method of procedure in such matters; though, judging from the napping propensities of the Adamic persuasion, one would suppose the fashion was still extant. Man still has a traditional sympathy for, and a tender leaning toward, the weaker part of creation; and a very happy thing is it for him that such is the case. Bachelorhood and Despondency are twin-brothers: they hunt in couples. To go from

the sunshine of frolicsome nephews and caressing nieces, into the chill atmosphere of grim bachelorian quarters, must be like going from noon to twilight.

Under similar circumstances, a feeling akin to this pervaded the mind of a stanch, manly man, who had passed his second decade of years some time since, and was whisking along toward his thirtieth birthday at a fearfully suggestive rate. Natural domestic tendencies had inclined him to marriage long before this, but prior claims had forbidden. It was the old story repeated; widowhood, with its heritage of poverty and little children, and an only son to shoulder the burden. Fortunately, from a heroic mother he had inherited a happy mixture of fortitude and hopefulness. The yoke of poverty, pressing upon him, had only begotten a marvelous supply of strength. With every difficulty had arisen fresh courage. If stern duties are the tests of heroes, he had proved himself one. The two prime factors of his life were, capacity, and energy to judiciously use that capacity. He stood in the front rank in Adversity's school, and would undoubtedly graduate with high honors. Through miracles of inventive genius and prodigies of thrift, the larder at home had never been quite exhausted; and apparel, though sometimes evidently "the offspring of a scant material and a large necessity," was always forthcoming when needed. His knowledge had been in a large degree a disciplinary process, giving to his mind both power and facility. Adversity is, after all, the most successful school-master in bringing out and developing mature manhood.

There was not even a remote possibility of wealthy, short-lived relatives "shuffling off this mortal coil," and leaving him possessor of a snug patrimony. Merit and genius were his, but even these rare jewels are not sufficiently appreciated to invite generous benefactions; and presumptuous gratuities would, most unquestionably, have met a discouraging welcome. The glittering domes of brilliant possibilities, and the radiant hill-tops of enchanting pleasures, loom up in the blue distance; but between him and them there stretches a long, wearisome, and dusty path, winding over rugged acclivities, and through dangerous lagoons. Before attaining those heights, there will be generous opportunity for him to make a noble man of himself, and the chances are that he will do so. The barriers and impediments that weaken and discourage other men, are made instrumentalities for increasing his strength and resources; just as a dam retards the natural bent of the water, only to multiply and utilize its power a hundred-fold. Success to him will be no surprise; and its inspiration. Old Father Misfortune delights in manipulating such material. Give him the right sort of stuff to wield on his mighty anvil, and he generally makes a good job of it: he turns out some powerful, well-burnished weapons for the service of mankind. For every patient, heroic soul, Fortune holds in reserve a crown.

The crown for our hero was none other than our ideal woman. What we call "accident" threw them together. What a pity we can not learn the lesson so beautifully expressed by the poet:

"All Nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All *chance*, *DIRECTION*, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good."

From the rosy-fingered dawn of a genial, welcome Infancy, we have followed our ideal through a propitious

Childhood; we have seen her deporting herself graciously amid the severer experiences of an overcast and beclouded Girlhood, as the penumbra of an eclipse came creeping over the home-nest. Flitting from one duty to another, like a merry-hearted bird, "in maiden meditation fancy-free," we noted her a little farther on in her career, studying the sweet lore of friendship and love. A new divinity claimed her incense. If there was ever a time when her mind was in a state of unsteady equilibrium, it was now. But the revelation came—that ever comes, sooner or later, to all earnest, prayerful souls—and when her eyes were opened to discover that her idol was but clay; when she detected, in the restless look and the uneasy demeanor, the consciousness of moral infirmity, with no underlying repentance, she permitted no weak sentimentalism to blind her to facts, no irrational attachment to take captive her reason and better judgment. Youth and romance did not eclipse reality and common sense. After so much of severe discipline and wholesome experience, it would be lamentable, indeed, were our ideal woman to finally make shipwreck of herself by a hapless *mésalliance*. Many a beautiful palace of theory has been demolished by the ugly battering-ram of fact. But the character of our ideal has too much of solidity to run so quickly into the mold of circumstance. The purposes contemplated by the delineation of a nature so rare in its graces and perfections could not be more effectually thwarted than by permitting her to commit matrimonial suicide. A wise and happy marriage must crown the edifice of ideal womanhood.

To marry a man who is the sole dependence of a widowed mother, with a marriageable sister, or two, into the bargain, presupposes genuine love to start with; especially when it is measurably certain that excellent offers, as the world

goes, have been persistently declined. To marry simply from love, without being able to give a sensible, judicious reason for that love; without being able, after a careful analysis, to discover a legitimate foundation for that love, would be quite as irrational and disastrous, as to marry from mere mercenary or social considerations—perhaps, even more so. In matters of such deep moment, there should be a wise interblending of feeling and judgment. Reason, cautious and sure-footed, is too apt to fall in the rear; while Passion, reckless and nimble, takes the lead as guide. A premium on the passional is sure to involve a discount on the rational. Love for a man—ardent, soulful love—is certainly one of the most potential of reasons for marrying him; but there may be equally valid reasons why marriage should never take place. A man addicted to habits of public or private dissipation, no matter what his social altitude may be—a man who is afflicted with constitutional weariness, innocent of all ambition to achieve or to excel—a man whose temperamental tendencies are in direct antagonism to one's own—a man who is churlish, undemonstrative, and reticent of word and deed, who is naturally selfish, loving himself just a little better than all the world besides—a man who has bad blood as an inheritance from an unregenerate ancestry, however irresponsible himself—a man possessing a naturally despotic nature, with a native tendency to look down upon woman as a second-rate order of being, at best—a man who shows no chivalric bearing, no delicate courtesy toward woman, who can speak lightly of female virtue, perpetrate a ruthless joke at the expense of her chastity, and flippantly declare that “the best of women are subject to attacks of moral vertigo”—a man who manifests little or no affection for mother or sister: a man possessing these characteristics, or any one of them, can never make a

woman serenely happy. For deliverance from all such, let every true, womanly heart send the litany heavenward!

In her new-found friend, our ideal felt that she had discovered the man who could crown her life with happiness. It may be well to notice some of his characteristics; for the virtues that had kindled the fervor of her affection commanded, also, the assent of her sober judgment. The foundation-rock on which he built was a noble, Christian manhood. He was not a weak, driveling sentimentalist, who, in rare moments of enthusiasm and religious fervor, felt it imperative to lay hold on some providential gooseberry-bush, to prevent translation. He had no fellowship whatever with those mortifying, unprofitable exponents of a counterfeited faith, who are forever slopping over with cant and aggressive theology; so fearfully “goodish,” as to put virtue forth in such a self-righteous guise as to make vice seem the more welcome by contrast. He was the exact antipode of those super-devout monomaniacs, who *pray* cream, and *live* bonny-clabber. His was a character capable of elevating men, of swaying men, of triumphing over men. He was equal to the rarest, highest effort. Nature is not economical of material; she mars the many, and perfects the few. The first step toward attainment, is the energizing impulse of a lofty purpose. There must be no listless sitting down with folded hands, as golden opportunities drift by. “To succeed,” says Emerson, “one must enter cordially into the game, and whirl with the whirling world.” He must bear about with him the external, convincing *indices* of success. He must keep up a ceaseless, internecine warfare. He must turn a deaf ear to the soothing suggestions of a blind optimism, that, with an amiable philosophy, whispers, “Whatever is, is right.” Rather let him take sturdy counsel from the heroic common sense, which asserts that “we ought to

satisfy ourselves, by good, strong effort, that our lot is of God. If we really can not help ourselves, we may then be resigned to it as His will." In making the brave fight, he may gain strength, firmness, and reserved power, and limn for himself a strongly outlined character of the highest type; combining the moral, the affectional, and the æsthetic.

The life of our hero had thus far been one incessant tilt with unfriendly fortune; enlivened occasionally by some grand sortie against combined adversaries, when he was sure to rise in triumphant superiority to them all. The choice is often presented, to hover between respectable mediocrity and unmitigated poverty, or to make a gallant fight for loftier gifts. To many, life begins very early: they are old before reaching their teens. It was thus in the case in question. The very best tonic to insure strength requisite to success, is opposition; and this had, by no means, been lacking. Nor had good luck been uninterrupted; for the highest pinnacle is not cleared at a single bound. Temptation had not always been resisted, and even this had its lessons of profit; for a weak virtue, dependent entirely upon the absence of temptation, is hardly to be applauded. The test of true manhood is, not that it is unassailable, but that it jumps instantly to its feet again, after every stumble. He had an ambition which was bridled in with the Spanish bit of restraint, and made to carry its possessor into desirable highways of activity. It was not simply a success that should serve only himself which he so eagerly sought, but an inheritance that should be useful to others. A hand-to-hand tussle with Fate is very apt to make a plucky antagonist, well skilled in the use and adaptation of expedients. The grappling-irons of perseverance and management must be frequently brought into requisition. There must be quiet, self-contained strength; not the fume and

fizzle of an effervescing nature, forever in a ferment, making up in stir and commotion what it consciously lacks in power. There must be sober self-poise; not the calmness of stagnation, but of the "still water that runs deep." There must be conscious latent power adequate to any emergency, and courage to use it when required. A man whose backbone is nothing but soft gristle, whose moral muscle is the quintessence of flabbiness, need scarcely expect to set the world afire with his achievements. The successful man must possess, also, ingenuity and originality; must be, not only exceedingly sagacious in what has happened, but have a wise forecast and constructive skill for future projects. There must be talent in organizing and carrying forward, and fore-ordained endurance to perfect; an equal potency to resist the sudden onslaught, or the patient, slow siege attack. Such men are few, but they are the howitzers in the artillery of progress. Catechise them closely, and it will be discovered that they have been vigorously brayed with the pestle of misfortune. It is such experiences alone that bequeath Spartan vigor, and stir up the rugged old Norse and Saxon of man's nature. It is this, too, that begets physical, as well as mental prowess. Capable manhood must be the proprietor of a good *physique*: a worn-out hull, too feeble to support the enginery of the mind, could never dare the swelling surges of an angry sea. Every bark must be self-sustaining. There must be an individuality of strength: men can not think and act in battalions to any purpose. Toughness and hardness are by no means the prime factors of life, but they are surely most desirable adjuncts. Adversity favors such a development, while unmitigated prosperity makes even the birds "gross and songless," and the mettled courser heavy and leaden-footed. Even so, through struggle and conflict, had our heroic athlete stepped for-

ward to the front, to be a captain among men. Like the temple at Jerusalem, he had risen in solemn noiselessness. Many a wild experience had been lassoed, reined in, and hitched up for future use. Many an untoward catastrophe—severe, but disciplinary—had been kenneled, as an encouraging remembrancer—a sort of spiritual and physical Ebenezer, to stimulate in moments of depression; for there is nothing so healthful and tonic as the memory of “a great calamity drest out in Christian experience.” Those rare excellences which Minerva vainly supplicated Paris to accept—self-reverence, self-knowledge, and self-control—were his in abundant measure; not by right of inheritance merely, but by acquisition. A sudden upheaval of stocks had not pushed him ruthlessly into an altitude to which he was not germane, causing him to be giddy and dizzy-headed. The shallow method of getting into society by the postern-gate of meretricious display, he disdained. He invoked no blazing equipage, like some bedizened lackey; the barber and tailor performed no miracles in his behalf—leaving often, despite all their arts, an indissoluble, hateful identity lingering provokingly behind. He essayed no pseudo-refinement, patronized no fellow-man, did not wear his heart on his sleeve; but trod his native heath with princely tread. His palate was not more sensitive than his nature; his life was not a simple accretion, but an outward growth, the inevitable result of an inward expansion. He had not been filled up like a reservoir, but education had developed in him an accurate and exact habit of mental action. He was not “indebted to his memory for his wit, and to his imagination for his facts,” but his kingly nature had risen with the clear consciousness of victorious power into masterhood.

The cumbrous, lumbering baggage-wagon, with its provisions and supplies,

which the Great Quartermaster had assigned to his care, had been patiently dragged over rough corduroy roads, and tugged through dubious morasses. Not unfrequently, in the moment of supreme peril, had a malicious linch-pin, with apparent *malice prepense*, dexterously slipped out and hid itself, leaving our hardy teamster in a web of profound abasement—at his very wits' end. Fresh exigencies tap fresh energies, and his fertile, inventive skill comes to the rescue. The hideous old vehicle goes shambling on, through desert and defile, until, by and by, hints of habitation heave into view; the broad highway is reached; new aids are brought into requisition; and presto! we see a triumphal chariot, a fiery Pegasus, a crowned Apollo, moving forward to victory. “The elements are so mixed in him, that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, This is a man!” The ponderous old freight-wagon has not made like stone the soil of the heart; and now affection, that brave and blessed leader of manhood's “forlorn hope,” steps forward to greet the victor. He has reached the gateway through which his great soul is to come forth into the sunlight of peace. He is to evoke and possess a love which would kindle the veriest drudge into a hero. The keys of his strong, resonant nature have been swept by the deft hand of love. This is just the breakwater needed, to prevent the waves of ambition from undermining the symmetrical superstructure of his character. Genuine affection presupposes two things: a suitable object to inspire it, and a suitable being to accept and appreciate it. The conditions are fulfilled. He has found in our ideal woman his counterpart, and “Love has lent life's wings a rosy hue.” She was by no means driven to accept him as a refuge from the approaching nighthood of old-maidhood; the heart often has reasons of its own, with which the reason can intermeddle, but never overthrow.

He proved himself a wonderful artisan at love-making. Every word and look was vital with the divine passion; although there was no breaking forth into an eruption of love-lorn insipidity. She was full of *bonhomie* and fascinating *esprit*; he was enthusiastic, ardent, and courteous. There was "honest comradeship" between them, and they revelled in the secret charm of rhythmic, soulful companionship. She was the pole-star in the heaven-land of his ideal; devoted, self-sacrificing love was the flaming star of the Orient in her shining firmament. Heart answered to heart, and they were happy.

But what a fearful hue-and-cry is sent up from generous, interested friends! Stupid old Public Opinion says, "How could she fancy him!" Chatty gossips get their noses together, and declare that he is not worth a *sou* in the wide world. The comforting confab continues: "Well! she is to be pitied, certainly; for every body knows his kin are poor enough. He has a genteel, invalid mother to look after; and the youngest sister is not married yet, though, it is said, she is engaged. She could not have been enamored of his beauty, though, to be sure, he looks well enough; but then, there is nothing strikingly handsome about him. They say, too, he educated himself. He undoubtedly has a very fine education, but how did he get it? Taught school, kept books, gave private lessons in Latin, and served a time at a trade! What a life of it! Poor thing! she has never lacked a good home. To be sure her father touched the bed-rock, but he managed somehow to keep the little folks together. They say she has a wonderful knack at management. No wonder her father worships her. How mortified he must feel, at her throwing herself away in that manner! And then, it was not for lack of better chances; but she is so fearfully scrupulous on the

matter of drinking, or being a little fast. A young man suffering from an occasional 'accident of hospitality' would stand no chance in the world with her. A little more of experience would teach her to be more liberal; would suggest to her that all such solecisms of conduct were generously attributable to a sudden *crevasse* in his superabounding social nature. There are little social amenities which can not be declined or disregarded. It is a presumptuous soul, indeed, who would dare to lay opposing hands on the ark of propriety. She will regret her folly, if she has not already. Just to compare the polished, brilliant gentleman-whom she refused, with this plain, homespun man—he is to him as 'Hyperion to a satyr!' What fools people will make of themselves, for a mere sentiment!"

Coleridge says, "It is not surprising that when the red-hot prejudices of aristocracy are suddenly plunged into the cool element of reason, they should go off with a hiss." In the Alexandrian luxuriance of their conventional pride, the obsequious satellites of Fashion could see no brilliancy outside the orbit of the shining *coterie* in which they revolved. They were measurably pardonable for not properly estimating the perfections of one whose altitude was so far above them, as to prevent their obtaining a horizontal view of his character. All their ungracious animadversions were treated, by our ideal, with the quiet majesty of indifference. Their well-meaning suggestions, in regard to the reformatory power of a wife over a recreant husband, were politely entertained; but her own good sense taught her, that while many a wayward young man may be converted under the gospel of a supplicating womanhood, there are very few penitents to be found at the "mourners' bench" of a heart-breaking wifeness. Susceptible, impassioned manhood may be very gentle and

“easy to be entreated,” while wandering in the wilderness of Egyptian doubt and uncertainty, with a dim hope and a far-off promise; but once let them set firm foot within the confines of the coveted Canaan of wedlock, and their hearts wax hard as “a nether millstone,” and they speedily turn, with carnal longing, to the “flesh-pots of Egypt.” She has no desire to fly in the face of wholesome prejudices, nor set society on fire with an illy conceived zeal to make a martyr of herself. She shows no chivalrous disregard for advice, neither does she treat with disdain their subtle little arts of diplomacy. She is wisely unmindful of their censure, and oblivious to their arrogant assumption of authority; and the basting of their invective, only makes its object the more savory and palatable to her taste. Their Sybarite nerves need never be shocked by her plebeian alliance. If imperative, she can dispense alike with their fellowship and their counsel. She knows full well that neither fortune nor social distinction can set ablaze a torch, with which to illumine the vault of life, when Love’s star has gone out in darkness. Reason must not be taken captive by the monarch, Gold, unless the prisoner be content to wear the fetters of a splendid misery. There are, too often, dumb sorrows underlying all this glittering pageantry. When gifts of the heart are despised, and gifts of the head are unappreciated, the pharisaical acceptance of gifts of the hand is nothing less than grand larceny. Better, far better is it, to decline all these votive offerings with the most exasperating *nonchalance*; supplicating friends to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Thus reasoned our ideal; and even while bewildered advisers are computing the profits of the fortunate alliance, so ruthlessly thrown away, they joyfully and unreservedly plight their faith. It is a radiant, heroic picture, over which

angel eyes bend, luminous with approving love. In the foreground is a noble man, comparatively young in years, but old in experience, mature in judgment, of salient and commanding powers; firm, prudent, and self-centred, with an inherent sense of personal dignity; independent of spirit, with tact and self-control equal to any emergency, and a perfection of good, native common sense, that is of itself a liberal education. The natural outgrowth of his method, patience, and uniformity in investigation has given him something more than a flimsy veneering of erudition. He perfectly understands that his capital is in his capabilities, and all there is of him is put into current coin and kept in circulation. Yet, behind all this self-contained firmness of latent resolution and seeming inflexibility, there are the softness and refinement of a mild and gentle spirit. There is the tepid kindliness of a constitutional good-nature, which is rich and fertile, genial, kind, and elastic. The harmonies of such a nature must produce happiness; the divine flavor of genius and goodness reveals itself in every thing. He is in perfect sympathy with Nature, and has the *open sesame* to all her secrets. His love-nature is full, strong, and unchangeable; his heart is warm, and overflowing with streams of released and gentle feeling, and outreaching, generous sentiment. Just now, a delicious sense of something even higher than the purest companionship pervades his being, thrilling him with an ecstasy of joy never before experienced. He is an ardent, enthusiastic suitor. His more refined development capacitates him for appreciating the more subtle, the keener, and far-reaching intuitions of her, at whose feet he lays all that he has to offer—an all-absorbing, idolatrous love. The character of the second figure in the picture has been already portrayed. There is between the two a clear-eyed, bright, and smiling reciprocity. Tem-

perament, taste, and habit make the battery complete. There are no infelicities of organization; the conditions are perfect, the currents are uninterrupted, and the experiment of life can but be in the highest degree satisfactory. Closely allied by affinities of character, experience, and aspiration, they are one in exalted aim and heroic purpose. The wisdom of their mutual choice, the future must reveal. Life is not likely to be one perpetual May-day, even to those most happily allied. Blustering December days are scheduled on the eclectic calendar, arranged for each individual life. It is well; for "spring would be but gloomy weather, if we had nothing else but spring."

A modern, fashionable bridal *trousseau*! What an *olla podrida* of every imaginable thing in heaven, and in earth, and in the waters under the earth! What prodigies of paternal ingenuity, what marvels of maternal diplomacy, have been called into requisition, in order to meet the pressing exigencies of the occasion! The fetters of this tyrannical custom have galled and maimed for life many an indulgent, but unresisting father. Such lavish expenditure, such a flutter of display—what is it but foolishness gone crazy? Let the martyrs of fashion and luxury conform to such an absurd decree, if they will; but let every young woman of good sense, delicacy, and discretion elect the happy medium between a ridiculous profusion and a niggardly parsimony, in the matter of ornamentation and attire. When household joys and comforts are no more sacrificed to dress and display, then, and not till then, may we look for the millennial dawn of domestic peace. In the grave preparation of a bridal outfit, no more sensible advice could be offered, than Holmes, in his inimitable way, suggests; which, to suit our needs, we venture to paraphrase:

"One single precept might the whole condense:
Bring into play the glorious gift of *sense*."

Happily, our ideal needs not the spur of this chance suggestion. She is not one of those silly creatures, whose energy so exhausts itself in efforts at beautifying that there is not even a *modicum* of wit left to meet more serious demands. She is quite equal to the strain of a sensible conversation, or the carrying forward of ingenious household manœuvres, at any time. Amid all the sweet flurry of bridal preparation, she seems an incarnated idyl, musical and melodious. The earthy and peevish have been long ago brought under subjection—fairly lived down. She has discovered the blissful secret of an unfettered, harmonious life: namely, the capacity for being contented in a humble home, with quiet surroundings, with very limited means, extracting the maximum of comfort from the minimum of worldly fortune. To attain this, is to attain a life of Arcadian happiness; but it can never be achieved until a godlike charity beckons the aspirant out of the miserable by-way of self-seeking. She is not one of those prim, nipping, even-stepping people, who regard with disdain all efforts at personal decoration. She understands to perfection the art of caressing Nature into her most generous moods, and coaxing from her the very best she has to give; but she never rashly rebukes her by resorting to foolish artificiality.

Our heroine boasts not a *trousseau* that has tested the inventive skill of cunning *modistes*. Her own deft hand has wrought most of the marvels of vesture; and she has honest reason to be proud of her handiwork. Her wardrobe is noticeable only for its simple elegance of appointment; and it is tributary to her personal charms, rather than constituent of them. There is no meretricious display of elegant bridal gifts, hired for the occasion; or, what is worse still, assessed by cunningly devised schemes from the overstrained pockets of unfort-

unate guests, all of whose names have been carefully selected with reference to the probable chances of their returning a *quid pro quo* for so distinguished an honor, in the shape of a valuable wedding present. She is draped in sweet womanliness as with a mantle. There is a grand conspiracy for happiness going on. They are shielded, and armored, and equipped with a love unwearying, that shall molt no feather; and in the deep depths of such an affection—clear-eyed, heroic, and interblending—the firm and irresistible empire of marriage has its foundation. A small invoice of this commodity in the domestic cargo is worth a shipload of other merchandise. They are not to be chained in hateful contiguity, like two illy yoked animals at the plow. But they are baptized with “the blessed spirit of togetherness.” All the high, moral, Christianly qualities in the world will not necessarily avail to make wedlock blissful, or even tolerable. The choicest of chemicals often refuse to combine, simply because Nature, the great chemist, has forbidden the banns; while less desirable substances, if united in accordance with the laws of related phenom-

ena and mutual combination, produce the most charming results. A little of the sirup of devotion, flavored with the vanilla of self-sacrifice, and infused with the gas of a vitalizing affection, will evolve a cooling mead which will allay the thirst and weariness of the most toil-worn day. Temperaments well adjusted and affinitized, have the most happy knack of carpeting over all the rough places in life, with the soft tapestry of a beauteous, bright-hued tenderness; and life moves on, one sweet symphony of joy.

But the duet in our wedding overture has not yet been played. Both orchestra and performers are impatient to proceed. There is an audience of a few, choice, well-trying friends; there is a simple, solemn marriage-service; an earnest interrogative, a soulful response; a brief, heart-felt prayer to Him who said, “They twain shall be one flesh;” a benediction; warm congratulations—and they walk forth, both married and mated; their richest patrimony the golden resolve—

“Let come the wild weather—come sleet or come
snow,

We will stand by each other, however it blow;
Oppression and sickness, and sorrow and pain,
Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.”

HARRY MEIGGS IN PERU.

PERU is an anomaly in the science of government. Nowhere else can be seen the strange spectacle of a republican government, dependent on the suffrages of the people for existence, and yet possessing exclusive resources of revenue, which render its support independent of its constituents.

The native wealth of the country—principally guano, which is at once most accessible and with the greatest ease converted into capital—is exclusively the property of the Government. The-

oretically, it is the wealth of the nation; practically, it is the prize of the ruling power, and serves to reverse democratic ideas by making the Government an independent corporation, and the people its dependents. The people should elect representatives, pledged to the public welfare and progress. True! But the burden of supporting their rulers not being felt, the feeling of national responsibility is easily lost, or never learned by the masses. They are interested in the public treasury in theory; individ-

ually, they have contributed nothing. They can have no vivid idea of, or claim for, compensatory returns. The vigilance and sagacity of the citizen are only awakened by the remembrance of his own sacrifices made to insure public order—an intimate sense of personal interest in the result, which should be peace, prosperity, and a righteous administration. His own toil has not been demanded in order to create this public fund; his own toil has not been taxed to defray the public expenses: why, then, should he concern himself very much in demanding a wise and politic disbursement? An indifference as to the results of political strife grows upon him gradually, leaving him the willing subject of his personal sympathies, easily excited to revolution. The leaders of political parties know how to disguise their desires, and to interest the indifferent multitude by personal affection, or by newly invented issues. Some one gains the prize—who cares!

Herein we find the secret of the continued series of bloody and unbloody civil wars that have so disgraced the past history of Peru. National indifference, and the lack of a feeling of personal responsibility, are dangerous shoals in politics. The misuse of power is not so much the evil as the consequence of a greater evil.

The pages of history, however, are not always the records of a series of like events, where like causes continue. Misrule, though in the weakness of human nature a natural consequence of such evils as enumerated, is not always an inevitable result. In certain eras arise ruling men, whose motive principles are found in their own high and noble ambition, unstained by the prostitution of opportunity. It is this fact, born anew, that makes the present attitude of Peru so remarkable.

Colonel Don José Balta, a man of military experience and distinction, de-

voted in peace to agriculture and other industries, while quietly conducting his *hacienda* in the year 1868, was by fortuitous circumstances forced into open hostility to the existing administration. A short, but decisive revolution, placed him at the head of the executive power. In this exalted position, with the power to permit the nation to slumber on as in ages past, and to quietly enrich himself, he has shown a resolution and firmness in framing the public policy for the public good that will cause him to receive the respect of all nations, and to have his name revered by generations of Peruvians to come. To infuse the dormant mind of the people with active and progressive ideas, and to plant, regardless of the cost, those germs of commercial life, which should, when firmly rooted, awaken his countrymen to a keen appreciation of their latent riches, and facilitate extensive enterprise in their development, have been the constant labor of his public life. In consummating his plans, he has met with public approbation, and the zealous co-operation of all the various branches of the Government. So with an enthusiastic unanimity the work of regeneration is going on.

How to found the prosperity of Peru on a permanent basis, has been the problem. What is to become of the republic, when its deposits of guano become exhausted? This question, frequently asked, but never answered, engaged the public mind. How would its weak hand preserve the unity between its many rich departments, isolated one from another by arid deserts? How were the *cordilleras* to be conquered and forced to yield up their treasures of silver and gold? How were the vast and fertile plains of the Amazon and its great tributaries to be civilized and made to render their quota to the national greatness and strength? How, otherwise than by a decided policy and a bold stroke of far-seeing enterprise?

To renovate and improve the physical condition of the principal cities; to extend still further the system of irrigation in reclaiming arid deserts; to supersede by the railroad the mule-trail, which served as the only communication between the sea-coast and large and populous departments in the mountain valleys; and, finally, to undertake the Herculean task of reaching the waters of the Amazonian tributaries by two lines of the iron road, each crossing the dizzy heights of the Andes: these were the works proposed for physical progress. To strengthen and enforce the local laws; to establish a great and enduring institution, where the natural and mechanical products of the world, gathered together for public exhibition, might be used to instruct the people; and, beating down the prejudices of a certain class, to establish a system of common-school education: these were the innovations to be made for social and moral progress.

Some of these results have already been accomplished; all have been inaugurated, and are being rapidly pushed to the happy end. However, most interesting of all is the vigor of railroad enterprise; and to this topic, principally, the present article will be devoted.

Prior to the administration of President Balta, but few railroads had been built. One, owned by a private corporation, with extensive monopolies and privileges, connected Lima, the capital of the republic, with Callao, its sea-port, only seven miles distant; a second connected Lima with Chorillos, a favorite watering-place, a few miles south; and a third connected Arica, one of the southernmost ports of Peru, with Tacna, forty miles inland. This latter road had been necessitated by the great trade with the interior of Bolivia, all of whose products find their way to the Pacific Coast through Peru, the only available port being Arica.

In commencing the proposed establishment of a general system of internal

communications, the first scheme was to construct a railroad from Islay to Arequipa. Subsequently the port of Mollendo was chosen instead of Islay, to avoid passing an extremely rugged section of country. Mollendo is south-east of Lima, about five hundred miles. Arequipa, the second city in size in the republic, is situated in a mountain valley, eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, and contains about sixty thousand inhabitants. Between this latter city and Mollendo, most of the way consists of a desert of shifting sands, where the lack of water renders it desolate in the extreme, and most difficult of transportation. The same story is to be told of the country between most of the many sea-ports and the populous districts which necessitate their existence. Wagon-roads are impracticable, and the mule-trails, with their suffering trains of burdened animals, are only an apology for what the country needs. In such a country, to construct railroads is the only resource, although the difficulties in the way add vastly to the cost.

Proposals to undertake this new enterprise under contract were being received from many parties, native and foreign, at figures ranging from seven to ten millions of *soles*. The *sol* is a late Peruvian coin of commercial value, a very little less than the American dollar, and twenty-five per cent. more valuable than the old silver *peso*. The former is called hard, and the latter soft money, in business parlance.

The Government, however, was not satisfied. Realizing the fact that the Arequipa road would be only the beginning of a great scheme for internal improvements, to accomplish which all the resources and credit of the country would be taxed to the uttermost, it was plainly seen that the work must be carried on by a master-mind, whose executive ability might guarantee success, and whose reputation might infuse credit and con-

fidence in the enterprise. It is at this point that the name of Henry Meiggs becomes a prominent idea in the progress of Peru.

Much of the history of this wonderful man is too well known in the United States to need comment. Old Californians, to whom his name is endeared as Harry Meiggs, well remember the great and eager grasp of his mind, the magnitude of his enterprises, and the generosity of his nature, during his business career in San Francisco. They remember also, with regret, the distress of his position when it was realized that the fruition of his labors was too slow to save him from ruin. While the grass was growing the horse was starving, with the wolf at his heels. Then followed a day of excitement. "Honest Harry" no longer claimed the protection of the American flag. In the heat of the moment, much was said and done that has since been regretted. His career in South America has offered the true apology and explanation of his former misfortunes. Calm reflection now causes every Californian to consider as one of the most unhappy events in the history of his State the culmination of those disastrous transactions that drove him forever from his chosen field of action.

His name in Chile, Bolivia, and Peru is the pride of those who have done naught else than to cover it with honor. His integrity stands unblemished. Chile, which first protected him, was first to reap the benefits of his genius. The successful accomplishment of the building of the railroad from Valparaiso to Santiago crowned his career in that republic. The beautiful city of Santiago is his home. His private residence, built on one of the largest and most beautiful avenues in the world, has been completed at a cost of upward of \$600,000, and if not "Meiggs' Folly," is at least Meiggs' Pride.

Since his call to Peru, he has acquired also in Bolivia extensive rights. He is the proprietor of the great works now being pushed energetically forward at Mejillones, with extensive rights for the removal of guano. Reports vaguely describe the nature of a contract between him and the Government of Bolivia, whereby he holds the monopoly for building railroads, and working rich mines, in a large section around Mejillones. Immensely rich silver mines have been recently discovered at Caracoles, in the mountains, forty leagues from this last-mentioned place, in consequence of which great excitement prevails in mining circles. Prominent bankers of Chile have notified Mr. Meiggs that they are ready to furnish the capital for building at once a railroad between the two points, and have urged his immediate action in undertaking the work. The enterprise will undoubtedly soon be inaugurated. Besides these things, he has established a bank in La Paz, the capital of Bolivia, loaned the Government a large sum of money, and received its aid in the circulation of his paper throughout the country.

Before proceeding with the account of his more intimate connection with the subject-matter of this article, a few additional words of a more personal nature may not be misplaced. The prominent features of his character mark him as a representative American. His schemes, though always gigantic, are always practical. An intuitive knowledge of human nature, an almost infallible judgment in the choice of men and measures, and a cool, reflecting, decisive mind, constitute him a successful diplomat. Prompt action, perseverance, untiring activity, perfect presence of mind, self-control, and the most punctilious regard for punctuality in his engagements, constitute him a business manager. His executive ability never shrinks from any scheme, however great. The presentation of physical, financial, or political difficulties imme-

diately suggests the means of overcoming them. An open, frank cordiality; a constant regard for those who have done him good service; an unostentatious generosity, and the fascination of his pleasant manners, render him popular with all, from his servants to the capitalist. His equanimity is disturbed by neither great losses nor unprecedented successes. He is the same Harry Meiggs to all persons, and at all times.

Some very ridiculous, though well-intended letters, have been published in many parts of the United States, which seem to have created an impression in the minds of those who do not personally know the facts concerning him and his enterprises, that he possesses a magic *open sesame*, in response to which fortunes are laid at his feet without a struggle, and that he has surrounded his private life with indescribable luxuries and enjoyments. He has been pictured as the most lavish and heedless of benefactors. The consequence is, that he has been called the "American Aladdin" and "modern Count of Monte Christo!" These sensational items have had their effect. Not a mail now arrives from Panama that does not bring to him scores of letters from absolute strangers in all parts of the world, whose serious demands on his benevolence would, if published, constitute the most humorous of comedies. One single budget recently contained begging demands in the aggregate for \$188,000—and all from strangers! No impression of the character of this man, or of the works in which he is engaged, could be more erroneous.

True, he has contracts for work and private enterprises, the value of which would bewilder the mind of an ordinary man; but, at the same time, those contracts and enterprises present the necessity of such a degree of financial skill, such vast expenditures, and such appalling engineering difficulties, that few men would have the courage to undertake

them. True, he frequently performs vast deeds of charity, and constantly is the benefactor of many, who, in distress, besiege his door for assistance; but this is all done without ostentation, and is marked with the judgment of a truly practical and generous nature. True, his family residence is elegantly furnished, and its hospitality great and cordial; but there is no sumptuous or gaudy display of luxury and entertainment, other than would be becoming in the home of an American, whose foreign residence, wealth, and position place him in a prominent political and social situation.

In fine, the career of this energetic man has earned for his name a place among those of the most worthy and prominent in his native country as practical, daring, and successful operators. As such, he is the soul of railroad enterprise in the home of his adoption.

It was the genius of this man that Peru needed to insure the success of its schemes of progress. Already had his name and character become well known to leading minds outside of Chile. An almost peremptory demand was made for his services. By special agents he was urgently requested to visit Peru, and contract for the construction of its railroads. He accepted the offers. For twelve millions of *soles* he agreed to build the road from Mollendo to Arequipa. Two millions in cash were placed at once in his hands, and, without requiring of him bonds or securities of any kind, he was at once installed as the railroad king in Peru. The work was inaugurated by a brilliant reception, and was pushed with vigor to completion. The difficulties were rapidly surmounted. The road, when completed—declared to be one of the finest in the world—was opened to the public in January of the present year. The ceremonies, on the occasion of laying the last tie, were of the most costly character. Two thousand guests, including the lead-

ing officers of the republic, besides a large body of the military, left Lima to participate in the celebration. It was a vast, luxurious excursion, lasting two weeks, and terminating in the satisfaction of all. The expenses, which were borne by the successful contractor, have been estimated at \$200,000.

Meanwhile, greater enterprises had been commenced. For sixty millions of *soles* in Peruvian bonds, Mr. Meiggs had contracted to continue the Arequipa road, now 114 miles long, across the Andes to Puno, which town is situated in the interior, on Lake Titicaca; also, to construct another from Lima, up the valley of the Rimac, likewise across the *cordilleras*, to a place on the eastern slope, called Oroya. It requires but a brief description of these two roads to impress the reader with an idea of their importance, and the greatness of the work undertaken.

The line from Arequipa to Puno, when finished, will be about 230 miles in length. It crosses an altitude of 14,665 feet above the level of the sea, passing over a barren, rocky waste of mountains. When completed, it will be the grand thoroughfare of Bolivia and the southern interior of Peru. This road, however, as well as the Oroya, have only prospective *termini*. It is not intended to stop at either Puno or Oroya. Already surveys have been made from Puno to Cuzco, the ancient Inca capital, to ascertain the best means for making this road available for the remote interior, and the ground broken for the continuation of the road. The Oroya road presents the greater difficulties. Within sixty miles of the coast, in an air-line, 15,300 feet must be encountered, besides a chaos of frightful, rocky mountains. It is impossible to fairly describe the immense engineering difficulties to be overcome. From Oroya, it is contemplated to continue the road, by the most available route, to the nearest navigable

waters of some river leading into the Amazon. On these two roads, the amount of rock-cutting necessary in establishing the gradients, of bridges and tunnels, of sharp curves, and of ingenious expedients for lengthening the line in order to gain altitude, offers perplexing problems and involves great expenditures. The highest gradient permitted is four per cent., or 211 feet to the mile, which must be adopted for a great proportion of the distance.

Notwithstanding these unprecedented difficulties, work is progressing as rapidly on both roads as circumstances permit. Mr. Meiggs has leased for five years the line from Mollendo to Arequipa, paying to the Government three per cent. per annum on the capital required to build it, or 360,000 *soles*; also, running it at his own cost, and keeping it in perfect repair. This affords him facilities for the transportation of men and materials needed on the Puno road.

An incident occurred at the commencement of the Oroya road, which is worthy of narration. The western *terminus* was originally to have been at Lima, which, as before stated, is seven miles inland from its port, Callao. At first, an attempt was made to enter into a reasonable contract with the Callao and Lima Railroad Company for the transportation of material over their line; but not a point was yielded by the owners of the monopoly. They killed the fabled goose of the golden eggs. Their exorbitant demands had only the effect to produce a new display of ingenuity on the part of Mr. Meiggs. Quietly he purchased an extensive tract of vacant land extending from the borders of Lima to the harbor of Callao, and constructed a road on his own *hacienda*, with which no monopoly could interfere. This incident is characteristic of the man.

This line has been already constructed nearly forty miles up the valley from Lima, where it now begins to meet with

the worst of its difficulties. The chief engineer, Ernesto Malinowski, together with an experienced corps of assistants and executive managers, mostly Americans, are men well chosen to successfully conquer the situation. No one doubts the result.

However, Peru does not stop here. The last session of Congress voted an appropriation of seventy-five millions more for internal improvements. Although the new bonds have not yet been negotiated, two more contracts have been entered into with Mr. Meiggs, and work under them actively commenced. One contract is for the building of a railroad from Ilo to Moquegua, in the southern part of the republic, at a cost of six millions of *soles*; the other, for a railroad which is projected to connect Pacasmayo, on the coast north of Lima, with Cajamarca in the interior, the theatre of the capture and murder of the Inca, Atahualpa, by Pizarro. The entire cost of this work will be about twenty-seven million *soles*, although the contract only provides for a section to be built at present. Under the new appropriation, work has also been commenced on the continuation of the Puno road toward Cuzco. A road is projected to be built from Huaraz, in the mountains north of Lima, through a rich mineral district to Chimbote, on the coast. One bid for the construction has been made at thirty-six millions of *soles*. Probably, if built at all, it will be done by Mr. Meiggs.

We now see this remarkable man the proprietor of large private interests in Chile; dealing extensively in Bolivian guano; the owner of a bank in La Paz; the lessee of the Arequipa Railroad; the contractor of four railroads, amounting in value to about one hundred millions of *soles*; the owner of large estates near Lima; and the probable conductor of other important enterprises.

Besides the roads enumerated, being built at the expense of the Government,

private capital is enlisted in others. The Lima and Huacho road, which passes along the coast to the north of Lima, has been completed as far as Chancay, a distance of forty miles. The Pisco and Ica road, in the grape-producing district, is nearly completed. Two roads are under way, one nearly completed, from ports on the coast, across the deserts, to the vast deposits of saltpetre. A narrow-gauge road is also projected from the silver mines of Cerro de Pasco toward the valley of Jauja, on the east of the summits of the Andes, intersecting the line of the Oroya road now building, besides a short local road at the mines, already being constructed.

The sale of the first bonds, issued by the Government for the payment of the Oroya and Puno contracts, was effected in Europe, at eighty-two and one-half per cent., par value. This price was much beyond the expectation of Mr. Meiggs, who had figured on a much less value. Commissions on the negotiation were two and one-half per cent., leaving, net, eighty per cent. to the contractor. An arrangement was then made, whereby he released all claim to the bonds, the Government agreeing to pay him, at stated intervals, seventy-nine per cent., par value, in cash. These bonds are secured on the railroads, and future sales of guano. A negotiation, known as the Dreyfus Contract, was also made, to cover a deficit in the Treasury, and provide new funds. This transaction secures the sale of two million tons of guano, and a net receipt by the Government of thirty-four *soles* per ton. To effect these negotiations, much skillful financiering has been done. The bonds have been sold principally in England, France, and Belgium. The late French war at first created much uneasiness, but the effects upon the public finances have been less than might have been expected.

However, the reader must not deceive himself by thinking that railroad enter-

prises in Spanish-American countries are attended by the train of collateral business-incidents which are inevitable in the United States. Such sudden and extensive operations with us would cause thousands of springs of latent activity to burst forth, which would form rivers of commerce of every kind. Real-estate speculators would be in their glory. The shrewd operator would revel in building new towns, and making fortunes out of the future. The future, with us, is one of the staples of our commerce. In Peru, however, it is far different. Many are the Americans, who, not realizing the difference between the people of the two countries, are bitterly disappointed, upon their arrival, in what they had pictured as a new El Dorado in business. The activity incident merely on the construction of the roads, has thus far been the only result noticeable. Real-estate speculation is utterly unknown. Much of this is due to the fact, that, between the Andes and the Pacific Coast, all the available agricultural land has for generations been private property, and cultivated. The local railroads are being constructed more to facilitate a trade that already exists, than for the purpose of opening new fields. There are no new towns to be built on uninhabitable deserts; and in the valleys already settled, there is no inclination toward any other than a natural increase.

The high price of irrigated land, and the business habits of the native population, forbid an immigration to this portion of Peru of poor agriculturists and artisans. What the effects may be when the unoccupied mining and agricultural regions are opened for the development of the interior by the transandine railways, is a question that can not be answered satisfactorily at present. Five or six years more must pass before foreigners can safely look in that direction. That these roads must prove greatly beneficial to the country is not to be doubted; but

how rapid the progress may be, is a problem for the future to solve.

The construction of the roads themselves offers very few inducements to Americans, excepting the lucky holders of contracts, who are very few in number, and the comparatively small number needed as engineers and general managers. The iron all comes from England; the engines and cars from the Eastern States; and the ties and lumber from California and Puget Sound. The manual labor is all done by natives of Peru and Chile, who are accustomed to endure the hard living necessarily incident to the road. No American laborer is willing to accept their situation or wages. On the roads being built by Mr. Meiggs, none of the work is sub-contracted, but all is under the general management of his brother, John G. Meiggs, a man of much business sagacity and ability, and equal to the situation. The demand for such foreigners as are needed is, therefore, very limited, and the supply generally in excess.

Except in rare instances, with those who have influential friends, already established in the country, all excepting two schemes of immigration generally must prove failures: First, to succeed on the coast a foreigner must have capital, and engage in commerce. To this class, many rich opportunities appear to be open. Secondly, colonists must first be sure of their leader, and then either await the completion of the railroads across the Andes, or, being assured of regular communication with the Atlantic by steamer, settle in large numbers on some navigable stream, with sufficient means to insure their support while preparing their plantations of cotton, sugarcane, coffee, or tobacco. In this way, the future development of the interior of Peru promises much for posterity; but many, as in the past, will be destined to blunder and suffer, in misguided attempts to hasten the result.

HOW I GOT THE PIRATE'S TREASURE.

ON the first of May, 1861, I sailed from San Francisco on the good steamer *Panama*, bound for Mexican ports. It was the first trip of a new line, and we had a goodly number of passengers, who, like myself, were going "to see the country." Our ship was clean, provisions abundant, officers attentive, our company pleasant; and altogether, we—more particularly those who, like myself, were bound for the "round trip"—looked forward to a good time—and we had it. The weather was delightful, and when about three days out, we "poked" along the coast below San Diego, the wheels making their regular eleven turns to the minute, which they never exceeded. We fished for horse-mackerel—and fine sport it was. An oar was rigged out, stun'sail boom fashion, from the top of the port wheel-house, and, through a loop near its end, the line was passed, and fastened securely on board. The hook, decorated and baited with a glittering piece of tin, towed in the edge of the "white water" formed by the paddles, about two hundred feet astern. A "tripping line," to the after-guard, gave us control of the whole thing from that point, affording plenty of room when we came to haul in. Presently, we saw the fishes playing around the shining bait, and the tautened line and bending oar announced a bite. I commenced hauling in, and the excitement was very pleasant. Sometimes the mackerel's efforts were relaxed, and I could take him up hand over hand; and then again, he would make a tremendous dart, and I would have to give him lots of line, to prevent its parting. Finally, he was got on board, amid the exclamations of "All hands and the

cook," assembled aft to witness the sport; but the thin, hard-twisted line, wet with salt water, had made sad havoc with my hands, and at the next bite, I generously relinquished my post of honor to a steerage passenger, who seemed to like it, and who probably escaped the suffering I had endured. After that, I found the sport glorious, with some one else hauling in the line.

In due time we reached Cape St. Lucas, and were boarded by "old Ritchie," to the intense disgust of our little dog, who, having strayed on board without an owner, had yet succeeded in ingratiating himself with every body. He looked upon Ritchie and his bob-tailed coat with suspicion, and continued, during our stay, to resent what seemed to him an unjustifiable invasion of his territory.

How we went to Mazatlan, and discharged our (very little) cargo, I need not tell.

Thence to San Blas, where we saw, in the one street, two military heroes, without pantaloons, and armed with old flint-lock muskets, guarding an ancient, honey-combed iron gun, mounted upon second-hand cart-wheels in bad order. This was the military force of the place, but it seemed to answer the purpose, no one else having any more.

We returned to Mazatlan, and gave an entertainment to the Governor and his *suite*, who came off in many boats, and with a band of music, at two P.M. With the Mexican flag at the fore, we fired off all our gunpowder in a salute of more guns than you could count. They stayed until two A.M.; and when they left, there wasn't a wine-glassful of any thing to drink, on the ship. Don

Placido embraced and kissed me on the quarter-deck, and a lady-passenger, who stood near, wished that she was a man, for the sake of Don Placido's eyes.

Then we sailed for Guaymas, and settled back to our old whist-party after dinner, in the Captain's room. Our lady-passenger, who was English, and one of the gentlemen, were our scientific players, and, when they were partners, could beat us all. They used to crow over us, and tell us the strength of the game lay in "finessing;" and anyhow, they always managed to finesse our quarter-dollars from us, when they played together.

We were steaming slowly up the gulf, expecting to go into Guaymas in the early morning, and were at our usual game, when, just as we had finished our hand, and all the cards were upon the table, they were scattered, as though by a sudden gust of wind, which much surprised us, as the night was calm and sultry. We all arose and looked around, and out of the door, which was wide open to the deck, but the others professed to see nothing. I, who in common with horses and dogs, always possessed the faculty of seeing ghosts, saw, standing in the open doorway, an old Mexican woman, with a broom, the wind from which, as she whirled it around, had scattered our cards upon the floor.

And now, I suppose, many sensible people will sneer, and say, "How ridiculous in any one to suppose he saw a ghost;" and many doctors and learned persons will explain how the imagination may be acted upon, and we may think we see what we do not, and much more to the same purpose. But I do not care for all that. I *can* see ghosts, and I believe that many others both can and do see them, only they don't know it. One-half of the figures the wise, sensible folks see, are not real, and no two of them see them alike. If they could divest themselves of their imagination, they would know it as well as I do.

But I started to tell how I got the pirate's treasure; and if I am continually "switching off" upon all sorts of side-issues, I shall never get on with my story.

And there she stood in the door-way, "swishing" her broom—a tall woman, bent with age, and with her gray hair flowing loosely, but tangled, over her shoulders; and she muttered to herself, with her eyes bent upon the ground, "I'll scatter their cards—I'll teach them to finesse."

Presently she raised her eyes, and looked at me—such eyes!—black, piercing, and beautiful; but in her glance I saw deep despair, and a malignity almost fiendish. And yet withal, the knowledge came to me, that she suffered; and for her suffering there went forth involuntarily, from my inmost soul, a ray of sympathy—not pity, nor commiseration—but sympathy; and it appeared to penetrate and soften her nature, without her knowledge, for her eyes lost some of their sullenness, and shone with a softer ray.

And then she seemed to sweep with her broom, and muttered, not noticing me, "I sweep them in, I sweep them in;" and she glided over the smooth surface of the sea, toward Lobos Island, barely visible by the light of the young moon. I could hear her voice dying away, as her form faded in the distance, and she still repeated, "I sweep them in, I sweep them in."

We went to bed, but, just at twelve o'clock, I was startled by a soft, dull grating, and I knew the ship had grounded. I was on deck in an instant, and as instantly comprehended the situation. We had mistaken the highland inland for the shore-line, and the haze had shut in Lobos Island, which lies very low, and we were ashore on it. From this island no sailing-vessel had ever got off, the quicksands shifting so rapidly that one change of tide is sufficient to secure

the destruction of the stoutest ship; and there we were, hard and fast, and through the haze I could hear the voice of the old woman, muttering, "I sweep them in."

Fortunately, the tide was rising, and we "fired up" furiously, and backed vigorously. We had a few moments of intense suspense, which seemed an hour, as we watched the water seething and boiling forward under the fast-revolving paddles; then a gentle motion, and a long breath, and the next moment we were safe in deep water. You may be sure we gave the shore a wide berth for the remainder of that night, and the next morning we entered the beautiful harbor of Guaymas.

It is not necessary to tell of our return voyage to San Francisco, which we reached in good health and spirits.

We left our whist-playing friend somewhere in Mexico. I saw him on his return, and, some time after, was grieved to hear of his death; but amid the turmoil of business, and the excitement of travel, the Mexican voyage, with its incidents, soon took its place among the half-forgotten things of the past.

And so time rolled on, until the early winter of 1869, when I, suffering from slight indisposition, was confined to my room, too unwell to go out, and not sick enough to go to bed.

And I sat alone in the evening, and the young moon threw its sickly light through the window, as it slowly sank into the west. Presently, as I mused in my solitude, I heard a gentle, rustling sound, and, looking up, saw standing close beside me the old woman of Lobos Island, who had so nicely swept us on shore with her untiring broom.

But she was changed from when I had first seen her in the gulf: her form, then bent with age, now stood tall and erect; her hair, though still disheveled and loose upon her shoulders, had changed from gray to black; and her eyes, once so

baleful and vindictive, though they still seemed to flash with the fire of insanity, no longer bore the dull light of despair, or the hideous glance of malice.

I saw and recognized the change. The instinctive sympathy which had gone forth from me at our first meeting, had found its kindred spot in her lost nature; it had sunk and germinated, and now pervaded her whole being, letting in hope, where before despair had been supreme—one ray of brightness, forerunner of the dawn—upon her long, black night of misery.

Little do we dream how many poor, lost souls are wandering in the darkness, whom one ray of human sympathy would aid in their first step, groping from the gloom; and how insignificant to us would be that mighty boon for them.

She stood silent for a moment, and drawing a queer-looking old pack of cards from her bosom, began to shuffle, and muttered, half to herself, and half addressing me: "I'm the old woman that rides on a broom; from Lobos Isl- and I come; I know the fiends who the treasure guard, till you go to fetch it home. Ha, ha! I shuffle the cards, and sometimes I draw black, black, black, for a long time, but *Señor* say, Don't you know, when I have drawn all the black, the red comes into play? Yes, one of your card-players is with me, and I promise you he has no idle time of it; he would *finesse*, forsooth. Ha, ha! he does not *finesse* now. He lives on— Island, and takes care of my treasure— my treasure. Ha, ha! do you hear? I want treasure; and you can not have it for two long years, unless you find the key. Ha, ha! ho, ho!"

And then I remembered that in the old Mexican voyage, when we were passing by the islands in the Gulf of California, we had spoken of their formerly having been the resort of buccaneers, and of treasures being buried there; and how our whist-playing friend had said he

would like to find a pirate's treasure, and how much easier was that mode of making one's fortune than groping about in Mexico after silver mines; for in those days the steamboat people had made the public believe that "Mexican mines could be advantageously worked by San Francisco capital;" and many and frequent were the assessments which afterward found their way up the gulf, under that belief. Some of my money is there. Peace to its ashes.

I said to the old woman: "What do you mean? We had a passenger who used to talk of finessing; you can not have him."

"Ah, well; he don't talk much now; he has other fish to fry; he has a pack of cards. I let him have them to look at, but he don't play; oh, no! He has no partner, only the Black they killed when they buried the ingots; and he has a prejudice against the color of his companion, which he can not overcome. Ha, ha! ho, ho! he, he!"

I said: "Old lady, that's a queer sort of a story. Suppose you tell me where the ingots are, and who buried them?"

Again she spoke; and as she spoke, her voice seemed to lose the hiss, if so it may be called, with which she had commenced, and became softer and more human: "He was a friend of mine, *Señor*, but his name—oh no! I will never tell. I bore him a child, and—what do you think? One day, when the little reptile—that's what he called it—squeaked, he dashed out its brains. Ha, ha! I saw blood for many days after this; and, *Señor*, I thought I would have his life; but, no, I loved him still. Ha, ha! what a mother!"

"And, pray, what are you doing on Lobos Island?"

"I wait for him. He left me there, because—hush! listen—one night, when all was still, and I had drugged the watch, I went to slay him. I thought he and I would go where my babe was gone; but

he, no, he would not; and, looking on him, I felt a dread, and was discovered, and left here to starve. Ha, ha! he will come; yes, he will come. *Señor*, when my head is not on fire, I think if some one would come and take the gold, I should find my babe—my little Pedro—for I, too, watch. But I caught old *Finesse*, and made him take my place, when the moon is young, and I can steal away. But I weary. Will you not come and take away the ingots, and let me go to my little Pedro, who looks at me from the stars, and cries for his mother?"

Knowing the ephemeral nature of ghosts—how they are here to-day, and gone to-morrow—I thought it best to try and get some practical information before she should take herself off, and again I asked, "Where are the ingots buried?"

"On the island; — Island. But you will not laugh and say she is mad, as he did. Oh, my babe, my little Pedro, thy mother sees thine eyes in the silver stars, which look down calm and cool, and say, 'Come, thou mayst yet ask for a refuge with the blest.' Ah, *Señor*, you will come!"

"How can I come, if you don't tell me where the place is?"

"It is where you have been told before."

It then occurred to me, that, as we were passing to the westward of one of the numerous islands in the gulf, some one had designated a prominent point, saying, 'There is just such a spot as one might suppose would be selected by pirates to bury their treasure;' and he expatiated upon its merits for that purpose, much to the amusement of his listeners; and, singularly enough, upon recalling the name of that island, it was the same as she had spoken. I do not mention the name of the island, because, having since that time acquired the treasure, I do not desire that any questions upon the subject should arise, either between my-

self or the United States, with the Mexican Government. I do not know what the law is about carrying off buried treasure, but I am aware that so long as it is not known where it was taken from, it would be difficult to make out any claim founded upon its taking. But with the old woman, I did not mean to take No for an answer, if I could help it, and repeated my question, "How can the spot be distinguished?"

"You *have* the mark. It is on the western extremity. Hush, Valverde listens; step softly, he will hear. I will come again, and tell you more."

And she disappeared, seeming to vanish into the moon's ray, which then shone horizontally into the room.

I heard a voice, soft, but stern, "Where is Annina?" and, looking up, I saw a native Mexican, tall and straight, but with an appearance of inexpressible sadness and softness.

"Who is Annina?" I asked.

"She who spoke but now; her voice is yet in mine ears."

"Who are you?"

"I *was* Valverde; who I am now, I know not."

"Were you her child's father?"

"No; but I swore to guard his life with my own. I was a traitor, and he slew me, because I loved Annina, who scorned me—one who had in my veins the *sangre azul* of the Montezumas."

"Can not you find Annina? She was here but a moment ago."

"Lost, lost, lost eternally. On ——— Island there lies a considerable treasure. It was buried by the people who are called buccaneers. Two of their number guard it, and hold the key which will direct. Annina, also, is there, but I may not go."

And he, too, disappeared in the moonlight; and in the wail of the wind, which was just rising, I fancied I could distinguish the tones, "lost, lost, lost." And then I saw nor heard nothing of my

old friend for a month, and was just beginning to wonder whether I hadn't dreamed it all, when lo! as I sat alone again, watching the moon go down, and trying to discover something in the straight, white beams, who should I see but the *Señora* herself; and really, she seemed to have grown quite handsome.

She did not speak for some time, but drew from her bosom, and held up, apparently for my inspection, a series of uncouth hieroglyphical drawings, about twenty in number. I could not make out at the time what they were, and asked her, "What the deuce are you showing me those things for?"

Her answer was immediate: "That's the way the old fool amuses himself while he has to wait. By and by, they will find all these things, and say, 'We have got some antiquities!' Ha! what fools there are in the world!"

"Where will they be found?"

"On the island, when they find the treasure."

"Who makes them?"

"*Finesse*. I like the idea of having my history put in a book; therefore you must do it for me. Then, perhaps, some one will come and take the treasure, and I may depart to my little Pedro."

I was determined, this time, if possible, to get some information about the ingots, which seemed to grow upon me, before Valverde, or some other heathen, drove her off again; and asked, quite sharply, "Will you tell me more of the marks where the treasure is buried?"

"I do not know how."

"Can not you describe the spot, and what surrounds it?"

"I can not; when I try, it goes away from me. I could show you if you were there, but when I leave the island, it goes from my memory."

"In what vessels is the treasure buried?"

"It is in Mexican *ollas*."

"How many are there?"

"Seven."

"Is it gold or silver?"

"Both, also jewels—ha, ha! I wanted some jewels myself, but he would not give them to me. He said, 'Annina, thine eyes are brighter than the jewels; wherefore desire them?' Ha! he feared I should take them and depart, that I might not see more blood.

"Last night I saw the island as it was many years ago—more years than I can count; ha! it was grand. I saw the beautiful palace, and all the splendor, which is there now no more. I saw the gardens, and the beautiful women who walked in them, and the men—far beyond any men they make now, so tall, you would think it could not be, and so handsome, Santa Maria! more handsome than you could imagine. Don't you think they were gods? I do—yes, I think the gods used to live there; and now, sometimes, when the moon shines brightly, and the sea is calm, and the stars look down so peacefully, and no ships are to be seen, far, far away over the wide ocean, and my little Pedro's voice is at rest, and he calls no more for his mother, then I see a little ripple get upon the waves, and, by and by, white wings—thousands and tens of thousands—and they rise from the sea, and I hear the sound of the wings fluttering; and then they come upon the island, and the beautiful palace arises from the ground, and the flowers spring under my feet, and the perfume floats around me, and it is like the heaven of the blest. But it will not remain. Soon the black clouds come in the beautiful, fair sky, and the voices of the wind call softly at first, but the angels do not listen, and by and by they grow harsh, and it is as if the fiends came and swept away all the beauty; and far above all, above the voices of the wind and the storm, my little Pedro calls for his mother—his mother, who had not the courage to slay his murderer."

"In speaking of the island, do you mean Lobos Island?"

"Yes."

"Not—Island?"

"No, that is where the treasure is. I never see the angels there; the fiends live there, and hold their revels; there is where you might see the blood. If I could give you some of the flowers which spring when the angels go to their fairy palace, you could do many things: they would give you much power and great riches; but they wither when I try to carry them away, and turn to dust in my hands."

"Did you try to bring me some of them?"

"Yes; but the fiends sent the winds, and scattered the dust abroad, for I would have brought that to you, so that you should be taught to believe my tale. I go now; but you will write my story, will you not?"

I promised to do so, and she vanished imperceptibly, her "*adios*" seeming to linger like the tones of a bell, until she disappeared.

The next day it rained, and I amused myself writing off this history, but without an idea as to how it was to be finished. If the weather had been clear, I should have gone out about my business, and forgotten all about the old woman. How lightly things turn, and we don't know.

That night she came again, and again she exhibited her rude drawings, without speaking. She seemed to do it mechanically, without any power over herself. When she had finished, she spoke:

"*Señor*, I kiss your hands, for my story you have begun."

"Do you like it so far?"

"Yes; but shall you say you find the treasure? and wherefore? Think you not, then, they will not any more search, and I shall not go to my rest?"

"I think it will make a better story to say we found the treasure; and, besides,

if it is really there, I mean to go and get it."

"Señor, it shall be as you desire. After this night, I can not come to you before another year (this was December, 1869). The moon waxes old, it grows every night, and I shall be missed; therefore I must return."

"Will you come again, the next moon?"

"Yes; my head burns no longer to-night, and I do not hear my little Pedro call for his mother. Think you he has forgotten me? I dream that the Mary Mother has made him into a star, and I can never come near him again. I must go now; *adios*."

And again the "*adios*" seemed to linger in the air, as she departed.

After the lapse of a few moments, I took up a pencil, and listlessly commenced sketching; and I found myself reproducing the rude drawings which had been shown to me, and which now seemed indelibly fixed upon my memory. My pencil flew over the paper, and very soon I had before me *fac-similes* of the whole of them. Then I examined them carefully; and judge of my astonishment, when I found they had reference to each other, and an evident meaning. One was apparently a map or chart, representing a point of land jutting into the water; another was a view of a promontory crowned by a single tree; and of the others, some I could not then understand, and of some I could only guess at the meaning. But I saw enough. The promontory crowned by a single tree, was the western extremity of the pirates' island we had seen from the steamer, while the little map showed the exact shape of the same point, as I well remembered it. It was some mysterious agency, pointing out to me the secret of the long-buried treasure.

And the next day you may be sure I lost no time. A schooner was chartered, Captain and crew engaged, and

stores hurried on board; and on the morning of the fourth day, we stood out of the Golden Gate, and headed southerly, with a fair wind, bound for La Paz, with a wonderfully small cargo.

Whoever has not been to sea on a schooner does not know what it is to be sea-sick; and the recollection of those three first days out does not encourage me to enlighten them.

We soon reached La Paz, and landed our freight, and were off again, ostensibly to Carmen Island for a load of salt.

I would, if I could, like to describe the suspense of those last few days, but am unequal to the task.

We found the western point of our island, came to an anchor, and went ashore; a few minutes' search showed us a little inlet into which we ran our boat, and in a second I was on the top of the little promontory, which was not fifty feet square. I consulted the drawings, and soon decided where to dig. The Captain and I fell to work, and down six feet we went in silence, through soft ground; then my pick rang upon something: it was a stone, soon loosened; the next blow disclosed the earthen jar which it covered, and there, forming a triangle, exactly as shown by one of the drawings, stood the seven jars, each two feet high, and packed to the mouth.

How we got them on board, and back to San Francisco, it is needless to tell. The jars contained a King's ransom, twice told. The gold—there was very little silver—was easily disposed of; the jewels I shall sell at Frankfort-on-the-Main: only where Emperors and Princes are purchasers will they find a market.

The sailor boarding-house keepers had rich pickings off of our crew before they were shipped, each upon a separate and distant voyage.

The Mate, who stood watch and watch with the Captain on our homeward voyage, now sails his own good schooner

out of San Francisco; and our Captain took an early passage by the railroad to Nantucket, where he writes me he has a farm, which he will be glad to show me.

And once, and only once again, I saw my old woman—old no longer, but young, and radiantly beautiful; and she came in the moonlight as before, and in her arms she held a babe. The Sistine Madonna seemed to come down from

her frame on the wall, and the figures, and the faces, and the expression mingled in one soft look of peace and rest. The eyes were calm, like the eyes of a doe, and the thousands and thousands of the white wings of the little angels seemed to fill the air, and the fluttering of the wings made delicious music. She pointed to the babe, but did not speak; and they all vanished away into the west and the moonlight.

IN ADVERSITY.

Friends whom I feasted in my luxury,
 In sorrow turned from me.
 A hundred servitors, that once did wait
 Upon my high estate,
 Me—desolate, forsaken, old, and poor—
 Thrust from my own house-door.
 Only that One whom I in joy forgot,
 My fault remembered not;
 And in my tears of late-born penitence
 Drove me not, scorning, hence.

His strong arm raised me where I prostrate fell;
 He made my bruised heart well;
 My thirst He quenched; my hunger gave He bread;
 And my weak steps He led
 Thro' the blind dark of desert sands, to where
 His fresh, green pastures were.
 O, calm and fair the days, and all delights
 Make beautiful the nights!
 O, fair the nights, and beautiful the days,
 Within these quiet ways!

What need is there that He may not supply?
 Familiar steps go by,
 And well-known voices die upon my ear—
 But He is ever near!
 The vision of all beauty and all grace
 Is in His perfect face.
 Sweeter His voice is than the melodies
 Wherewith I lulled my ease.
 Wisdom and truth, and measures of sweet song,
 Unto His words belong;
 And to my lowly roof His presence brings
 Splendor exceeding kings'.

THE EAST AT YOSEMITE.

DURING the present summer, I have seen something of the East at Yosemite. It is curious to contemplate. It has such odd ways—ways, I suppose, which have come in vogue in “the States” since I left them, so many years ago. Sometimes the East stayed in the valley but a day. There came men and women, content to ride in, sup, sleep, breakfast, glance at the falls and cliffs, and then ride straight out again. For them, the valley was done, and they thanked heaven that they had done it. It was not to be visited again; and that epoch of a restless, weary life in search of pleasure was over. Yet the cliffs do not rear themselves to their fullest proportions until one has dwelt under them at least forty-eight hours. Not that they are any the less lofty; but a soul cluttered up for years in a press of pork, flour, codfish, fashion, household and worldly cares, requires some little time ere it expands proportionate to Yosemite’s grandeur. A gnat, a common house-fly, coming from foreign parts, would linger more than a day. For such people, in some future condition of existence, there will come a terrible retribution. Remembrance and Retrospection, stern creditors, shall thus charge them: “You insulted Nature by such hasty sojourn. What have you to say for yourself?” And they shall answer: “We confess, we visited the valley that we might be able to say we had been there. To love Nature is counted a virtue. We would assume a virtue, though we had it not.” They will be sentenced to return to the Yosemite; there to dwell, until they learn to love it for itself.

Of such, some years since, was a celebrated Eastern philosopher. Riding

sixty miles in one day, arriving in the valley at two P.M., with muscles stiff, with cuticle abraded, he was lifted from his horse, and put to bed. Next morning, straight out of the place he rode, only recommending that the plow be put in the valley as soon as possible, since it would make an excellent farm. Hard and fast on the track of this man rode three admirers from Mariposa. For three days had they been on his trail, trying to catch and welcome him. They heard of him in the valley, and said they to themselves, “We have him now;” but they were no match for the celerity of this wise man from the East. He was off ere they arrived. One hundred miles down the Mariposa trail on one bank of the Merced, up the Coulterville on the other, did they fruitlessly chase him, and then, giving up the race, betook themselves to their homes in Mariposa.

There came to Yosemite, one day, a party of ladies and gentlemen from Boston; and said one of the ladies of that circle to the guide, as he conducted them about the valley, “Are you aware, sir, that our party represents a million and a half of dollars?”

Said the guide to the lady from Boston: “Well, no, marm. I haven’t seen any indications of it yet. Why, marm, some of those red hills you passed coming through the diggin’s have ten times that sum inside of them, if one can only strike it.”

They do say that the lady, for a period, was silent after this. She had never before thought of the equality existing between her party and a red hill. Yet, as regards this sort of representation, the greater possibilities were on the side of the red hill. They say, also, that

the guide looked profoundly stupid during the remainder of the trip; wishing, perhaps, to rid the "party representing a million and a half" of the impression that he was likely again, that day, to explode with such deadly effect.

Some of our Eastern brethren are grand grumblers. They have cultivated the art. I like to hear them. Whatever by man is said or done, it is in us innate that we like to see it said and done well. Grumbling is an art; one of the arts often involuntarily cultivated.

I used to meet at points in the valley, and on the road leading thereunto, a peppery little man from the East, who lived on as exalted a plane of grumbling as is ever attained on this earth. He had grievances, big and little; and his pet one lay in the fact, that the Stage Company had overrun twelve hours' schedule-time in forwarding him to the valley.

It was one of Nature's grand gala-days. The mist was rolling up the half-mile granite walls; a thousand feet in the air, and its ragged rents disclosed never-to-be-reached pines and pinnacles; a thousand feet farther were seen other bits of sky territory; trees stood out dimly, as if rooted in the fog; all the time, with slow, majestic motion, the vapors were rising, like the incense from a thousand altars; the Bridal Veil was tumbling, roaring, crashing, with ever-varying degree of sound, and about its base there quivered a sheet of rainbow colors: something like those gauzy fleeces of red and blue, which by night so mysteriously flit across the heavens when the unknown Aurora hangs over us.

Yet during all this grand display, the peppery little man's pet grievance loomed up as prominently as the North Dome at the farther end of the valley. He had, at Crane Flat, been delayed twelve hours; a decayed and decrepit steed had been furnished him to ride in the valley; the route agents were swindlers;

he should write to the papers. His seemed an unfortunate composition; peevishness therein being rated by the ton, sublimity by the grain. Yet there was for him a certain sort of pleasure in setting forth his grievances. In fact, it did constitute the real enjoyment of his trip. His seemed the weasel nature. Certainly, Darwin is right. Too much weasel in one's ancestry begets the propensity ever to be burrowing and nosing about after grievances. Always looking down, seldom up. Yet the weasel is in places useful. Let us respect the place and office of every species in animate Nature. As manifestations of life, all are mysterious and wonderful—the weasel, as much as the man. We differ only in degree of intelligence.

Another Eastern brother, within five minutes after dismounting at Hutchings' Hotel, expressed himself, in my hearing, of the opinion that the Yosemite Valley was a humbug, and that the Big Trees, Geysers, California and all, had been vastly overrated. Being a Californian, I am not capable of receiving philosophically such comment on my great, glorious, and sparsely settled State. I will not stand it. I announce that man as the grumbler *par excellence* of the civilized world. Send him in a first-class comet journeying among the stars; yet, after having beheld the wonders on wonders, and glory on glories, of illimitable space, he would, on descending from his seat in the nucleus, pronounce the heavens a humbug, and a place vastly overrated. He would, discarding nectar, call out rudely to a passing cherub for a gin-sling; and, for his supper, pork and cabbage; and, for his evening's social recreation, a bethumbed poker-deck, and their fitting human concomitants.

I love to see our Eastern brethren prospect that old Indian, who so often and so leisurely seats himself on a rock in front of the hotel. His bushy, iron-gray hair is cropped to mop-like propor-

tions; he is wrinkled with many wrinkles, bare-headed, bare-legged, bare-breasted. He bears a string of trout, and, wrapped in a gray fox-skin, his bow and arrows. The tourists surround this connecting link between man and tadpole. He is blockaded in a circle of cassimeres, Scotch tweeds, beaver hats, dotted with an occasional skirt and white necktie. They examine his bow, his arrows, his head, his ear-lobes, pierced and filled with wooden plugs. They paw and pinch his fish. They speculate as to the nature of the material from which his arrow-heads are made. They essay with him conversation; he looks vacantly and leisurely up in their faces, and utters inarticulate sounds. All this, with him, is an old story. Summer after summer has he thus sauntered about the hotel, seated himself on this same rock, placed himself on exhibition, and been thus surrounded and interrogated. As these, so have hundreds of tourists stared at him, felt of him, handled his bow, his arrows, his fish, while the knowing man of the party has authoritatively, and dogmatically, and erroneously expounded concerning Indians. Tourists for him, as to dress and manner, possess a tiresome uniformity. He is a simple child of the forest; and yet there is a livelier twinkle in his eye, and a pricking of his ears, when he hears two silver quarters rattling together. Progression is contagious.

The East sometimes grumbles at the taverns met with in the mountain routes to the valley. Where shall it receive more entertainment for a night for so small price, as in those sleeping-stalls, thinly boarded, without ceilings? One common roof covers all. Not a snore is lost. Lying awake at night, you hear the varied expressions of opinion from outcoming travelers regarding the Yosemite. The front-door of the building has been especially contrived to open

and shut with the largest possible amount of noise. As every late comer attempts its opening, it seems as if an effort were being made to batter in the side of the building. The querulous voice of the old gentleman is heard, continually crying, "Will some one shut that door?" The deep-lunged bass of the Californian comes from an obscure stall in some unknown corner, thundering, "Will some one shut that man's mouth?" The old gentleman is heard no more. Two Eastern sisters, preparing for rest, discuss the propriety of committing themselves to sleep, with that front-door unlocked. A self-sacrificing man at last volunteers to secure it. The disturbance recommences. It is a part of that front-door's mission neither to lock, latch, nor shut, but to creak, saw, whine, groan, bang, and slam. The man desists, discouraged. The Eastern sisters then make the discovery that the door of their own sleeping-room won't fasten. There is more worry and ineffectual slamming. Occupants of adjoining stalls swear. Some laugh.

Provincial and rugged as we are in California, we can show Eastern and foreign tourists a thing or two about doors. Our doors in the mountains are like ourselves. They have imbibed the air and moisture of those grand old Sierras, and they hang to suit themselves. They are not to be coerced by any slavish system of bolts or bars; and they open and shut, and creak and bang, by night and by day, on a basis of independence, individuality, and freedom.

The ladies barricade their doors with furniture. Late lodgers go blundering about the house. They open door after door while searching out their own apartments. With masculine vigor, they force open the Eastern ladies' door. There comes then the crash of the falling furniture and other barricading material; a head is poked momentarily in; it speaks; it says, "Bill, are you in here?"

—and from the supposed Bill there emanates a slight feminine scream; the startled masculine flees abashed, on finding himself thus an involuntary intruder in a lady's chamber. All this is entertainment. People who grumble at things like these have not yet fathomed the true sources of life's enjoyment.

Our Eastern kinsmen, who complain of these rough mountain roads and mountain taverns, should recollect that this is still the newest country in the world. When, twenty-five or thirty years ago, they were school-boys, upsetting ink-stands, eating green fruit, and twisting their tongues as they wrote in their dog's-eared copy-books, no White Man's eye had peered over the Yosemite cliffs. Many a thousand years before man had built the Pyramids; before he had commenced to write his history; before he had invented his letters, these falls were roaring, crashing, tumbling, and throwing those curious water-rockets, with such well-defined nucleus and trail of mist, by hundreds, from their outer face, in great bounding curves, and little seeds were lodging in crevices, a thousand feet aloft, on the granite walls. Still, these times, by man unknown, unnoted, went on and on; the seeds sprang up and became great trees; masses of rock slid and crashed down the precipices; more centuries passed; our skin-clad ancestors were flinging their spears at the Roman legions, stepping upon the English coast; the freshly shattered surfaces of the granite *débris* became blackened and moss-covered; thousands of winter snows silently came and went; flowers budded and blossomed; bears

growled; birds sang; snakes hissed; and there was naught save legitimate, proper God-like disturbance for such a place—storms, thunder, lightning, earthquakes, and the like—amid which that tree, from its tender infancy, struggled with the tempests, on the bare granite summit of the North Dome. Five thousand feet above us is that tree—which may no wretch ever profane, by carving on its bark his name. And so the times went on, until, some twenty-odd years ago, that restless, wandering, wonderful development from the aboriginal chimpanzee, man, crawled down the great wall, saw, wondered, admired, called it "God's own great temple," and then, in its aisles and under its colonnades, he set himself to work at making money, and devising systems for tolls.

Our Eastern brethren must also recollect that poor men and poor counties may not build roads over the highest and roughest ridge of mountains in the United States, buried under snow quite seven months in the year, with the facility of Eastern railway-kings. All these little inconveniences, to which they may be subjected here, will, on their arrival home, turn into sources of pleasure. They shall then boast to their friends how they "roughed" it; how they slept in blankets; how they rode up and down those eternal hills on mustangs, "branded and vented," with Mexican saddles and big wooden stirrups. And also, with little thrills of pride and pleasure, they will deal out bits of the California vernacular, and talk knowingly about "ranches," "corrals," "cañons," "camps," "plazas," and "presidios."

ETC.

It is evident that shoddy is working its way into literature at a rapid rate. Authors of the old school, who regarded literature as a noble profession, were content to have their productions announced in a modest way, and to abide the judgment of the public. Reputations were slowly made, but they rested on solid foundations. A book which had any real value would grow in popular favor for years. A worthless book grew moldy in the hands of the publisher, because it neither had any thing in itself to commend it, and there was very little machinery by which it could be pushed into a large circulation. But shoddy has come into the field; and the more ephemeral and worthless a book may be, the more certainly will it be puffed and pushed into notice. Never before was such costly machinery employed in literature for such ignoble purposes.

There is an army of newspaper correspondents, two-thirds of whom are available for the purpose of sandwiching advertisements of any literary venture into their letters. The "perquisites" go to the correspondent. Mr. Scrib presents his card with the air of a man who means business. On this bit of paste-board are stamped the names of a dozen newspapers for which he is correspondent. He is one of the manufacturers of public opinion for a consideration. The great man is not to be slighted at railroad ticket-offices, hotels, nor at the office of publishers. Literature is *his* profession! that is, he is a sort of literary jobber in small wares, to whom nothing comes amiss. He tells the public what books are about to be published by certain houses, and what sort of a notice will appear in *The Trumpeter* at a particular time. How does Scrib know all this? Evidently he has been crammed for the occasion. And, knowing so much, his wisdom breaks out in an eruptive way in his thin correspondence. The publisher and the hack

writer know how to employ this machinery effectively. Here and there a correspondent of the better class refuses to join the army of *claguers*. Journalism, in his view, is an honorable profession. Writing puffs for pay and dovetailing them into correspondence, is, according to his old-fashioned notion, a revolting prostitution of his calling. A correspondent with such views will never do to help run the modern literary thrashing machine. Then, as never before, publishers have set up their own advertising machinery. The illustrated papers have become the advertising appurtenances of several leading publishing houses. Magazines are made incidentally to serve the same purpose.

Now, all this machinery may be employed legitimately to bring meritorious books before the public. Viewed as mere advertising machinery, it is admirably arranged, and most effective. It is not criticism which the publisher wants, or seeks for his wares, but notoriety. The same agencies are just as readily employed to push a worthless or bad book as a good one. The book manufacturer says to the literary huckster: "The merit of the book is of small consequence. If it is odd, dashing, or devilish, I can run it up into a large circulation. Honest criticism is only found here and there in a corner. Look at my machinery, and my standing army of literary *claguers*." To this extent shoddy has entered the field of literature. It puts its wares on sale, caring little for the quality, and resorts to the same means for obtaining publicity as the vender of patent medicines. Both are thriving vocations. But let not him who profits by the one, throw a stone at him who profits by the other.

It is a significant fact, that a woman was this year invited to furnish a Commencement Poem for the University of California. The honor fell upon one of the most notable of

the contributors to *THE OVERLAND*; or rather, she honored the University, by furnishing a capital poem. This fact is handsomely linked with the other one, that a number of young women are members of the University, all its advantages being freely offered to them. Miss Coolbrith was asked to read her own poem, as if to introduce with more emphasis the new era of College Commencements—not only here, but throughout the country. Did any of the sages whose heads are now getting a little frosty, ever before listen to a Commencement Poem contributed by a woman? And is not the sensation reserved for most of them to hear a poem, on a similar occasion, both written and read by a woman?

It happened that the choice was felicitous, the poem admirably suited to the occasion, and the reading by proxy very well done. A natural, but graceful, sequence was, that the wives, sisters, and daughters of the *alumni* were not crowded back to the wall-seats, and quite out of the room where the collation was spread, as on former occasions, but sat down as most welcome guests, creating at

the same time a little surprise that there had not been a more generous recognition in former years.

The University is ripening slowly. One wealthy citizen has during the year, unconsciously perhaps, secured an imperishable monument for himself, through the donation of a collection of pictures, valued at from \$50,000 to \$60,000. There is an opportunity for some other citizen to save his memory from oblivion, by donating a library of not less than fifty thousand volumes; and still other opportunities for endowing professorships, which as yet have hardly so much as been named in connection with the institution. We are just becoming conscious of the fact, that even the successful founding of a great university will require several million dollars; contrasted with which, the sum already set apart for that purpose is pitifully small. But, after all, it is not a day of small things, when an accomplished woman, owing nothing to the University, contributes a poem for Commencement. At what time may we expect to see a woman inducted into the Professorship of Domestic Economy?

CURRENT LITERATURE.

SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY, AND RELIGION. By John Bascom. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

These lectures, designed as they are to develop the central doctrines of the intellectual constellation in *new* directions, and the more firmly to establish them in *old* ones, were delivered before the Lowell Institute, Boston. The author indicates, at once, the points in the discussion most important. Starting with philosophy, he seeks in the mind itself those ideas, by means of which it groups and explains the facts of the physical and the spiritual world. The fields of science, philosophy, and religion are carefully explored; a tabular arrangement of primitive notions is presented, and a faithful analysis is made of the same. The original grounds of controversy are thus greatly narrowed. Science and philosophy, starting with certain common ideas,

take up each of them distinguishing notions, and, moving along independent lines of inquiry, meet again in religion. Just here centre the plan and merit of the lectures.

It would be a masterly piece of impertinence to suggest, at the outset, that it would be wisdom to bring a clear head and an intrepid mind to the examination and analysis of the subjects herein discussed. The author is too well known in the world of letters; the extreme fascination of his writings has its source in the one word Concentration, or pertinacity in holding you to his point, and then gradually closing you in upon his idea, as if with a preternatural fatality. His arguments are all trained down to fighting weight. There is no wearisome verbiage, no superfluous adipose tissue: all is muscle and sinew. He goes straight home, like an arrow to its mark. This unmistakable definiteness of pur-

pose smiles at you in the first chapter suggestively, and lures you forward to the very close of the argument.

The line followed is briefly this: As the mind is the instrument of all knowledge, and must, therefore, by the form and certainty of its own action, determine the nature and validity of that which is known, he begins his investigation with the instrument of inquiry. He permits the knowing to stand an omnipresent condition of the thing known. He assumes that the mind lies central between the physical and the spiritual realms; that it is allied to both, and that it is the only common term between them; that the only honest preparation for an outward movement toward the visible things of science, and an inward movement toward the invisible things of religion, is a thorough and accurate knowledge of our powers. The chief force of his critical argument is directed against materialism, which he regards as the fruit of the scientific tendency. To throw up defenses against idealism, he deems, would be contending with an imaginary foe, as only a few erratic, nimble *dilettante* of the philosophic school ever traverse these regions; and these, he says, like the antlered deer, would readily overleap any barriers he might essay to erect against them, while materialism marshals, in its rear, the unlettered masses, and is formidable, as much by the blindness, as by the sight that is in it. In common with all earnest seekers after truth and lovers of it, the author laments that the necessary breaking up and modification of belief, in the progress of truth, are so often destructive, when they should the rather be reconstructive:

“The skill of an intellectual life is found in getting from the old to the new without the loss of either: from the old to the new, in government, without the waste and overthrow of revolution; from the old to the new, in social customs and order, without the shock of aroused prejudices, the bitterness of sarcasm, the irritation of unwelcome truth; from the old to the new, in faith, without schism—the falling back of this branch into rapid decay, the putting forward of that into precipitate progress; from the old to the new, in philosophy, without the irreparable loss of complete rejection, or the irreparable loss of unlimited acceptance—without leaping wholly off from the sure foundations of the past on to other foundations of merely fanciful strength, that have not been tested by the storms of many centuries.”

In mapping out and lining off the scientific, philosophic, and religious territory over which

he journeys, and which he so thoroughly and minutely explores, he starts with the intuitions, which he believes are respectively the landmarks of each. He turns the vision *inward*, suggesting that there are other learners than those whose eyes feast on rocks, and linger lovingly on skeletons. What a marvelous pity, that men like Bascom, who occupy heights in mental and moral outlook, can not more easily succeed in bringing leaden-footed humanity abreast of them in progress! The loneliest of all mortals are the men who are in advance of their age; men who speak a language to be understood only by the few. Happily, they never yield to selfish discouragement. Believing, as they do, in the unspeakable elevation of the spiritual nature, they confess themselves willing to shift often the view, if so be that, through clouds and mists, others may catch some more distinct prospect of those heights, on which it is their earliest and latest effort to plant the feet of men.

SONGS OF THE SIERRAS. By Joaquin Miller.
London: Longmans, Green, Reader & Dyer.

A late number of the *London Athenæum* announces a new issue of American Poets—Whitman, Whittier, etc.—and says, “The last, though not the least, of American poets, Joaquin Miller, will be represented at some length.” The natural query will be, Who is Joaquin Miller? He is the last poet, an Oregonian, who says, in the preface to the volume before us (a private one, we imagine): “These lines were written on the rough edges of the frontier. * * * The city of Mexico was my Mecca; and San Francisco, to me, a marvel of magnificence and civilization.” We confess ourselves at a loss whether to take this as an apology for any defects he may feel himself conscious of, or as an American boast, since he is able to put forth his book of verses in London.

Mr. Miller is a curious compound of vigor and weakness. Some of his passages are strikingly fine, many of them absurdly puerile, and perhaps the majority of them simply commonplace. His style is Byronic, with a strong infusion of Swinburne, and a certain muscular strength and movement of his own.

He is apt to undertake more than he can honestly accomplish, and ruins some of his finest pages with grotesque flourishes, that are as false as they are unpoetic. Side by side, we find him at his best and worst. Let us have a taste of his quality, such as can be gained by dipping into his three hundred pages, wherever we chance to open. In the poem entitled "Arizonian," the hero throws himself upon the sand in rage, biting—

"The bitter white ashen sage,
That covers the desert like a coat of hair."

He is remarkably realistic :

"On the fringe of the night she stood, with her
pitcher,
At the old town-pump ; and oh ! passing fair.
* * * * *
I said to myself, with a hot heart-thump,
And stepped me nearer to the storm-stained pump,
As approaching a friend."

Mr. Miller pauses at no obstacle in the shape of metaphor, but carries all before him—

"The soul is stirred
Like a weary sea, when his hands are lifted,
Imploring peace."

The poem entitled "Californian" is immature, though the new poet can not entirely avoid a genuine outburst of melody from time to time. This couplet is so good, it is a pity he should have repeated it :

"I hear the hoarse-voiced cannon roar ;
The red-mouthed orators of war."

"Then silence deep was broken
By the thunder rolling far,
As gods muttering in anger,
Or the rumbling battle-car—
Red-mouthed orator of war."

Many of his figures are infelicitous :

"Then unto his mighty bosom,
Massive as a gate of brass,
Tenderly the warrior pressed her,
As if she were made of glass,
Low murmuring, 'Alas ! alas !'"

And again, a little farther on :

"His breast was like a gate of brass."

The poet sings of the "bristled sea," which is to us a new phenomenon in Nature. Again, he is attracted by an Indian girl in her canoe :

"And as she sat, her dimpled knee
Bent lithe as wand of willow-tree ;

So round and full, so rich and free,
That no one would have ever known
That it had either joint or bone."

This passage strikes us as being obscure :

"Lifting back the dark silk curtains
From the windows of her soul,
In the pulsing, wild uncertainties
That around the heart's rim roll."

The dramatic poem entitled "Ina" is a literary curiosity. We can conceive of nothing more rugged. It is not blank verse, neither is it as rhythmical as a Persian translation, and it lacks the dignity of prose composition. "Don Carlos" is a cynic of the deepest dye, who mouths horribly, and covers a few good things with a host of platitudes. We are inclined to quote his own words, and call all this

"A crucifixion of rhyme and reason,
With the sweet Christ-truth bleeding dead between
them !"

Here is the "Don" in his element :

"Give up ambition ! O, rather than die,
'And glide a lonely, nameless, shivering ghost
Down the dark tide of utter nothingness,
I'd snatch the last bank-bill a mother holds
To buy black bread to feed her starving babes,
And fire the homes that house a thousand orphans !
* * * * *
I'd dare the curses of omnipotent God !
I'd build a pyramid of the whitest skulls,
And step therefrom unto the spotted moon,
And thence to stars, thence to the central suns."

But enough of this. "Lucus" ridicules the "Don," and suggests that the following petition might be offered in behalf of "Carlos" and his kindred :

"God, put aside this world—show me another ;
God, this world is a cheat—hand down another !
I will not buy—not have it as a gift.
Put it aside and hand me down another,
Another, and another, still another,
Till I have tried the fairest world that hangs
Upon the walls and broad dome of your shop,
The finest one that has come from your hand ;
For I am proud of soul and regal born,
And will not have a cheap and cheating world."

The time may come when the *last, though he were the least*, of American poets will be ashamed of such lines as these. The heroine of this poem is scarcely more dignified, and certainly as unpoetical. She says :

"I stood alone and loveless between my child-mother
And the coarse-knotted knocks of the world's rough
corners,
Teeth skinn'd to the teeth in the fiercest face of it."

No doubt she knew what she was saying. She adds, upon learning of her unloved husband's death :

"So the old man is dead, and my heart's whole tattoo
Is a dance of glory and a deep delight."

It is possible that worse lines than these are printed, but we fortunately seldom meet with them. "Don Carlos" has a grotesque imagination, and sees with peculiar eyes. Hear him :

"The thin, sullen moon, pale-faced and crooked,
Like a half-starved kine, a most vicious heifer,
Is sliding down in all haste from heaven,
To gore in the flank of yon sleeping mountains."

And this of the grave :

"Furnished rooms for single gentlemen,
The narrow six-by-two where you will lie,
With cold blue nose pointing up to the grass,
Labeled and boxed, and ready all for shipment."

We feel like turning the "Don's" own words upon him :

"This poetry's not of the heart, but stomach ;
Not sentiment, but 'tis your indigestion
Disturbs the balance-wheel which rules your
brains."

The "Don" is sarcastic, of course :

"Woman has her tongue — arm'd to the teeth,"

"Men say, 'By pride the angels fell from heaven.'
By pride they reached a place from which to fall,"

A laudable ambition in any one.

"The gifted man is stooped and sallow-pale,
The ass stands six feet up of lovely flesh."

The poem entitled "With Walker in Niagara" is worthy of careful reading, and we feel that had Mr. Miller published but this one, his rank as poet would scarcely have been questioned. The imagery is profuse, and often gorgeous ; the lines are smooth and flowing. There are a few faults, probably the result of careless proof-reading, but the heartiness with which the theme is treated stamps Mr. Miller as a writer of vigorous and picturesque verse, who has not, as yet, his equal on the Pacific Coast. His Pegasus is fractious, and he frequently loses control of him, but there is fire enough, and probably confidence enough, to carry the poet whither he chooses. Of the poem on "Walker," the opening lines are the poorest ; then follow such lines as these :

"Men mighty-thewed as Samson was,
Dark-browed as kings in iron cast,
Broad-breasted as twin gates of brass,"

The brazen gates doing service for the third time.

"Far in the wildest quinine wood
We found a city old — so old,
Its very walls were turned to mold.
* * * * *
Let hearts be pure, and strong, and true ;
Let lips be luscious and blood-red ;
Let earth in gold be garmented,
And tented in her tent of blue ;
Let goodly rivers slide between
Their leaning willow walls of green ;
Let all this be filled of the sun,
And full of warm winds of the sea."

These are the deeper chords of the poet's harp, most seldom struck, but whose rich harmony lives, and his song is sad, but perfect, who sings :

"O Christ ! for the eloquent quiet !
For the final folding of hands !"

MY DISCONTENTED COUSIN. Boston : Roberts Brothers.

This is one of those rarities in literature, a good novelette. It is No. VIII. of the "Handy Volume Series," among which are *Edelweiss*, by Auerbach, and *German Tales*, by the same author ; which have elicited most favorable notice from the *Round Table*, *Nation*, and the *English Reviews*. It is a charmingly truthful sketch of English country-life, seen through a delicious atmosphere of blended humor and pathos. There is a crisp and sparkle in the style that delight and amuse. For instance : in his disquisition on Trout-fishing, when importuned to desist from so ruthless and cruel a recreation, he answers the humanitarian heresy after this wise :

"Confront me with my adversary ! Come out, you old, speckled hypocrite, from that deep, dark den, on the evil deeds of which no sunbeam ever shone. Nay, I have thee fast. Plunge not, wriggle not, jump not ! How sayest thou ? Tell me with thy dying gasp, when thy maw shall be opened by remorseless cooks, what shall be disclosed ? A coil of red worms, many May-flies, and O ! monster of the deep, a young trout, one of thine own family, the scarce-digested dainty on which thou didst dine. And pratest thou to me of humanity !"

The photographic *séance*, and the "Discourse on Music," are capitally told. The very best thing we can do, is, to send our readers to the book itself, that they may read and laugh for themselves.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

From A. Roman & Co., San Francisco:

- THE YOUNG MECHANIC. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.
 INA. By Katherine Valerio. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.
 LIGHT. By Jacob Abbott. Science for the Young Series. New York: Harper & Bros.
 COMMON SENSE IN THE HOUSEHOLD. By Marion Harland. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.
 WAKE-ROBIN. By John Burroughs. New York: Hurd & Houghton.
 A POET'S BAZAAR. By Hans Christian Andersen. New York: Hurd & Houghton.
 ADMETUS, AND OTHER POEMS. By Emma Lazarus. New York: Hurd & Houghton.
 TILL THE DOCTOR COMES; and how to help him. By George H. Hope, M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.
 WONDERS OF EUROPEAN ART. By Louis Viardot. New York: Chas. Scribner & Co.
 AT THE BACK OF THE NORTH WIND. By George MacDonald. London: Strahan & Co.
 MADAME THERESE; or, The Volunteers of '92. By MM. Erckmann-Chatrion. Translated from the French. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.
 THE CONSCRIPT: A Story of the French War of 1813. By MM. Erckmann-Chatrion. Translated from the French. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.
 THE BLOCKADE OF PHALSBURG: An Episode of the End of the Empire. Translated from the French of Erckmann-Chatrion. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.
 WATERLOO. Translated from the French of Erckmann-Chatrion. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.
 BLANCHE GILROY. A Girl's Story. By Mrs. Margaret Hosmer. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.
 THE FALL OF ENGLAND? The Battle of Dorking: Reminiscences of a Volunteer. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.
 THE LIFE OF HERNANDO CORTES. By Arthur Helps. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.
 THE HISTORY OF ROME. By Titus Livius. Literally translated, with notes and illustrations, by D. Spillan, A. M. New York: Harper & Bros.
 SOPHOCLES. New York: Harper & Bros.
 HER LORD AND MASTER. A novel. By Florence Marryatt. New York: Harper & Bros.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco:

- VERSATILITIES. By R. H. Newell ("Orpheus C. Kerr"). Boston: Lee & Shepard.
 MARRIED FOR BOTH WORLDS. By Mrs. A. E. Porter. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
 ADELA CATHCART. By George MacDonald. Boston: A. K. Loring.
 THE YOUNG DELIVERERS OF PLEASANT COVE. By Elijah Kellogg. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
 UP THE BALTIC. By William T. Adams (Oliver Optic). Boston: Lee & Shepard.
 PARALYSIS, AND OTHER AFFECTIONS OF THE NERVES: Their Cure by Vibratory and Special Movements. By George H. Taylor, M. D. New York: S. R. Wells.
 THOUGHTS FOR THE YOUNG MEN AND YOUNG WOMEN OF AMERICA. By L. U. Reavis. New York: S. R. Wells.
 THE WIFE OF A VAIN MAN. By Marie Sophie Schwartz. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
 THE EYE IN HEALTH AND DISEASE. By B. J. Jeffries, M. D. Boston: Alexander Moore.

Miscellaneous:

- SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BOSTON BOARD OF TRADE for the year ending January 11, 1871. By Hamilton Andrews Hill, Secretary.
 THE COTTAGE ON THE SHORE; or, Little Gwen's Story. New York: T. Whittaker, 2 Bible House.
 STRIFE. A Romance of Germany and Italy. By Mrs. E. D. Wallace. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.



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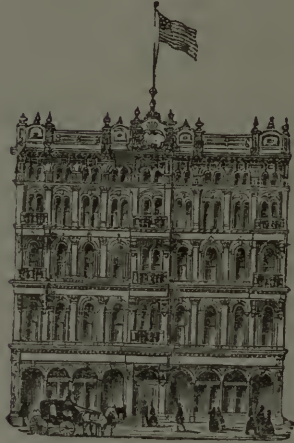
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No. 3.

THE

Overland Monthly

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SEPTEMBER, 1871.



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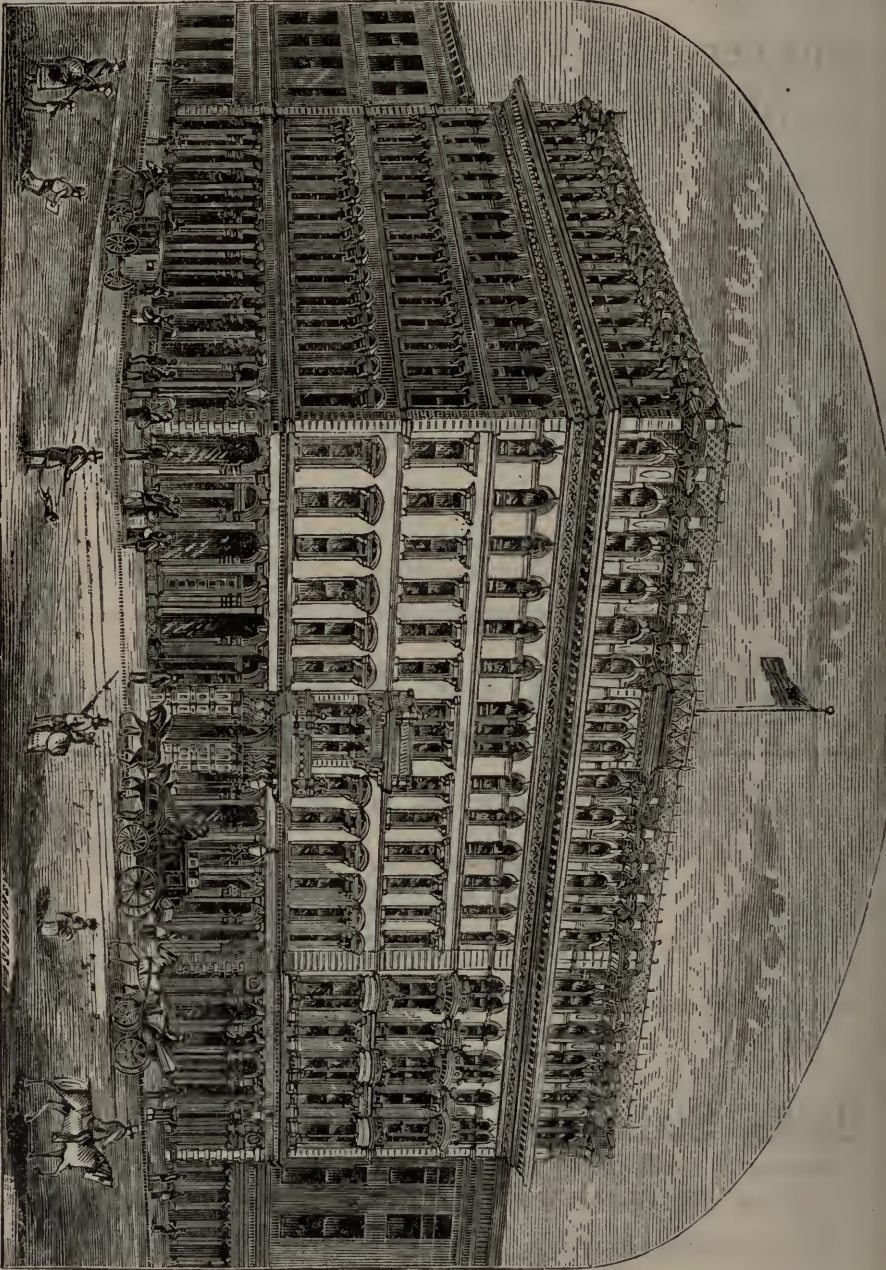
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THE
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THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

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CAPTAIN HALL'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

NOW that the Polar Expedition, under command of Captain Hall, has really started, the project and its intentions been fully made public, and the *furor* and excitement consequent on such departure to some extent abated, we may justly sit down and ask ourselves what results may reasonably be expected from this undertaking, and in what degree the intentions of Congress have been carried out. There are some people of such sanguine temperaments, that with them the wish becomes father to the thought, and of such large and brilliant expectations, that ordinary results are dwarfed by the vagaries of imagination, and pale in the light of stern reality. I propose, in this paper, to exhibit the enterprise as it leaves the United States, and the probable additions to our knowledge which we may expect the exploration to accomplish. I may be allowed to premise, that no one on this continent, except Doctor Hayes and myself, possesses the experience and information with which it is desirable to approach this matter. Such explanation may, per-

chance, not only give the greater weight to what is written, but also afford a reason why some of the views expressed differ so widely from those which generally obtain.

Since the discovery of the North-West Passage, in 1847, by Franklin, the only great geographical object to be accomplished in the Arctic regions has been to penetrate to the Pole itself; but scientific men have looked to the *entire* polar area as holding secrets which they have longed to find out, and as a depository of facts likely to throw light upon many of the *opprobria* which beset their every step. No enterprise which has left our shores exceeded this one in the opportunity for collecting a mass of information, and aggregating a series of observations of great value to the scientific world, and, consequently, to us as individuals generally; more moot questions in physical geography might be cleared up, more valuable *data* in magnetism gathered, more information concerning the movement of currents and operation of tides obtained, more facts concerning

the physical changes which have occurred since the Azoiic age collected, in the proposed three years' absence of this Expedition, than could be expected from any other portion of the globe, in thrice that amount of time. The entire scientific world longingly looks forward to the return of such an exploration, for the elucidation of many points which have been a puzzle and stumbling-block for years. It has gone forth to the world that the Government of the United States—not to be behindhand in scientific investigation, or coolly satisfied to yield such palm to either England or Germany—has generously appropriated \$100,000 for the purpose of equipping an expedition toward the North Pole, "the scientific work of which shall be prescribed by the National Academy of Sciences."

In all undertakings of vast importance, or for the achievement of great results, it is an absolute necessity that the leader be one who possesses an intimate acquaintance with every detail which may come under his direction, has afforded proof of considerable administrative faculty, and exhibits that personal force which will evoke boundless belief and unlimited enthusiasm among his followers. Moments will occur when the fate of the undertaking will rest on the sudden solving of some unforeseen difficulty—on the electric obedience of some command; and woe betide all concerned, if, in the hour of need, any of the above requirements be found wanting. He who has been called to the supreme command of the *Polaris*, has been an engraver by trade; his entire experience in navigation is founded on that gained by being twice a passenger on a whaleship to Davis Strait; his opportunity for exercising command has been that of being captain of a dog-sledge; his knowledge of science and its *desiderata*, limited to the reading of a vernier, and such smattering as he might gather from books; his leadership, such, that the

only time in which he used White Men on a sledge journey, it culminated in so-called mutiny and death. Unused to science and shipboard life, he can no more direct the navigation of the vessel than he can supervise a scientific man in his work. The commander of such an expedition should be one, who, while he may not be a specialist in all branches of the desired knowledge, yet possesses sufficient information of the requirements of the occasion, as to maintain a constant superintendence over each and every work undertaken. Captain Hall's only acquirements, so far as I know, are the possession of an indomitable energy, a boundless enthusiasm, and a capacity for uncivilization, and adapting himself to the savage life and surroundings of the Esquimaux; but energy can not take the place of experience, enthusiasm of knowledge, or savage adaptability of that personal magnetism which alone commands success. Perchance no White Man living has a greater experience of dog-sledging in a certain latitude than Hall; but he is unused to the peculiar character of the ice which prevails in the region where he proposes to travel. He has never been as far north as 70°; has never encountered such frightful cold as Kane met with, or surmounted such opposing obstacles as almost daunted that heroic explorer. Surrounded by Esquimaux whom he could trust, with well-trained and genuine Esquimau dogs, sledge traveling is easy at so low a latitude, compared with what may obtain when the hybrid dogs of Greenland only can be procured, and where main trust must be placed chiefly on White Men, and these latter altogether unaccustomed to such service, and that, too, at a temperature below zero of which one can scarcely conceive. Except Hall and Morton, I do not know of any one member of this Expedition who has ever driven a dog-sledge or dragged a tow-rope.

Buddington and Chester—the sailing-master and first-officer—have served their apprenticeship in whalers, and doubtless are well qualified for ice navigation; but Baffin Bay whalers are well known for want of accuracy in locating their positions, and for the looseness with which their logs are kept; so we can not expect geographical determinations from them. Their chief work will be, however, to navigate the ship safely into and through the ice, and place her in as advantageous a position as possible for sledge work; for this they are well suited. The question of latitude and longitude must be left to the astronomer.

Morton, the second-officer, is unfortunate in being foisted into this prominent position, at the particular wish of Hall. While I have every respect for him as a faithful adherent of Dr. Kane, as the man who made the famous discovery of “open water” on that expedition, and as a good *steward*, yet I do not recognize in any of these the proper fitness for the position which he now occupies. Sailors soon find out the qualifications of their superiors; and in this selection of a landsman for the berth of a sailor, I see the elements of discontent.

I am now brought to the scientific corps of the Expedition, which consists of a naturalist, a student, and an enlisted soldier. I cannot speak too highly of the Naturalist, Dr. Bessels, one who has earned a distinguished name in the first German expedition, as scientific director. Thoroughly up in his knowledge and competent for his work, bringing the experience gained in his previous voyage, matured now by reduction of his observations, and an intimate acquaintance with what is most desired in his own particular branches, he is the only one on board the *Polaris* who can make a deep-sea sounding, or can reliably register a deep-sea temperature. We may look for the fullest results from him

in all departments which come under his care, if proper aid be afforded him, and he be not thwarted in his undertakings. I use this last phrase pointedly, for Captain Hall expressed himself to the writer in these words: “*I do not care one cent for science; my object is to place my foot upon the Pole.*”

The gentleman who represents Physics and Astronomy is a graduated student of Lafayette College, class of 1870, whose practical experience has been that of *two weeks'* drilling in the Coast Survey, just prior to his departure, during which time he had to be put through a course of practical astronomy, magnetism, geodesy, and hydrography. The amount of all his available preliminary knowledge may be surmised, when it is stated that “he could not adjust a level, and needed to be told that a level required adjustment.” All the theoretical knowledge in the world will not avail Mr. Bryan in the Arctic regions, where even an observer's ordinary experience is at fault; where sights have to be taken at a temperature below the freezing of mercury; where every screw-head, or exposed piece of metal, has to be covered with leather; where the very act of breathing will so dim glasses that to descry any object accurately is almost impossible; where the ends of the bubble of an ordinary level will altogether disappear; where a sextant requires daily re-adjustment, from the unequal contraction of its different parts, through change of temperature; where the silvering of mirrors becomes cracked, and the slightest extra exposure of one's fingers results in a frost-bite. A well-trained assistant in the Coast Survey or Naval Observatory would be useless near the Pole, were he devoid of that adaptability or fitness which is solely gained by local experience, or by second nature. We do not envy Mr. Bryan his position: if the ardor which he can bring to bear upon his duty be at all commensurate with

the immense field for research, he will die, ere his return, of heart-break, or else give up entirely, in sheer despair. No position is so galling to a young and sanguine temperament, as to find on every hand difficulties staring one in the face, which are insurmountable through want of preliminary training. The work put in his charge would offer scope enough for the untiring energies of three professors.

A Sergeant of the Signal Corps is given the responsible berth of Meteorologist, and instruments of which he scarcely knows the names are furnished him for use and observation. He may be called an "expert" among his fellows; but what we want in this expedition is not a reader of divisions on a scale—not a flesh-and-blood registrar—but one who can leave the beaten path, who can make excursions out of the mere groove of "temperature of air and force of wind." Our libraries have thousands of pages of such observations. A good field requires a good husbandman, else no rich harvest of results. What experiments can we expect from an enlisted man, in "precipitation, aurora borealis, electricity, optical phenomena, ozone, conduction of sound, evaporation," etc.? The mere abstract record of the thermometer, showing a temperature of -60° F., is nothing in itself but an isolated fact; but if some competent observer were to note the changes that take place in ice, in the shape and aggregation of snow crystals, in the amount of protection afforded by snow to the frozen ground, in the peculiar formation and grouping of clouds, in the frequency and force of aurora, in the amount of evaporation from blocks of snow and ice, at such a low temperature, then results might accrue of great value to science, and large additions be made to our knowledge of "the world we live in." I sadly fear that I speak absolute truth when I say, that, in this geographical and scientific Expedition, there is no

practical astronomer, no competent meteorologist, no officer fitted to undertake the magnetic research, no one in whom lies sufficient knowledge to make a running survey or delineate a coast-line; that we may expect pendulum experiments as a heterogeneous mass of figures, sextant observations with no index error, moon culminations with an unknown quantity of personal equation, triangulations with 185° in angles, a dead reckoning out some thirty to sixty miles, paraselenæ with a radius of 27° , and a maximum westerly declination at midnight.

Some of its apologizers speak of this Expedition as not strictly scientific (*vide* Act of Congress), its main object being simple geographical discovery. Should, then, Captain Hall or any member of the exploration succeed in reaching the Pole, how will he know he is on it? how leave it? how prove to the scientific world that what he asserts is really so? With the very best of observers, and those most competent to take observations, the changes produced in a sextant by jarring on a dog-sledge, and the altering rates of a chronometer caused by varying temperature, will so multiply work and introduce shifting errors, that such an expert will be often at his wits' end in computing his work, and bringing out conformable results. In a matter of such *fine* importance, we seek for positive facts and reliable determinations; not like the point from which Morton saw his "open sea," which we can not locate within one hundred miles. The days are past for varnish and buncombe: geographers require simple facts. The published plan informs us, that, as the sledge-parties travel toward the Pole, in order to deposit provisions, and increase the extent of exploration, the number of sledges will gradually be diminished; so that we may expect the last one hundred miles or so to be accomplished by Hall and his dog-driver. Hall is not capable

of taking an observation for absolute position: how, then, will he be aware of having reached the spot where "the Pole Star will shine directly overhead, and the axis of the earth be under his feet," much less of proving it to the world?

A few words, only, in reference to the remaining members of the Expedition. With the exception of the Esquimaux, none—so far as we are aware—have any knowledge of Arctic traveling; neither are we told for what pre-eminent qualities they were individually selected. This we do know, that each sailor should have been most carefully chosen, and all should be well-trying men. It will be too late, when housed in for the winter, to find out incongruities and deficiencies. Physically, morally, and socially, each member of this Expedition should have been severely tested, for no ill-assorted marriage could be more productive of disastrous consequences, than will be a ship's company of untried, ill-adapted material. The introduction of even one fault-finding, quarrelsome element will leaven the whole mass. I told the Secretary of the Navy, before the Expedition sailed, that within one month there would be dissension; within six months, mutiny.*

Now let us look at the attempt itself to reach the North Pole—the route, the equipment, and probabilities of success. There are three entrances, or gateways, toward the Pole: one through Behring Strait, one by way of Spitzbergen, and the last through Smith Sound. Experience has shown the impracticability of the first and second, through the absence of any very northerly known land in which to winter the ship, and serve as a point of departure for sledges. Wrangel, Wilkes, and Kellett alike failed in their attempts from the shore-line of Siberia,

or Behring Strait, while Parry, in 1827 succeeded so well by way of Spitzbergen as not to be hitherto outdone. The rapid motion of the ice over which he traveled forced him to return after reaching $82^{\circ} 45'$, and this great success has tempted later explorers to follow his example. The two expeditions which sailed from Germany, while meeting with some good fortune, did not even approximate to this most northern point. The most of the living Arctic explorers, however, have for some time built their best hopes on the opening through Baffin Bay and Smith Sound. Kane, in his search for Sir John Franklin, attempted this route, and finding no traces of the lost expedition, endeavored to push as far to the north as possible with his limited means and appliances, and to him first do we owe the credit of at all coming near the high point reached by Parry. Dr. Hayes next added a few miles more northing, and at this date the farthest point arrived at by this route is $81^{\circ} 35'$, but land continuing still farther to 83° has been rudely delineated. Progress beyond Morton's or Hayes' farthest search was at the time stopped by the presence of open water; but how far north this extended is unknown—its southern shore forming a barrier to the progress of mere sledges. Had either party been supplied with boats and provisions, doubtless much more success would have attended their efforts. They have, however, demonstrated the existence of a land within 420 miles of the Pole, and from which at the worst a starting point might be made.

Personally, I do not think sufficient evidence has been brought before us to warrant the conclusion that an open Polar Sea exists; that open water spaces will be found, I am pretty certain, for wherever rapidity of current or shallowness of water obtains, there will the surface water be kept in such agitation that little or no ice will be formed at even

* Since writing the above, the telegraph informs us that Buddington, the sailing-master, dissatisfied with the internal economy of the Expedition, has resigned, and will be relieved at Disco.

the lowest temperature. In Bellôt Strait, 72°, which is one of the tidal connections between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and where there is a six-knot current either way, at a temperature of fifty degrees below zero I have seen "open water," which in extent expanded or contracted, corresponding to the rise or fall of the temperature. Penny, Belcher, Kane, and Hayes have noticed similar sheets of open water, while Wrangel was repeatedly foiled in the same way. I take it that such will be found of more or less extent throughout the entire remaining distance to the Pole, and that these, more than any thing else, will harass and present difficulties to the progress of the explorer, necessitating the use of boats for the transport of men and material.

It is an absolute statement with all Arctic explorers, that the prevailing wind and consequent ice-drift are from the north-west; that the *windward* side of all lands should be avoided. This was the fatal cause whereby Franklin's ships were beset and subsequently wrecked. Repudiating this well-known fact, Hall has determined to abandon the known route and certain shore-line of Smith Sound and Kennedy Channel, for the unknown difficulties of Jones Sound and the western shore of Ellesmere and Grinnell Lands. I can not conceive what has induced the choice of this course. Inglefield is the only authority for the condition of Jones Sound, and his further progress was stopped some sixty-five miles from the entrance. The trend even of the coast-line to the north, beyond Inglis Peak, is only guessed at, yet Hall announces that he purposes forcing an entrance through this opening, and hopes to secure winter-quarters for his vessel in eighty degrees on the west coast of Grinnell Land. If he succeeds in reaching eighty degrees, I would suggest that he push farther, and anchor over the Pole itself. I conjecture that

the chances are much against his finding Jones Sound open; more against the probability of forcing his ship through such a heavy ice-drift with safety even to seventy-eight degrees; and, most of all, against any considerable traveling being accomplished over an ice-foot which has been pressed up against the shore-line by such constant and violent westerly winds. It would be suicidal to press the ship into a living, heaving field of ice like that which exists in Belcher Channel; either sudden destruction would ensue, or else the ship, caught in the toils of the ice-pack, would drift helplessly out into Baffin Bay, as did De Haven from Wellington Channel. Fortunately for the existence, let alone success, of the Expedition, a barrier of ice off the entrance to Jones Sound may compel Hall to accept the opportunities of the old route of Kane and Hayes. I think if I were the commander of the *Polaris*, I should scarcely indulge the hope of rivaling Hayes—the condition of the ice is so doubtful that the ship will be fortunate even if it reach so high a latitude as Port Foulke, 78°. But if that latitude be gained, especially on the west side of Smith Sound, it would be wrong not to push the ship as far north as possible. Boats and provisions, for possible disaster or non-escape of ship, must necessarily be left at some convenient point near the entrance of Murchison Sound, so that the possibility of pressing the ship through Kennedy Channel, even into the water space of Morton and Hayes, should still be entertained, despite the chance of the ship not being able to return. Sledges can as safely bring the ship's company down from an extreme northern point to Murchison Sound as they can carry them toward the Pole.

Once winter-quarters be reached, and the ship securely housed in, attention will be directed to preparations for sledge traveling. The 1st of April is announced

as the day upon which the sledges will start on their journey toward the Pole. Each sledge is to be drawn by from twelve to fifteen dogs, and to carry two men with the necessary provisions. Five sledges are to start. If Hall expects to obtain seventy dogs on the coast of Greenland, he is most wonderfully mistaken. As it is, he will spend more valuable time than he can well spare in chaffering over some twenty or thirty dogs, and then ought to consider himself fortunate in obtaining so many; they are at all times scarce, never abundant, and the Greenland Esquimaux, even for money, will not rob themselves of their winter means of transportation and consequent livelihood. But I wonder at Hall electing to take Greenland dogs, against which he has the strongest prejudice. He writes of them: "Greenland dogs are comparatively worthless. I would give more for a team of dogs from either Repulse Bay, King William Land, or Ig-loo-lik, than for two dozen teams of the Greenland dogs. I am sure but few White Men know the full worth of true Esquimau dogs for sledge service. I say true Esquimau dogs, for Greenland dogs are not so. I am well aware that many, very many, of those who stand high as Arctic authorities will say I am wrong in placing so high a value upon the Esquimau dog. But it matters not if the whole civilized world be against me, or rather against my plans for reaching the northern extremity of the globe's axis, I have my own views, based upon hard-earned experience, and, thank Heaven, I have now the help of my country to carry these views out." Previous explorers have found the Greenland Esquimau dogs very useful, and I trust that Hall may have a good opportunity of finding out their worth, and of accomplishing what is in their power. Experience has also shown the northern explorers that April 1st is rather late for the commencement of sledge traveling.

As the season advances, the open water spaces before mentioned increase very considerably in size, and present greater obstacles to travel; the ice itself becomes honey-combed and "rotten," so that the dogs will not face it, much less make good time over it. The earlier the party leave the ship, compatible with a bearable low temperature, better the progress made, and fewer the mechanical hindrances met with.

To aid in his encounter with open water spaces, or as a means of transportation on the open Polar Sea, which he expects to find, Hall carries with him on the sledges two pontoon-boats—a light folding frame-work, square at the ends, and covered with canvas. This pontoon-boat will answer very well to cross a crack in the ice-floe, or for such like ferriage; but if he meets with water spaces other than cracks, he will absolutely require a light whale-boat. Hall relies upon these canvas boats, which for navigation I hold to be utterly useless. The ice at a water space does not present a sudden and bluff edge, which might be used as a wharf, but for some considerable distance is broken up into pieces, and intermixed with "sludge." The sledge can not travel over it, and a canvas-boat would be cut to pieces in it; the square bow lending an additional obstacle to progress through it. Hard work have I often seen and experienced in forcing a wooden boat through such a mixture—broken oars and half-swamped boat telling the tale of our woes. I am afraid to picture the frightful disaster which must follow if Hall come across some considerable open sea on which he will launch his fragile boat with its living freight of men and dogs; and yet it is the only means which he intends to employ.

And, finally, the departure of the *Polaris* being delayed so late as the 1st of July, will result, I fear, in the loss of the first winter. Were the Expedition to

sail direct for Melville Bay, the lateness of the season would engender fears for a successful passage of that ice; but Captain Hall purposes visiting St. Johns, Holsteinborg, Godhavn, Proven, and Upernavik before he will address himself to the difficult commencement of his work. No previous expedition has left so late with so much intermediate work before it. The expedition in which I sailed left the same day, and was caught in the ice of Melville Bay, and drifted all winter helplessly in the pack. Kane left New York, May 30th, and was off Upernavik, July 17th. Belcher left England, April 21st, and was off Cape Dudley Digges, July 31st. Even Hayes was off Upernavik, August 12th, and crossed Melville Bay in the unprecedented short time of fifty-five hours. In our second year we were off Upernavik, May 31st, and passed Cape York, June 30th. Kane got into winter-quarters August 30th, by which time, I fear, the *Polaris* will not have crossed Melville Bay. It would have been advisable for the expedition to have left these shores by the 20th of May. Like a terrier at a rat-hole, the Arctic explorer has to be ready on the spot, biding his time, prepared to accept the fortunate moment. It will be thus seen why I dread a useless first winter, even if the ship be not so unfortunate as to rival the De Haven or McClintock drift.

Every opinion expressed or view advocated in this paper has been personally communicated to Hall. I do not understand that the Academy of Sciences has taken that active part in this undertaking which the Act of Congress called for; nor yet did I notice any of that zealous and hearty co-operation on the part of the Scientific Bureaus in Washington which might have been expected. Much, if not all, of this lukewarmness was consequent upon the selection of the leader, and the resultant sacrificing of the positive advantage of scientific research to a vain-glorious attempt to flaunt the Stars and Stripes upon the most northern part of the globe. Congress must have granted this large sum of money merely to carry out individual Quixotism. If it did purpose a return of large scientific results, in the name of science, on behalf of my brother scientists, and jealous of the American name, I protest against such a statement going out to the world. The expedition just started is not a scientific expedition; it is not a geographical expedition; not the "United States Exploring Expedition toward the North Pole," as it has been somewhat grandiloquently named; but simply what the newspapers have for some time been terming it—what the leader himself has been wont to speak of it—CAPTAIN HALL'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

THE PARKS OF LONDON.

IT is an apt and significant brevity that describes Green Park, St. James' Park, and Hyde Park as "The lungs of London." Albert Park, containing three hundred acres of ground, Victoria Park, containing two hundred and ninety acres, and Regent's Park, of four hundred and three acres, might be

correctly enough included among the breathing-places of the three-million metropolis; but they are newer, are situated more remotely from the great centre, and lack historical associations. In cockney phrase, they are "out of town." Poor dwelling-houses surround them, cabs and hackney-coaches may drive

through them, and, with the exception of the last-named, which contains the Zoölogical Collection and the Botanical Gardens, they present fewer attractions for visitors. It is with the *old* recreation spots of the Great Babylon—situated in its “West End,” connected in the memory of citizens with ancient customs and events, familiar in their names to vernacular English speakers all over the world, and made memorable by the personages who frequented them—that our sketch has to do. Hyde Park, St. James’ Park, and Green Park are the true lungs of London.

Hyde Park is the oldest and largest. It dates back five hundred years, and contains more than four hundred acres. Its physiology may in a good part be comprised in the history of a single summer’s day; which history, if it is imaginary as a whole, shall be true in all its details.

It has just struck five, on the cloudless morning of a July day. Of the three millions and a half of the population of London, nine-tenths are fast asleep in their beds, but the sun, nevertheless, is flashing his level beams abroad. The birds are twittering fussily, while darting hither and thither in search of worms for their greedy young, and the sheep and cattle are cropping the succulent greensward with a look of drowsy content. For human beings, there are only the sentry, standing at the barracks yonder, and the policeman, plodding on his beat. But before the hundreds of chimes, led by “Big Tom of Westminster,” peal out their six-o’clock matins, the solitude of the Park begins to be invaded by advancing forms that dot the landscape. These are the early risers, some in search of health, some on the wing for business, and a round number, as their convergence toward the Serpentine shows, bent on a plunge into its pellucid waters. Of this last fraternity the majority are boys, who come leaping, bounding, and

hallooing to the banks. Before the music of the striking clocks has died on the air, the river’s edge for half a mile is draped with left-off garments, and a thousand heads are ducking under the splashing waters. At seven the bathing ends, not to be resumed until the same hour in the evening, when an indulgence of two hours is granted. During these three bathing-hours, of a sultry day, more than ninety thousand men and boys have been known to avail themselves of the privilege, and, in fact, the average bathers daily, during the dog-days, are nearly thirty thousand.

The swimmers are succeeded by mechanics, on the way to their work; these by tradesmen and clerks, bound cityward, and these by nursery-maids and their charges. Then follow gentlemen in easy circumstances, whose breakfast is at eleven, and who talk of “rising with the lark,” when they turn out of bed by nine. Among these are the *bons vivants*, who identify health with a vigorous appetite, and who wander abroad in dressing-gowns and slippers, in search of that grand *desideratum*. A few ladies are abroad, strolling leisurely over the grass; a few equestrians, each with his smug groom twenty paces in the rear, are trotting over the ring; a few misses, with their riding-masters, are taking lessons in leaping two and three bars, and a few many-buttoned pages, tethered by silken bonds to poodles and spaniels, are giving them the air and exercise prescribed by titled physicians.

At the hour of noon, Hyde Park is particularly pleasant. Its four hundred acres, added to the three hundred and fifty more of Kensington Gardens, from which it is separated by a railing only, afford space enough to escape the din of the streets. The breeze from the west brings balm on its wings. Looking east and south, the countless towers of London rise like far-off pillars in the hazy atmosphere; while, turning to the west,

the groves of Kensington, deepened by distance to tints of dark blue, seem like the outskirts of an American forest. Some fine old English oaks vary the surface of the meadows, here and there. Then, the tasteful stone bridges that span the waters, the *cottages ornés* for rangers and keepers, the winding river; the lordly mansions east, north, and south; the old brick palace of Kensington, where the Queen was reared, flanked on one side by the new Botanical Gardens and on the other by Holland House; and the parterres and inclosures, gardens and flowering hedge-rows, streams and artificial lakes, distant views and hemmed-in vistas, make up a panorama exceedingly unique and wonderfully beautiful. As the day advances, the wide space becomes populous and animated: loungers and holiday-makers are abroad; men out of work stroll about, to dissipate their weary hours; bearded foreigners wander under the trees and along the water's edge; and the Park being a convenient thoroughfare, thousands cross it in all directions, in the prosecution of their business.

On an early summer's afternoon Hyde Park is not only a favorite promenade, but a splendid play-ground. It then belongs exclusively to the people, and all sorts enjoy it without stint. There are cricketers, foot-ballers, kite-flyers, racers, leap-froggers, and archers; anglers on the banks, and rowers on the bosom, of the Serpentine; trundlers of hoops and riders of velocipedes along the smooth graveled avenues; and games of "Aunt Sally," "I spy," and "Touch the goal" among the trees. From these, by an inevitable law of custom, the Park succeeds about five o'clock to the gentry and nobility. For two hours it now becomes what the Corso is to Rome, the Prater to Vienna, and what the Avenue de Neuilly used to be to Paris. Standing at the Marble Arch, the spectator sees a procession of carriages, such as

no other part of the world can boast. In the course of a single hour he may look face to face upon the *élite* of birth, rank, and fashion of the United Kingdom. During the season the aristocracy are all in London, and they parade themselves before one another and the public in the rides and drives of Hyde Park from five to seven every day. The place is then their own. At the entrances, equestrians and charioteers are mingled together; but on arriving at the junction of Queen's Drive and Rotten Row, a division takes place. The first, several miles in extent, is set apart for carriages; the second for equestrians. Does the onlooker ask who are all these? "Debrett's Peerage" and "Burke's Landed Gentry" will tell, each in a thousand pages of closest print. They are the proprietors of the soil of all England; they carry the land of three kingdoms in their title deeds; they possess the earth which others subdue and till.

Rotten Row, more than a mile and a half in length, is now one vast cavalcade. Mark the breed of the horses, and their rare mettle and docility! See how fearlessly those young girls ride; note the graceful sweep of their long robes; admire the bloom on their cheeks, and listen to their laughter as they match their steeds against each other at full speed, while a crowd of followers join in the chase! Suddenly a change comes. "The Queen!" is whispered from rider to rider. Horses are drawn up. The centre is cleared. Hats are raised. Ladies' heads are bowed gracefully. And her Majesty, attended perhaps by the Prince of Wales, perhaps by the Duke of Cambridge, and followed at a distance by a lady and gentleman, ambles swiftly by on a white courser toward Kensington. As they pass the brilliant crowd closes up, and all goes on as before.

But wealth, aristocracy, and royalty are not all that may be seen at Rotten Row from five o'clock to seven. Ex-

tremes meet. Wherever the magnates assemble, the miserables are sure to assemble too. They are here to-day in thousands, scattered along the route outside the railings, peering through the bars, looking dreamily on—starved spectators of a banquet in which they have no share. Men whom three-score years of labor have entitled to the parish dole of a quarter-loaf a week; tattered girls of ten and twelve years old, who never knew the luxury of a full meal; outcast foster children, emigrants from the country, gaunt beggars, and scores of penniless waifs, who, unable to extricate themselves from the fangs of want, come nevertheless to gaze on that which must serve to sting them with keener pangs! They gain nothing. Alms are not doled out in Rotten Row. Penury forms here no link with pleasure. If you ask why they crowd the spot, day after day and year after year, ask also why moths flutter around the flame!

It is astonishing to note the celerity and regularity with which the throng of England's nobility vanishes from the scene of its disport and display about the hour of seven. It would seem as if they all heard the summons of the dinner-bell at the same moment, and had unanimously obeyed the call. By dusk Rotten Row is deserted. If a few carriages yet linger in the drives, one may be certain they belong to *parvenus*, who have been vulgar enough to dine before coming out. The Park, however, is still populous. Thousands of laborers, whose day's work is ended, troops of boys, whole families of the middle-classes, legions of children with their mothers, released clerks, artists, students, and a host of idlers, to whom the blue sky and green grass, the whisperings of foliage and murmuring of waters are sources of pleasure, find in this cherished spot, now that fashion has departed, elements of enjoyment which the country is too distant to afford. When the sun sinks be-

hind the dark trees of Kensington, however, the children disappear, and the crowd gradually disperses—all but the bathers, who now again flock to the banks of the Serpentine, where the plunging of the morning is repeated long after the stars have begun to twinkle in the vault above.

It has been stated that Hyde Park contains more than four hundred acres. To these should be added the three hundred and fifty more of Kensington Gardens, which, once belonging to the Park, and alike now accessible to the public, make an area of nearly eight hundred acres, within a single inclosure, devoted to the health and pleasure of the people. In fact, until the reign of Henry VIII., who converted the grounds into a park where deer were kept and hunted, both Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park constituted one manor, which belonged to the monastery of St. Peter. In succeeding reigns it became the scene for military spectacles and royal sports. During the civil war, it was the camp of the Commonwealth's troops. Here Lambert pitched his tent, and Cromwell reviewed his Ironsides. It was here that Syndercombe and Cecil lay in wait to assassinate the Protector. Grammont, in the reign of Charles II., describes Hyde Park as the rendezvous of all "who had sparkling eyes or a splendid equipage," and Pepys, with his pretty wife, often "ate a cheese-cake at the lodge, and drank a tankard of milk." For the last two hundred years, it has been what it is to-day, the most favorite resort in London for all classes of the people.

Passing out of Hyde Park through Albert Gate, and crossing Piccadilly—a street whose name defies philologists—under the shadow of Apsley House, Green Park is entered beneath a triumphal arch, surmounted by a colossal statue of the Duke of Wellington. Green Park is the connecting link of sixty acres

between Hyde Park and St. James' Park—a space of ground available for exercise and recreation, but nowise remarkable for cultivation. On its east side stands a row of the noblest mansions in London. Stafford House—the town residence of the Duke of Sutherland—is one of the most remarkable, its interior resembling a Genoese palace. The collection of works of art assembled in this mansion—statues, gems, porcelain, and paintings—is of almost fabulous value, but never open to the people.

On the south side of Green Park, running from Buckingham Palace to Hyde Park corner, is Constitution Hill—almost the only elevation of note within the metropolis. In former times it was called "The King's Coachway." Charles II., however, was fond of traversing it on foot and alone. Meeting his brother James early one morning, the latter remonstrated with the King upon the danger he ran in walking abroad without a guard. "No kind of danger whatever, James," was the reply; "no man in England will take away my life to make you King"—a response as keen as it was characteristic. In the early part of Queen Victoria's reign, Constitution Hill became notorious for attempts made along its rather secluded drive upon the life of the young monarch. In June, 1840, the madman, Oxford, fired a pistol at her Majesty as she was taking her airing here—an outrage repeated at the same place by Francis, two years after, and a third time, in 1849, by an idiot named Hill. Here the old Duchess of Marlboro' refused to salute Queen Anne; here, along the secluded walks, the gossiping Pepys overheard the merry monarch making love to Nell Gwynne, "that impudent comedian;" and here, in consequence of a fall from his horse, England lost, in 1850, her greatest statesman, Sir Robert Peel.

Still advancing toward the east, leaving Buckingham Palace on the right and

the dungeon keeps and castellated towers of St. James' Palace on the left, St. James' Park is reached—an inclosure comprising only four-score acres, but which, for grandeur of trees and beauty of landscapes, diversity of walks and architectural glory of surroundings, together with its variety of exotic shrubbery and collection of rare birds and water-fowls, is probably unsurpassed in the world. It is not easy to imagine a more delicious retreat than this park presents in the full glory of summer. To pass in five minutes from the crush of the Strand and the din of Charing Cross into an arcadian inclosure, rich in grassy lawns and flowering shrubs, winding walks and arabesque parterres, is a luxury the London citizens neither forget nor despise. It is a domain of stillness and repose as well, and hence refreshes the mind while it pleases the senses. Masses of foliage shut out the haze and smoke of the city; overhanging trees, whose dense green forms are glassed in transparent waters, afford along the banks and on the islets of the lake the most perfect of shades; winding mazes amid a wilderness of flowering plants, Swiss cottages between which and the shore are flung arched bridges of marvelous grace and beauty, and dark-green fens of stately flags and other aquatic plants, in the midst of which numerous birds are sailing with their young, appear on every side, while between embowering vistas the finest architecture in the world terminates the perspective.

In the reign of Henry VIII., St. James' Park was a swamp in the rear of St. James' Hospital. That bluff monarch converted the hospital into a palace, and the marsh into a pleasure-ground. During subsequent reigns, it was used as a nursery for deer and partly for a tilting-ground. Charles I. made it the site of a royal managerie, and began planting trees. The council of the Commonwealth,

after demolishing the King's houses, proposed to cut down the royal trees, "that no footsteps of monarchy might remain unviolated"—a proposal which was not, however, carried into execution. Charles II. enlarged the park, and had it planted by the celebrated Le Notre. In Evelyn's diary there is a record of the progress of the works from 1660 to 1663. It was within that period that the canal was dug and the ornamental water led in; the walks and drives, rides and mall, laid out; the borders lined with trees, and the lake stocked with fish and aquatic fowl. It was here, in the winter of 1662-3, that the returned royalists exhibited feats of skating they had learned during their exile—that amusement being then first introduced into England. It was in the park of St. James that Charles II. gained much of that popularity which he always retained among the middle classes. At early morning, feeding his fowls; late in the evening, swimming his dogs; at midday, with his courtiers, playing at mall; or in the gloaming, wooing "Mrs. Nellie," or caressing the Duchess of Cleveland; he made the park a legal sanctuary in which no process could be served nor arrest made, no seditious language used nor passage-at-arms permitted. Though the whole aspect of St. James' Park has been changed since those days—evergreens substituted for trees and flower-beds for formal paths—Rosamond's Pond, the old solace for disappointed lovers, converted into a lawn of velvet green-sward, and the terraced slope from Pall Mall supplanted by a grand stairway and an imposing column—the old names of the walks and playgrounds of the seventeenth century still hold their own. Spring Gardens and Carleton Walk, Nellie's Cove and James' Retreat, are as well known to leisure-seekers now as they once were to the Court ladies of the Restoration. Crane Corner points out the place where the kind-hearted monarch rescued his

favorite bird from the hold of a hound, and Bird-Cage Avenue, where the road was lined with aviaries of his numerous pets.

After Charles II., St. James' Park fell into royal disfavor. Though it continued for several generations to be a favorite promenade for the upper classes, fashion gradually abandoned it to the citizens. Hyde Park, with its greater capacities and more remote situation, succeeded it as the resort of the gentry. Though almost every sovereign for two hundred years has added to its improvements, its use has long been monopolized by the middle and lower classes. Queen Caroline alone wanted to shut the people out, and consulted Walpole as to the cost of converting it into a royal garden. "Only three crowns, your Majesty," replied the caustic minister. It was too much. The people rarely yield in England what they have once obtained. To preserve its right of way, the Temple shuts its garden-gates one day of every year. Temple Bar belongs to the city, and not to the Crown: the monarch of all the millions who thread its portals every week-day—only the monarch—may not pass beneath its arch without demanding the keys from the Lord Mayor. When Halifax shut off the foot-path, used for centuries, across Hampton domain, Timothy Bennet, a cobbler, forced him to open it by a suit at law. So Queen Caroline forbore to provoke a rebellion of the people by appropriating St. James' Park. The right of wandering at their own will in this wilderness of beauty is sacred to Londoners. From early morning to long past midnight—for the gates, though guarded by the police, are never closed—people lounge on the seats, stroll by the water-side, and regale themselves under the branches of the wide-spreading cedars. Soon after day-break of a summer's day, there is nothing in all the metropolis that can compare with it in

beauty. The air is filled with the fragrance of flowers; crimson roses in flush clusters rise in pyramids, like sentinels guarding the paths; dense groves of rhododendrons—their broad blossoms of yellow, pink, and purple intermingling like the stars of a shower of rockets—dazzle the eyes; delicate creepers, trailing their filmy flowers, wind spirally from branch to branch, drooping their bell-shaped cups toward the soil, or unfolding their petals to the sky; and the tended beds are carpeted with the myriad flowers, of all hues, that owe allegiance to the sun, from blood-red peonies in pyramidal piles to the blue-eyed forget-me-nots that twinkle in the grass. If to this are added songs of birds, the various calls to their young of aquatic fowls, and the soothing drip of the fountains, the reader will understand why St. James' Park seems to the London citizen hardly less than an earthly paradise.

The reminiscences connected with this delightful spot, embrace many important facts of English history. Charles I. crossed this park on his way to execution at Whitehall, on the fatal 30th of January, 1649, and on his route pointed out a tree planted by his brother, Prince Henry. It was here that Cromwell consulted Whitelock on the policy of making himself King, and met with the rebuff he never forgave. Charles II., while walking in the Mall, received the first intimation of the pretended Popish plot of the infamous Oates. Of late years, though the heroic days of the park are gone, there are constantly occurring jubilant incidents which connect it with royalty. Salutes are fired here on days of public rejoicing; grand military shows are held on the parade-ground which flanks its eastern limit; and whenever the Queen goes to Parliament, it is along the Mall that the brilliant *cortège* leisurely advances, amid shouts and cheers of admiring subjects.

Memories of other sorts are awakened by glimpses of architecture which are caught now and then between the vistas of the trees, turn to what point of the compass the visitor may. There are the grand towers of the Houses of Parliament, and the gray-grown walls and buttresses of Westminster Abbey, on one side, and the imposing front of Buckingham Palace on the other. The palace of St. James rears on the north its moss-covered turrets and dingy *façade*; Marlborough House, whose annals are yet to be written, and Carleton House, whose orgies, pray heaven, never may be, keeping it company; and on the south stands the house of John Milton, associated with the memories not only of the great poet, but of Swift and Goldsmith, Prior and Jeremy Bentham, Hazlitt and Haydon, Charles Lamb and his poor sister. To these may be added the towering memorial to the Duke of York; the palatial club-houses in Pall Mall; the gorgeous monument of the heroes of the Crimean War, and the princely mansions of Regent Street, as it ascends to where Piccadilly debouches into the Quadrant.

Besides the six parks that have been named in this article as within the boundaries of the great metropolis, there are Primrose Hill and Hampstead Heath, two spots widely different, in belongings and outworks, from each other and from all the rest, which are also sacredly preserved for exercise and recreation. The former is the arcadia of the genuine Cockney—the man who was born, grew up, and has always lived, within the sound of Bow Bells; the latter, of the west end middle class, who are seeking pure air for themselves or their children, and whose avocations or purses do not permit a more extended journey. The former is almost treeless; the latter is thick in parts with pines of stunted growth. Primrose Hill invites the city maidens to pluck wild flowers on May-day; Hampstead Heath offers to boys and girls, roist-

ering undergraduates and hoiden school-girls, all the romping delights of the country, without its distance. Both Primrose Hill and Hampstead Heath are in a state of nature, neither walks nor drives, streams nor fountains, flowering shrubs nor tended gardens, lending either of them their attractions. And yet, perhaps from their very baldness of all cultivation, perhaps from the contrast they present to the parks and squares of the metropolis, they are spots during the warm season of great and constant resort. Including these, the breathing-places of London comprise more than five thousand acres of ground.

The English are said to be a plodding race, in comparison with the Italians and French, or even the Germans. I doubt it. Without the thriftlessness of the first, the frivolity of the second, or the enthusiasm of the last of these nations, the English people—from peers in their shooting-grounds, to peasants at their skittles—seem to me to understand the true philosophy of living. What we Americans fail to comprehend, they seem to know by intuition—the luxury of

leisure hours. Enter the grassy shades of the most remote London park on any summer's day, and the universal splashing sound of falling water will be deadened and the rural loveliness of the scene forgotten at once by the hum and prattle, and laughter and shouts, of children; by the sudden gleams of white dresses and flying maidens; by tablecloths spread in quiet nooks, and loaded with viands and potables; by a good-humored, round-faced dame presiding at the repast; and by the unmistakable London citizen,

"Of credit and renown,"

seated, with eyes half closed, and back against a tree, enjoying the rare and exquisite delight of doing nothing. This agreeable party presents but an isolated specimen of what is going on in from fifty to a hundred other places within the inclosure. You hear everywhere echoes of laughter and shouts of glee. You see everywhere life let out of school. And not Germans in their beer-gardens, nor Frenchmen hob-nobbing at social tea-drinking on the Boulevards, nor Italians at festival or carnival, enjoy life more.

AN ORNITHOLOGIST IN MEXICO.

ON the 19th of November, we set sail, in the bark *Carlotta*, from Mazatlan for Guaymas. With a light southerly wind, or land-breeze, we gradually lost the shores of Sinaloa below the horizon, and by sunset our prow was fairly directed up the Gulf of California. Our course was uninterrupted for two or three days, with a fair but light southerly breeze, when we encountered the strong head-winds from the north-west, which at this season of the year prevail, sweeping at times furiously down the gulf. A strong current is created by this wind, retarding, to some extent, the progress

of vessels bound up the gulf. During the rainy season, which is in the summer months, the winds are from the south, as also the currents.

In the month of May, 1858, while I was on a passage, in the schooner *Genova*, to San Blas from San Francisco, in latitude about 28° north, and longitude 115° west, off the west coast of Lower California, I threw overboard some bottles containing notes, with directions to the finder of any of them to send the same to San Francisco. The following season one of these bottles was picked up at the mouth of Culiacan River, some

distance up the gulf, on the southern shore. The bottle was transmitted as requested, with a note of the locality, etc., where it was found; thus indicating the direction of the current southward, until the summer gales change it to the northward, or up the gulf.

These currents, however, are of but slight consideration, and the winter winds, which are like the north-west winds on the coast of Upper California in the summer, are not regarded with any great degree of anxiety by mariners. During two or three days after leaving Mazatlan, we occasionally came in sight of the land on the southern side of the gulf, the shores of which are low and sandy, and the water shoal for some distance out.

On the morning of the 23d, no land being in sight, we were visited by a land-bird of the owl species: the small, burrowing owl (*Athene hypogea*, Bonap.), which is common in California and other portions of western North America, and generally found living in the deserted burrows of ground-squirrels. The wind being fresh from the north-west, it was probably blown from the coast of Lower California. The poor little fellow was completely exhausted when he reached our vessel, where he remained in the rigging for two days, occasionally making excursions in quest of land, and again returning, until at last he was captured by one of the crew, and was soon placed among my collection of specimens. A mocking-bird (*Mimus polyglottus*, Boie.) also visited us in the same distressed condition: he, too, was captured and caged. It is not strange that any little incident of this kind should awaken feelings of interest within us, while in the dreary solitudes of the ocean.

On the 25th, the monotony of our sea-life was considerably enlivened, as we found ourselves sailing, with a fine breeze, among the islands adjacent the coast of Lower California. The islands of Es-

piritu Santo (Holy Ghost), San José, Santa Cruz, and other lesser saints too numerous to mention, present a picturesque appearance when seen from a distance; but upon nearer inspection, they prove to be forbidding in aspect, destitute of water or vegetation, and exceedingly rugged and rocky. Some of them have needle-like peaks penetrating the clouds.

The next morning was calm and beautiful; the air balmy, soft, and refreshing; the sea as smooth as a mirror; and what is worthy of remark, there was not the least perceptible swell or heaving of the waters. When down in the cabin, one could scarcely realize being on board a vessel at sea. Westward of us, we saw the island of Catalina, and the larger one of Carmen, with their sharp and rugged outlines rising from the bosom of the quiet sea like phantoms of the deep. The island of Carmen contains great quantities of salt, crystallized by the evaporation of salt water, which inundates, at high tide, some shallow lagoons existing upon it. Considerable quantities of this salt are shipped to San Francisco. Similar deposits are also found on the islands of the Tres Marias, off the coast of San Blas, and also near the mouth of the Yaqui River, in Sonora.

At the approach of sunset, the distant islands and peaks of the main-land assumed various strange shapes, caused by aerial refraction; and soon the sun bade us adieu, sinking behind the sharp peaks of Lower California, leaving in his train the gorgeous splendor of red, purple, and violet-tinted clouds in the west.

On the night of the 30th, a heavy shower of rain fell, accompanied by a squall, which lasted only a few moments. Rain is said to be of very unusual occurrence this season of the year, in and about Guaymas. The following morning we were in sight of the port, which is well indicated from afar by a very con-

spicuous landmark, called "Tetas de Cabra" (teats of a goat)—two conical-shaped rocks crowning the summit of a hill, a short distance north of the entrance of the port, not unlike in form what their name implies. In a few hours more we passed the island, which lies in the entrance, and with a gentle breeze sailed majestically into the smooth waters of the bay. It is completely landlocked, and resembles a placid little lake, surrounded by hills. Our vessel discharged her cargo alongside the small mole, there being no commotion whatever in the water, and no danger of a ship thumping against the rocks.

The city of Guaymas, which is situated at the head of the bay, does not present a very inviting appearance. As we enter the bay, the town reminds one of a very extensive brick-yard, and the delusion is considerably augmented by the reddish color of the barren, rocky hills which surround the bay and city; besides, the uniform, flat, and uncouth look of the houses, with but little regard to architecture, when seen at a distance is not unlike an accumulation of brick-kilns. But doubtless this style of building is best adapted to a climate, which, during the summer months, is excessively hot; and, as I was informed, at that season the hot winds from the barren country of the interior rush through the only gap of the mountains, like the heated air from the blasts of a furnace. It is then that the thick walls of their houses, with closed doors, enable the inhabitants to breathe, and upon their flat roofs to sleep at night. The surface of the hills around the city is exceedingly barren, and completely destitute of vegetation, save the eternal cactus, which grows in clumps among the rocks. The town is not embellished with a single tree; the eye seeks in vain for those beautiful palms that ornament nearly all the tropical towns on the sea-coast. The rear of the city is overhung by a reddish-col-

ored mountain, which seems to dispute the small space of ground upon which the city is built, and appears to crowd it into the bay. After a copious shower of rain which had fallen the night previous, the atmosphere was rendered fresh and delightful; indeed, I do not remember of ever having breathed an air so pure, or beheld a sky so clearly blue. The purity of the climate is exhibited in the healthy appearance of the people.

I was shown the grave of the unfortunate Count Boulbon, which lies neglected, without a stone to mark the spot, within the walls of the cemetery. This burying-ground is situated immediately on the shore of the bay, about half a mile from town. The hulk of the vessel, which carried the Count and his followers to Guaymas, lies near the shore, not far from the spot where he is buried, a sad monument of that disastrous expedition. The fate of the filibustering expedition—which was mainly fitted out in San Francisco, California, headed by the French Count de Boulbon, and sailed for Lower California and Guaymas, about the year 1850—is too well known to the public for an account of it here. The reckless adventure proved an entire failure; and the Count and some of his officers, after having been taken prisoners, were publicly shot in the Plaza of Guaymas.

In my excursions in the vicinity of Guaymas, I found but few land-birds, but farther in the interior the ornithology is much more interesting. The facilities for traveling in the interior are none of the best, and it is very unsafe to go alone; consequently, my explorations were limited. There is a good stage-road to Hermosilla, comparatively safe; but even here the stages are often robbed, and the passengers ill-treated. That Sonora possesses a fine climate, no one can dispute; that it abounds in extraordinary mineral wealth is undoubtedly true; that there are many beautiful valleys and plains, and large tracts of ara-

ble lands, is a well-established fact, in which our American explorers have all agreed.

There is a vast country in the north-eastern part of Sonora as yet but little known. It is the home of the revengeful Apache: there he reigns supreme and unconquered, and from thence he makes frequent incursions upon the frontier settlements, murdering the inhabitants and running off their cattle. These are old and well-known facts, and the depredations are continued to the present day, with that cunning and savage brutality which make the name of Apache a terror to the Mexicans. The country can never be civilized, the mines can not be worked, nor the farms cultivated, until the untamable Apache is exterminated.

There is no fresh water in Guaymas; the wells are brackish; consequently, the water used is brought in cowhide bags, thrown across the backs of donkeys, from a distance of three leagues. The water is carried around in this manner to the dwellings, and sold by the *cantina*, or jar. A cow's-horn, being stuck in one corner of the bag, acts as a faucet. This primitive and novel way of carrying water strikes a "*gringo*" as presenting a very ludicrous appearance.

At length the day arrived for our departure. We were ready and on board by 5 P.M. The air was calm, and the evening beautiful. The last rays of the departing sun were reflected from the surrounding hills, and seemed to lend a roseate tint to the smooth waters of the bay. I was admiring the scene, when suddenly the sweet sounds of music arose from the shore. It was soon announced on board that we were about to be treated to a visit from Governor Pesquiera and suite. Three or four boats were pulling slowly off from shore toward us, crowded with the red uniforms of the soldiers and musicians. The scene, which was picturesque and imposing, was rendered the more attract-

ive by the music of the two bands which accompanied the Governor on board. When on deck, they were entertained by our accommodating Captain with refreshments, in the form of brandy and claret. Both bands continued to play alternately, and an hour was spent very convivially, if not with a considerable degree of hilarity. The Governor was also accompanied by some of the leading citizens of the place. He was rather a good-looking man of about forty-five, with a determined, but not disagreeable, expression of countenance. During our conversation, he informed me that he was desirous of encouraging American emigration to settle on the Yaqui River, where he would grant them lands. These lands are said to be of great extent, and the best in the State of Sonora. They are at present, however, occupied by the Yaqui Indians, who are hostile to any intrusion. At length, the party left us and returned slowly to shore, the oars keeping time to the notes of the music. The full moon was just rising over the distant mountains, looking as bright as if she had been polished for the occasion. Our anchor was soon hoisted, and, with a gentle breeze from the land, we glided smoothly out of the bay, as the last plaintive strains of the bugle echoed among the hills of Guaymas. Once more upon the rippled waters of the gulf, and, with a fair wind, we reached the port of Mazatlan in three days.

It was truly refreshing to once more enter the port of this beautiful little city—the queen city of the Mexican coast—especially after returning from the barren shores about Guaymas, which some of the people of Mazatlan call the "*rincon del Inferno*," from its excessive high temperature during the summer months. The eye was no longer pained by gazing upon red and barren rocks. The hills and valleys around Mazatlan are covered with trees and shrubs of perpetual verdure, and the beautiful cocoa-palms, that

lift their feathery branches above the houses of the city, give a pleasing effect and an air of comfort to the place.

I found Mazatlan unusually quiet. The stranger is astonished at meeting so few persons in the streets of a place which is the chief sea-port for so extensive a district. This peculiarity is, however, common to all the Mexican towns, widely contrasting with the busy throngs to be seen in the streets of our own native cities. The streets are narrow, and roughly paved; but are kept remarkably clean, by order of the municipal government. Most of the houses are large and commodious, well adapted to the climate. They are built in the old Moorish style, and nearly all provided with capacious court-yards, in the centres of which are usually large cisterns, for catching rain-water—this being the main dependence for a pure and necessary article. All the *patios*—even those of the most humble—are tastefully ornamented with flowers.

The principal resort for evening promenades is the beautiful square in the centre of the city. This little *plaza* was donated to the city, in its early history, by a Manila merchant, one of the oldest inhabitants of the place, long since dead. It still retains his name—*La Plaza de Machada*. It is handsomely ornamented with orange-trees; and an ample number of large and commodious seats surround the whole square, upon which one may recline and enjoy his cigar, and at the same time see many pretty *Señoritas* pass and repass, in their graceful and gay dresses.

The population of Mazatlan is of a mixed character (miscegenation being tolerated throughout the republic), and is estimated, at present, to be about 20,000. Situated upon a neck of land, or promontory, extending into the sea, it is admirably located to receive the benefits of the prevailing sea-breezes from every quarter, rendering the cli-

mate both healthy and agreeable, the mercury seldom reaching above 90°, in the shade, during the summer months; or falling below 65°, in winter. The country contiguous to the city is exceedingly beautiful and fertile, containing many rich valleys, well adapted to the cultivation of corn, tobacco, cotton, coffee, sugar, and other tropical productions. Large bodies of land situated on the Mazatlan River are the richest in the vicinity, and the best adapted for farms. These large tracts of land are but rudely cultivated by the natives, in small patches of corn, beans, melons, etc.

In the years 1864–5, a number of American farmers, from California, attempted the cultivation of cotton on the Mazatlan River and other places, and in this enterprise they would have eventually succeeded, but for the frequent revolutions and *pronunciamientos*, which carried off their laborers, and even their mules, at a crisis when they were most needed for farm duty. They all finally became disgusted with a country in which no protection was extended them; but, on the contrary, every obstacle seemed to have been thrown in their way by the Government officials to complete their ruin, and cause their departure from a land in which Americans are not *yet* wanted.

The same fate awaited the numerous mining companies formed in California for working the silver mines in north-western Mexico. Millions of dollars in gold was spent in this State (Sinaloa) and Sonora, in the vain attempt at making these mines profitable. Machinery—some of the heaviest kind—was transported over the most difficult mountain-roads; mills were erected, and old mines drained of the water that had remained in them since the Spaniards were driven from the country. Some of these mines proved to be worthless, while others could have been made to yield a profit, were it not for the blind policy of the

Government, in prohibiting the exportation of either the ores or bullion. The miners became satisfied that the richest mines could not be worked to an advantage, when they were even compelled to pay twenty-eight per cent. to the Mint for having their silver coined. These, as well as many other incumbrances, forced upon them by the Government, ended in the abandonment of the enterprise; the mills were left to rust and fall to decay where they had been built, and the mines again filled with water. Their silent chambers will, in all probability, never again resound to the pick and shovel, until a new era in the history of Mexico commences.

The pearl-fishery is still carried on in the gulf, with more or less success. I was informed by a German merchant of this place, who is engaged in purchasing the pearls for the European market, that the value of the yield for the year 1868 amounted to \$40,000. To procure the oyster, the primitive mode of diving, by the native Mexican Indians, is still used. Doubtless a greater success would attend the use of the diving or dredging apparatus, either of which might be used in deeper water than could be reached by the ordinary method of diving. The shell which produces the rich purple dye that was so much sought after by the ancient Mexicans, for coloring their fabrics, is found clinging to the rocks in many localities on this coast, and I also found it in the Island of Socorro, which is situated about 260 miles west of Cape Corrientes. I have seen the Indians collecting this dye in the Bay of Banderas, below San Blas, from the shells as they clung to the rocks. After the shell is detached from the rock, the substance is ejected by the animal, and caught in small cups by the collector. This beautiful purple dye is held in high estimation by the Zapotaco Indians, of Tehuantepec, for coloring the cotton cloth of their own manufact-

ure. Six yards of their cotton fabric—which is woven on a small, native handloom, and is just enough for a single skirt for a woman—sells, when tinted with this peculiar dye, for \$16 or \$20.

A large species of limpet (*Patella Mexicana*), which the Mexicans call "lapis," is found in some localities, and is quite abundant, growing upon the rocks. This shell is often used by the natives for dishes, or basins. Indeed, I have sometimes found it very convenient in my rambles upon the coast, for want of something better, as a soup-plate or water-cup.

There are many beautiful shells in the Gulf of California. Oysters, of large size and good flavor, as well as the pearl-oyster, are found abounding at many points in the gulf. A species of oyster found in the *esteros*, growing in clusters upon the branches of the mangrove-bushes, is not considered wholesome: they are small and generally thin.

From the "Olas Altas" we may pass across a narrow neck of land, with a density of houses upon it, to the southern side, which fronts the bay. Here a long beach stretches away to the southward. This part of the city is composed mostly of native huts, occupied by boatmen, fishermen, and the poorer classes. But the beach is a fine walk, and not uninteresting. The new-comer is at once struck with the strangeness of the scene around him: the careless dress of the natives, their idle habits, and the picturesque-ness of their habitations. We are surprised at the tameness and numbers of the black vultures, or, as the Mexicans call them, *sopilotes* (*Cathartes atratus*). They line the beach at times, feeding upon the offal there found. Sometimes, in company with the Caracara eagle (*Polyborus Audubonii*), they may be seen sitting upon the roofs of houses and on the fences, in rows, looking very lazy indeed; but they are the scavengers, and, for their wholesome services

in that sanitary department, are permitted to do just as they please. As we walk along, picking up now and then a shell, we frighten numbers of crabs, like huge spiders, darting with the quickness of thought to their holes burrowed in the sand. Occasionally our ears are greeted with the songs of the large boat-tail grackles (*Quiscalus*), with brilliant steel-blue plumage, sitting among the dark-green foliage of the higara (*Ficus Americana*), which shades the huts of the natives. These birds are very tame, frequenting the streets and yards of the dwellings, and even venturing so far as to pick the crumbs from the table. The cow-pen blackbirds—of which there are two species (*Molothrus pecoris* and *M. aeneus*)—also love their society, and

though less musical, are equally as tame. Gray pelicans, gulls, terns, and gannets are seen skimming over the bay, in pursuit of their finny prey; while over our heads sails the graceful frigate-bird, with its long tapering wings, or the wary fish-hawk, with its shrill scream.

Outside of the city, we find many trees and shrubs that are interesting: among which are, the tamarind-tree, with its graceful foliage and pods of acid fruit; the wide-spreading mimosa, casting its grateful shade over the panting herd; acacias, with sweet blossoms and thorns innumerable; and the giant cactus (*Cereus giganteus*), rearing its fluted stem from thirty to forty feet, and amid whose myriad of spines the woodpecker often bores its nest.

SHAKES.

EVERY body in and around Norway Flat was acquainted with Shakes. Shakes was every one's favorite, and every one's laughing-stock. What his real name was, no one on the Flat, excepting the postmaster, knew or seemed at all anxious to ascertain. In outward appearance, he was a specimen of debased humanity. Debauchery was indelibly stamped upon every feature. It was deemed a rare sight to see him with a clean face. Streaks of gray forced themselves through the accumulations that clung to his long, matted locks and untrimmed beard. A coarse, blue, woolen overshirt, with tattered sleeves, covered his back, from whence many doubted whether it had been removed since the day he first put it on, in Griffin's store, twelve months ago. His duck pants had completely lost their original whiteness, and were tucked into a well-worn, much-patched pair of gum-boots. The veritable felt hat, worn by him in

'52, still maintained its usual position on the side of his head. The only change it had apparently undergone since then, was that a piece of an old rubber coat now constituted the crown.

Shakes' history, outside of the precincts of Norway Flat, was wrapped in complete mystery. Even the time of his arrival in the camp was unknown. Brown, the proprietor of the "Occidental"—Norway Flat's principal hotel, drinking and dancing-saloon—and also one of the pioneers of the place, asserted, "Shakes bummed around here when I fust 'rived, in '52." It was generally believed that he hailed from the temperance State of Maine. Shakes, however, was no "temperance man" himself; to the contrary, he had earned the unenviable reputation of being an inveterate "whisky bummer." No one had ever known him to pass a single night on the Flat "out of his cups." It is true that these constant imbibings had so enfee-

bled his system as to cause him to readily succumb to its influence.

A lonely log-cabin stood on the hillside. Shakes owned it, and professed to be its occupant; but seldom, if ever, crossed its threshold. The bar-room of some one or other of the numerous drinking-hells was his home: the floor, a bench, or a faro-table, was his bed.

Although a slave to his appetite for intoxicating liquor, none of its vendors on Norway Flat were much the richer for having Shakes as their customer. It was seldom that a coin passed from his hands to the bar-keeper's drawer; but drink he must have, and somehow or other he always managed to obtain it. The manner in which it was obtained was but a secondary consideration to him. Nothing was too humiliating or too degrading for him to do for it. When begging failed, strategy was immediately resorted to, and in this he was invariably successful. He would enter the saloon, go up to the bar with thumb and forefinger inserted in his pocket, and address the bar-keeper thus:

"I say, bar-keep, hurry up; give me a 'brandy straight.'"

The bar-keeper would first cast a glance at the position of the hand, and then tender the bottle to Shakes, who would unconcernedly drink, "Here's luck," and retire from the counter without paying.

"Ho, Shakes!"

"Eh?"

"Come and see me."

"No, thankee; don't feel like it now; jest had un."

And the bar-keeper learned that he was duped once more, but dared not attempt to punish his deceiver. The indignation of the entire camp would most assuredly fall upon the individual who dared to abuse Shakes. He was Norway Flat's "privileged character." "Likes his whisky, I know; but he's a harmless, good-natured old devil for all that,"

was the sentiment universally expressed by the members of that little mining community.

Inebriate as he was, Shakes was not indolent. He was always, in sunshine or rain, engaged in chopping cord-wood, or in riving shakes—long shingles; from which latter occupation he received his nickname. The sun rose on Shakes entering the woods: it set upon him making a "bee-line" for the "Pony Saloon." Fire-wood was worth \$6 a cord, and shakes \$16 a thousand, in those days, on Norway Flat. Shakes always chopped from two to three cords per day. \$3 a cord he paid "Billy the boatman" for hauling it, which, of course, considerably diminished his earnings; still, there was a good margin left. How it came to pass that he should always be poor, could never be satisfactorily explained. His condition of being, what he termed, "flat broke," was patent to all, and was considered another of the mysteries of his peculiar life that no one cared to solve, and accepted unquestioned.

Norway Flat, since the time of its discovery, in '52, had continued to be a prosperous mining camp. The fabulous yield of many of its claims had been reported in the columns of the leading newspapers of the civilized world. Numerous opportunities had been offered Shakes to become the possessor of ground of a promising character, subsequently proving rich. Mining, however, possessed no attractions for him. There existed no affinity between his nature and the excitement of the average gold-miner's life. He never owned a foot of mining ground, "and didn't intend to," he was accustomed to say; "I go fur the sure thing." Even when the Wake-up Jake Company struck a two-ounces-to-the-pan prospect, Shakes declined staking off the adjoining ground, then vacant, and upon which he was at the time chopping wood. That same

piece of ground afterward proved the richest spot on the whole Flat, nearly twelve hundred ounces being obtained from it as the proceeds of one day's washing. This lack of enterprise—this disinclination to venture—was supposed to be the morbid offspring of his dissipated career. The only things for which he appeared to have any care were his axe, cross-cut saw, and frower. These constituted his entire stock in trade, and for them he cherished something bordering upon affection.

Shakes was viewed as one of Norway Flat's fixtures. It had been settled long ago in the minds of its inhabitants that his bones would decay in the little cemetery on the knoll overlooking the Flat. The idea of his removing was never for a moment entertained by any one in that secluded community. Shakes and Norway Flat had grown up with one another. Norway Flat was Shakes' home. If he possessed a home elsewhere, he had never been heard to speak of it.

The winter of '59 had set in. It was about the middle of November. The ground was covered with several inches of snow. The tinkling of sleigh-bells was heard in the distance, and the little town on the Flat was instantly thrown into a commotion. It was all occasioned by the arrival of "Barnard's Monthly Express." The arrival of the express was an important event in the otherwise monotonous routine of every-day life at Norway Flat; for, be it remembered, that the era of wagon-roads and railways had not then been inaugurated, and communication between that mountain retreat and civilization was, at best, infrequent and uncertain. Among the anxious faces, awaiting the opening of the little wicket of the post-office and the distribution of letters, appeared that of Shakes. Shortly afterward, he was observed intently perusing a letter.

"Dam'd 'f I don't make tracks fur hum," he suddenly exclaimed, and as

suddenly bade farewell to Norway Flat and its surroundings.

That evening Shakes was missed from his usual haunts, and it soon became generally known that he had left the Flat. This was an unprecedented episode in Norway Flat's history. Nothing had ever occurred before to disturb its uniform equanimity, excepting the shooting of Red Alick by Russian Bill in a moment of frenzied excitement, produced in the heat of a discussion as to the merits of the parties then engaged in the Crimean War. His departure was the universal topic of conversation around every fireside and in every bar-room in the camp. The speculations as to the cause were as varied as they were improbable.

The thermometer, at Brown's, that evening, indicated fifteen degrees below zero; but no fears were harbored in the mind of any one as to the safety of the one who had so unceremoniously left the camp, "homeward bound."

Weeks passed on, and nothing had been seen or heard of Shakes since his departure. Norway Flat had almost forgotten him. Brown, the landlord of the "Occidental," was standing in his doorway, gazing abstractedly at the distant windings of the "down country" trail. It was only the previous day that a prospecting party had passed along it from the Flat, bound for the deserted mining camp of Diggers' Delight, situated about ten miles distant. His thoughts naturally recurred to their departure and prospects. Suddenly, his quick eye detected in the distance a group of men slowly trudging toward the Flat, and was somewhat astonished to recognize in them the prospectors of Diggers' Delight returning, bearing with them a heavy burden. The news soon spread that Shakes had been found dead at Diggers' Delight. It was evident that night had overtaken him there, and that he had determined to spend it in one of the

deserted shanties. The fire-place had been fillèd by him with wood, ready for the match; but it remained unkindled. Why, no one could answer. The verdict of all who heard the story, was, that he had fallen a victim to the severity of the weather on the evening of the day he left the Flat, or, as they expressed it, "friz dead."

In an inside pocket of a vest worn underneath his ragged overshirt, a packet of letters was found, all of which were written in the same handwriting, and addressed to "James Wilkinson, Esq., Norway Flat." Sundry photographs were also discovered in the same pocket—one of an aged lady, another of a woman in the prime of life, and the rest, of three beautiful girls of from ten to fifteen years of age. All the letters bore the same post-mark, "—, Me." Each envelope was indorsed in pencil mark,

"Recd. (date), J. W." One of them was indorsed, "Recd. Novr. 17, 1859, J. W." That was the day that Shakes left Norway Flat. Its contents explained the mystery of his life and poverty, and ran thus:

—, MAINE, August 30, 1859.

My Dear James: Your last remittance of \$250 has been duly received, and the mortgage on the farm is now paid. . . . Have you not impoverished yourself to keep us in comparative luxury? We have wanted nothing. . . . Mother is ailing and rapidly declining. Doctor says she can not possibly live through the coming winter. She longs to see you, James, before she dies. . . . Emma, Annie, and Gerty are all well. . . . O, James, do come home at once; if not, I shall sell the place next spring, and come to Norway Flat myself. . .

Your affectionate wife,

ELLEN WILKINSON.

The bright side of Shakes' character, which he had so carefully concealed from the sight of his fellow-men, was here revealed. And he had now gone to another home to receive his reward.

ONE FROM THE DEAD.

"Yes, yes! It is nine years, you say?
There is his portrait. He was handsome. Yes!"
His mother's mother kept her eyes away,
But pointed up, and I could guess.

He was remembered in his room:
Of him pet window-flowers, in odors, dreamed;
His shut piano, under their sad bloom,
The coffin of dead music seemed.

His vain-plumed hat was there; there, too,
The sword, whose bitter cause was never gained;
The coat, with glimmering shoulder-leaves, shot through
The breast, I think, and fiercely stained.

Yet, till I saw his name—the one
His youth had soiled—above the creeping dew
Thrust high, to whiten in the grave-yard sun:
I vaguely felt, I darkly knew.

Oh, coward-praise men give to dust,
Only when it lies motionless and mute

Beneath the shining slander, which it must
Not, till the Judgment-light, refute!

What more? If one, with voice and breath,
Had given to one a rose-geranium bud,
And changed with moons, and vanished into death
In far-back feuds of hate and blood;

If that one, from great after-grief—
In some long, empty, lonesome cry—had said,
“I would believe; help Thou mine unbelief
With One that was—One from the Dead;”

And felt a sudden, luminous Face—
Sweet terror, yet divinest quiet, there;
And reached—to find that Thorns were in the place
Of lovely, worldly-fancied hair;

That Hands, not such as gave old flowers,
But torn with Nails, had blessed a piteous head:
That Doubt's slow question, from the unlighted hours,
Was answered by One from the Dead;

If this had been — You smile, and say to me,
“It were Illusion, shaped of wandering sleep!”
Well, if it were illusion, let it be:
I have a tender Faith to keep.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE annual exhibition of pictures in the Royal Academy opens every year on the first day of May, and is an event of great moment to the art-world of England, and one of delightful anticipation to the public at large, who, especially in the first months, throng in well-dressed crowds the ten large galleries, comprising the premises of the Royal Academy in the Burlington House—a noble edifice, devoted to the arts and sciences, yet incompletd—in Piccadilly, where, the whole of the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square being required for the national collection of pictures, the Royal Academy has at last found an appropriate locality in which their art treasures can be seen to the advantage

of the artists, and with comfort and enjoyment to the art-loving visitors.

I learn from a late number of the *Bulletin*, that art has finally culminated on the Pacific Coast in the formation of an Academy in San Francisco; and, having visited the popular institution in Piccadilly several times, and done the pictures pretty conscientiously, it has occurred to me to interest you, if I can, in giving you an account of some of the leading works of art of the year, and such impressions as I retain of them individually, intermixed with a little gossip on the painters and their work, as I have picked it up among my artist acquaintances in London. The Exhibition, as you are aware, is not restricted

merely to the works of the academicians proper; but is free to all native and foreign artists, whose works can pass the rather severe scrutiny of the committee of examination, appointed by the Academy. For all that, a good many of what I should call shop-pictures incumber the walls, generally "skyed," to be sure, or hung on a level with the spectators' feet. Nobody can blame the academicians for hanging themselves well; but the distinction, for an outsider, to be "on the line," is praise indeed, and is an indorsement of any man's fame, and most generally insures him the sale of his pictures. After paying your shilling to an official, in the Academy livery and button, and crossing the vestibule, you enter the central hall, which is filled with sculpture. Around the cornice runs the following appropriate legend, in Gothic letters, "The hearts of men which fondly here admire fair-seeming shews, may lift themselves up higher and learn to love with zealous, humble duty the eternal fountain of that heavenly beauty." In this hall, as in the rest of the galleries, the walls are painted a dull, Etruscan red, which gives the most effective background to the marbles of the sculptor, and the richer colors of the painter. The light, white and pure as a London sky will permit, comes in entirely from above, through the cupola-shaped glass roof, bringing out to full advantage, not alone the pictures, but the charming toilets and lovely English faces, which, on fine days, abound in the rooms and form in themselves not the least interesting part of the exhibition.

The academicians hold a high social position in England, and many of them make very large incomes. Millais, for instance, had pictures last year, on the walls of the Academy alone, which brought him £9,000. He may possibly do as well, or better, this year. Leighton and Sir Edwin Landseer also obtain immense prices; the latter is now a very

old man, and does not exhibit this year, owing to a severe attack of sickness. He paints and draws with inconceivable rapidity; it is said that in a country house he drew and painted (in a sketchy way, of course) a full-sized lion, background and all, in one afternoon. His color, it seems to me, is not as happy as his drawing; and he suffers little, if any, in the many admirable engravings of his works. The members of the Academy generally go in for "high art" and portraits, and rather snub landscape and marine as inferior branches—below the mark of the guild. Since Stanfield's death, Cook is the only marine painter among the forty; and the lately elected associate, Vicat Cole, the only representative of landscape proper since the death of Creswick. Strange this, as it is generally conceded that the English school is strongest in these two departments, more particularly in water-colors, in which facile medium the English surpass all others. The Academy does not officially recognize this charming art, nor teach it, although a limited number of water-colors are permitted to be exhibited on the walls.

A painter of high rank is Mr. F. Goodall. He is a fine colorist, but he has nothing on the walls this year as attractive as his "Mother of Moses," which last year excited so much attention, by its rich and Titianesque color. All the Goodalls—the sons of the famous engraver—are artists of high rank. Walter G., the younger brother, is one of the leading members of the old Water-color Society. A son of the Academician was a young man of the greatest promise. When seventeen years old, he gained the gold medal of the Royal Academy. A glorious prospect seemed to open before him, when the telegraph, a short while ago, brought the dreadful news that the gifted youth had been killed accidentally by a shot from a revolver in the hands of his own brother, at a picnic in the

neighborhood of Naples. The chief colorist of the British school, however, is held to be Mr. Poole, and only equaled by Etty, now dead a good many years. Portrait-painting is, of course, a very lucrative branch of the profession of a Royal Academician, it being highly desirable in the orthodox British mind that the imposing letters R. A. be attached to the painter's name, in the lower left corner of some corporation or presentation picture; but the crowning merit is to have it marked, Sir Francis Grant, P.R. A. That the President would paint any thing but a great work of art would not be believed by a loyal, genuine Briton; and, indeed, Sir Francis, besides being an effective President and accomplished speaker at the Academy banquets, is also a first-class portrait-painter (his average price for a half-length is £500), and good at hunting pictures, which, in spite of the gibes and sneers of the art-critics, are immensely popular in England, but particularly so among the lower classes and the aristocracy, a member of which latter will be sure to buy the picture of his favorite pastime, painted by the chief of the Academy. The subject has no interest to me, and is an awkward one to invest with any feeling of art; but it must be allowed that the President acquits himself of the difficult task with credit, and can draw a hunter, and seat a man upon him, almost as well as John Leech. In fact, it was his skill in drawing the like subjects which brought him into notice, and finally to the top of the Academical ladder.

Outside the Academy, Mr. Samuel Lawrence holds a high rank as a portrait-painter. His heads, in chalk particularly, are the perfection of combined vigor and grace. Mr. Lawrence resided for several years in New York, where he left many capital portraits of our leading literary and professional men. According to the *Times*, Millais' "Moses" is the picture of the season; and, indeed,

one of the very first of modern art. It represents Moses, his arms being lifted up by Aaron and Hur, praying for victory against the Amalekites. The face of Moses is very fine; those of his supporters, commonplace. I think the figures are superbly drawn, and good in color. Considerably under the natural size, they stand out in deep shade against a lurid sunset background. Millais was formerly a shining light among the pre-Raphaelites, but he has seceded from these affected enthusiasts, and paints broadly and suggestively enough now; indeed, I am not sure but that an unsophisticated spectator would think him a coarse painter. His work has certainly no apparent high finish; and his backgrounds, although effective, are often mere coarse blots of color. His famous picture of last year—a consumptive-looking knight rescuing a naked maiden bound to a tree—I saw the other day at the International Exhibition. He has altered the face of the girl, which is now averted, and conscious of her situation, which certainly is the more natural expression than the look of encouragement she gave last year to her rather embarrassed champion. "Chill October," by the same great artist, is the only landscape—that is, pure landscape, without figures—he has ever exhibited. It certainly proves him to be a keen observer of nature, and gifted with a delicate feeling for the sentiment which his subject calls for. The materials are of the simplest: a dull, leaden sky, a willow-covered spit of land jutting out into the stream in the middle ground, and a foreground of a mass of reeds and rushes, swaying in the wind, wonderfully rendered. The picture perfectly expresses the sentiment of a bleak, cheerless, raw October afternoon. It has already been sold twice, the last time at £1,500. Some critics think it the most satisfactory piece of landscape ever painted. Whatever its recondite merits may be, I should prefer,

for my own enjoyment, a landscape opposite, in the same room, called "Autumn Gold," by Vicat Cole—a warm, hazy harvest-day; a golden corn-field, environed by richly-tinted woods; all palpitating, shimmering, and floating in warm golden light. It instantly suggested to me a similar well-remembered scene in America, and brought to my mind beautiful lines descriptive of our Indian summer:

"Half-veiled in golden light of shimmering air,
The landscape stretches wondrously fair;
No trace of paling beauty anywhere:
Nature is in her prime.
In richest robes the hills and woods appear;
The lakes and springs lie motionless and clear,
Ruled by the fairest queen of all the year—
Beautiful harvest-time."

It would be interesting to read a paper on this "Chill October," by Ruskin, the deifier of Turner. Millais married, as is well known, Mrs. Ruskin, who separated from her husband, and can be no great friend of the Oxford graduate, who might allow himself to be swayed by prejudice. But you may be sure that he would discover more for praise or condemnation than any other mortal, and convince you, too, while under the spell of his magical gift of language.

"Hercules wrestling with Death for the body of Alcestis," by F. Leighton, is a very fine picture. Death is not here portrayed in the usual Gothic manner. He has flesh on his bones, but shrunk and livid; and his eyes gleam balefully, from within the shadow of his hood, on his adversary, who is in the act of forcing the great conqueror to his knees. The background—a bit of sea and sky—is very coarsely treated; but the various expressions of fear, anxiety, and hope on the faces of the bystanders surrounding the couch upon which the lovely form of Alcestis lies, cold and stark in her grave-clothes, is masterly rendered. "Mary Queen of Scots being led to Execution," by J. Pott, is a picture which attracts many sympathetic gazers.

The Queen, pale and tearless, her glance fixed on futurity, is descending the great staircase of Fotheringay Castle, leaning on the arm of the officer of the guard, whose action and carriage finely indicate his profound sympathy and respect. The upper landing is crowded by officers of state and two of her female attendants, while on the lower is seen the chaplain, preceded by a party of halberdiers, descending the last flight of stairs which lead to the great hall of the castle, the scene of the tragedy. "The Royal Nursery of 1538," represents Henry VIII. visiting his heir, Prince Edward, to whom he has brought a toy-ship on wheels, plainly a miniature model of the *Royal Harry*. The little Princess Elizabeth stands apart in her quaint, stiff dress, neglected and unnoticed. The prim, old mistress of the nursery and her maids standing aloof with awe-struck respect, while the bluff King is playing with his little heir, is capitally conceived. "Colder than Snow"—a haughty beauty, in antique costume, walking to church, attended by her maids and pages—is by G. H. Boughton, the American painter, as he is called, although he was born in England. I much prefer a picture of his, also a snow picture, which was capitally engraved in the *Graphic*, last year, entitled, "New England Puritans going to Church in the Olden Time." The scene is a winter forest, through which a sober party of elders, with their wives and children, are wending their way, preceded and followed by two young men, acting as van and rear-guards, matchlock unslung and at hand, ready to deal with any stray Indians which might be prowling around. "On the Track," by H. B. Roberts, I believe, you will see engraved in the *London News*. It is a very fine picture of a party of Roundheads following the trail of some fugitive Royalist on the snow. Mr. Roberts is a distinguished member of the new Water-color Society; but his works on the

line in the Academy prove him to be a capital painter in oil, as well. He is a young Liverpool man of rising fame, and his works are in great request, and sell always at steadily advancing prices. His pictures are considered a safe investment.

During the late and present troubles of unhappy France, many of the art celebrities emigrated to more congenial shores, and several of the great French painters are now domiciled in England. Jérôme, who is an honorary member, has two large canvases on the walls of the Academy. In the one entitled "Cleopatra," we see the Egyptian Queen emerging from out the folds of a piece of tapestry, in which she has caused herself to be brought into the presence of Cæsar by a Nubian slave. Cæsar is rather startled at the lovely apparition, and a couple of stern Romans look on, seemingly very indifferent to her glowing charms. The face is rather heavy and sensual; but the form, plainly asserting itself through the scant gauze drapery, is perfection in drawing and color. His other painting, "Nubian Slave-girls," is rather the warmest picture yet publicly exhibited in England. It is a marvel of color, but a truly audacious subject, and hardly to be looked at by any lady in a crowded room without a start and subsequent confusion. I understand that its admissibility gave rise to some serious discussion in the Academy, but its great merits as a work of art finally overbore more prudish considerations. "Godiva," by the English painter Corboald (much in favor at the English Court), is almost as indecent, but much inferior as a work of art to Jérôme's picture. Frith's "Gambling Table at Homburg" is the great centre of attraction to the ordinary run of visitors. He is famous as the painter of the "Derby Day," and "Railway Station," and has obtained the highest prices of any modern painter. His present work

is, as usual, crowded with cleverly posed figures; the story is forcibly told, though somewhat sensationally. An iron rail runs in front of the picture, and a special policeman is stationed to keep order in the admiring crowd—a favorite dodge of Frith's, who neglects nothing which will still further increase his great popularity. The picture sold last week for £6,000; it will be engraved and exhibited in the provinces, and the purchaser is thought to have made a good bargain. A fine historical picture is J. Pettie's—"A Scene in the Temple Gardens"—the plucking of the white and red rose from Shakspeare's Henry VI.

"The British Channel seen from the Dorset Cliffs," by Bret, has given rise to a great deal of animated criticism. It is a strictly realistic picture of an immense expanse of sea, basking under a warm afternoon sky. There is no foreground; the ripple of the waves is wonderfully drawn, and the endless distance, and the great splashes of sunlight on the wrinkled sea, dotted here and there with specs of sail, are marvelously clever. It seems to me that I have never seen the sea so blue, but Mr. Bret asserts the fact, and the conscientious study and the keen observation of the artist are so self-evident, that you distrust your own judgment, and get staggered in your ordinary beliefs and theories in the face of such earnestness of purpose. A picture by Prinsep, representing Odin, has a strange fascination. The artist has fully embodied the quotation attached to it from Morris' translation of the "Lovers of Gudrun:"

"As slow-paced, weary-faced, he went along,
Anxious with all the tales of woe and wrong
His ravens, Thought and Memory, bring to him."

One room is set apart for the exhibition of architectural drawings, etchings, and engravings; and an adjoining apartment is devoted to water-color drawings and paintings, all framed close—that is, not mounted on white boards, which, to

a water-color, is almost as needful as the gold frame to an oil picture; but as most of the works are not drawings, but solid paintings, possessing all the strength and depth of oils, the absence of the mount is not so much felt. I understand that the two mediums in the English school are meeting each other half-way—the oil painting becoming thinner and more transparent, and the water-color more solid and opaque. The peculiar charm of a water-color drawing, to me, is the amount of air and atmosphere to be obtained through judicious washes of transparent color, and, above every thing, the valuable luminosity caused by the paper shining through the tints. Some of the best water-color artists still work on the old principle, and eschew body color as they would poison; but the tendency to a very free use of white, either pure with a subsequent glaze, or actually mixed with the other colors—the French *quache*—is, unfortunately as I think, very prevalent, and is almost universal among the figure-painters, with the exception of Linton, who still paints charming pictures in pure transparent colors, gaining greatly in delicacy what he loses in strength. I always thought that Carl Haag, the *facile princeps* of the O. W. C. S., patronized heavily Windsor and Newton's "permanent white," but an artist friend of his told me, that what I supposed was the loading of white paint in the lights, was the paper itself dexterously raised by means of a sharp razor. This fascinating branch of art—drawing in water-colors—is more extensively practiced in England than in any other country. Many hundreds of English artists are ignorant of any other medium, and manage to make a modest living out of it; a score or so, handsome incomes; and about a dozen get actually rich by it.

It is the fashion to have the drawing-room hung with water-color drawings,

the pure, bright tints of which harmonize so beautifully with the cheerful surroundings of rich furniture and gay toilets; the oil pictures, when there is no separate gallery for their accommodation, belong more particularly to the dining-room. Besides their intrinsic merits, when done by genuine artists, their popularity is greatly fostered by the immense number of amateurs, who can do just enough in water-colors to make them appreciate with intense relish the artistic dash of the professional painter. In no other country, I imagine, are there so many *dilettanti* in painting as in England; it is fashionable, and first-class teachers obtain readily their guinea per lesson of one hour. Drawings are not always purchased to be framed and hung on the walls, but find their way to some rich man's portfolio, placed on a convenient stand in the drawing-room, where you can examine them at leisure, and with the advantage of a much better light than they ordinarily get on the walls; or they are bought on speculation, and as a good investment of money, comparatively few of the great number of picture-buyers investing for the mere gratification of their own taste and pleasure. The operation is to anticipate the coming fame of some artist, buy his work in time at reasonable rates, and sell them again at fancy prices when the reputation of the artist is assured. To buy pictures judiciously is as high an art, and often as lucrative, as a *coup* on the Exchange, or a sagacious operation in Washoe stock. Many a little blot of David Cox's, which in his day he was glad to sell for a few shillings, is marketable now at twice the number of pounds, and can be realized in cash any day it is offered at Christie and Manson's. Of course, every scraping of Turner's palette and scrap of colored paper is now invaluable. Freely recognizing the surpassing merits of these two great artists, as exhibited in their real earnest works,

it puzzles and confounds one to learn, that every dash of their brush and blot of color are so much better than the best work of living men, an assertion you will hear often enough in art society in England. Cox does not fetch quite as much as Turner, still the prices of his more important drawings would stagger your rich American, who goes in for a buggy and 2:40 trotters. A thousand guineas for a piece of painted paper, quarter the size of the *Bulletin*, is apt to make an embryo collector gasp, I fancy. I remember a little drawing, supposed to be by Cox, in the possession of Mr. Barry, which he bought from a broken Australian. If it is a *bona fide* Cox, and I believe it is, its value is at least a hundred dollars in gold. Cox's drawings have, indeed, pre-eminently the charm of out-door work—a merit which is far less conspicuous in continental landscape art, which is more formal and savors too much of the studio and afterthought. The English landscape painters work a great deal out of doors, and are, as a body, habitual students of Nature, the real aspect of which they often succeed in rendering with a fine audacity, in defiance of time-honored canons of art.

The two water-color societies—the old and the new—are supposed to contain the foremost and best artists in that medium, the admission to which is an object of ambition to the great number of outsiders, who obtain much higher prices for their work when they finally succeed, after repeated trials, in being elected members of either. The old society has a greater prestige than the new, or the "Institute," as it is called; but I do not see much difference in the quality of the work of their members. They have each a large, handsome apartment, well lighted, and provided with a secretary, clerk, and door-keeper. The admission fee is one shilling. They have annually two exhibitions, of which I al-

most prefer the winter one—which is made up of what is supposed to be legitimate out-door studies and sketches (mounted on white boards) of the summer previous—to the other, which consists (or ought to) only of finished drawings, framed close, in which the artists try to rival the oil pictures in depth of tone and strength of color: a feat, I think, they succeed in only at the expense of the more charming qualities of their branch of art, those of light and transparency. Foremost among the figure-painters are Louis Haag and Carl Haghe, both foreigners; Topham, of Spanish subjects; Lundgren, a Swede; Tom Taylor, the Landseer in water-colors; Pinwell; Bach, a grandson of Sebastian Bach; Linton, H. B. Roberts, and W. Goodall.

Some people pretend to admire B. Jones; but I don't understand his strange, affected figures, stiff and monumental as a saint in a cathedral window. Holman Hunt had two of the queerest conceits of sunsets in last year's exhibition, which were bought by Ruskin at £150 each, who evidently must have seen something in them that nobody else could. Among the landscapists, Birket Foster has a great name among the buyers. He has hitherto made a very large income, but I understand that he is not now quite as safe an investment as was supposed. His style is very pretty and the quintessence of finish. The chromo-lithographs interpret him very well. A fine painter of mountain landscape is J. C. Reed, who paints entirely in transparent colors, and attains astonishing depth, strength, and distance without having recourse to the opaque medium. His solemn, mellow picture of "Lake Killarney," with a sunset-flushed mountain background, is, to my taste, the finest landscape in the two societies. A great loss to the old society was the death of Bennet, last spring. His forte was the perfect rendering of

the English oak, either standing alone in dignified grandeur, or in groups, with a splendid sweep of landscape behind. The sketches and drawings he left behind him (four hundred) were sold the other day at Christie's, for the benefit of his widow, and fetched over £6,000. I saw them the day before, and was perfectly charmed with them. They seemed to me to be precisely what a water-color ought to be. Done in a bold, masterly way, with the first intention and with great knowledge, they suggested much more than actually met the eye. The color was rich without being gaudy, deep and yet transparent, and the sky—that rare feature—was extremely fine in both form and color. Birket Foster has the merit, by the by, of rendering a glorious mottled English sky with rare feeling and skill; but then he never paints any other, whereas Bennet seemed to have different cloud-forms in all his land and seascapes. Among the numerous painters of marine and coast scenery, Jackson, Hays, and J. Mogford take the highest rank. Mr. Mogford has become celebrated for his sunset effects, and revels in rich color. He understands the sea in all its varied moods, and draws rocks equally satisfactory to the geologist and to the artist. One drawback to celebrity in one department of art is, that you are in a manner tied to that single phase; thus, for instance, Mr. Mogford can only obtain good prices for his sunsets, the public having settled down to the conviction that he can not excel in landscape, for example, because he is such a master of the sea and coast under just such an aspect. Mr. M. has a splendid drawing in the Academy this year: "Tintagl Castle" (the haunt of King Arthur), which he has painted in a different key—a gray picture, with a sober, hazy afternoon sun, many degrees lower than his usual gorgeous range of colors. I think it the finest water-color in the Academy; but it is still unmark-

ed with the red star—the lovely sign which informs the delighted artist that his picture is sold.

Architectural subjects are beautifully rendered by means of water-colors, and many artists have adopted that department. Since the death of Roberts, the famous draughtsman of the Palestine series, lithographed by Louis Haghe, James Holland, the well-known painter of Venetian subjects, and Sam. Prout, all of whose works now fetch immense prices, the foremost artist in architecture is the nephew of the latter, Mr. S. Prout, himself now an old man. I never saw a finer drawing than his Tremouillic Castle, in the Kensington Museum. He has, probably, in the course of his life, painted every picturesque bit in the low countries, Brittany and Normandy, but not a great deal in England, I fancy; at least, I do not remember of having seen any English building by him. Ruskin says, that the ruins in England are not generally paintable, they being kept too trim and in too good order. It is a drawback to Mr. Prout that his uncle ever became famous. Although he is a first-class artist, his works come always in disadvantageous competition with those of his uncle, who was also a painter of the same class of subjects, but whose value is now enhanced tenfold in the mind of the British public, by being the relics of a defunct artist. For all that, the pleasant old gentleman, although he is the *junior* Prout, makes a handsome income, and fills a good many commissions for American gentlemen, who have done Europe, and wish to carry to their busy homes in the New World delightful *souvenirs* of the old, slumberous towns of the low countries, the picturesque streets, the market-places, gay with quaint costumes, beneath the shadow of some hoary minster or stately *Hôtel-de-ville*—all of which Mr. Prout can do fully as cleverly as his uncle and at a reasonable figure, an object to most

people who buy pictures for the delight they afford them, and not because they are scarce and have a big name attached to them.

Although no man can be more obtuse to artistic beauty, or more ignorant of art than the ordinary Briton, yet, owing to the great surplus wealth and superior education of the upper classes, the British gentlemen are the most extensive and liberal picture-buyers of any in the world. A good name is, indeed, necessary to obtain a large price; but it must be admitted, that a reputation in art is seldom gained without sterling merit in some direction. Till that is gained, the path of the artist is thorny enough; but afterward, it is delightfully plain sailing. An R. A. may get a little careless and slovenly, now and then; but the loyal public will only see in it a new phase and manner of style, or patiently bear with his short-comings, on account of the rank he holds. Of course, a first-class man may paint any thing he likes, and be sure of the sale of his picture. If Millais were to paint a picture of a brand-new Western village, it would be admired and bought; but Niagara, or a view in the Rocky Mountains, would be a venture, so far as the sale is concerned, to any but men of the highest reputation. Every rock, tree, and stream in Wales have been painted, over and over again; the same is the case with Scotland and most parts of England: but the artists still resort to their old haunts, to supply the never-failing demand for familiar objects. Switzerland is doubtful ground; the Low Countries, France and Germany, are available only for their architecture, and Eastern subjects are marketable only when done by the hands of certain artists. A well-known landscape painter told me, that any thing Irish, just now, was unsalable, and that he had, upon reflection, abandoned a trip to Norway, fearing he would have his summer's work thrown upon his

hands. Castles and ruins, English at least, are abandoned to lady amateurs; and the figure-painters (excepting John Gilbert) must not illustrate any more passages from Scott or Shakspeare, nor tell too much of a story. A single figure, a girl reading at a cottage-door, children lying in the grass, or an old man sitting in a pew, and the like unobtrusive subjects, are at present *de rigueur*, and when artistically done, and by a well-known man, bring very high prices. The passion for mediæval incidents and accessories, which formerly was so very common in England, has sensibly abated latterly. The old notions, that music was to have a tune and a picture a story, are now equally old-fashioned. Art, below absolute high-water mark, is subject to all the vagaries and whims of fashion, and has, it seems, like any other trade, to accommodate itself to the demands and notions of its patrons, to insure those who practice it their means of livelihood. "Those who live to please, must please to live," may be pleaded by the painter, as well as by the actor.

In America, the notion obtains, that water-colors will fade like photographs, or at any rate lack the permanency of oils. The fact is just the reverse. Water-color drawings, executed on the walls of the Pyramids, retain their brilliant tints after a lapse of four thousand years; and, to speak more recently, the water-colors of Turner, now some seventy years old, seem to have lost none of their pristine glow of color, whereas some of his oil pictures have suffered greatly in that respect. With care, and a conscientious abstinence from certain meretricious pigments, the water-color painter need feel no apprehensions. The immense sums of money invested in works in this medium prove that the buying public are convinced of their permanency, without which even the greatest works of art would, of course,

fail to command any large price. Water-colors have been subjected to every conceivable test, and the result is, that, if the air is properly excluded by glass and a hermetically closed backing, the water-color tints are more durable than oils. Water-coloring, though practiced to a certain extent in the Low Countries in the sixteenth century, is essentially a modern art, and of English origin. The fathers of water-color drawing were Girtin and Varley, in the latter half of the eighteenth century, whose drawings were done first in India-ink, and afterward tinted over with some uniform color; but Turner developed the full capacity of the medium, and produced drawings unsurpassed to this day. It is especially an English art, and is, as yet, little understood on the Continent, and rarely practiced by the artists there; but it is gaining ground.

In New York, a Water-color Society was organized in 1867, I believe. The drawings of the native artists, which I saw in their exhibition in 1868, showed great promise; but the best things on the walls were by English painters. I think the assertion a fallacy, that any artist in oil can, if he choose, also paint in the lighter medium—true, perhaps, if he resort to body-colors, a process very similar to that of oil-painting; but a water-color sketch, or drawing in transparent colors, requires a separate knowledge, and is done on different principles. The light must be left, and not be put in afterward; and it takes some practice and experience to strike the full strength of color at once—which looks so vigorous while wet, but dries afterward so many degrees lighter—and to put in a sky, or atmospheric effect, particularly in the open air, with the requisite rapidity demanded by the quick-drying pigments. In making a water-color, you must make up your mind to what you intend doing:

hesitation is fatal; whereas oil, drying slowly, affords more time for deliberation, and, admitting of a light being put upon a dark, gives one a chance of altering and repeating. I should say, up to a certain point, oil-painting is the easier of the two as to the handling; but for outdoor work, water-colors are much more convenient and pleasant, and, with equal skill, produce the sketch with the most air and feeling of nature in it. Subsequent processes and labor in the studio may result in more delicacy and finish; but the fresh charm of the first vigorous impress of Nature, which water-color renders so finely, is apt to become blurred and lost, even in the hands of competent artists. Water-color can not, of course, compete with oil in power and scale of color. There is a limit beyond which it is not safe to carry it, and it is a matter of regret that so many of the English artists fail to recognize and remember the fact. They would do well to decline all rivalry with the oil-painters in the style and class of subjects to which this more powerful vehicle is so much more suited. To most every phase of landscape and marine, of picturesque architecture, homely incident, and figures, this charming modern branch of art can do full justice and treat with peculiar fascination. It has exercised no little influence on the art-education of England, and has given rise to another healthy and interesting out-door occupation—that of sketching from nature, a more earnest attempt of which opens our eyes to its beauties of form and color, and enables us to retain them in loving remembrance. This charming accomplishment is quite common in England, among the educated of both sexes, whose love of art and enjoyment of nature have been mainly developed and fostered, I venture to think, by the modern English school of water-color painting.

THE MAHOMET OF THE WEST.

DIRECTED by the signs of a finger; following the revelations of the flickering, but tenacious, torch of Faith; leaving behind them forever the blessings of an advanced civilization, the buds, and boughs, and bloom, the shelter of homes, the sympathy of friends, and the fierce scorn of their enemies; across mountains, worn out and thrown away upon the world, only to be gathered up and used again in time; across deserts, so prostrate under the throbbing light that the very silence seemed to cry out at the approach of a human footstep, searching for solitude and isolation, seeking only some spot where the vision might find fulfillment—a band of earnest, if deluded, subjects of a strange faith came, twenty-three years ago, to the shores of the American *mare mortuum*, to raise up the brazen serpent in the wilderness. And here, in the midst of an echoless, voiceless sea of sand and awful stillness, with only the gilded morning, and the painted sunset, and the glimmer of a pulseless sea about them, they gave utterance and obedience to the mysterious mandate, the fulfillment of which has shocked the world from centre to circumference. “Love ye one another freely,” was the Islamic injunction; “for each of you, in the eyes of his brother, there is heaven enough.”

The question now before the nation is not Mormonism, doctrinally considered; its tenets, dogmas, or assumptions; neither how many wives has Brigham Young, and what he does with them all; nor, does he know his own children—which it is doubtful if he does, though the latter can scarcely be called a local deficiency; nor even the grooves in which the wheels of this colonial empire

move: it is the temporary, accidental, and altogether despicable development, the *fungus* upon the religio-politico system, named Polygamy.

To analyze this moral, or immoral phenomenon, is easy enough; to pronounce with respect to the motives which engrafted it upon a faith claiming to call itself the religion of the Lord Jesus, is a greatly more difficult task: Charity is only justice in a fit of generosity, at best; and there is little doubt as to the ultimate disposition of this perplexed question in the minds of the world outside. None but weak judges have credit for being as magnanimous as they really are.

Brigham Young, the prophet, the seer, and therefore the oracle of this people, is, without question, one of the boldest, most sagacious, and capable of living men. A hundred and twenty thousand people are, to-day, busy realizing his ideas, articulating his plans, and giving earnest voice and response to the spirit of his projects and purposes. As an organizer, a harmonizer, a magnetizer, few will deny his great power, self-instituted as it is, self-poised, and supreme with his subjects and followers.

But the question naturally arises, Does this man believe in the doctrine he promulgates? or is he the victim of lust, avarice, and ambition? Verily, here is the culminating point of the query; and who shall sit in judgment upon his motives? He must believe in it by this time, let him have been ever so doubting at the first. Was it Jean Paul or Novalis who said, “My conviction gains infinitely the moment another soul will believe in it?” And here are scores of thousands of men and women who not

only believe in this religion, but live by it literally, and die by it actually. Is this man, then—the inspirer of all this zeal, the successful administrator, the counselor and law-giver—but a vile impostor, a trickster, who practices his juggler's arts before the very walls of Heaven? Marking the tender confidence of his people, who have tried him long and well, the successful workings of his system, with the practical results and operations of that system upon the minds and character of his people, it is impossible—divested of prejudice—to believe this. There enters into the composition of some men an unresting, mercurial element, which assimilates with, but is no part of, genius, and is always urging them to do something, and not infrequently their efforts culminate in achievement. But possessing courage, Brigham Young uses even that cautiously. Having almost unlimited power in his sphere of action, he makes, so far as the material well-being of his people is concerned, the wisest and fittest use of it. Whatever he claims of Divine interference, his measures seem to be the result of reflection: the dignified expression of a thoughtful, consistent mind, a benevolent heart, and a large executive brain. His perceptive faculties are peculiarly excellent, his observation more than ordinary, while his knowledge of the motives of men—the result of these faculties—rises to an intuition. No detail escapes his notice; and the newly-chosen wife, who mounted the chair and rubbed away the chalk-mark date which her exact husband had made above her door, understood him but poorly, if she presumed she might thus gain an additional visit from her lord. Now, for the motives of this man, there is no neutrality argument to be advanced. Either he means well, or he means altogether ill. The precise question is not whether his revelations are from Heaven, but whether he believes them to be so. It

is late in the century of manifestation to altogether doubt spiritual revelation, or to deny that once the Spirit of the Lord may have descended in the form of a dove; and the investigator of the supernatural phenomena of the age will never get on till he dismiss positive doubts, howsoever unenlightened he may be, with respect to the genuine truth. But while we may accept the whole story of the apparent source of his prophecies, we may yet doubt the quality of his inspirations; for if, indeed, there be such a thing as seductive influences, there be just as well the spirit of such influences, as the spirit of an act separates itself from the real act. It is not too much to say, that, if these asseverations be mere wily assumptions, having no certainty either as facts or fancies, the institutor of this scheme is one of the most clever, cunning, and successful demons that ever gave shape to a diabolical purpose, or gained the faith and gratitude of a deluded people. But for more than twenty years this man has proceeded, apparently, upon a hypothetical basis—for history furnishes no precedent—developing results with the same precision as if they were the emanations of a regular law, and deducing effects from causes, hitherto untested, with a philosophical acumen only equaled by the wonderful perfectness of his system.

In many respects this monstrosity, called Polygamy, is paradoxical in its effects. That it is an attempt, whatever its origin, to justify and religionize sensuousness, is certain. It is a system of organized indulgence, and, not content with being this, it yet looks toward glorification. On the other hand, it is opposed to falsehood, and, so far, it is an improvement upon the present tendencies of society. Indeed, cannibalism would be an improvement upon practices—tacitly approved, too, by many in Christian communities; practices which, overreaching and overleaping restraints,

defy decency, and provoke domestic falsehood and perfidy to such an extent, that in too many cases the miseries and flagrantcies of polygamy become tame and dim in sight of them.

In the above light, this system of polygamy deserves notice; for if there be within the inspirations of the age a rational, vital theory resting upon conscientious principles, looking to the final abolition of those illicit practices which debauch the soul and damn the homes of at least two-thirds of the adults of this broad continent, such a theory is worth investigating. Only this does not appear to be the one we are looking for. That which polygamy does, is to purchase indulgence on the side of religion, and pay in the currency of the country. To this end it undertakes not only to lift the burden from the conscience, but to mold and fashion conviction, and so direct the principles as to lure the judgment into a surrender of the prejudices of education, if any such exist, establishing instead a belief more inviting, because more directly addressed to the senses; and more vital, because it disposes of temporal as well as spiritual problems, and furnishes, by the same felicitous means, a bushel of potatoes, an extra wife, and a promise of life everlasting.

Perhaps the most extraordinary phase of this most extraordinary faith is to be found in its perfect adaptation to the conditions of the poorer classes. For while really it furnishes the broadest license, it is not practically encouraging to sensual indulgences. Licentiousness was never yet fostered at the plow or the loom; and, indeed, following this idea to its logical sequence, there is observedly less deference paid to women here than elsewhere, probably because their plenteousness and availability too much familiarize men, even as the star that hangs out in the heavens afar but brightens the more for its long remove. In a

word, it is a system of general relief for the poor. Unlike the conditions of the people of England and Ireland, who would place a check upon, rather than encourage, the sources of population, they view their future prosperity as well as their present strength and glory through the prolific lens of general increase. Here, beneficent Nature provides them with broad fields and fertile valleys, undivided by political differences or social guards. Self-dependent as a community, cemented together by an identity of interests, stimulated by the accumulation of this world's favors, the excellence of the church policy furnishes ample security against the miseries that follow idleness, as well as those immoral practices which almost everywhere else invite depravity and destitution. For the church-tithe drain alone—which is about one-tenth of their substance, be it more or less—provides sufficient luxury, in these respects, without supporting saloons and other places of vice at a modest license of \$10 per day, imposed at the instance of the sagacious prophet for the protection of his lambs against the snares of the wolf.

But whether we consider the wonderful patience, or the more wonderful submission to discomfort, amounting, in some instances, to positive privation; whether we regard this people as ignorant, religious fanatics, seeking relaxation in sensualism, or sensualists, seeking justification in religious fanaticism; whether as pioneers or priests: we must pause in wonder before the system of government within a Government—the *imperium in imperio*—which they have sustained alike through evil days and prosperous times. The Mormon who is faithful to his obligations delivers, each season, at the tithing-house, one-tenth of all the labor of his hands, the growth of his acres, the result of his ventures, generally small, or the increase of his flocks and herds. No system of taxa-

tion ever devised provides for exactions so enormous; and perhaps no set of taxpayers on the earth submit so cheerfully and meet their demands with such scrupulous integrity and punctuality. For twenty years, one-tenth of the earnings of a community—now numbering more than one hundred and twenty thousand souls, and averaging from an early date in their organization here more than half that number—has been poured into the treasury of a church, of which Brigham Young is the spiritual President and sole temporal Trustee in charge. None save his associates and himself can correctly estimate the amount received, or the amount disbursed. Perhaps both have been over-estimated. It is currently reported, and generally believed, that Brigham Young has eight or ten millions of dollars deposited in the Bank of England. A hundredth part of that sum would probably be a more accurate estimate. The concentrated wealth, however, of this Church of Latter-day Saints will not, in my opinion, be found in unproductive accumulations anywhere; but ultimately, unless thwarted by special interposition, in institutions of industry and skill, in railroads and steam-wagons, in woolen factories and cotton mills, grist mills and paper manufactories, newspapers and co-operative stores, cattle and horses and sheep, irrigating-ditches, mortgages on farms, and advance funds to emigrants. In these, and a hundred unnamed industries, extending all the way from Bear River to the Colorado, the accumulated capital of the church will be scattered, as it is already to a great extent, in irrigating, fertilizing, and ever-swelling streams. No public or private enterprise, not based upon sound financial principles, can engage the attention or receive the indorsement of the Mahomet of the West. No public or private enterprise of approved merit need go abroad for capital. The managers of the great overland railroad find in the

head of the Mormon Church a prompt and responsible contractor for millions of dollars' worth of railroad constructing. The Scandinavian or English emigrant, who desires to purchase a cow, or a plow, or a bushel or two of seed, on credit, can find the necessary accommodation at the same unfailling and ubiquitous fountain of advice and assistance. So absolute is the general confidence in this Mormon prophet, that he is able at any moment, without the investment of a farthing, to wield a labor-force equal to that of ten millions of dollars. For he can place and keep in the field ten thousand men, who will toil for years at any avocation whatsoever upon his bare indorsement of ultimate profit. Unlike prominent leaders of political rings in the East, this man invests in power alone those gains which they squander in flashy libraries which they never read, and in pictures and jewels, and articles of vertu, of the value and quality of which they are alike ignorant. His daughters' dowries are not displayed in their wedding-trains. His sons visit the Atlantic States without a lounge at Saratoga or Long Branch, and tarry for months in Europe without acquainting themselves with the mysteries of *rouge-et-noir*, or *trente-et-quarante*.

The Lion House, at Salt Lake City—the residence of Mr. Young—is an unpretending two-story dwelling, with dormer-windows, inclosed within a six-foot wall, and well surrounded by trees. His houses throughout the city are simple cottages. His private carriage is an old-fashioned, covered rockaway, and his horses strongly indicate a former familiarity with the plow. Through his half-closed eyes, like a panther asleep, his great executive brain looks out upon the little world he has made, and orders its affairs with the sagacity of an industrial king.

Domestic infelicities, though perhaps less common than is popularly believed,

are by no means unknown. The regulation, however, which allots one separate week of Lotharian devotedness to each partner, relieves the subject of those unhappy consequences accruing from prolonged familiarity, which, it may be remembered, are so vigorously set forth in Bulwer's story of the "Wart and the Squint." Even while living under the same roof, they wisely take their meals apart, and although many stories are told of jealousies and outbreaks, nothing worse than a cold *douche* bath, delivered with holy unction by a disinfected "party of the first part," has ever come under my notice. There is less of this, however, than it would seem possible under a condition of things where the same sacrificing subject serves the marital relation to both grandmother and granddaughter at the same time. But it is not too much to say that misguided, deluded, and unhappy as they unquestionably are, the lives of these women are heroic. All honest purpose, not compulsory, but voluntary, for the sake of conscientious ends, leading through suffering and sacrifice, and culminating in no phase of self-glory, but in more or less of misery, self-imposed, to the very end, is true heroism; and in this light, this life of theirs is the sublimity of heroism. For it deals not alone with physical woes, it entails no essential physical discomfort, it exhibits no phase of fierce fire-splendor to attract the eyes of the world, such as lit the sword of Joan d'Arc, or wreathed the ambitious brows of a Roland or an Antoinette; but the spirit writhes while the white lips are dumb, and under the shadows of their homely walls they sit and nurse their religious zeal, and in the mold of conscience pour their lacerated lives, and fashion them into the lives of martyrs. Few religions are luxuries of themselves, and this one least of all. But whoever would learn the true weight of the cross, should but look in the faces of some of

these Mormon women. Despised of the world, and rejected by the seekers of the Living God, they patiently and unresistingly pursue their destinies. With no artificial restraint, there is therefore little falsehood—no superficial assumptions—but earnest, serious work, all tending and gravitating toward the fulfillment of prophecies leaning forward even beyond the shores of time. Here are patient faces, and faces shorn of hope for this life; there are those stolid with despair; some withered, and weakened with earth-work and long waiting, and a few pictured with expectation and full content. But the only well-articulated idea—the idea which possesses men and women alike—is that of unrelenting, unswerving faith in the power of the institution under which they live. This is the idea implanted in the breasts of the youth, and it finds strength and nourishment in every observation unfolded to the mind.

A year or two ago, the lecture-rooms of the Eastern cities were filled with eager people who went to hear a woman talk about that institution, which she named the "Whited Sepulchre," and she said much about a "woman's cry" that was going up from these females in Utah, the "cry" being interpreted Woman Suffrage, of course. Only give them the ballot, and these women would vote themselves virtuous and free! She talked a great deal, but the burden of that stirring discourse was the "woman's cry," with the imperative refrain of "let my people go!" Sympathetic parties wept with the speaker, and hysterical parties raved with her, and all in behalf of this "woman's cry." Subsequently there came an opportunity for this "woman's cry" to be heard. The Mormon Legislature finally passed the Woman's Suffrage Bill; but being only a Territory, it remained in the power of the Governor to veto the measure. Secretary Mann happened to be at the mo-

ment Acting Governor, and though too generous and rational a man to feign even his personal tolerance of the savage scheme, he, in view of this "woman's cry," with more of a spirit of mischief than malice, gave his official signature to the bill, and thus it became a law. And what is the result? Simply, that except in a few instances, where it has been specially required of them by their lordly advisers, the women have never dropped a ballot, nor signified their willingness to do so.

And now, what are the conclusions? Somebody has said, "Give a thing time, and if it can succeed it is a right thing." Mormon religion and Mormon policy have succeeded just well enough to inspire their followers with faith in their permanent success. But one generation is not time enough. The element of success is not to be found in the institution: it is in the brain of Brigham Young. Only let the mantle of sovereignty fall upon another, and the crumbling, disintegrating process will startle the believers as no mere theory can ever do.

Predictions with respect to the temporariness of this branch-doctrine of polygamy are hazardous, and speculative at best. It will be observed, however, that the policy of this leader has never, in any instance under notice, betrayed unsoundness. Instead of exhausting his resources in the attempt to make a cheap defense of his course, he has opened the way, and freely invites investigation. His next move will probably be in the direction of broadening his foundations, for his policy has always been to adapt, as much as is practicable, to the inclinations of his people, rather than attempt to engraft the sentiment upon the system; and accordingly as civilization sheds new light, revealing social practices and moral environs without, will these men and women grow ashamed, and so gradually relax in this feature of their old-time faith. Especially will these influences

operate with the youth. And who believes that this great prophetic mind perceives no chasm beyond, or that he will supinely wait, either the potent, effectual influence of Gentile society, or the inevitable fact of Congressional interference? So strangely like unto the Mahomet, both with respect to his character and the events of his career, he will not choose to perform the *hegira* while his hand retains its cunning, and the eye its eagle strength.

This question is no chimera, no shadow, but a solemn, and mayhap a tragical, reality. The United States Government may deal with the question—probably will—if it get a chance; the Courts may indict the leaders: that is not improbable. But, meanwhile, there are thousands of little mouths to be filled with bread; thousands of little feet, which "never knew the paths of Satan," to be clad from the cold. These women would be outcasts, every one of them: driven forth, beggared, and bereft of protection. No appropriation or provision could possibly secure them the respect of the world, and, without it, woman soon loses her self-poise.

But purged of this obnoxious feature of polygamy, Mormon doctrine is as inoffensive as any other; and it must be purged of it, mainly because the tendencies of the age are opposed to marriages everywhere, and these things go in tides. This is not a marrying century. Every year, statistics show a decrease in the number of marriages, and the same reasons which operate elsewhere will creep into these institutions, despite the vigilant eye of the Mahomet. To instance, women are confessedly more extravagant than formerly; and a poor man, of proud mind, places the position and future of both himself and his life-partner under a kind of social embargo, by assuming financial responsibilities which he can in no wise fulfill. Directly now, the Mormon girls will look for point-

lace and diamonds, as they already affect, with great complacency, the elaborate over-dress, which just escapes the "Grecian bend," and the indispensable *chignon*—innovations in feminine attire much deplored by their spiritual counselors.

But, says somebody, is an institution to be tolerated in this glorious nineteenth century, at variance not only with the Constitution, but the broad Christian sentiment of the people? Well, it can only be said that it was tolerated while the Government was busy about something else. "Pity 'tis, 'tis true;" but none troubled themselves much about Mormonism till the ambitious Brigham himself introduced his polygamic system to all strangers, by means of a railroad-wedding (the first, and therefore legitimate). Then curious people began to pour in, and the women visitors had the busiest time, putting their husbands in the places of Mormons—figuratively, of course—until the husbands said, "Pshaw! I don't know what men do with two wives, or with three."

But, after all these speculations, again and again, what is to be done with it? For one, I have never changed my opinion about this matter—somebody calls this condition one of intellectual depravity—namely, that polygamy will die of punctures and absorption, and that this will in no wise interfere with the Mormon faith as a practical religion; for it is now well known that plurality of wives is only an inoculation upon this original scheme, and that the persecutions at Nauvoo had no such predicate as its opposers have to-day.

Another of the disintegrating elements to undermine this institution will be found in the fact of the mines situated in the Territory of Utah, which are attracting great attention already from capitalists abroad, and which do so deservedly. Probably, the richest

deposits of ore outside the Comstock Lode—and it is very doubtful if even those should be excepted—are located in the Great Salt Lake Basin. These discoveries will inevitably draw a large Gentile population; as well, also, will additions be made to the Mormon ranks. Unless by some direct, and more or less unwise, interference, the suppression of this institution must be accomplished by majorities. Thus far, Gentiles have, as a rule, succeeded but poorly in situating themselves comfortably in official places here, and, except as a pastime, they find more lucrative business outside. But long before interference shall have achieved its purposes, the trained dove—who was said to have dropped peas into Mahomet's ear—representing the Angel of the Lord, will send its prototype, to drop the peas of revelation into the prophet-ear of Brigham Young, bringing a revelation more fraught with heart-burnings to the men than to the women of this faith, if signs are to be believed. For already the endowment-house—where, after the first, all additional brides are made—stands in unwilling disuse. Above the altar, where eretime heavenly fingers were busy fashioning ties for old and young alike, who-soever should declare himself equal to the connubial conditions, only the dreary celibate spider now weaves its virtuous web; and the longed-for Saturday—wherein, even according to the Roman Catholic faith, the sun always shines out once in the day, be the skies ever so cloud-hung, because blessed by the Virgin—has lost its wonted charm, or brings only the huckster-wagon, which, alas! halts quite short of the magic portal. But the days of polygamy are numbered. Truth is emancipating: neither imposing nor tolerating any galling conditions. No system based upon the passions or infirmities of men can have more than a temporary existence.

QUEER SIGHTS AND WAYS IN PEKIN.

I BELONG to the family of one possessed of the Demon of Travel! The desire for roaming comes upon him like the drunkard's longing for liquor. In less than three days after announcing his intention, he starts off to some remote part of the globe, in quest of no one knows what; sometimes I have doubted that he himself knows. I have been flying with the rest of the flock, from one end of the world to the other, for twenty years, but to no purpose that I have yet been able to discover, except to get away from the last place. My latest experience was that of being shaken and jolted in carts, mule-litters, and sedan-chairs; swayed on the back of the camel, beating the donkey along, and suffering personal disfiguration on a Chinese saddle.

In the great Celestial Empire, the civilization of which, recent accounts assure us, is equal to that of the Christian world, the means of communication between one province or city and another are primitive in the extreme, and intolerably slow.

To the Chinaman time is of little value, and the cost of living at the inns on the highways next to nothing, so that he is careless of how many days he may spend upon a journey. This, added to the fact that he is, by education and nature, an inveterate hater of innovation in any thing that has become time-honored and venerable from thousands of years' usage, has contributed to prevent improvement in the means of travel. How a Chinaman would wonder could he be transported from Pekin to Canton in a few days, by railway—a journey now, by land, which consumes more than two months!

Shortly after our arrival at Tientsin, where I shall begin my narrative—that I may give some account of the trip from there to Pekin—I went to take a stroll on the Bund, in company with two gentlemen of our party, and we determined to make ourselves acquainted with the motion of the Chinese wheelbarrow. It is a favorite mode of carriage with the Celestial dandy of small means. I have seen four grown persons and two or three children seated on one barrow, propelled by a single individual. This conveyance is made with a frame-work, about a foot and a half high, in the centre, between two seats, so that one sits leaning against the frame-work with the feet dangling over the side.

“Come, Colonel,” said I to one of our party, “let's try this machine!”

“All right! There is a big one! But let me speak to that important looking fellow, who is to wheel us. Here you, John! How muchee muss pay you ride littee bit? Ten *cash* can do?”

“All light, missee, can do,” replied the Chinaman, who spoke the pigeon dialect used by the inhabitants at the ports, in communicating with the English-speaking foreigners; so on we jumped, the Colonel and I on one side, the Baron, being the heavier man, on the other; and the coolie, proud of his burden, started us off at a furious rate, followed by about fifty young and old Celestials. We were, at least for once in our lives, the objects of the most distinguished interest to the public.

“By Jove, Baron,” sung out the Colonel, “imagine a lady and gentleman going out to show the fashionable cost of their dresses, pompously proceeding down Broadway (New York), or Montgomery

Street (San Francisco), seated on either side of this infernally shrieking machine, propelled by that naked sinner! What a commotion they would create!"

"Yes," remarked the Baron, who had been in China before; "it would make a fortune for a showman. But you have yet to see the perfection of wheelbarrow carrying. They move heavy loads of freight on them, and attach a donkey in front to pull, while the man pushes, and sometimes, in case of a strong wind, a large sail is put up!"

Away we went, accompanied by the "Wheelbarrow March"—to the Chinaman, the most soul-stirring music! to the foreigner, the most sole-stirring, as he is likely to get out of its reach with precipitation! The noise made by some of these barrows greatly recommends them to the musical ear of the Chinese. It is produced by something attached, emitting a sound which might be compared to the most successful efforts and combined talent of one hundred crickets, twenty-five guinea-hens, and a like number of tame geese. When a Chinaman is seated on one of these elegant conveyances, delighting his soul with such heavenly strains, he is truly happy; his expression is benign, and he looks as if inwardly thanking Buddha for the power granted him of appreciating such refined music—such poetry of sound!

"Well, gentlemen," said I, "don't you think we have had enough of this dignified sport?" And we found our way back to the steamer on foot, accompanied by crowds of dirty and mendicant natives.

The distance from Tientsin to Peking is about eighty miles direct; but the way by boat, following the numerous bends of the Peiho to Tung-chow, twelve miles distant from the capital, is nearly 125 miles. The distance of eighty miles on horseback, or in carts, is made in two or three days; by boat it takes from four to six days, according as you urge

the men, or give them their own time. The boats are rough in appearance, not being painted or ornamented in any way; but, in case of such pleasant weather as we were lucky enough to have, offer sufficient shelter and protection. They are flat-bottomed and nearly square at the ends, and of various sizes—those for freight being capable of carrying large cargoes of grain, and those for passengers ranging from twenty feet in length upward. The dimensions of the cabins of the latter are five by fifteen feet, and some six feet high. The bottom of the after half of the cabin is raised two feet above the floor, serving at once as a table and bedstead. One of these boats affords ample accommodation for two passengers—that is, foreigners; the Chinese will crowd in a dozen at a time, every one bearing a share of the boat's hire, thus making the traveling expenses very light for each individual.

The necessaries for the trip were at last brought together; a large boat for baggage was engaged; mattresses, pillows, blankets, chairs, groceries, etc., and two or three servants, who understood cooking and foraging in the villages on the way for meat, vegetables, and fruit, were secured; and about two hours before night we started. The boats are pushed along by means of poles when among the shipping, but have a strong mast and clumsy sail to be used in case of open way and favorable breeze. When the wind is not favorable, a strong line is attached to the extreme top of the mast, and several men track them, as our canal-boats are tracked by horses and mules. These boatmen are very hardy, and will, when pushed, travel forty miles in a day, pulling a heavy load. Several men go with a passenger boat, and sometimes twenty or thirty are attached to one heavily burdened with freight. It is customary for those traveling in this manner to have the boats hauled up to the bank,

side by side, to camp for the night, and when we (who started last) came up with the others, they were anchored and comfortably enjoying dinner, each, in turn, relating the difficulties encountered in clearing the three miles of junks blocking up the river at Tientsin.

The night was passed in quiet until about two hours before sunrise, when we were awakened by the boat thumping, with tremendous force, against another boat. "What in the world's the matter now!" thought I, and out I thrust my head, just in time to see the men crawl from their holes, as if more astonished than I that we had drifted two miles down the river, nearly back into the shipping of Tientsin. I demanded an explanation, when they gave me to understand, as nearly as possible by signs, that we had dragged the anchor while they slept, and they had not been aware of it until we struck. After traveling up the river about half a mile, we neared the bank, and an old man, who had been with us the day before, jumped aboard. Then the whole Chinese trick they had played flashed across my mind. Having forgotten something in the city, they had sent this old man back to get it, promising to let the boat drift down, as if by accident, and pick him up.

We had books and chess, and could devote our time to letter-writing and reading, or could order our boat hauled alongside another, and so visit the different occupants. When any one wished to stretch his legs, the boat could be hauled within two or three feet of the bank, and he could jump ashore, causing no delay. This we took advantage of, frequently crossing the country by short cuts, where the river made bends, getting a glimpse of villages and fields, and reaching the river again in time for the boats. There was no necessity to stop for meals, as a flag was hoisted on the cook's boat when they were ready.

The scenery along the river is not at all picturesque, the banks being generally bare, void of trees, and low; occasionally, however, a clump of willows, or of some other trees, is seen, and once in a while odd-looking temples and villages, composed of mud or *adobe* huts, break the monotony.

On the fourth or fifth day, we arrived at Tung-chow as night was setting in, and stayed in the boats until morning, they being more comfortable than any inn we could find in this place, with its two hundred thousand inhabitants. The mandarin, who came in charge of our freight, promised us that we should start for Pekin quite early. But, alas, for Chinese veracity! Although he swore by all the pagan saints that the arrangements were made for starting immediately after an early breakfast, and we arose at daylight, and had finished packing and breakfast by six o'clock, no coolies were to be found who would move hand or foot for us, unless paid ten times the usual wages. It was a day of festivity; and, besides, the carts, etc., had all been seized upon by the military authorities, they said, and convinced us that much patience is needed in dealing with this Celestial people. We could not get off before one P. M.; and as our boats had been dismissed, and a thunder-storm seemed to be coming up at several different times, we were any thing but comfortable, standing on a mud-flat for so many hours. At last, however, a few men with wheelbarrows were found to take the most indispensable baggage, leaving the rest, partly on the mud-flat and partly in a temple, in charge of the priest, and we started off for Pekin, in conveyances sent us from that place—for the ladies, sedan-chairs, and for the others, carts and two saddle-horses. The gates of the capital close about dusk, and we should have been shut out, had not one of the gentlemen gone ahead of the party and exhibited his passport,

standing in the gateway, unheedful of the keeper's remonstrances, until we had passed. From the first gate to the Legations, it is about two miles, and we arrived, tired and dusty, at the American Minister's, where a portion of our party was entertained.

My first impressions of Peking were any thing but pleasant. From descriptions I had read and heard of the place, I was not prepared to encounter a mass of mud-huts so dirty, dusty, and dingy in appearance! I was not prepared to find every thing in such a state of ruin and squalor! Our entrance was under circumstances calculated to give the most disagreeable impressions possible. We were tired and worried with waiting for so many hours at Tung-chow; and, it being after sundown and the sky obscured by black clouds, threatening rain every minute, the dingy color of the walls and houses seemed to us even more sombre than they were in reality.

One of the experiences of the first night was that of being kept awake by the watchmen, who walk around, producing a queer noise with a small drum. It has a sharp, thumping sound, as if you were striking a hollow cane against hard earth. He uses this to let the thieves know when he is coming, that the poor fellows may escape undetected; or else to keep his employer awake, that he may satisfy himself that good watch is being kept. Each establishment, where any thing of value is stored, must employ a private watchman, who is of great assistance to the city police. The store-keeper and the rich mandarin must protect themselves in this manner against midnight depredators, and these watchmen are at first a great nuisance to foreigners. They make a set of thumps on their drum, the set being repeated at intervals of a few seconds, something in the time of the five raps given on the drum during the marching of our soldiery.

When I first heard this strange sound at dead of night, I was at a loss to imagine the cause. It comes from a distance, and gradually approaches, until it seems immediately under your window; then dies away, and gives you just time to get half asleep, when suddenly you hear it in full force again; then it stops, and in a short time begins some distance away, slowly approaching, until, when reaching your proximity, it remains many minutes, seeming to enjoy the consciousness that no "*yang-queitze*," or "foreign devil," can repose during its Celestial presence. "Confound the thing; is it never going away?" you begin to think. "Oh, yes; there it goes! Ah, it has stopped!" Do not think so; do not congratulate yourself too soon; do not deceive yourself into the belief that the dusky artist will tire of making his music. He is paid for it, and you may be certain that, in this instance, at least, he will faithfully perform his duty, bringing out every thump with force, and in such regular time, that you know beforehand when to expect each individual sound. Gradually the horrible conviction dawns upon your mind that the artist, as he gets tired of promenading, has selected you in particular to listen to his serenade, stationing himself beneath your window. No more sleep for you that night, you may be sure! The tone and time of this musical instrument are so impressed upon your memory, that you may say, ever after, your education in this particular has not been slighted; you have learned it thoroughly, giving the best hours of your rest to its study. Sometimes you get not only the benefit of the watchman employed on the place where you are, but also of those in the whole neighborhood; and then you can put these waking hours to further use, speculating upon the different dispositions of the performers.

During the first two or three days after our arrival, the weather was bad, and

we had little opportunity of seeing Pekin, except in our immediate vicinity, where the strange noises peculiar to the place made some impression. Large numbers of Chinese are engaged in selling food and different kinds of merchandise in the streets; some have stands, and others carry baskets. These men each have a way of attracting the attention of the public: one will give a peculiar call, and another have an instrument, making a strange noise, recognizable at once. The vendors of a wine pressed from apricots have two brass saucers, which they hold in one hand and strike together as the Negro minstrels use bones. They keep regular time, and produce a loud, clanking noise. This wine of apricots is called *swan-may-tung*, and in dry, hot weather, is particularly refreshing; used with ice, the flavor is delicate. A cupful costs a *cash*.

Quite a feature of Pekin are the pigeons. They have each a light whistle tied to the tail, which gives forth a loud sound when they fly. Frequently one bird will carry a bunch of five or six, the tones of which are in accord, and the effect is peculiar. They have a dull, monotonous, and very melancholy tone, and hearing them every minute during the day, is liable to give one the blues.

It is a common thing to hear the small drum (open at one end), used by the blind, who seem to be numerous, and are said to prevail in the lower classes, where rice is the principal and almost the only article of food. The little drum can be heard at a great distance, warning the people in the streets of the approach of the blind man. It enables the latter to distinguish what is in his path, which he can do with astonishing accuracy, owing to the slight differences, not recognizable by an unpracticed ear, in the tone of the drum, produced by any thing in the way. When the path is clear, the drum has a certain sound; when a small stone obstructs it,

the tone is different, and still more so if the stone be large. If the path lead directly against a wall, a larger amount of sound is thrown back, which again makes a difference. A puddle of water, a sudden descent, a hill, and, in fact, any thing ahead, makes a change in the tone, which the long practice of the blind man enables him at once to detect and attribute to the right cause.

One can not remain long in any part of China, without observing what an annoyance the beggars are: in fact, they constitute one of the first features of a residence there, which obtrude themselves upon the notice of the foreigner. Nowhere can a person show his face in the streets, without immediately having a dozen or more naked wretches thrust their bony and decrepit hands almost in his face, bringing their diseased and filthy bodies in very disagreeable proximity to his person. The number of them in Pekin is so great, that they arrogate to themselves certain privileges, to which, by clubbing together and acting in concert, they compel the other portions of the community to recognize their right. They have a ruler, to whom they are obedient, and who has actual power, being recognized by the Government and responsible for any misdeeds, really too outrageous to be borne by the public, which the beggars may perpetrate. They call him the "King of the Beggars." There are certain days in the year, on which they are permitted to go abroad in bands, infest portions of the city and villages, and demand payment to retire. For instance, they station themselves in front of a store and keep up such a racket that the storekeeper is glad to buy their absence from his place of business. Another method for a beggar to procure funds is, to go to some rich merchant and threaten to commit suicide upon his door-step, unless he pays the sum of two or three dollars. This the poor mendicant does

when desperate and near starving; and when the money is refused him, he does not hesitate long before executing his threat. This costs the merchant many times more than if he should comply with the demands of the beggar, for the circumstance of a dead man being found on his premises gives the authorities an opportunity of extorting from him such portion of his fortune as they desire. They have the power to do what they please with him; and, caring little for the guilt or innocence of the man, promise freedom from the penalty of the law if he pays over the greater portion of his fortune, or certain death if he refuses. It is owing to these circumstances that the threat of the beggar is likely to bring forth a donation. There is also a superstition against having a stranger die upon the premises, it being thought that his spirit will haunt them after death, which has some weight to rid themselves peaceably of the importunate mendicant.

Some places in Pekin are occupied by the beggars, to the exclusion of all other classes. For instance, there is a bridge over which the Emperor passes, when on his way to the Temple of Heaven, to perform certain religious ceremonies. The bridge has three different passages (separated by stone-walls), each leading through an arched gate. The centre way and gate are the largest, and only opened once in many months for the passage of the Emperor, those on each side sufficing for the public. The centre portion of this bridge is occupied by a band of beggars, who live there day and night, without shelter, and some of them almost naked—the children quite so. During the winter numbers of these poor beings die from exposure to the cold, the thermometer sometimes going down to near zero. It is horrible and disgusting to go into the streets of Pekin early in the morning after an unusually severe night, dozens of dead bodies be-

ing occasionally seen in the course of a walk. But misery is not confined to the regular beggars, in winter, many families being so destitute as to desire to sell their children. Frequently will a mother offer the child at her breast to a foreigner for a half-dollar, or less.

There is a most distressing creature at one of the gates of the city, which is reported to have been placed in this same position every day for a great number of years. The natives say it is a woman, but nothing in the appearance makes it recognizable as such. All I could see was a bunch of rags huddled together, surmounted by a tuft of coarse, black, and dusty hair. It seemed to be idiotic, deaf, and dumb, the only sound, uttered at almost regular intervals, being an unearthly noise, something between the bark of a large dog and the grunt of a hog. This poor creature lies all day on the cold stones, exposed to the changes and inclemencies of the Pekin climate, and in a strong draught produced by the gateway. A box is at its side to receive the contributions of the liberally inclined.

The inconvenience of meeting so many of these objects of compassion makes it very unpleasant for foreign ladies to go on the streets. The only place where they are not met is on the wall. Some of them are deformed by goitre, producing immense swellings on the neck. I saw one fellow with a lump as large as his head. Lepers may also be occasionally seen, but not frequently, as they are generally placed in establishments erected especially for them, which annually receive a small stipend from the Government, but have to depend also upon contributions of those having relatives there.

The misery of the beggars does not prevent them from finding intense enjoyment in gambling. They will play for the few *cash* which they may have received, although almost starving; and when those are lost, their clothes, or

what rags partially cover them, go too. Some do not stop there, but, becoming excited, make the play more interesting by staking upon the issue of the game one finger after another, cutting off those of the loser with the greatest stoicism on both sides. This infatuation for gambling pervades all classes, in a greater or less degree.

The Chinese attach so much importance to display, in times of weddings and funerals, that they contract with the King of the Beggars to furnish some of his subjects to follow in their train and swell the number of the procession.

One hears, occasionally, of riches having been accumulated by a follower of the profession of mendicancy.

Some of the beggar-children, from four to ten years of age, will follow travelers for several miles, keeping pace with the horses; and I never saw finer and fuller chests than these little, naked fellows exhibit, in consequence of running.

It is the general impression in the United States and in Europe, that the females of the upper classes only are small-footed, and that these can only walk with the assistance of servants; in fact, I have seen this statement in books on China, written by persons who had resided there some years. Contrary to this impression, however, small-footed women can be seen among the poorest classes—even some of the beggar-women bow to this fashion, and it is surprising to see the agility with which they follow those riding on horseback or in carts. There are a number of stories in circulation, accounting for the curious

custom of cramping the feet of the women. It began a long time ago, probably before A.D. 1000. At that time there lived a very beautiful Princess, who had remarkably small feet (perhaps she was club-footed), and was so good and such a favorite, that the women in the upper classes, to pay her a compliment, generally adopted this custom, which gradually spread to the lower. Another version has it, that a certain Emperor, much incensed at great harm having been done by the gadding and tale-telling propensities of some ladies at his Court, commanded them all to be crippled in this way to keep them at home.

The way in which the foot is kept small, is as follows: After the child has learned to walk—probably between the ages of two and three years—the families in good circumstances begin by having the foot cramped and incased in bandages and wooden or iron shoes, thus preventing it from becoming longer, although it becomes thicker and the instep higher. The big-toe is turned up over the foot and the other toes under. The cramping of the feet is confined to the Chinese proper, the Tartar women being permitted to stand upon the natural footing. This strange custom, though bad for the health in some respects, does not entail upon the victim such misery and discomfort as might be supposed to follow such a perversion of Nature. They do not seem to suffer a great deal, unless the girl be nearly grown before the operation is performed; but what woman would not suffer the most excruciating pain, to be “in the fashion?”

THE MAISON-MÈRE OF THE SŒURS.

TOWARD the close of a warm July day, as I sat in my room, which I called my Bird-cage, sealing my letters for England, I heard a strange and most unusual sound outside my door. I rose, and, on opening it, beheld Thierna, the young novice, carefully holding in both hands a small, restive, yelling bundle, and looking the picture of perplexity.

"It will keep screaming! What do you suppose it can want?" she asked, appealing to me.

"Its mother," I suggested. "Where on earth did you pick up that child?"

"Yah! yah!" went the baby, writhing its little person, and screwing its tiny, mahogany-colored face into the most painful contortions.

"Poor, little thing!" screamed Thierna, trying to make herself heard above the squalls of the baby.

I saw at a glance that this was her first experience with babies, so I took the little thing from her, and hushed it to my bosom, where it, no doubt, felt more at home than in the improvised hammock.

"What is to be done?" said Thierna, looking in amazed consternation.

"Take it to its mother," I replied.

"It has none now, poor, little mite, but me, for I have just bought it for one hundred and fifty piastres, from a Jewish woman who is seized with the usual frenzy for tramping to Jerusalem. When this mania comes upon them, they would nearly sell their own souls to the Evil One, if he would pay down cash, in order to gratify it. This woman had met with our gentle-hearted Sœur Bernadine, and had threatened to sell her child to the Turks, as a slave, unless she would take the first offer and buy it. Berna-

dine, you know, takes charge of all the miseries of this district, and has always some horrible case on hand. She comes to beg of me a few silver coins: relief which I never can refuse, her tastes are always so pitiful."

"Well, you certainly do the oddest things in the world! Buying a baby, for example," said I.

"Odd!" she repeated. "Of course, odd enough; but how can I help it? Bernadine meets me in the corridor, which is narrow, with this Jewess gesticulating and trotting after her. You never meet Bernadine without some poor wretch bringing up the rear. She tells me the story. Some of the other Sœurs assemble round us, and suggest the infant being there and then baptized, in order that, if the Turks do get it for a slave, its little soul, at least, may be saved. I fear that its trials in life as a slave will in no way be lightened by the performance of the religious ceremony. The mother, with the baby in one hand, the other thrust out for the money, pushes the bargain vehemently, vociferously portraying her child's sufferings with the Turks, and how happy she would be to have it with the good Sœurs; but she must have the money, and has nothing else to dispose of. The portress—Cyclops, as I call her, because she has only one eye, and that very much too near the centre of her face—begins to interfere, and shakes her keys at the Jewess, as a warning to depart. Our dog, Cerberus, growls defiance, and threatens to eat the baby, by way of putting an end to the discussion. We are on the eve of a general uproar; Bernadine is about to be disappointed in her benevolent designs; none of the

Sœurs have any money; I feel in my pocket, and chance to have the required sum; the woman possesses herself of it, hands over the baby to me, and is immediately locked outside the gate by Cyclops, before I have an instant to deliberate. The Sœurs at once administered lay baptism, and then went about their several vocations, telling me to take care of it until it could be conveyed to their Orphan-house at Kadi Kroyu."

"I never heard of such an eccentric purchase!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, it is not so uncommon in Constantinople," she replied. "The Sœurs have a house full of children: bought, borrowed, or found. Certainly, I never entertained the idea of buying a baby; yet there it is, and the real mother is on her way to Jerusalem. The baby is mine, and I must be its mother. I wish it was not such a little, black thing.

"However," I replied, "now that you are in possession, you will have to provide suitably for it. You can not take care of it yourself; it would die."

"So Bernadine says. And she knows a poor woman who has just lost her own, that will take charge of it for me, for the present, until it is old enough to go to the Orphan-house. You know, Sœur Bernadine, although she is the best creature in the world, runs me into all sorts of expenses I never intended perpetrating. I see so much misery in the hospitals, that I could easily spend a fortune in chicken-broth, jelly, and Bordeaux wine. But she comes to me with her eloquent tongue and sympathetic eyes, and I can not resist. Yet, I am rather angry with myself for having yielded to a pair of emerald ear-rings, which she enticed me into buying for a Russian *émigrée* girl, for whom she had made a *mariage de convenance*."

"I thought the Sœurs never encouraged such frivolity," I said.

"No, not usually; but this was a case of necessity. The girl would not submit

to the hymenial yoke until she had the *trousseau* complete, with the ear-rings. Poor Bernadine was in a distressed state of mind. Metinka, the girl, could not speak a word of any thing but Russian: she had been brought over to Stamboul, with several hundred others, from the sacking of Kertch. They had been landed, without a place to shelter them or provision of any kind made for them; and, but for the indefatigable labors of this Propagandian Order of Sœurs, many would have perished from hunger and exhaustion. Bernadine discovered some tumble-down buildings, which nobody owned, a few miles away; of these she took possession, and, as she speaks Russian fluently, she soon set all the men repairing and the women cleaning. I had to lend her a few hundred piastres to buy food, at first; but there is something marvelous in the manner in which, by her sole exertion, she achieved the work of lodging, feeding, clothing, and, at length, employing, from two to three hundred people, suddenly thrown helpless on her hands. And so well did she organize her little world, that not even a child died, and soon there was not one on charity. She is the noblest character and the cleverest woman in the Propaganda; a lady, by birth and education. She it is who has that sweet soprano voice you hear in our church, and who painted the Magdalene you so much admire. Her history is one of those deep tragedies of life, through which she has struggled, like a star, seen on a stormy night, more pure and bright from the dark and sombre clouds which have beset it. There is just a trace of it left on her face; but she is always cheerful and gentle."

"Have not all the Sœurs histories attached to them?" I asked.

"Yes, generally; but they are not all tragedies," she answered. "Bernadine could never have had her heart so filled with deep compassion for others, had

she not loved and suffered bitterly herself."

"Does she also make marriages for her *protégées*?"

"Yes, she plans and arranges for all her little world. Metinka she proposed to marry to the young Pole, Stanislaus, and the young couple entered warmly into the idea. A modest *trousseau* was provided* for the bride-elect, and she evinced much satisfaction in reviewing the various articles of dress, but asked, when the ear-rings were to be bought, for emerald ear-rings—without which she could not, should not, would not, be married. In vain the good Sister expostulated; the young lover pleaded, and promised to save his pennies after marriage in order to buy them. It was to no purpose. Without emerald ear-rings, marriage was impossible to the Russian girl; and in this dilemma Bernadine came to me. We traversed the whole of the Turkish bazar in hope of finding some cheap trinket of glittering appearance and small intrinsic value; but the Turk vends no spurious article: his gold is true gold, and his emerald not green glass. So we had to buy the ear-rings; and Metinka was married in them, and is very happy. But, now I see you have got it to sleep," she continued, looking at the baby in my lap, "I'll carry it to its nurse."

She took hold carefully of the four corners of the handkerchief in which it was wrapped, and, walking on tiptoe, in much dread of awakening it, quitted my room.

I had expressed a wish to see the Russian prisoners, then of such paramount interest in our military world, and had asked Thierna to be allowed to accompany her upon one of her charitable visits on board the *Ponton*, where the Russian prisoners were confined during the continuance of the war. The following morning she called for me, and we set out together. As we walked

along to the wharf, where we were to take the caique, Thierna said:

"I must tell you something about the gallant Stuart, the military commander of the Russian prisoners. He is, I believe, a descendant of the Royal Stuarts, and a right royal fellow he is, in his way. His grandfather emigrated to Poland, about the time of Queen Anne, so that he is one-third English and two-thirds Polish: a rather happy mixture of race, uniting British honesty with Polish chivalry, which is like putting polish on a diamond. He stands six feet odd (I do not know how much); he has a large head, large features, large hands and feet, large proportions in every way, and has a large heart to correspond, into which we have found a large road. We, the Sœurs, command the *Ponton*. Whisper it not, for he is a terrible disciplinarian, and came very near shooting a poor wretch who had been foolish enough to try to better his condition by making his escape. Until that memorable day, the Commandant hated the Propagandists, and often refused us admittance. But upon this occasion, we arrived just at the moment of a great disturbance on board. The guard was turned out, and the Captain, with cocked pistol in hand, was just giving a last warning to the poor wretch, who was swimming for his life, that if he did not return, he would fire upon him. It was a moment of terrible suspense. I could not bear to see the rigorous law carried into effect before my eyes. Sœur Bordislas, who was with me, covered her face with her hands, and prayed to her favorite Saint. She was a Russian by birth, and our discipline taught her non-resistance. I am afraid I followed my nature, for I ran up the gangway just in time to strike up the pistol, which let off its contents somewhere in the direction of the minarets of San Sophia. This outrageous performance seemed to overawe our really soft-hearted Captain, and win his lasting ad-

miration. Indeed, I do not think he has ever thoroughly recovered from his surprise."

"What is the secret of your influence over him?" I asked.

"Oh, there is no secret. You will understand it all when you see him. I get my own way about small matters concerning the prisoners: that is all. The one I have been telling you about was brought back in one of the boats which put out after him, and was placed in irons in the *cachot*, whence I delivered him next day."

"I think," said I, "that all large, clumsy men have great hearts, little sensitiveness, astuteness, or perception: great stolid creatures with an immense capacity for affection, but little for the small artifices and delicate subtleties which usually win it. Cupid makes up to them in quantity for what he stints them in quality. Nine times out of ten, if a maiden have two lovers, one six feet or more, and the other under six feet (advantages equal), the lesser would win her. But it would be the reverse if he was too little and effeminate, for a woman is apt to despise all that too nearly resembles herself. Five feet eight to eleven is the dangerous height, most wicked, most captivating, most intelligent, and most powerful."

Thierna smiled, and said, "That is a speculation which the Propagandists have renounced with their vows."

As we skimmed swiftly along the Golden Horn, which reflected the gilt-tipped minarets and the burnished domes of the various mosques, the bright, red tiles of the houses, with the invariable green cypress surrounding them—for no Turk erects a building without planting it round with flowers and trees, as every house has its harem, so every harem has its garden—we suddenly became aware of some unusual excitement in our stolid *caïquejee*. He covered his head with his hands, and left the *caïque*

to float at will. "The Sultan is coming!" cried Thierna, standing up and saluting with her hand to her cornet, when, with a rush and a whirl, almost like a shell through the air, the *caïque* of the Sultan shot by. Sixteen rowers, in white silk blouses and short drawers, their massive, brawny legs like polished bronze, a red fez covering the head, pulled with a long, graceful sweep, as if impelled by machinery, without ever raising their heads. A Pasha of high degree sat amidships, stoically gazing into vacancy. His Celestial Majesty reclined on a divan, under a large, red umbrella—the emblem of his semi-divinity or connection with the celestial family of Mahomet. He wore a loose, black, silk garment—a kind of blouse—with a small collar round the throat set with magnificent diamonds. His scarlet fez was decorated in the front by an aigret of the same precious stones. But, with the exception of this fifty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds, the Sultan's dress was plain. He was gone ere I had time to be more than dazzled by the glitter as he swept by like a gleam of lightning.

"I am delighted to have had this opportunity of seeing the Sultan," I said to Thierna.

"We often meet him, and he always honors us with a prolonged stare, which is the highest honor he can confer upon us, except in elevating us to his *haïem*, which he once proposed to do as a compensation for our labors in doctoring a favorite Pasha's children; not that it was intimated to us that we should necessarily become wives, as most of us are far from good looking," laughed Thierna.

"Probably when the war is over he will confer upon you the Order of the *Méjédie*?"

"Perhaps so; at least, it would not cause the difficulty which arose when the British Queen sent to invest him with the Order of the Garter."

"What was that?" I asked.

"Simply, that the successor of Mahomet wore no stockings, and as it is against the law for him to be touched by infidel hands, the Garter King-at-Arms had to practice the evolution of putting on the garter, like the young pupils of pickpockets, upon a dummy, without touching the sacred person of the chosen of Allah."

"According to established etiquette, this mighty potentate can neither eat with, nor in presence of, his subjects; and is supposed, by the vulgar, to feed on ambrosia and nectar. When he gave his grand banquet to the ambassadors, commanders, and European grandees of his allies, after making their *salâm*, they were turned into a room to help themselves to an abundant collation provided for them, and certain Pashas were present to see that they did justice to the viands. This was about the only thing they could do, table-talk being out of the question, as there was but one among the guests who spoke Turkish, and only one among the Turks familiar with any language but his own. The really useful persons—the staff *attachés* and aids-de-camp—had been mistaken for lackeys, and made to stand in the hall, while the great men devoured their rations in silence. Neither was this very practicable, for knives, forks, and spoons form no part of a Turkish *mise en table*, and a messenger had to be secretly dispatched to a European Ambassador's residence to procure those very useful articles."

"How do they manage to eat a chicken, for instance?" I asked.

"Oh, the host usually takes hold of one end of a joint, and presents the other to his guest, and you twist and pull until you get the portion you require. In the meantime, the hallowed person of the Sultan, far removed from the vulgar pot-luck of the representatives of his allies, was inhaling food perhaps from

Serapis' pipe, or lilies on liquid roses floating. But all these things are mysteries, not to be penetrated by the rest of mankind."

"Yes," I replied; "it is the love of the wonderful and mysterious in hot climates, where the powers of Nature are stupendous and awe-inspiring. This is so great, that while the Hindoo has his Juggernaut and his trinity of gods—Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva; and the Parsee finds in the fire, which Zoroaster is said to have kindled four thousand years ago, an emblem of the incomprehensible God; the Mahometan discovers in the person of an Abdul-Medjid, or a Mahmoud, a representative of the Deity and the solemnly-worshiped principles of the Koran. Veneration, like vegetation in these regions, is rank and luxuriant."

"We, in England," I said, "can not get up a good miracle; some cool-headed wag is sure to investigate it, and find out the reason why. Englishmen will scarcely believe their own eyes or their own ears; they explain the phenomenon by chemistry, acoustics, optics, or mechanics. It would be impossible to make them believe, as in Italy, that the long dead and skeleton Queen of Pompeii sent her diamond ring, with which she had been interred, by an old woman, to her husband, the King, with a message to the effect that by that token, she, his dead wife, desired that he would render particular homage to Santa Eufemia, for whom she, the skeleton, had a great regard! Were his late Majesty, George the Fourth, to send his far-famed, stiff, stand-up shirt-collar, with a diamond stud, to the reigning British sovereign, with a request that they might be set up on Charing Cross and re-adopted, the unlucky bearer of such message would be given over to the police, and consigned to the consideration of her Majesty's Commissioners of Lunacy; but in marvel-loving Italy, Santa

Eufemia was forthwith set up, to be honored and made the second patron-saint of Pompeii. Wax-candles, to burn before her shrine, rose rapidly in price; image vendors made large profits by vending her statuettes, and she became, in fact, all the fashion and talk of the day. Upon referring to the Dictionary of the Lives of Saints, Santa Eufemia was found to have been a beautiful Pompeian, and for that alone she deserved beatification, for Pompeians are proverbially ugly. She had, however, more merit than beauty. She had made a vow to die a virgin saint. Believing sanctity incompatible with matrimony, she resolved to run no risk. There might have been such a thing as a married saint, but she doubted her capacity to become one; and, as it often happens, the very point we strive most to avoid ultimately brings about the end we have in view, it chanced that a Prince, seeing the lovely eyes of Eufemia, became violently enamored of them. In Italy, the flame of love, once lit, soon burns bright and consumes every obstacle before it. The Prince voted saintly virginity a bore, and forthwith sent his armed retainers to take possession of the lovely eyes, and bring them straightway to him—meaning, of course, in their sockets. She, finding resistance of no avail, complied *au pied de la lettre*. She plucked out the seductive optics, and sent them to her admirer on a plate. Then came the miracle. ‘She could see,’ says the record, ‘with the empty cavities, to thread a fine needle, and her vow was fulfilled, for she died a virgin saint.’”

“Oh!” cried Thierna, “she must have been a real *clairvoyante*! How otherwise can you account for the belief in such stories? There must be something in such tales; pure falsehood is as rare as pure truth: it is the mixture which is so common and so mischievous. A thing utterly false is, as it were, dead and innocuous; but if it be mixed with

a particle of truth, it becomes life, and propagates and disseminates itself boundlessly. But here we are!” she said, as our caique shot alongside the vast hulk of a dismantled three-decker. A very large, stately man, with an English face and a foreign bearing, stepped to the ship’s side, then drew himself up in great pomp, and received us in a grand, chivalrous manner. His scarlet *képi* he held above his head; he wore a richly embroidered white *bourous* and scarlet trowsers, and looked altogether a worthy descendant of the royal Stuart. With a low bow, he offered his hand to Thierna to assist her as she stepped on deck. She quietly declined, without raising her eyes, and I profited by the intended civility. As she proceeded quietly to make us known to each other, her hands folded in her large sleeves, and looking the sedate Sœur to perfection, I read in his great, honest face the secret of her power on the *Ponton*. She had brought a bale of cotton-print, which she was about to cut up into handkerchiefs, to be hemmed by the Russians, who sew as well as any women, for the use of the sick; and while she was thus engaged, Captain Stuart escorted me over the ship, explaining and entertaining me to the best of his great power. The prisoners, as a whole, were intensely ugly men—raw-boned, angular, hard-featured, or rather odds and ends of features, as though Nature had made them up, in a hurry, of scraps. They had a generally unfinished look, and their mud-colored, shapeless coats were no relief to their muddier complexions. They were obedient to command, and easily managed; quick with their fingers, sewing, tailoring, and making lint with great dexterity. The Prince Dorsmanschoff sent monthly sums of money to the Sœurs of the Propaganda to purchase small luxuries for them, such as *rakee*, *sauerkraut*, and tobacco. The introduction of the former the Captain had long and strenuously

resisted; but Thierna had finally carried the day: for, she argued, *rakee* to a Russian supplies the place of coffee to a Frenchman, and if not absolutely necessary to his existence, at least is indispensable to a genial and pleasant view of it. The *rakee* forms part of a Russian soldier's rations, and to deprive him of it, not only interferes with a long-established habit, which has become a second nature, but he loses his staff of life, like bread to an Englishman; for the Russian bread is by no means inviting, resembling in taste and appearance Irish bog-turf.

When we had made the round of the prisoners of war, the Commandant conducted me to his own cabin, or rather tent, where he bivouaced during the day, and after offering some cool fruit and iced cream—such as is used by the Turks, being literally cream iced—he took his seat opposite a looking-glass, which, from its position, must have reflected the whole deck, covered by an awning, toward which his back was turned. I wondered why he fixed his eyes continually upon the mirror: whether he was admiring himself, or the Russian soldiers, or whether he was watching to see if all the handkerchiefs were cut into exact squares. After discussing various matters touching the war, the state of the armies, etc., the good, honest soul ingenuously betrayed the truth.

"She is gone," he said, confidentially, as though I had been a party to the surveillance through the mirror. "She is gone between-decks, and that will not satisfy her; she will peep into the *cachot* and discover that I have put two rogues in irons; she will be up here like a shot, and then, *parbleu!* if he only saw her face, I'll defy the Commander-in-chief himself to refuse the *grâce* she begs. In fact," he continued, deprecatingly, "these Propagandists have usurped all authority here. I always hated all sisterhoods, but these are irresistible. *Ma*

foi! I'm in despair; I do not know what to do," he added, shrugging his shoulders. "I hope she will not take a fancy to let all the prisoners loose on the town. I should be under the necessity of resigning my command."

I could scarcely restrain my inclination to laugh, as I pictured the fairy form of Thierna ruling supreme over the great, bulky, camp-hardened Captain.

"Do you not think," he said, appealing to me, "that it is a monstrous cruelty to shut up young girls in these institutions, and doom them to such miserable lives as she must lead? All the delights of a woman's life are closed to her, and she finds but a sorry and dismal pleasure in succoring the woes of others."

"On the contrary," I replied, "they take a holy pleasure in making others happy; and you must have had many opportunities of observing how well they succeed."

"True," said he, "she is as a ray of sunshine to that blind fellow, who can never see her. She warms his lonely heart, and the whole ship adore her [no doubt, I thought, including himself], yet why should she not be happy herself?"

"How do you know they are not happy?" I said, keeping prudently to the plural.

"I know she is not!" he answered, earnestly. "I observe she is anxious, almost careworn. She sees too much misery on board, and in the hospitals, for a young and tender heart to bear. She ought to be skipping about like a young fawn, enjoying the spring of life, instead of creeping stealthily along in fear of disturbing the last moments of the dying, or beholding the dead look up from their slumbers. Why is all hushed in the presence of a corpse, whose sleep is of stone, not to be broken?"

"There are strong arguments on both sides," I replied. "In the first place, and to begin at the root, statistics prove

that there are more women than men, and you surely would not introduce polygamy into European institutions! Ergo, some women must remain unmarried. A lone woman is a lonely thing; she wants an object. Sisters and brothers after marriage are not the same sisters and brothers they were before; their affections have found other sources. Why, then, should not the odd ones left unite together for a mutual object—that object a grand and benevolent one of consoling the afflicted and succoring the destitute? We can not shut out misery from the world; we have no right to blind ourselves to its existence, and turn away from its piteous cry. And if these women have no other object to engross them, is it not more generous and noble to devote themselves to this, than to their own special, selfish enjoyment?"

The worthy Captain was too heavy a substance to enter into nice subtleties of argument, or deep disquisitions on abstruse matters. He conveyed the idea to me of being too ponderous to be metaphysical. He was silent for a few moments; then, applying my generalities to the object of his thoughts, he said:

"But surely our dear Sœur Thierna is not shut up there because she can find no one to marry her! *Ma foi!* if I thought," he exclaimed, catching at the bright idea—"if I thought," and he stopped short. So I continued his thought on my own account, "You would fetch a priest instantly, and ask me to be witness to the ceremony, which I should declare irregular and unconventional, and decline to encourage."

I was therefore happy, when, at this juncture, Thierna re-appeared. The mighty Captain heaved up from his seat, like a couchant elephant when poked by his keeper, his large face glowing with delight. The mere sight of her gave him a rush of blood to the head. Thierna stood before him in what she called *pose officielle*: her eyes cast down, and

her hands folded in her wide sleeves. Her voice was soft and low, as she said:

"*Monsieur le Commandant*, I am the bearer of an humble petition for mercy."

The Captain was in raptures. "*Ma Sœur*, such prayer sits well on your lips —"

He intended making a fine speech, but broke down at this point, finding his emotions overpowering his eloquence. "Oh, release them—the rascals—release them, if you wish, *ma Sœur*; and any thing else you may think of, pray, name it. Perhaps you would like so many kilogrammes of tobacco allowed on the feast of St. Stanislaus of Poland? or, perhaps —"

"We thank you," interrupted Thierna, speaking in the name of her Order, but never moving a muscle of her face in gratitude for all these favors heaped upon her; and, with the dignified sisterhood bow, she withdrew.

The herculean victim to Cupid sat down in a state of flustered happiness. One look or interchange of words—the power of conferring a favor asked by her—was a taste of Paradise to him. Novelty was not the least of the charm. Reared up in camp and strife, his intercourse had been all with his own sex: he knew little of woman, save the remembrance of his mother. He was utterly bewitched and beside himself by the new and all-powerful influence of a true and lovable woman: like a man who drinks too deeply, for the first time, of a powerful but healthy draught, his brain reels under its influence for a time, but soon recovers its natural tone and is invigorated. Alas! for the Captain of the *Ponton*, that he could only have one draught at this source. Alas! that it was the Propagandists who had aroused his dormant feelings. Their vows shut out all the tender emotions of love and the tie of marriage.

After releasing her prisoners, Thierna returned, and was ready to depart. I

rose to take my leave. Captain Stuart, with many polite speeches, hoped it would not be my last visit. Oh, deceitful is the heart of man! and it made me think that David was right when he said, in his heart, "So, all men are liars;" for the Captain was only too much delighted to talk of his captivator, and cared no more for me than for the man in the moon.

We glided over the blue water of the Bosphorus in our dainty little *caïque*—more like a shell than a boat—through hundreds of vessels at anchor, their sails half furled, catching the golden hue like the purple mountains rising on either side, dotted over with red-tiled *kiosks*, until we neared the new palace of the Sultan—an exquisite structure of gleaming, white marble, crowned with towers, and minarets, and cupolas—glittering against the unclouded azure of the sky: a composite architecture, Byzantine, Greek, and Roman. Aromatic perfumes were wafted from the terraced garden around it, which was glowing with gorgeous-tinted flowers. The blue waves rippled over the hundreds of feet of marble steps descending to the water's edge; shoals of porpoises were sunning their golden backs, and all Nature was harmonious. I was just observing to Thierna that man alone was discordant, when bang, bang! boom, boom! roared a twenty-four pounder, and our *caïque* trembled in the water.

"What on earth is the meaning of that?" I exclaimed, my breath nearly gone with the shock.

"Only a salute; it is a man-of-war with some great personage on board. I suppose we shall see when we get round the point."

Round the point we both saw, and felt, for we were nearly blown out of the water by the concussion. Bang, bang! went the artillery guns, on one side, and the opposite hills repeated, boom, boom! Bang, bang! roared the man-of-war on

the other. It was like being in Pandemonium.

"Sheer off," said Thierna to the boatman.

"*Yok!*" uttered the *caïquejee*, making the inexorable negative, by placing his tongue to the roof of his mouth and dropping it suddenly.

"Do tell him," I cried, "we shall be blown over. Why should he persist in running in between the fires?"

"*Yok!*" reiterated the *caïquejee*, as he noticed my gesticulation.

"I wonder what is his reason," said Thierna; "they always have a good one, but will never condescend to tell it. It is, perhaps, the current, which is sometimes so strong, that a *caïque* can not stem it; but is driven down to the Sea of Marmora. But, oh! look at the Sultan's windows!" and Thierna burst out laughing. I turned; we were nearly opposite the palace. With every bang, down went a shower of glass from the windows. Our gallant man-of-war, with some mighty hero on board, was humbly paying his *devoirs* to his Celestial Highness the Sultan, the successor of Mahomet, and smashing all his plate glass, recently imported from England. The salute over and the smoke dispersed, man and nature, save perhaps the inhabitants of the Sultan's palace, settled into quietude. My thoughts wandered to the bit of romance I had just found out on the *Ponton*. Thierna sat with her little hands pressed together, and a long, dreary look cast toward the Black Sea—looking for the ships which bore the mournful freight of sick and wounded from under the crumbling walls of Sebastopol. I felt inclined to agree with the Commandant, that it was too bitter a trial for these young, delicate, pure-minded women to be engulfed in this vortex of slaughter and horrors, consequent upon war. Some with natures less fervid than Thierna's, had perished from panic caused by the fatality of chol-

era, or the hideous appearance of some of the wounded; others, from absolute fatigue, or the terrible depression caused by so much misery. Out of two hundred of the brave Propagandists, sixty had died at their posts, victims to their devoted charity. And, however the Cap-
tain might inveigh against the institution which condemned women to such a sad, arduous life, few could fail to admire it who saw the complete self-sacrifice and abnegation of life's comforts in favor of the inevitable sufferings consequent upon war.

SUMMONS.

O long, swinging bells of pomegranate!
O orange-buds, falling as snow!
O singing of swallow and linnnet—
Singing high in the leaves, singing low—
Can ye sing to my heart, can ye win it
One moment to these, ere I go?

What flowers shall be sweeter than these are?
What sky shall be blue as this sky?
As a fair, fringed girdle the trees are,
About the green place where I lie;
And the swarms of the brown honey-bees are
As clouds over clover and rye.

But ah! for the singing of swallows
What thought, though the singing be sweet!
What ease, though the grass of the hollows
And hills be as down to my feet!
Love calls, and the ready heart follows—
How fleet to the summons, how fleet!

And unto the dove, as she cooeth,
It's, O, for the wings of the dove!
And unto the wind, as it bloweth,
For the pinions and fleetness thereof!
That the feet unto where the heart goeth
May be swift—to my love!

HOBBIES AND THEIR RIDERS.

“MOST men have, and almost every man should have, a hobby: it is exercise in a mild way, and does not take him away from home; it diverts him, and, by having a double line of rails, he can manage to keep the permanent way in good condition. A man who has only one object in life—only one line of rails, who exercises but one set of faculties, and those only in one way, will wear himself out much sooner than the man who shunts himself every now and then, who has trains coming as well as going, and who takes in as well as gives out.” This is the opinion of a physician, Dr. John Brown. Consult, now, the oracle of a philosopher: Said Imlac to Rasselas, “Some desire is necessary to keep life in motion, and he whose real wants are supplied must admit those of fancy.”

Were it not the supreme ambition among mortals to resist the advances of immortality, the benefits of hobby-riding might be presented in other important aspects than as a life-elixir; but, having established its efficacy as a sanitary agent, the subject is placed beyond censure. In our more rapturous moments, therefore, the hope has arisen, that we may receive a meed of praise from those who are searching for

“The best of all our ways
To lengthen all our days,”

by advocating this method of gymnastics, rather for the mind than the body, rather as a guide to happiness than a nostrum for health.

In a former paper, concerning “Collectors and Collections,” we considered those pursuits that are more especially the business of life, and serve the ends of knowledge; herein, we shall set forth

some of those manias and whimseys that constitute the pastime of the busy man and the retreat of the wealthy, together with examples of illustrious Riders.

“Who are those personages,” do you ask? Let that disquisitious authority, Tristram Shandy, answer you: “Have not the wisest men of all ages—not excepting Solomon himself—have they not had their hobby-horses, their running horses, their coins and their cockle-shells, their drums and their trumpets, their fiddles and their pallets, their mag-gots and their butterflies?”

We will not attempt to summon our witnesses from so remote a period as Solomon’s time, but consider Cicero as a most honorable name to marshal the legions who have flourished since he devoted his energies to adorning and increasing his museum of “antique morsels” at his Tusculan villa. The allurements of political life could not divert the mind of this great philosopher from the prosecution of his hobby. Few were his letters to his friend Atticus that did not contain some allusion to his collection, or a commission for the purchase of Grecian statues. But, even in his day, there were those carpers who ever seek to deride the innocent ardor of the collector. Mark what he says to Atticus: “I am transported with a fondness for these things, that while I request you to assist me, I expect others to blame me.”

Leaving Cicero, we must bridge the next fourteen hundred years, and coming to the fourteenth century A.D., we find two riders, as desperate as any that history records: the brother poets, Petrarch and Boccaccio. They were never out of saddle, galloping from year’s end to year’s end through Italy, in quest of

literary and antique curiosities. Petrarch gave his manuscripts to the city of Venice, to found the Library of St. Mark, and Boccaccio devised his treasures to the Augustinians of Florence.

Taking another leap, into the seventeenth century—leaving unmentioned the acquisitions made by the popes, prelates, and nobles—we will first alight in an old city of Holland; as “no foreigners, men of letters, or lovers of the arts, or even princes, would pass through Antwerp without visiting the house of Rubens.” This great artist was one of the most notable collectors of his time. In his circular studio, fashioned like the rotunda of the Pantheon with a dome, were gathered his paintings, marbles, and gems, the result of his diligent search during his many voyages. He would willingly exchange his own pictures for the antiques of other collectors, and when he could not obtain the original compositions he desired, he would copy them himself. Notwithstanding his affection for these works of art, he could not refuse the offer of a round price from the Duke of Buckingham, to whom they were transferred, and their places filled with exact duplicates.

“Steenie,” with all his faults, can not be accused of parsimony, nor among his virtues was there a trace of economy. He “took no more care of his pounds than his pennies,” and held his golden sovereigns as lightly as he did his royal masters. There were few nobles of his day who could boast of more erudite libraries or choicer paintings. In modern times, a descendant of this ill-fated Prince, the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, revived the hereditary fondness for curiosities, and gathered at his seat at Stowe a celebrated museum of ceramic art, which is always mentioned with distinction in the annals of Porcelain.

That hobby-riding became quite common in England after the Restoration, a

glance through “Evelyn’s Diary” will tell us. Wherever he went, at home or abroad, he was sure of discovering museums of interest. In 1693, he makes record of visiting “the Queen’s rare cabinets and collections of china, which were wonderful, rich, and plentiful.” This Queen, Mary, consort of William III., first introduced the mania for china-ware into England, for which she was berated by Macaulay. Hampton-court Palace was profusely decorated with striking specimens of “hideous images, and of vases, on which were depicted horses, trees, bridges, and mandarins, in outrageous defiance of all laws of perspective.” The historian further remarks, “Even statesmen and generals were not ashamed to be renowned as judges of tea-pots and dragons.” Had the unfortunate Admiral Byng lived in that time, he might have shared this criticism. He was so exceedingly fond of porcelain, that he did not escape a severe accusation on its account; for his enemies gladly availed themselves of a culpable report, that he neglected an opportunity at Minorca of engaging with the French, in order to secure a rare piece of Faenza. His reputed remark, that it was “worth all the French fleet,” should at least have carried weight.

From Dr. Doran, we learn of “the great ladies of Queen Anne’s reign who were curious in old china, and who indulged the passion by ‘swapping’ their old clothes for fragile cups and saucers, instead of giving the former to the poor.” It was in their ancient cupboards that “Elia” preferred to muse, and to contemplate the idiosyncrasies of a Chinese landscape on a tea-cup: “When I go to see any great house, I inquire for the china-closet, and next for the picture-gallery.” The breaking up of these collections furnished material for the incomparable Strawberry-hill Museum.

Good reader, when mention is made of “Albion’s old Horace,” you will not

make the blunder on record of some friends of Lady Charleville:

"Lord," cried one lady, "who is that Mr. Walpole?"

"Lord," cried a second, "don't you know the great epicure, Mr. Walpole?"

"Who?" cried the first. "Great epicure! You mean antiquarian."

Whether we call him antiquarian, or merely *dilettante*, none of the guild are so familiarly known as he. Of all his hobbies, it is difficult to decide which was paramount: whether his miniatures, or books, or engravings, or *bric-à-brac*. So precious were some of his porcelains that he always washed them with his own gouty hands.

One can easily understand how Beau Brummel should have gravitated toward this hobby, and become an acknowledged virtuoso in porcelain and snuff-boxes. His "fat friend" was no more a laggard in following this fashion than in the patterns and styles of the Beau's cravats and coats, for he set up a cupboard, and became as fond of tea-pots as any old gentlewoman.

William Beckford was said to have a service of porcelain for every day in the year. This "Prince of Dilettanti," the scholarly, but eccentric, author of "Vathek," seems to have no parallel in history; no similar instance where absorbing passions have been allied with equally great opportunities for their gratification. He inherited a vast fortune. Byron names him, in "Childe Harold," as "England's wealthiest son." After passing a portion of his life amid exciting and novel vicissitudes, he retired to his father's estate at Fonthill, and devoted himself to the erection and embellishment of a palace which, in its day, was one of the world's wonders. Its grounds covered twenty thousand acres, and were more highly cultivated than the gardens of Versailles; the building covered more space than the York Minster, the largest cathedral in England, and its shape was

as if two buildings like Westminster Abbey were placed across each other, and the spaces filled up by various offices. Into this spacious museum, nothing was received whose merits were not of transcendent value. Its books, in many tongues, were the rarest editions, clad in choicest bindings; the pictures were the noblest specimens of art. One room in this palace was declared to be richer than the whole of the National Gallery. Matchless china, coffers, and unique pieces of plate from the hand of Benvenuto Cellini, gems and intaglios from the rarest gravers, antiques uninjured and retaining their pristine beauty, gorgeous tapestries, and invaluable cabinets, were a few of the treasures. As was said by a visitor, who gained the unusual privilege to examine this museum, "I would defy any man, however sober and taciturn his habits, to proceed from end to end of one of these sumptuous galleries without uttering some exclamation of admiration; for whatever be the hobby he is in the habit of riding, he is sure of finding something in his own way: the variety is infinite." Here Beckford lived twenty years in complete seclusion, always actively and happily employed, until the loss, by an unfavorable decision in chancery, of a valuable property in the West Indies, compelled him to retrench his expenses and quit the Abbey, which cost him £30,000 a year to maintain. He always affirmed that he left this home without regret. Still possessed of large wealth, at the age of sixty-three he removed to Bath, with a selection of his most precious objects, and there built another palace, in which he passed the remaining twenty years of his life, surrounded by his collections, which he continued to augment till his death. The glories of Fonthill Abbey have long since departed, and the building, which cost the pretty sum of £273,000, eventually became a shawl manufactory.

Another remarkable collection of ceramic art was that gathered in the few leisure hours of a busy life by Ralph Bernal, Esquire, of London. The auction sale of this and his other extraordinary works of art lasted thirty-two days. In every particular within its scope, this collection was rich. The series of watches was the finest ever brought together. His portraits by Holbein, Cuyp, Quentin Matsys, Vandyck, and others, were regarded as the finest in Europe. Then there were clocks, keys, armor, plate, combs, and spoons; carvings in wood, ivory, and metal; seals, coffers, reliquaries, and stained glass; snuff-boxes, knives and forks, rings, brooches, rosaries, and hunting-horns. The nation was a liberal purchaser, and when we go to London, we may see many fragments of this noble collection in the British Museum and the Marlborough House.

John Allen, a venerable citizen of New York, who was one of the most successful of American *bric-à-brac* hunters, passed away some few years ago, leaving a collection, as the catalogue says, "made with much care and great enthusiasm during a long life." He was a veritable antiquarian, and saw wealth in curious, old trinkets and *souvenirs*, "articles of bigotry and virtue" (*vide* Mrs. Malaprop), to which the callous creature would attach no significance, and only stop to query, "What are you going to do with all this trumpery? what is it worth?" His port-folios were crammed with rare autographs and superb prints; and his cabinets of coins, watches, shoe-buckles, snuff-boxes, armor, antique costumes, china, and plate, had not their like in America. The disposal of his library set the *cognoscenti* wild. His book-shelves groaned under a weight of luxury in illuminated and unique tomes. Mr. Allen was a devoted Grangerite — that sort of bibliomane who spends years in compiling material for the illustration

of a single volume. But these collections are now dismembered.

This fate of dispersion is the melancholy circumstance that commonly awaits every great collection. Nothing seems sacred from the auctioneer's hammer. These brilliant relics and rarities are constantly in motion, as if in a kaleidoscope, changing in combination from one museum to another, dazzling the eyes of some enthusiast for a season; then comes the rap of the hammer, and they are scattered far and wide.

The accumulations of Samuel Rogers, that have so often been recounted, shared this sad fate. The rooms, wherein the wit and intellect of Europe were proud to assemble to partake with the poet of his famous breakfasts, were speedily dismantled by the chaffering ghouls, after the master had expired. The walls were covered with masterpieces of art. One of his American guests has written, "We looked up from our coffee and rolls to a genuine Raphael, to a genuine Titian, to a genuine Andrea del Sarto." Another has spoken of sitting by the side of Mrs. Jameson, who left the business of the hour to descant on the coloring of a Madonna that hung before her. Another, still, has told of the wonderful Guercino, over which Rogers never wearied of gloating. All these gems were as children to the venerable man.

Collections of paintings are generally made without the exhibition, on the part of the collector, of the traits of the hobby-rider. They are gathered by men of taste as an embellishment of their homes, or as the concomitant of wealth. The distinguishing mark is obvious between the man who acquires rarities by his peculiar judgment and industrious propensity in hunting the by-ways, finding spoils in forgotten places, and he who frequents the marts, and traverses the highways, with an open purse, gathering what money can buy. Each earns his pleasure, but in how distinct and different degree.

Like the first, was Walter Savage Landor, in his ransackings among the Florentine shops, discovering rare productions of early painters left unnoticed and neglected. Like the last, was Sir Robert Peel, and many another noble and gentle of England, or the opulent American. Sir Robert could possess the "Chapeau de Paille," though its ransom was \$20,000, or Reynolds' famous Streatham portrait of Doctor Johnson. His gallery was principally devoted to Flemish pictures. He was also an autographomaniac. Prescott informs us that he never destroyed a note or letter, excepting invitations to dinner.

It was hardly within the comprehension of the author of the "Book Hunter," that an "eminent and popular divine," who had once been an operative bricklayer, should seek friendship with the elegant arts, and, by his own labors, obtain one of the most remarkable collections in America. It will be found no less astonishing by the visitor at Vasar College, where they are now preserved, that the huge folios of water-color and sepia drawings and valuable art books were acquired mainly by the effort of persistency and knowledge, without the assistance of wealth. And every toiler, who is animated with high aspirations for the good, the beautiful, and the true, must find encouragement in this noble example, and learn to discover the conditions of success within his grasp.

A youth, with a hereditary passion for art, commenced life, as he has said, "richly blessed with poverty and hardships—the patrons of perpetual endeavor." Ten years he served with the trowel, studying meanwhile; at length, graduating from college; eventually, entering the ministry. Eleven years passed, and ten pictures by the first American artists made the nucleus of his collection. In five years more, returning from Europe, he brought in his port-folios the richest

gleanings of more than two hundred original water-color drawings, and more than one thousand architectural designs, by the greatest artists and draughtsmen of modern times. There were the old English and continental cathedrals, monasteries and castles, done by such artists as Samuel Prout, John Martin, Luke Price, Turner, Stothard, Birket Foster, LeKeux, Amici, Duval, and Charles Vacher. His tastes having led him to the specialty of monumental and architectural art, he thenceforth directed his efforts to that object, and his collection has become not only invaluable, but unique: nothing more complete, in its province, is known in the world. This is an outline of labors and rewards in the pursuit of the beautiful by the Rev. E. L. Magoon, D.D., the celebrated pulpit orator, lecturer, and author.

"The world loves to know something of the features of its favorites," said Tom Hood. Portrait collections have a remote history.

Paul Giovio, a learned Italian author, astrologer, antiquary, and courtier of the fifteenth century, amused himself in his intervals of retirement at his villa, on Lake Como, by collecting the portraits of celebrated personages of his own and former times. So famous did his gallery become, that it was regarded as a sort of Walhalla; and every one, either of established rank, or would-be eminence, who envied such a monument, sought to be admitted among the distinguished effigies. No less a personage than Fernando Cortez presented his portrait for preservation therein.

At Augsburg, in Bavaria, may still be seen a curious, old mansion, decorated with well-preserved mural paintings, in which once lived the wealthy family of the Fuggers, and therein gathered a portrait collection. It was a matter of great family pride, and attracted some notice. Charles V. paid it a royal visit, but whether he was lured rather by certain money-

bags of which he sought the loan, it suits not our purpose to tell. A rare old quar- to is mentioned by Bayle and Disraeli, "The Fuggerorum Pinacotheca," as sometimes to be met with in Germany, containing engravings of the remarkable features of this gallery.

Goethe was indefatigable in this pursuit. Thackeray has recorded: "Whenever a countenance struck his fancy, there was an artist settled in Weimar who made a portrait of it. Goethe had quite a gallery of heads, in black and white, taken by this painter. His house was all over pictures, drawings, casts, statues, and medals." Balzac collected crayon portraits. The gallery of theatrical portraits accumulated by the elder Matthews, the comedian, was accounted unrivaled in its day, and probably has never been surpassed.

It was the custom of Amelia Opie, from quite an early period, to take profile likenesses of her visitors. Several hundred of these sketches were found, after her death, preserved in books and folios. The learned Doctor Samuel Parr condescended to an interest in portraits, and was wont to treat them with the the same consideration he would show their originals. In case a person offended him whose portrait he possessed, he would invert it on the wall, and let it hang heels up and head down until the individual who had excited such choler retrieved himself.

Since the days of Louis XIV., engravings have been one of the most important subjects for the art-collector. An Abbe Marolles was one of the earliest who followed this hobby; his folios were purchased by the great Prime Minister Colbert, who likewise indulged this whim, and they were ultimately given to found the now unrivaled Museum of France. The person who rides this hobby at full gallop will exhibit as extraordinary conceits as the bibliomane, to whom the size of paper, width of margin, and antiquity

of a tome are of greater importance than the knowledge therein. Many print-collectors only esteem those impressions made valuable by some technical, unimportant circumstance, rather than artistic excellence. This phase may be illustrated by the fact, that in London, some years ago, a print of Hogarth's "Modern Midnight Conversation," which originally cost ten shillings, sold for seventy-eight pounds, simply because in the title the word "modern" was spelt with two d's.

There have been many valuable collections of engravings made in the United States, of which the Gray collection of Harvard College may be regarded as a representative. It takes its name from the late Francis Calley Gray, LL.D., an eminent citizen of Massachusetts, by whom it was collected, and through whose affection for his *alma mater*, it is now preserved in that noblest of our college libraries. Mr. Gray, having leisure, wealth, and judgment, was able to secure from the wrecks of European collections rare impressions of the most famous plates. Its special pre-eminence is in that important department, the works of the *peintres-graveurs*, containing specimens from the time of Maso Finiguerra, the supposed inventor of the art, to the present day.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher makes this hobby his pastime, and has a very valuable collection. Mr. D. M. Dewey, of Rochester, New York, has dignified this pursuit to the station of a life-study; and has not gratified merely his artistic taste in the acquisition of rare prints, but has devoted himself to the science itself, and particularly that profound portion that has expressed itself in the emblems of Christian art. His remarkable collection illustrates the history of engraving and the details of the production of plates, and it embraces all the methods of duplicating pictures. In the department of symbolical ecclesiastical art,

his collection is complete, and in this branch of archæology, he is a high authority.

Partaking of the merits of sculpture as well as engraving, seals form a special department for the hobby-rider, and have an interest both of art and archæology. M. de Laborde, many years Curator of the Palais des Archives at Paris, acquired of seals and bullæ twelve thousand remarkable specimens. It is noteworthy, that ladies of quality in England at one time made this mania popular, which fact Miss Edgeworth found serviceable in one of her novels.

Jewelomania is a royal hobby, and is elevated to the dignity of a requisite. A monarch is incomplete without his baubles. The modern Heliogabalus—Charles, Duke of Brunswick—has surpassed every one of his time in collecting gems, and in profligacy. The late war caused him to flee with his treasures from Paris, where he had lived these many years, having renounced all claims to his estates in the Duchy of Brunswick, in order to sport his silken wig with the beaux of that gay capital. His eccentricities are numberless. The doors of his hotel were said to be charged with electricity, to render powerless the light-fingered gentry who envied his jewels; and to enjoy the companionship of his gems at his country *château*, he built a wall about it, surmounted with an ingenious *cheval-de-frise*, so constructed as to communicate an alarm in case it was scaled.

The Turkish sultans and merchants have ever held a rank of their own as collectors, especially of gems, shawls, women, and horses.

There are many ladies of fortune who are assiduous devotees to lace. Mrs. Bury Palliser, the learned historian of the fabric, possessed a valuable collection, which she gave to the Albert Museum of Exeter, England, with the understanding that an apartment should be

devoted to the formation of a lace museum.

There is a curious origin ascribed to *timbrophily*, by which high-sounding name postage-stamp collecting is designated. The missionaries in India are said to be able to reclaim, from the heartless Hindoo parents, the little babes they are accustomed to sacrifice before their idols, or to set afloat on that perilous journey down the crocodile-haunted Ganges, by trading postage-stamps for them. For some reason, the barbarians covet these paper tokens, either to offer to their gods after the manner of the Chinese, or to decorate their huts. This fact, becoming known in England, has worked a change in the economy of canceled stamps. There are charity-schools in England, to which admittance is gained by presenting a certain number of defaced stamps. Large counting-houses throughout the realm carefully preserve every envelope, and the junior clerks make it their business to soak off the Queen's heads, and paste them on huge rolls of wall-paper. They are then presented to some worthy lad, who makes an exchange of them for learning. Queer credentials!

Many persons have found happiness in getting an assortment of shop and visiting cards. Thomas Hales Lacey, the English dramatic publisher, makes a hobby of play-bills.

Attachment for the nobler species of brutes is a trait that has marked the characters of the noblest men. To Sir Walter Scott, his dogs were real friends; the sharers of his griefs and joys. How touchingly he writes in his journal, when the first shock came telling him the loss of his fortune: "My dogs will look for me in vain. It is foolish; but the thought of parting from these dumb creatures has moved me more than any of the painful recollections I have put down." Lady Talfourd, the widow of the dramatist, had a truly philanthropic

regard for dogs, that prompted the establishment of the Hospital for Diseased and Orphaned Dogs, in London. The Duchess of York, royal sister-in-law of George IV., is said to have kept at one time no fewer than one hundred dogs. But who would have imagined such a fondness for cats as that manifested by the lady of Bishop Mus, in Denmark, who had her pets entombed with her in the same coffin? Hans Andersen affirms that the skeletons may be seen to this day, in St. Knud's Church, Odense. Wilkie Collins says, "Among the list of human weaknesses, a passion for poultry seems to have its practical advantages (in the shape of eggs), as compared with the more occult frenzies for collecting snuff-boxes and fiddles, and amassing autographs and old postage-stamps."

There has never a hobby attained so popular a prevalence since the days of the famous tulipomania of Holland. This infatuation became so absorbing that all classes engaged in it, and neglected their ordinary vocations while cultivating and bartering their delicate tubers. A rare tulip was jealously guarded by a family, and many a marriage alliance was formed with the sole object of bringing into one family rival bulbs. The bitterest animosities were engendered therefrom. It was a sad trait of the old burghers to steal, if they could not obtain by fair means, a bulb that eclipsed the beauty of their own, and have the gratification of destroying it. The price of a single bulb of the choicer kind rose to the large sum of twenty-six hundred guilders; and a Dutch historian tells us that ten millions of guilders were involved in this strange traffic in the city of Amsterdam alone. Eventually, as so much imposition was practiced, the credit of the people became embarrassed, and by degrees the mania was suffered to subside; but it has never become extinct, the Hollanders of the present day being still devoted to the culture of this beautiful

plant, and supplying the world with its bulbs.

A Roman cardinal collects wood: *i. e.*, specimens of the trees of various countries. Sir Walter Scott prized *souvenirs* of this kind. He writes: "I endeavored to make amends for my ignorance in drawing by adopting a technical sort of memory respecting the scenes I visited. Wherever I went, I cut a piece from a branch of a tree. These constituted what I called my log-book, and I intended to have a set of chessmen made out of them, each made with reference to the place where it was cut; as the kings from Falkland and Holy Rood, the queens from Queen Mary's yew-tree at Crookston, the bishops from abbeys or episcopal palaces, the knights from baronial residences, the rooks from royal fortresses, and the pawns from places worthy of historical note."

The Rev. Mr. Douglass, an eccentric English antiquarian, was mentioned by Benjamin Robert Haydon, in his autobiography, as having a whim of the graver sort, in a hobby for burial-urns: "Prince Hoare told me an amusing anecdote illustrating his passion for urns. He and Douglass had a conversation about St. Paul's preaching at Athens. 'I wonder who Damaris was,' said D. 'I do not know,' said Hoare. 'Ah,' said Douglass, with perfect gravity, 'I wish we could find her urn.'"

The Duke of Sussex, brother of George IV., made the greatest collections of bibles and cigars. After his death, his enormous library, works of arts, etc., were sold at auction, and the cigars were among the most popular articles, bringing large prices; for a time there was nothing considered more unfortunate by the bucks and beaux of London than not to have smoked a Sussex cigar. Count Henry Von Brühl, the famous German diplomat, was said, by Frederick the Great, to have "of all men of his time the most watches, lace, boots, shoes, and

slippers." Of all his curiosities, none could exceed in oddity his museum of wigs: it contained a chronological assortment of specimens of every fashion and variety. The hobby of Frederick the Great was especially giants for his Potsdam Regiment. Louis XVI., the unfortunate, was passionately fond of clocks, locks, and keys. The late King of Bavaria had a strange mania for hats. An old gentleman of Ghent was famed as a collector of fans and shoes. Bulwer's "Dr. Riccabocca" will serve to represent those who mount the hobby of pipes; and Dickens' "Fagin" will monopolize all notice as collector of handkerchiefs.

There have been many collections of wax-works other than those of Madam Tussaud and Artemus Ward. Disraeli mentions several royal patrons of this art, and, as especially notable, one museum made by an old canon, at Cologne, which had this strange characteristic, that the specimens represented figures in distress or passion. We know of one gentleman who is devoted to bottles, another to canes, and another to lamps. In Brookhaven, Mississippi, some years ago, flourished a physician whose pet hobby was human teeth. Fancy two collectors, mad with this ma-

nia, exemplifying in their exchanges the first moral code, "A tooth for a tooth." And this leads naturally to the last subject on our catalogue, as it is on the French *carte*. However small it may seem to whittle the stick, we are informed of a ruminative enthusiast who maintains a mania for toothpicks. He should be a *gourmand*, and preserve these instruments as *souvenirs* of the repasts which he is fond of eating over again in his memory years after they were consumed. This museum might also include a fancy assortment of skewers.

Such are a few of the whims and vagaries harbored by our fellows. To gratify them, they will leave no stone unturned, and think no labor too arduous by which they can bring together the *disjecta membra* of nature and art. When engaged in these labors, they do not stop for gray hairs; but, up to the last, keep the saddle like some sturdy old fox-hunting Squire, and come in at the death, mounted and equipped, and pass away with a "Tally ho!" on their lips. So, let them run and race, amble and canter, as they will. And we heartily commend thee to choose a hobby, if thou wouldst keep away dull care, and, like them, be

"Still achieving — still pursuing."

TURK'S ISLAND.

EVERY one has heard of Turk's Island salt, but few know any thing of the island itself, where it is, or how it looks. By consulting a gazetteer, you might find out its exact latitude and longitude, and such dry detail; but come with me, and I will tell you what I know myself, for I have seen the island, been upon it, talked with its people, and studied its one manufacture. You will soon comprehend the whole, for the island is

very small. When I say "the island," I refer to the largest of the group, called Grand Key, lying a little to the south-east of the Bahamas, and about sixty miles from the nearest point of Hayti; quite out of the track of ordinary ships, and none but those trading in the one product of the island anchoring in its roadstead. Hardly ten miles in length from north to south, and not over a mile in width at any point, Grand Key pre-

sents but an insignificant appearance in the West Indian Archipelago. Its highest point is not over a hundred feet above the level of the sea, and much of it, near the shore, is swampy and low. This high land extends along the centre of the island in its greater axis, in the form of a bluff, composed of a soft coral-rock, grayish white in color, and, when freshly quarried for building, presents a front as white as chalk. Scarcely a tree, of even moderate growth, is to be seen upon the island, and very little vegetation; no shade, under which to enjoy a *siesta*, nor green, to delight the wearied eye. Palm-trees grew upon the low land near the western shore in 1866; but the frightful hurricane in October of that year uprooted them all. The ruins are still visible in every direction. Many of the houses were swept bodily into the sea, and the barracks, though built of stone, were left a pile of ruins. But the greatest amount of damage from this terrible visitation occurred to the shipping, and one is seldom out of sight of wrecks among the islands. A few miles to the south, upon Salt Key, may be counted half a dozen large hulls, just as they were cast, high and dry, upon the land. The devastation almost crippled the trade, and it is a question if their commerce will ever equal what it was before the storm.

The only village upon the island is Grand Turk, which contains about two thousand inhabitants, more than three-fourths of whom are Blacks, and the remainder English. The town stretches along the western coast a little more than a mile, and is partly protected from the trade-winds by the bluff in the rear. It speaks well for the morals of the place, that it supports three churches; and for its intelligence, that it gives employment for one large school-house with three apartments. The teachers are all white women; but the pupils are, with but few exceptions, black. The

churches, the school-house, and the better class of dwellings, are in the rear of the town, near the bluff, and are separated from the business portion by the salt-ponds. The stores are built on the beach, and form a straggling line, a mile in length.

This island has long been conspicuous for its production of salt, of which millions of bushels finds its way into the markets of the world, our own country receiving about half a million bushels annually. Salt is obtained from sea-water, by either extreme cold or heat; here it is made by solar evaporation. Lying under the intense rays of a tropical sun, the sea soon gives up its water and leaves its salt behind; and were it not for the influx of the mighty rivers of the tropics, and the general system of currents and tides, the ocean lying near the equator would soon become one vast sea of salt. For centuries, advantage has been taken of this natural process, and, in the dry seasons, over a thousand natives are at work, in the different stages of the preparation of salt for the market. The sea-water is let into the basins, or "pans," by a canal, cut through the beach, which separates the sea from the interior lagoons and affords a good foundation for the town proper.

This beach is a few rods—perhaps ten or fifteen—in width, and back of this, extending toward the bluffs about a quarter of a mile, was originally a marsh, which has been converted into salt-tanks. These tanks are shallow, with a varying depth of from eight to eighteen inches, the bottom made of stiff marl or clay, and they cover several hundred acres of this evaporating ground, divided into a great many compartments, varying from a quarter of an acre to two or three acres in size. These are separated from each other by low stone-walls, which serve also as walks. In the middle of these walls is an imperious clay, which prevents the passage

of water from one tank to another, unless by the little gateways, or sluices, through which the supply is regulated. The water in these pans is found in all stages of evaporation. In some, you see the clear, limpid water of the ocean; in others, it has a roiled appearance, and, when far advanced in the process, it assumes a beautiful pink color. The first pond allows the subsidence of mud and other physical impurities, and is, consequently, the deepest. As the fluid runs from tank to tank, it gradually becomes thicker, giving up its water and becoming more and more concentrated, until it reaches the last and shallowest pan, where crystals begin to appear on its surface. These first crystals are the purest, and are raked off with an iron hoe. Exposed for a still longer time, more crystals form, but these mostly collect on the bottom and sides, and are scraped off when the "mother liquor" is drawn away. They are then hauled in carts to the beach, where piles, like great, white snow-banks, may be seen from the ship's deck.

This salt is more or less impure—the chief impurity being chloride of magnesium—and, to get rid of this, the heaps are covered with straw and hay; the chloride of magnesium, being deliquescent, absorbs moisture from the atmosphere and drains off, leaving the pure chloride of sodium—common salt—behind. To produce the same result, sometimes slaked lime is placed in the last tanks. The making of salt by solar evaporation depends greatly upon the absence of rain; and Turk's Island has this advantage, as well as extreme heat in summer. In addition, the trade winds constantly agitate the surface of the ponds, and thus facilitate vaporization.

As I have before remarked, this part of the ocean contains an excess of saline ingredients; for the vast coral-reefs of the Bahamas are little less than great salt-pans, on which immense evapora-

tion must be produced. The sea-water seems clearer here than elsewhere in the ocean, the white coral being visible at the depth of several fathoms. This coral assimilates many of the substances commonly found in sea-brine, leaving out the pure chloride of sodium—the principal and almost sole ingredient in these bright waters.

The salt-works on Turk's Island are owned or leased by different persons or companies, each holding a few acres. The largest tanks, into which the water from the ocean flows at high tide, are owned by the Government, which taxes the several proprietors for a supply, as required. All the water goes in from the sea through a single sluice, but none escapes, except by evaporation. It may be inferred that the tax is about as high as the business will bear, from the fact that there is considerable ground, favorably located, which has not been converted into salt-pans; and if the business were remunerative, these would be improved like the rest. The price of salt on the beach is from ten to twelve cents a bushel. It seemed a little strange that there was no sign of a wharf in this English colony. Vessels lie at anchor half a mile or less from shore, and are freighted by lighters. The manner of loading these lighters is rather novel: the salt being shoveled into half-bushel sacks, and from four to seven of these are put upon the head of a Negro, who wades out to the lighter. These sacks are emptied into the hold of the ship, and returned to the shore for service again. This must have been the plan first adopted for getting the salt on board of vessels, and no one has ever been able to inaugurate a better, for the probable reason that it would interfere with the peculiar occupation of the sack-porters, some of whom bear upon their heads a well-poised burden sufficient almost to break the back of a mule. There is good anchorage on the reefs in front of

the town, but no secure harbor, vessels being only partially protected from the prevailing winds by the island itself.

But for the salt produced, Turk's Island would be one of the most uninviting places in the world, and yet it is difficult to understand why many other localities in the West Indies were not sooner put to a similar use. Much of the so-called Turk's Island salt comes now from Yucatan, St. Martin, and the Windward Islands. Its chief advantages consist in its English sovereignty and well-established reputation. It has been the resort of traders so long, and its works are so complete and the supply so abundant, that merchants never thought of looking elsewhere for this indispensable article of commerce. Though rains are infrequent, they do sometimes occur, and are so copious as to seriously affect the product. During this season, many of the Negroes return to the Bermudas, whence they came for their six months' work. Notwithstanding this disadvantage, these storms are hailed with delight, for it is upon them alone that the inhabitants depend for fresh water. There is not a spring or well upon the island, and the rain-water has to be carefully husbanded for this purpose, and, in

order to insure a sufficiency of fresh water, in case of drought, the Government has constructed, at great expense, a large reservoir on the bluff behind the town.

This island, and several others in this part of the archipelago, constitute a British Province, with all the paraphernalia of an establishment of that kind. The Governor resides at a place called the "Hawk's-Nest," a little south of Grand Turk, being a suburb of that high-sounding capital. What need there could be for a government at all does not appear, since it is a free port, and the people are all very quiet and peaceable. The occupation of the inhabitants is almost wholly confined to making and trading in salt, diversified a little by fishing, and now and then by the more exciting amusement of seizing the cargo of some unfortunate vessel that may chance to be driven ashore in the neighborhood. In the latter business, any dispute among the wreckers, about the ownership of property, is settled by a court, improvised for the occasion. But it should be borne in mind that these disputes only arise between the wreckers themselves; for all prior claims, such as the ship's officers might be supposed to make, are at once barred out.

TO TEXAS, AND BY THE WAY.

I HAD not seen New Orleans since I was eight years of age, and to Texas I had never been; so I was well pleased with the prospect of visiting the Southern country. To one coming direct from California, overland by rail, it seems like entering a different world—a world that has been lying asleep for half a century—when the great "pan-handle" route is left to one side, and Louisville once passed. Though we know that the country was not asleep—only

held in fetters by the hideous nightmare, Civil War—I doubt if the general condition of things would have been in a more advanced state of prosperity if the old order of affairs had remained unchanged, as the march of improvement seems naturally to lag in these languid, dreamy-looking Southern lands.

The line between the North and the South seems very sharply drawn in more respects than one. We were scarcely well out of Louisville before delays and

stoppages commenced; and though the country was pleasant enough to look at in the bright, fall days, it was not necessary to stop from noon till nightfall in one place, to fully enjoy the pleasure. Another drawback to this pleasure was the reliance we had placed on the statement of the railroad agent, who told us it was quite unnecessary to carry a lunch-basket "on this route." Since we had found a lunch-basket, if not really cumbersome, at least not at all indispensable, from Sacramento to Omaha, we saw no reason why we should drag it with us through a civilized country, and consequently suffered the penalty of believing what a railroad ticket-agent said. In another section of the same sleeping-car with us, was a party who had been wiser than we, and had brought loads of provisions with them. No wonder: they were Southerners, and had learned not to depend on the infallibility of their peculiar institutions.

The head of the party was a little lady of twenty-five or thirty years, with pale, colorless face, and perfectly bloodless lips. I should have gone into all sorts of wild speculations about her—should have fancied how a sudden, dread fright had chased all the rosy tints from her lips back to her heart, during some terrible incident of the war; or how the news, too rashly told, of some near, dear friend stricken down by the fatal bullet, had curdled the red blood in her veins, and turned it to ice before it reached her cheeks—had she not been so vigorous and incessant a scold. Now it was the French waiting-maid to whom she administered a long, bitter string of cutting rebukes, while the unfortunate girl was lacing up my lady's boots; next it was her younger sister—whom she was evidently bringing home from school—whose lips she made to quiver with her sharp words; and then, for a change, the mulatto servant was summoned, by the well-scolded waiting-maid, to receive

his portion of the sweets méted out. An ugly thing she was, and so different from the Southern lady I had met in the hotel at Louisville—one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen—whose grace nothing could exceed as she handed me a basket of fruit across the table, when one glance had told her that I was a stranger and tired out with the heat and travel.

But, in spite of what I have said, I must confess that I accepted the sandwiches the little scold sent us, for the supper station was not reached till eleven o'clock at night. As the conductor promised us another good, long rest here, the gentlemen left the ladies in the cars, and returned after some time, followed by a number of Negroes, who carried a variety of provisions and divers cups of coffee. I thought, of course, that it was luncheon brought from some house established at the station for that purpose; but was told that the chicken the mulatto boy was spreading before us had been abstracted from his massa's hen-yard, and that the eggs the old Negro was selling us had not by any means grown in his garden. Only the coffee, which was sold at twenty-five cents a cup, was a legitimate speculation on the part of some white man (I am sure his forefathers were from the State of Maine), who went shares with the Negro peddling it, and charged him a dollar for every cup that was broken or carried off on the cars, which accounted for the sable Argus' reluctance to leave our party till we had all swallowed the black decoction and returned the cups.

We were to take dinner at Holly Springs, some time next day; and it was "some time" before we got there, sure enough. We had picked up an early breakfast somewhere on the road, and when the dinner-bell rang at the hotel as the cars stopped, we did not lose much time in making our way to the dining-room. The door, however, was

locked, and we stood before it like a drove of sheep, some hundred or two people. Through the window we could see mine host, in shirt-sleeves and with dirty, matted beard, leisurely surveying the crowd outside; in the yard, and on the porch near us, stood some barefooted Negroes, with dishcloth and napkin in hand, staring with all their might at train and passengers, as though they were lost in speechless wonder that they should really have come. In the party with us was a Californian, some six feet high; who, though a Southerner by birth, had lived too long in California to submit patiently to the delay and inconvenience caused by the "shiftlessness" of the people hereabouts.

"Now, you lazy lopers," he called to the darkies, swinging the huge white-oak stick he carried for a cane, "get inside, to your work. And if that door ain't opened in five seconds from now, I'll break it down with my stick."

He drew his watch; and, either because of his determined voice, or his towering figure, the darkies flew into the kitchen, and the landlord sprang to open the door, while the crowd gave a hearty cheer for the big Californian.

New Orleans seemed familiar to me; I thought I could remember whole streets there that I had passed through, as a little child, clinging to the hand of my father—himself an emigrant, and looking on all the strange things around him with as much wonder as the two little girls he was leading through the town. How it came back to me! the slave-market, and the bright-faced mulatto girl, hardly bigger than myself, who so begged of my father to buy her and take her home with him, so that she could play with and wait on us. There was nothing shocking to me, I regret to say, in seeing this laughing, chattering lot of black humanity exposed for sale, though my good father doubtlessly turned away with a groan, when he reflected on what

he had left behind him, in the old Fatherland, to come to a country where there were liberty and equal rights for all. I can fancy now what he must have felt when he spoke to the little woolly-head, in his sharp, accentuated dialect, which his admirers called "perfect English," as he passed his hand over her cheek and looked into her face with his great, kind eyes. He said he had brought his children to a free country, where they could learn to work for themselves, and carve out their own fortunes; and where they must learn to govern themselves, and not govern others.

Day after day, on foot or in carriage, we rambled through the streets, and I never addressed a single question to the driver or any of the party, satisfied with what information accidentally fell on my half-closed ear. I was living over again one of the dreams of my early days: the dream I had dreamed over again so often, among the snows of the biting, cold Missouri winter, and on the hot, dusty plains of Arizona, amid the curses of those famishing with thirst, and the groans of the strong men dying from the fierce stroke of the unrelenting sun. Passing through the parks and by the market-places, I saw again the Negro women, with yellow turbans and white aprons, offering for sale all the tempting tropical fruits which foreigners so crave, and still dread. And I thought I saw again the white, untutored hands of my father, as he laboriously prepared seats for us in the deepest shade of the park, and dealt out to us the coveted orange and banana. The cool, delicious fruit, and the picture of flowers and trees in the park; the black, kindly faces of the Negro servants, and the laughing, white-clad children at play—how often I had seen them again in my dreams on the desert!

Canal Street looked lonely and deserted, as did the stores and shops lining either side of the broad, aristocratic

street. The material for a gay, fashionable promenade was all there; only the people were wanting to make it such. True, there were groups occasionally to be seen at the counters of the shops, but in most such cases a black, shining face protruded from under the jaunty little bonnet, perched on a mass of wool, augmented and enlarged by additional sheep's-wool, dyed black. One of these groups dispersed suddenly one day, vacating the store with all the signs of the highest, strongest indignation. The tactless store-keeper, who had not yet quite comprehended the importance and standing of these useful members of society, had unwittingly offended an ancient, black dame. She had asked to see some silks, and the shop-keeper had very innocently remarked, "Here, aunty, is something very nice for you."

"I wish to deform you, sir," replied Aunt Ebony, bridling, "that my name is Miss Johnson." With this, she seized her parasol and marched out of the store, followed by her whole retinue, rustling their silks, in highest dudgeon.

On my way to the ferry, when leaving New Orleans for Texas, I saw something that roused all the "Southern" feeling in me. Two colored policemen were bullying a white drayman, near the Custom-house. I must confess I wanted to jump out, shake them well, take their clubs from them, and throw them into the Mississippi (the clubs, I mean, not the precious "niggers"). What my father would have said, could he have seen it, I don't know; the grass had long grown over his grave, and covered with pitying mantle the scars that disappointments and a hopeless struggle to accomplish purposes, aimed all too high, leave on every heart.

As the cars carried us away from the city, and gave us glimpses of the calm water, and the villas, and orange-groves beyond, there came to me, once more,

"The tender grace of a day that is dead."

It was just a soft, balmy day as this, years ago, when we lay all day long in a bayou, where the water was smooth and clear as a mirror, and the rich grass came down to the water's edge; and through the grove of orange and magnolia, the golden sun-light sifted down on the white walls and slender pillars of the planter's cottage. Stalwart Negroes sang their plaintive melodies as they leisurely pursued their occupation, and birds, brighter in plumage than our cold, German Fatherland could ever show us, were hovering around the field and fluttering among the growing cotton.

The graceful villa was still there, and the glassy waters still as death; but the villa was deserted, and the rose running wild over magnolia-tree and garden-path; the cotton-field lay waste, and the Negro's cabin was empty, while the shrill cry of the gay-feathered birds alone broke the silence that had hopelessly settled on the plantation. Farther on, I saw the cypress-forests and the swamps, and I fancied that the trees had donned their gray-green shrouds of moss because of the deep mourning that had come over the land. The numberless little bayous we crossed were black as night, as though the towering trees and the tangled greenwood, under which they crawled along, had filled them with their bitter tears. But the sun shone so brightly overhead, that I shook off my dark fancies, particularly when my eyes fell on the plump, white neck and rounded cheeks of the lady in the seat before me. I had noticed her at the hotel in New Orleans, where I recognized her at once as a bride, though she had abstained, with singularly good taste, from wearing any of the articles of dress outwardly marking the character. I hoped, secretly, that I might become acquainted with her before the journey ended, for there was something irresistibly charming to me in her pleasant face and unaffected manner. My wish was soon gratified;

for the very first alligator that came lazily swimming along in the next bayou, so filled her with wonder that she quickly turned in her seat, and called my attention to it. Soon came another alligator, and another; and some distance below was a string of huge turtles, ranged, according to size, on an old log. As something gave way about the engine at this time, we could make comments on the turtle-family at our leisure; and when the cars moved on again, we felt as though we had known each other for the last ten years.

I can not think of a day's travel I have ever enjoyed better than the ride from New Orleans to Brashear. The dry, dusty roads and withered vegetation I had left behind me in California, made the trees and green undergrowth look so much more pleasant to me. The ugly swamp was hidden by the bright, often poisonous, flowers it produces; and though the dilapidated houses and ragged people we saw were not a cheerful relief to the landscape, it was not so gloomy as it would have been under a lowering sky or on a barren plain.

A steamer of the Morgan line, comfortable and pleasant as ever a steamer can be, carried us to Galveston—a place I had pictured to myself as much larger and grander. But the hotel—though my room did happen to look out on the county jail—was well kept; and some of the streets looked like gardens, from the oleander-trees lining them on either side. The trees were in full blossom, and they gave a very pleasant appearance to the houses, in front of which they stood. Some few of these houses looked like a piece of fairy-land: nothing could have been built in better taste, nothing could be kept in more perfect order. Too many of them, however, showed the signs of decay and ruin, that speak to us with the mute pathos of nerveless despair from almost every object in the South. We planned a ride

on the beach for the next day, which we all enjoyed, in spite of the somewhat fresh breeze that sprang up. The bride was anxious to gather up and carry home a lot of "relics"—a wish the bridegroom endeavored to gratify by hunting up on the strand a dead crab, a piece of ship-timber, and the wreck of a fisherman's net. Discovering that the driver was a German, I held converse with him in his native tongue, which had the pleasing effect of his bringing to light, from under the sand, a lot of pretty shells, which the delighted little bride carried home with her.

The following day we started for Houston. Eight o'clock had been mentioned as the starting hour of the train for that locality, but the landlord seemed to think we were hurrying unnecessarily when we entered the carriage at half-past seven. There was no waiting-room at the starting point that I could see, and we entered the cars, which stood in a very quiet part of the town (not that there was the least noise or bustle in any part of it), and seemed to serve as sitting and dining-rooms for passengers, who seemed to act generally as if they expected to stay there for the day. But we left Galveston somewhere toward noon, and since we were all good-natured people, and had become pretty well accustomed to the speed of the Southern railroads, we really, in a measure, enjoyed the trip. The people in the cars—many of the women with calico sun-bonnets on their heads, and the men in coarse butternut cloth—reminded me of the Texan emigrants one meets with in New Mexico and Arizona, where they drag their "weary length" along through the sandy plains with the same stolid patience the passengers exhibited here, listlessly counting the heads of cattle that our train picked up at the different stations on the road. The wide, green plains looked pleasant enough, but I wanted to stop at the little badly-built houses, and earn-

estly advise the inhabitants to plant trees on their homesteads, as the best means of imparting to them the air of "home," which they were all so sadly lacking. The cattle roaming through the country looked gaunt and comfortless—like the people and their habitations.

Night crept on apace; and though I have forgotten (if I ever knew) what the cause of delay happened to be, I know that we did not reach Houston till some five or six hours later than the train was due. I was agreeably surprised to find vehicles at the depot, waiting to carry passengers to the different hotels. Our hotel-carriage was an old omnibus, with every pane of glass broken out; and the opposition hotel was represented by a calash, with the top torn off and the dash-board left out. Still more agreeable was the surprise I met with in the hotel itself—a large, handsome, well-furnished house, giving evidence in every department of what it had been in former days. Before the war, the step of the legislator had resounded in the lofty corridor, and the planter and statesman had met in the wide halls, bringing with them life, and wealth, and social enjoyment to the proud little city. Now, alas! the corridors were cheerless in their desolation, and the grand parlors looked down coldly on the few people gathered there. The proprietor had years ago lived in California; and of this he seemed unreasonably proud, as something that every body could not accomplish. His wife was a Southern woman, and had not yet learned to look with equanimity upon the undeniable fact that her husband was keeping a hotel. I am sure that she had no reason to deplore the loss of her husband's wealth and slaves on that account; for both she and her husband were people who would have been respected in any part of the world, even if they had *not* kept hotel.

In the midst of a hot, sultry day, a fierce norther sprang up, chilling us to

the bone, and causing us to change our original intention of remaining here for some time. The bride, too, and her husband, were willing to return to a more civilized country at an early day. Together we went back, and were greeted at the hotel we had stopped in, and by people on the steamer, as pleasantly as though we were in the habit of passing that way at least once a month. At New Orleans we parted, the new husband and wife returning to St. Louis, while I retraced my steps to Louisville, *en route* to New York.

In the cars, I was soon attracted by the appearance of a lady and gentleman—evidently brother and sister—accompanied by an elderly Negro woman. The gentleman seemed in great distress of mind, and the lady was trying to speak comfort to his troubled spirits. The Negro woman would gaze longingly out of the window, shading her eyes with her hand, and then stealthily draw her apron over her cheeks, as though the heat annoyed her. But I knew she was crying, and the sobs she tried to repress would sometimes almost choke the honest old Negro. The train went so slow—so slow; and the gentleman paced nervously up and down, whenever the cars stopped on the way.

Great sorrow, like great joy, always seeks for sympathy; and in a short time I knew the agony of the father, who was counting every second that must pass before he could reach the bedside of his dying child. A young, strong maiden, she had been sent by the widowed father to a convent, in the neighborhood of Louisville, there to receive the excellent training of the Sisters of the school. Stricken down suddenly with some disease, they had immediately informed the father by telegraph; and he, with his sister, and Phrony, the old nurse of the girl, had taken the next train that left New Orleans. Both he and his father had been prominent Secessionists, had

been well-nigh ruined by the war, and had hoarded what little they could save from the common wreck, only for this daughter—and now she was dying. So slowly moved the train! Hour after hour the brother paced up and down the narrow space in the cars, while the sister poured into my ears the tale of his hopes and fears, their wretchedness and their perseverance during the war, and how, in all they had done and left undone, the best interests of Eugenia had been consulted and considered. The Negro woman had crouched down at our feet, and was swaying back and forth with the slow motion of the cars, giving vent to her long pent-up grief, and sobbing in bitterness of heart: "Oh, Miss Anne! Miss Anne! why didn't you let me go with my chile?"

To make full the cup of misery, we were informed next morning that our train would stop just where it was till six o'clock in the evening, when some other train would come along and carry us on. I don't think that the Colonel (the father) did any swearing, but I fear that some of the Californians who were of our party did more than their share. Going to the nearest station, he telegraphed the cause of his delay to the Sisters of the convent, and then waited through the intolerably long day. At nightfall, the train moved on, slowly, slowly, creeping into Louisville at last, in the dull, cold, dismal day. Snowflakes were falling in the gray atmosphere, settling for a moment on the ragged, shivering trees, ere they fluttered, half dissolved, to the muddy ground. The wind arose in angry gusts now and again, whirling about the flakes, and trying to rend the murky clouds asunder, as though jealous of the drizzling fog that attempted to take possession of the earth.

Breathlessly the Colonel inquired for dispatches at the hotel. Yes; his child still lived! A buggy was ready, await-

ing them at the door, and the brother and sister drove off, leaving Phrony to take possession of their rooms. I can never forget the heart-broken look of Phrony when the buggy vanished from sight.

"You see," said I, "there was no room in the buggy for you. If they had waited to engage a carriage, they might have been too late."

"Yes, miss," said Phrony, absently, and turned away.

Toward the close of the day, when already hooded and cloaked for the onward journey, I was informed that Eugenia was dead: her father had received but her parting breath. The dispatch was sent for the information of those who had shown such sympathy for the grief-stricken father. I stepped over to the Colonel's rooms, where I knew Phrony was. She was sitting on a little trunk by the fire, with her apron over her head, and her body bent forward.

"Then you know it, Phrony?" I asked.

"Yes, yes; knowed it all along, miss. Hadn't never no one to take care of her but her old mammy! Oh, my chile! my chile! my little chile! And she's done gone died, without her mammy! Oh, my chile! my chile!"

I tried to speak kindly to her, but my sobs choked me. I looked out of the window, but there was no light there. The snow was falling to the ground in dogged, sullen silence, and the wind, as though tired out with long, useless resistance, only moaned fitfully at times, when clamoring vainly for admission at the closed windows.

Was it not well with the soul just gone to rest? Was it not better with her than with us—with me—who must still wander forth again, out into the snow, and the cold, and the night?

"Oh, my chile! my chile!" sobbed the woman, so black of face, but true of heart; "if I could only have died, and

gone to heaven, and left you with Massa Harry! Oh, Miss Anne! Miss Anne! what made you take my chile away from me?"

"It is only for a little while that you will be parted from her, Phrony," I said.

"Bress de Lord! Yes, I'll soon be with my little chile again. But she's dead now, and I can't never see her no more. Oh, my chile! my chile!"

I closed the door softly, for I heard the warning cry of the coachman who was to take us to the outgoing train.

ABOUT THE SHORES OF PUGET SOUND.

IT was a June mórning, when we were off the Strait of Juan de Fuca, enveloped in one of those heavy fogs that prevail during the summer months, hiding every thing from view between ship and shore. The wind had lulled during the night, and the morning brought no breeze, except now and then a breath from the land, wafting with it the dismal rumbling of the waves dashing among the caverns of Cape Classet. Once we heard the splash of paddles and the whoop of Indians, as they were passing seaward to their fishing-grounds. At length the fog began to break. First, we saw a few tree-tops; then, the deep, green forest; next, a bold headland, blended with the lofty sails of several vessels, as they peered above the cloud; and soon Tatoosh Island, with its guiding light-house, broke through the mist, when, in an instant almost, the vapor disappeared.

The wind came fresh from the west, and our bark flew before it under all sail. We soon passed De Fuca's Pillar, and on our left the more distant land of Vancouver Island showed its rounding hills, bordering the northern side of the inland waters, and its more broken coast-line stretched far to the westward. Lightly we bounded on our course over a rough sea, caused by the adverse tide; and as the sun was hiding its blazing rays behind the mountain-summits, we were up with Kiddy Cubbit—a small summer

village of the Makah tribe of Indians—which is half hidden under the high steep of the south shore, four miles from Tatoosh. They are a hardy band, inhabiting a wild, broken peninsula, circumscribed by the river Wy-atch, the waters of the Strait, and the Pacific. At the proper seasons, they drift in their canoes seaward to fish for halibut, and pursue the herds of seals and whales, from which they obtain their main supply of food. The habits of these natives are filthy in the extreme. Their winter lodges are along the shores of Neé-ah Bay, which is a league farther up the strait. It is a snug haven, where ships find shelter behind a pretty island called Wa-dah. The showy, white buildings of the Indian Reservation join the aboriginal village, which is comprised of low and old structures, covering a large ground space, with nothing in their exterior appearance in the least inviting.

On a near approach, one can see and smell the stifling smoke escaping from every cranny, full of noisome fumes; yet, until you enter these human abodes, no real conception can be formed of the filthy life of the occupants. Decaying garbage is seen on all sides; old Indians, of both sexes, hideous with dirt and disease; squalid children, together with the adults, hovering around smoldering fires, eating half-cooked or half-putrid food, or gorging themselves on shell-fish in their natural state, as gath-

ered from the mud-flats by the *kloochmen* (women). This is the general condition of habitations and inhabitants; yet, among the filthy group may be seen well-clad men, women, and children—the latter usually dressed in flashy colors, and comparatively clean; so much so that one can hardly imagine how they tolerate the obnoxious habits and mode of life of their tribe. And the same Indian character will be found in these personal exceptions, although disguised by the garb of civilization; and in all there is some change exhibited in their relish for ship-bread, or that made by themselves of like material, instead of the wild roots and plants, and the cultivated potato instead of the crude *wap-patoo* (a bulbous edible root). The Makah men esteem themselves far superior to those of the tribes of the interior, who follow the tame life of fishing in the shaded estuaries and babbling brooklets, or shooting game within the coverts of the forest; “for,” say they, “we go far out on the ocean to capture the huge monsters of the deep in our great canoes, while the ‘salmon-eaters’ catch their fish with the *kloochmen*, and, what is more, they dare not fight us.”

On a point east of Wa-dah Island—named by the natives “Bahada”—which forms the inner headland of the bay, is a cluster of buildings known as “Webster’s Place;” two unique, white dwellings and several store-houses comprise the hamlet. Here the Indians from the adjacent shores, and for many leagues south along the sea-coast, come to barter their seal-skins, and their other peltries, as well as oil, which is extracted from the shark, seal, and whale, receiving in return woolen and cotton goods, bread, flour, tobacco, and, in fact, every common article of food, clothing, or ornament they may desire. Occasionally a fleet of canoes come from Vancouver Island to have a *potlatch** with their

marine companies on their own *illike* (land). It is a novel sight to see one of these flotillas approaching from the British shore. At first they are descried in the distance on the crests of the quick-rolling waves, and again they disappear in the hollows of the undulation; but in brief time they near the shore with measured stroke of paddles, and keeping time with their spirited boat-songs, or they bound over the water under a press of sail before the fresh coast-wind. When landing, the long, sharp bow of the canoe is turned to the foaming surf, and, as if by instinct, it glides over the beach-waves to the shore by the dexterous flourish of the lithe *sak-talm* (paddle.)

From Bahada, eastward, to Callam Bay, the American shore is high, and in many places precipitous, but densely wooded; and opposite, on the Vancouver side, the same thick forest is seen, covering a broken and mountainous region. On the borders of the bay is a village of Callams. This tribe, once numerous and powerful, is scattered along the strait and around the bays and bights of Admiralty Inlet, upon a shore-line of more than a hundred miles; but they are very rapidly diminishing in numbers, and before many years will become extinct. They live by hunting and fishing around their homes, and never pursue the whale and seal, as do the sea-coast tribes; for their canoes are of a different model, being low and straight, and only adapted to the smoother interior waters. From Callam Bay, still onward up the strait, we find the same elevated and wooded country, diversified by gray banks of moderate height, and narrow intervals about the mouths of the small rivers, the principal of which are the Lyre and Elwha, whose sources are among the Olympian *cañons*, till we come to Port Angelos, which has a fine harbor, well protected from the prevailing westerly winds, but somewhat ex-

* A meeting of Indians where gifts are exchanged.

posed in the opposite quarter. This bay is formed by a long, low sand-spit, called Ediz Hook, on the extreme point of which stands the light-house. A few years ago, Angelos was the port of entry, and quite a settlement sprung up around the Custom-house and marine hospital, and a city was laid out on a scale commensurate with the anticipations of a coming Northern Pacific metropolis; but after successive years, the place was found to be difficult of access by sailing vessels, on account of the calms that prevailed under the high land in the vicinity. The town was built on the low flat near the beach, and a midnight torrent at one time came rushing down the ravines from the mountains, which swept all before it, including the Government buildings, into the bay. Notwithstanding this disaster, numerous dwellings and public houses again appeared; but in 1867, the port of entry was changed to Port Townsend, and with it many of the residents followed or sought employment elsewhere, and from a much-frequented commercial place, where all foreign vessels as well as coasters dropped anchor, now only a casual craft puts in for a harbor, or a solitary plunger makes its periodical rounds with the mails and merchandise for the few remaining residents.

From Port Angelos to the entrance of Admiralty Inlet, the land along the shore, reaching back to the Olympian Range, is of more moderate elevation than that before described; still it is a wild, broken country, with here and there a logging-camp, farm-house, or a few Indian huts. Opposite Ediz Hook, close to the rocky beach, is a village of the Callams, with a picturesque burial-ground half-concealed among the rank undergrowth, while the giant firs and cottonwoods shade it from the midday sun. One calm winter day, we improved the opportunity for making a hurried sketch of the grounds, and as we

landed, a trio of the inmates of the neighboring lodges joined our party; and while engaged, an old Chief watched intently, with sullen countenance, every mark of the pencil, and as soon as he discovered our object, he said to us, through an interpreter, "I am one of the Chiefs of the Callams, and our own lands run east and west, along the water, farther than you can see! The Callams once were a great many; now we are very few! But do you think we have butchered each other? If you do, you are mistaken, *for we no like fight*. All the dead under the ground here were good people, and died with disease." We assured him he must be speaking truth. "Then," said he, "why do you make that paper?" And with a whirl and a grunt he hurried back to the village in great dudgeon. The next day he came to our vessel, with his face blazing in vermilion paint, offering for sale a few ducks and salmon; but when we accosted him, he would not deign a look of recognition, and feigned he had never before seen us.

The long, low, sandy tongue called New Dungeness Spit, which is four leagues from Ediz Hook, projects out into this great arm of the ocean—which is here too broad to be called a strait—a distance of two miles, and may be regarded as the great impediment to the otherwise safe navigation. Here vessels, coming from sea in thick weather, occasionally bring up, and some have become total wrecks, notwithstanding the glaring light that is elevated, on a white and black tower, a hundred feet above the water, and a massive fog-bell that constantly clangs its warning, in measured strokes, when thick weather precludes the sight of impending danger.

Dungeness Bay, as it is familiarly called, affords a fine shelter in westerly winds; but it is exposed to the easterly gales, that frequently blow with great force during the winter months. From this point still on, we come to Protec-

tion Island, the charming spot described by the distinguished old explorer, Vancouver. It is a peculiar looking islet, presenting high banks to the north, capped by green fields and natural groves. It protects the harbor of Port Discovery, which is an ample bay, free from hidden dangers, with an unusual depth of water. Near its head is the first mill-town met with in this great lumber region. Still on to the eastward, we pass gray, bluff-faced table-lands, sparsely covered with trees, or patches of cleared land, with the primitive dwellings and surroundings of the pioneers. Then we pass Point Wilson on the right, Whidby Island to the left, with Admiralty Head Light-house, appearing like a steepled church, against the dark background. And now we have fairly entered Admiralty Inlet; then opening to the southward is the fine bay of Port Townsend, which is five miles long, and may average one and a quarter in width. With a convenient depth of water, well sheltered from prevailing winds, and being so easy to enter or depart from with sailing vessels, it has an advantage in this respect over all the other "Sound ports." The town, of the same name as the bay, is built on the west shore, and has six hundred inhabitants. It is the port of entry. The Custom-house, with the commercial portion of the place, is on the low flat, close to the beach; but the principal residences, with other public buildings, are on a beautiful table-land, immediately back. When seen from that part of the bay connecting with the inlet, it presents a pleasing aspect; the green, even plateau, elevated above the waters of the grand estuary, and dotted with neat dwellings and spired churches, contrasts pleasantly with the clusters of natural shade-trees, and the belt of forest near, affording a vivid rural picture. The view from this point, or when sailing through Admiralty Inlet, is enchanting. To the south are seen the fantastic peaks and

chasms of the Olympian Chain; to the north, Mount Baker, with Whidby Island—which is called "The Garden of the Sound"—in the foreground, and, far inland, towering Rainier sparkles, in its splendor of perpetual snows, that wreathes its summit in marked relief, over the boundless woodlands that blend with the surrounding landscape. The adjacent waters, too, are often studded with ships, careening under their flowing sails as they ply to and from the principal commercial ports of the world, together with the motley coasting craft, of every rig and size; and the noisy steamers, that sound their shrill whistles as they glide in all directions, add life to the charming panorama. Behind a belt of timber that skirts the town, spreads out a beautiful valley, garnished with cultivated fields; and up the bay is seen the old military post, known as "The Station," with its comfortable barracks and officers' quarters, fast going to decay.

Farther on is the site of a new mill-town; and on either shore may be seen the tidy habitations on the clearings, or the rude cabin, or tents of strolling bands of Indians. This beautiful bay, so easy of access, was a favorite resort of the aquatic Indian in his canoe, for he could float lazily, with the changing tides, to his chosen fishing-grounds; and, should wind or wave arise, a few strokes of his paddle would take him to a place of safety. And on the right as you enter the spacious harbor, nestled under the precipitous cliffs, may be seen the modern lodges of the inhabitants of a once large village of the Callams, who frequently make night hideous with their howlings in drunken brawl, or by the incantations of their medicine-men; and among the great chiefs who still remain, to see the last of their people waste away by the vices of civilization, are the Duke of York, Lord Jim, General Scott, and others of equally high-sounding titles. The whole life of the Indian is changed when

it comes in contact with the habits and customs of the white immigrant; changed, too, in such a manner as to sweep the doomed people, like a tornado, from their hunting and fishing-grounds, that were an Indian's earthly paradise. And but a few years will pass before the aboriginal race, that once dwelt along the whole extent of these winding shores, will be known only in history, as they will be utterly extinct. The Duke of York is quite a character, who has brought himself frequently into notice; sometimes in amusing ways. During the summer of 1864, the veteran little Government steamer *Shubrick*, then on revenue marine duty, was lying quietly in the bay, near the Duke's unimposing palace, and his Royal Highness, appreciating the honor, paddled off in his *hias canim* (great canoe), with his wife, and they were duly received on board, he introducing himself as "Tye Duke of York," and his consort as "Jenny Lind." The pair were hospitably entertained, and, on their departure, our distinguished visitor was promised a sword. The weapon in question was a cast-off implement of one of the *Shubrick's* officers, which had become rusty in its peaceful retirement, and required much scouring with brick-dust and oil to bring it to a shining polish. Day after day the Duke called on board for his present, and at last intimated that he did not like trifling. The officer who was to make the coveted present assured him that it was no trifling matter; but, on so momentous an occasion as the presentation of an elegant war-weapon to so distinguished a personage—which weapon had on its hilt the head of the American eagle, a symbol of American liberty, and which, moreover, was peculiarly emblematical of the game life of the aboriginal inhabitants—might not the ceremony of donating the valued present take place, not on the treacherous water, but on *terra firma*? This laudatory harangue caused

the old man's eyes to glisten with delight.

"I am happy," said he, "and my heart is so full that it chokes me. It shall take place in the heart of the city of Port Townsend; and all that gives me pain is, that many of my best warriors, with their wives, are away on the *chuck* [water], fishing for salmon, so I can only assemble a few of my people."

At the appointed hour, as the sun dipped behind the jagged peaks of the Olympian Mountains, the Duke marshaled his clan of old men, women, and children, and marched to the designated ground, where they silently formed a crescent, in a couching posture, to hear the distinguished speakers on the occasion; while a motley crowd of whites and half-breeds formed a turbulent assemblage in front of the native horde, which completely surrounded the chiefs and the delegation of officers who were present. Then, for a moment, all became silent, and the sword-bearer and orator advanced to the old Chief, and said:

"I have the honor of presenting to the Duke of York, whose tribal name is *T'chitz-a-ma-hum*, a sword of polished steel, as a token of respect and esteem toward the one great Chief of the Callams; and, as you receive it, let it be a pledge of unailing good faith toward the white man."

The sword was then received with all that rigid formality which characterizes the American savage; and when grasped by him, he spoke, in loud, measured tones, through his interpreter, as follows:

"The Duke of York is deeply sensible of the honor conferred upon him, and only deplures, as will all the great men of his tribe, that the whole Callam race could not be eye-witness to the greatest honor ever conferred on one of their chiefs. From this moment, I am resolved never to take another sup of

the fire-water, which is always being smuggled into the camps of our *tillecums* [people], by vagabond whites and half-breeds; and this sword, in my hands, shall defend the *good Boston-man* against the attacks of any *cultus Callam* [a bad Indian of the Callam tribe].”

Lord Jim then rose, and said:

“I have been to many great *potlatches*. I have fought, and killed, more than one white man in the last war. Moreover, only the last moon I was insulted, and have been waiting to pick my time and man, to lay him low and glut my vengeance. But this great honor bestowed on our tribe, through our *Tyee T'chitz-ama-hum*, makes up for all the injuries I have received, and, from this time, I am for peace.”

General Scott then came forward, amid the clapping of hands of the promiscuous crowd and the guttural applause of the natives, and remarked:

“I have nothing to say, only that I am a friend to all good whites. I am a sworn enemy to the devils who sell us whisky, be they *King George-men* or *Boston*; and I am grateful for the honor conferred upon us at this time. But the sun is down behind the hills, and the night is chilly; our old people here are sick, and I think we all should go to our warm lodge-fires.” Then, with a simultaneous response, all marched back to their rude tenements.

On the Fourth of July, 1869, we happened to be at Port Townsend, where we found the Americans, who reside across the water at Victoria, with their numerous English friends, and many of the “up-sound people,” assembled to celebrate the day; for what added much interest to the occasion, was the presence in the bay of the United States steamer *Pensacola*, bearing the flag of Admiral Thatcher. The revenue cutter here swung to her anchor—a small craft, to be sure, compared with the immense war-vessel, but a beautiful speci-

men of naval architecture—and, when decked in her ample bunting, graced the bay, much to the delight of our worthy Duke, who caught the spirit of “’76,” and, at an early hour, headed a troop of his camp-fellows, who paraded before their village with an American flag upside down, howling and singing their wild, inimitable songs.

But hardly had the old Chief ended his morning exercise, before he was on board the cutter, with his herald, to tell of his misfortune. “Ha!” said he, “the great sword, that was given me by the big man in the *Shubrick*, has been stolen by a thieving *tyee* [chief] from Queen Charlotte’s Island, and I must join with the Admiral and General Fowler in the celebration, and it will break my heart to go without a sword and uniform; so I came to see if you can *potlatch* any old sword, and *hi-yu buttons* [plenty of buttons]. Jenny Lind can sew them on to me while I am eating breakfast.”

But the chagrin that was manifest in the old fellow’s countenance, when he was referred to the Admiral’s ship, is beyond imagination. Yet, like a forlorn hope, he and his companion dashed off in their canoe to the *hias pire ship* (great steamer), as they called her. And to his overwhelming joy, he was dressed out in a very distinguished uniform, it being a cross-suit of Jack’s short-seated trousers, with a marine’s coat, and a cocked-hat. Once possessed of the glittering equipment, never was canoe paddled with more swiftness to the shore; and then, arrayed in his showy toggery, he was ready for the coming ceremonies.

But the Duke’s patriotism began to flow so early in the day, that, before the time for marching to the grounds, he feared losing his spirit of “’76,” and added a constant supply of the other spirit, which had the baneful effect of causing great weakness in his netherlimbs. “Hio!” he exclaimed. “If I can’t *clattawah* [walk], I can ride. *Na-*

ha for a hand-cart [get a hand-cart], *hyak! hyak!* [quick], and any two *si-washes* [Indians] that will haul me on to the hill where the *Boston tillecums* are, shall have all my clothes, except my gal-ligaskins, as soon as the day is over."

The desired vehicle came, and received his Highness, doubled up like a mammoth crawfish, who was hauled by two sweating savages up to the shaded grounds, where the exercises of the day had just closed. But all united that the old Chief—who delights in his acquired title more than in his hereditary name—had rode in state to the scene of the celebration, while all others, high and low, came and departed as pedestrians.

Leaving the entry-port, we pass over the deep, extensive gulf, rounding Point Marrowstone, and, ten miles farther on, we come to Port Ludlow, with its snug harbor and active lumber-mills. Then on, to the southward, a distance of five miles, we enter Hood's Canal; and, when threading its entire extent, which is over sixty miles, one can but admire the beautiful scenery that, in many places, reaches to the brink of the smooth waters, which reflect the shelving rocks, deep gorges, and changing spurs, and heighten the grandeur of the Olympian chain in its solitude. Like all the shores of the strait, inlet, and sound, a thick growth of timber fringes the beach, or bank, where not broken by the clearings and rolling-tiers of the lumbermen.

In a sheltered bight on the south side of the canal, three leagues from its mouth, is Hahamish Harbor (now Seabeck), a noted lumber port of Washington Territory. At the entrance of the canal, a tongue of land, one mile in width, separates it from the land-locked bay of Port Gamble. On its west shore is the largest mill-town of the Pacific Coast. Here lumber is manufactured in its various forms and dimensions as if by magic, and all is hurry and bustle; ships,

steamers, and small craft crowd the wharves, or are moving in and out with their heavy cargoes and booms of logs. Night and day, nothing can be heard but the puffing steam, the hum of the many saws, the rattle of boards, timber, and deals, as they shoot from the mills on to the piers and into the ships' holds. Besides the two saw-mills, that can produce one hundred and fifty thousand feet of manufactured lumber daily, there is a planing-mill, a flouring-mill, an iron and brass foundry, a machine-shop, and smithery. All are crowded together on the low point; while in the rear, on higher land, cluster the dwellings of the inhabitants, nearly all of whom are employed by the Puget Mill Company. The population numbers about four hundred, whose cottages are clustered upon the gentle slope, or scattered along the shore of the bay.

While strolling around the outskirts of the settlement, our attention was drawn to the cemetery, situated on a swell of land that rises above the lively hamlet, and commanding a fine view in the distance. It had been surrounded with white palings by the combined efforts of the ladies in the vicinity, which added much interest to this sequestered repository of the dead. The day of our visit was dark and misty, which shed a gloom on all within vision, filling us with sadness, in sympathy with all those bereaved ones who had followed their friends or relations to their last earthly abode. A breathless stillness seemed to hold us to the sacred spot; and as we gazed northward over the expanse of bay and inlet, we could see the cold, broken lines of the far-off mountain-summits, as the fitful clouds rose and fell, and the gray cliffs and dark forests were reflected in the mirrored element, as if to lend an air of mourning to the surrounding landscape. Not an Indian could be seen ruffling the smooth waters with canoe or paddle, or breaking the solemn silence

by whoop or yell; and the hum of yonder mills came but faintly to our ears. Across the harbor, in full view, were the remaining lodges of an Indian village, tenanted by the few who remain of aboriginal descent; and near the foot of a high, green bank were ranged, in varied structure, the monumental graves of deceased chiefs and warriors, with torn banners waving above them; while others appeared screened with scarlet cloth, and still another stood out like a tomb with glass windows, as if to admit the light of heaven to his otherwise dark, dank resting-place. But our reverie was broken by the harsh steam-whistle at the mills, calling the workmen from their labors to the noonday meal, and we left the hallowed place guarded only by a flock of ravens, perched upon the firs and cedars at some distance.

Leaving Port Gamble, or Teekalet, we double a high, rounding point, called Foul-weather Bluff; from thence we continue on up Admiralty Inlet, passing Possession Sound on our left; then, southward, till we come to the large, open bay of Port Madison, on the south bank of which branches the Skookum Chuck into Bainbridge Island, a distance of two miles. Along its shores, is Port Madison, with its extensive mills, that manufacture all descriptions of lumber, and the ship-yards from which the finest vessels of the coast have been launched. Probably no place in the Territory has the facilities for the combined enterprises of milling and ship-building as this. From the head of Port Madison Bay, a narrow passage joins the estuary that bounds the south and western sides of Bainbridge Island; and opposite, on the main land, is Port Orchard, once a place of some importance, but since the destruction of its mills by fire, it has become nearly deserted.

On the eastern side of Admiralty Inlet, in latitude about $46\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, is an indentation, known as Elliot Bay, at the head

of which is the flourishing town of Seattle, resting on a prominent slope, with its many tasteful residences and churches; and the university buildings, together with the whole business portion of the place, present quite an imposing view across the water, where, in a snug cove of Bainbridge Island, is Port Blakely, with its mills, cutting the various kinds of lumber suited to home and foreign markets. On Duwamish Point, that intervenes between the two ports, is another hamlet, with its steam mills, called Freeport; and on the southern extremity of the bay, the Sinowamis, or Duwamish River, whose source is at the foot of the Cascade Mountains, unites with the water from the ocean, and divides the productive valley that reaches to the rugged highlands. This alluvial plain continues on along the White River—which is a tributary to the Duwamish—reaching nearly to the base of the Cascade chain. A sharp, rolling land-swell is seen immediately back of Seattle, and just beyond rises the silvery Lake Washington, studded with islands of emerald foliage, and surrounded by the undulating *tierra* clothed in wooded wealth, beneath which lie the rich veins of coal that have already become a valuable article of export from the coming metropolis.

From Seattle we continue southward, sailing through Colvas Pass, or around the eastern side of Vashon and Maury Islands, passing a new settlement, called Tacoma, where the leviathan trees are converted into all the dimensions of building materials required for export. Then around Point Defiance, and, running "the narrows," we come into Puget Sound. The division of the great inland-waters bearing this familiar name is but ten or twelve miles in extent. But now the whole water region—including De Fuca Strait, Admiralty Inlet, Possession Sound, with the many arms branching from the main body—is generally

termed Puget Sound, and particular names seem only to designate or locate prominent points or peculiar places. On the south shore of old Puget Sound, the town of Steilacoöm is scattered over a slightly descending clearing, with a population of about three hundred. Its harbor is spacious, and its scenery is made up of magnificent views of the peaks of St. Helen's, Rainier, Adams, and Hood, with the ragged Coast Range, all emerging as from a sea of forest; and the adjacent interior is like a natural park, the avenues running in every direction, with ponds and lakes that sparkle like gems in the sunlight. And about the shores on either side of the town, the pleasant sound of water-falls may be heard, as they come dashing down from the broken and giddy heights, where the melting snows supply the motive power that turns the wheels of the mills that grind the grain, and weave the wool, of this prolific country. From Steilacoom to Olympia, you pass through a labyrinth of islands and inlets, and around points, bearing the names of distinguished *employés* of the Hudson Bay Company, who were the early explorers, as well as those of many of the officers of our honored navy; and you may choose your watery way either though Balch's Passage, or to the south of Anderson Island, where a glimpse may be had of old Fort Nisqually. Then, by a serpentine course, you enter Budd Inlet, and at its head is the capital of Washington Territory, its broad streets lined with ornamental trees that shade the many pleasant residences. The town is divided by a nameless rivulet, the business portion of which is called Olympia proper, while the other is named Swan Town, after one of the earliest settlers. Then there is the village of Tumwater contiguous, which is built along the noisy stream—whence the place takes its name—which affords an immense water-power. Olympia is the nearest point on the sound to the Co-

lumbia River, and here the connecting overland travel concentrates. Moreover, it is the centre of all the elements that make up the Government of the Territory, it being the residence of the Governor and other Federal officers, as well as many of the local leading men of the country, and, when united, forms the agreeable and hospitable society for which the capital town is noted. It is confidently expected by the Olympians that the *terminus* of the Northern Pacific Railroad will be at or near this city in embryo, and it would seem that their expectations are not without foundation; but as there are so many eligible places for a *terminus* along the water-way from Cape Classet to the head of navigation, even the directors of the enterprise are puzzled to decide where to stop the iron horse. Olympia has a population of over fifteen hundred, and as it extends itself, will absorb the village of Tumwater, with its power of falling water, where doubtless large manufactories will spring up, which will increase business and add wealth to its connection.

Thus we have endeavored to briefly describe the peculiar arm of the Pacific with its many branches, which, in the main, trend to the south; but the direction of the bold waters are more varied than the points of the compass, sometimes running in the mountain-gorges, again meandering through the rich bottom-lands, or surrounding islands, till lost in the mazes of its own intricacies; and, although the great body reaches into the heart of the Territory, still, to the northward, branches Possession Sound, which unites with the Gulf of Georgia.

The southern part of Whidby Island separates Possession Sound from Admiralty Inlet; and about two leagues from thence is Point Elliot, where, upon the low beach, is a trading-place, called Mucleteo; then, a league farther on, we come to Hat Island, that fronts the mouth

of Sinahomis River, which drains a section of rich land adjoining the picturesque ridges and remote valleys of the Cascade *cordillera*; then, still northward, is Port Susan, with Camano Island dividing the water between that and Port Gardiner.

The south extreme of the island is named Allan Point; and opposite, away to the eastward, is the bay and Indian Reservation of Tulalip, with the Catholic Mission school-buildings a little back, in a pleasant glen. And hereabout was the central hunting-ground of the Scatchat tribe of Indians, whose domain included an extensive land upon the main as well as Camano and Whidby Islands; but they, like all the rest of the aborigines, are rapidly decreasing in numbers, and changing in mode of life, which hurries them on in their semi-civilized career of destruction. From Port Susan and Port Gardiner, the chain of waters continues northward, expanding into Penn's Cove and across to Utsalady. Nothing can be more fascinating to the eye of a sea-worn mariner than the snug cove, where the rolling prairie appears like a cultivated field which is divested of that wild appearance, and is unlike any thing else seen on the Northern Pacific Coast. The whole of Whidby Island is regarded as a fertile spot, blooming in spontaneous production, in striking contrast with the sombre forest that borders it to the east, and the waste of water that dashes against its sandy and rock-bound shores. And in this beautiful haven, on its south shore, is a hamlet, called Coupeville, named after its first settler, Captain Coupe, well known as one of "Neptune's own," who run his bark—the *Success*—through Deception Pass in early times, which now is considered impracticable for large vessels under sail, and steamers only vent-

ure upon its troubled waters at a favorable stage of the tide.

Oak Bay lies between Penn's Cove and Utsalady. It has a highly cultivated section half encircling it, that rises and reaches back till it meets the tangled wildwoods. Then, across to the east, is seen the escape of steam from the mills at Utsalady, which is an extensive manufactory of lumber, but especially the point where nearly all the masts and spars are obtained for the China, East India, and European markets. From this, the northern mill-town in the Territory, are seen the majestic peaks and slopes of the Cascade Range, that emerge from the clouds and shade the valley, where the richest bottom-land is found extending northward to Bellingham Bay. A water-course runs through it, where the "sound steamers" ply to and fro, keeping up constant and regular communication with Seattle, and border places.

Then comes a cluster of islands, in the varied forms of volcanic upheaval, clothed with fern, vine, and fir, that meet the full tides that wash the rugged shores. The varied scenery of this sea of islands can hardly be described; for it is ever changing its grand views as you drift through the curling eddies. And here is the Indian's thoroughfare, where he sails his canoe between the American and the English coast; and here the smugglers find a covert to pursue their nefarious traffic, with the neutral island of San Juan to flee to, when pursued, thereby avoiding detection.

The real resources of Washington Territory will not be fully developed till the railroad brings the great chain of fresh-water lakes—that are linked with the River St. Lawrence and the Atlantic—into communion with the salt-waters of the Sound.

ETC.

WHATEVER may justly be said about the poverty of art in San Francisco, there are, at all times, some notable pictures accessible to the public. Wealthy citizens are more inclined to buy really meritorious pictures than ever before. In some instances, both the price supposed to have been paid, and the extraordinary excellence of the painting, may have been apocryphal. But \$10,000 is now rarely invested in this way, without relying upon the judgment of an expert; and the purchase is generally satisfactory. Pictures advance in value with age, as certainly as good wine; but while a vineyard produces nearly the same quality, from year to year, under the treatment of successive proprietors, the peculiar excellence of a great painter is something which may die with him. And thus, as he advances in years, his paintings increase in value, partly because he has ripened as an artist, and more, perhaps, because he is nearer to a point where his work ends. The pictures of a dead artist, if he had acquired fame, command larger prices than those of famous living ones. The latter may work away for a quarter of a century, and the last picture may be the best; but when an artist is gone, it is known that there are only so many of his pictures in existence, and that number can never be increased. When a painter has reached the age of sixty-five years, his chances of living, and the number of new pictures he may paint, are carefully estimated. It may not be altogether a pleasant appraisal for the artist; and yet it might gratify a pardonable vanity, that the older he grows the more valuable his work becomes. On the day of his decease, his pictures, if there are not too many of them, may nearly double in value. We have not heard of any famous painter who was in a hurry to die, on account of this increase of artistic value. But note that, in all other cases, this judgment is reversed.

What is a dead lawyer's brief worth? Or, how much value is attached to an old sermon, because the writer has deceased? What are the saddle-bags and prescriptions of a dead doctor worth, beyond the market price while he was living? There is not so much need that friends should insure the life of a famous painter, as that they should be assured, that, at no distant day, his hand shall have lost its cunning, and his brain that matchless conception of beauty. The first culmination of fame may be in the prime of professional life; but the second, and greatest, is when death has given the touch of immortality to all that he has done.

Among the more recent pictures placed on exhibition in this city, is the "Emerald Pool," by Bierstadt. A large canvas, probably six by eleven feet, is crowded in every inch of surface by such a fragment of scenery as one who had lived east of the Hudson might have seen a hundred times. The brawling stream, coming down over the rocks; the little falls and swirls, making one thrust his hand instinctively into his side-pocket for a hook and line; the deep pool in the shadow, and the trout which one does not see, but knows will break water as soon as the fly is thrown; the birches, beeches, and oaks, whose foliage has taken on all the glories of autumn; the receding forest, growing darker and more indefinite as it recedes, but with trees in the foreground so tangible that one recognizes them as his old friends, and has a longing to put his arms around them; the far-off mountains, weird, but grand, in the indefinable distance; and then, such a wondrous working up of infinite details! It is all there: even the everlasting doe and fawn, which are not generally there when one watches for them. This breadth and affluence, taking in so much, and suggesting so much more, disclose, also, a more patient attention to details than we have noted in any other picture from the

same artist. If there is such a thing as a school of American landscape-painters, probably Bierstadt's "Emerald Pool" should rank among the best which that school has yet produced.

It is a suggestive fact, that landscape-painters in this country take the precedence of all others. In Europe the order is usually reversed, and the figure-painter takes the precedence. A large landscape-painting, promising that it has real merit, will command a larger sum in the United States, and attract more attention, than it would in Europe. We should hardly expect to find a purchaser in the latter country for any American landscape picture at \$25,000. But many such purchasers could probably be found in this country, and even then the buyers might be quite as fortunate as the artists. If the public taste, or caprice, demands landscapes on such an immense breadth of canvas, the pictures will be forthcoming. The magnificent price demanded, and conceded, is not the least gratifying fact. We may hesitate to say that the public taste, in this respect, does not need any correction. Even if at variance with some higher standard, it will find a more perfect adjustment when we have the ripeness of years, and galleries of art, with some of the wealth of art-treasures found in continental cities.

The Art Association of this city now numbers, not only nearly all the resident artists, but a very large number of friends and patrons of art are enrolled as members. Besides the reunions, which are only an incident, the Association is working steadily for an art-gallery—a rallying centre—where not only the best pictures can be exhibited, but where models may be collected, and, in time, a school of art may be founded. If any citizen wishes to connect his name permanently with the founding of an art-gallery, he can do it for the nominal consideration of \$50,000; and that is not more than a score of citizens would be willing to pay for the fastest horse in the country.

THE publishers of the OVERLAND MONTHLY, having considered the great number of requests which have been made for illustrated articles, and having already secured a number of competent artists, will illustrate one or more articles in the October number. The first article, entitled "Tropical California," will include six or more illustrations, the proofs of which are satisfactory evidence that the drawing and engraving have been done so well as to leave little more to be desired. Only such places and objects will be illustrated as will have special interest for readers on both sides of the continent.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

PINK AND WHITE TYRANNY. By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The significant inscription, "This is a horse," conspicuously emblazoned upon the fore-front of one of Landseer's best artistic productions, would naturally suggest one of two things: an amiable, considerate forethought for anticipated stupidity on the part of his observing patrons; or, a conscious lack of similitude and poverty of delineation on the part of the ingenuous artist. The latter would scarcely be expected, except from a pretentious, *soi-disant dilettante*.

So when, book in hand, we stretch ourselves out into one of our best-natured, receptive attitudes, graciously permitting Mrs. Stowe to preach to us from between the dapper covers of this neat volume, we confess to just the faintest suspicion of unsanctified resentment, when, at the very first blush, the priggish little preface presumes to thrust a sign-post into our long-suffering face, with an index-finger—doing what? Why, pointing out the exact route over which our thoughts are expected to gallop. We shake our heads defiantly. Possibly this natural perversity may be the *man* of it; but we assert it, and we

"assert it boldly," we have no sort of notion of cantering over any predestined track, either in ethics, æsthetics, or polemics.

The fore-ordained moral is amazingly proper and well conceived. But, pray, why not permit her readers to follow their own sweet will, and incubate a dozen morals from her sensible, suggestive, embryonic teachings, if they so elect? What need to strike an attitude in the very vestibule of the beautiful temple, and, with gavel in hand, invite attention to the embodied glories within? The wretched folly of ruthlessly rending the marriage-tie, because of every slight "incompatibility," is easily enough proclaimed. But the grim file of divorce plies not a whit the less nimbly for all that. The grandly truthful lesson taught by Mrs. Stowe's ingenious story will be most effectually learned—*unconsciously*, all the more thoroughly—by the quiet, unobtrusive teaching of the neatly told tale.

The text is well chosen; the moral is practical, interesting, felicitous; and yet Mrs. Stowe has not made the best of her materials. She has done serious injustice to her conceded genius. Her theme demanded her noblest energies; yet the handling and manipulating betoken feebleness, when compared even with her *Old Town Folks*, where, with a less energizing *motif*, she shows her real power by portraying the hidden beauty which lurks beneath the rude and uncouth exterior of a solemn, humdrum, old New England life. To be sure, her characters are not mere lay figures, but living, veritable personages. "John," the hero, is undoubtedly less pronounced in his individuality, than "Lillie," the heroine. This was palpably intentional. There are, however, in him the strongly outlined, salient points of a noble, generous-hearted man—just the character most likely to be drawn into the toils of a pretty little soulless flirt, and enthralled by her subtle fascinations.

Had "Miss Lillie Ellis" been photographed still more strongly, the *morale* of the tale would not have suffered thereby. The woman of society, who works most serious and successful havoc in *affaires du cœur* and domestic life generally, is something more than a mere incarnation of fashionable follies, flirtations, and extravagance. There is a studious,

steadfast method in her madness. There is not only the beauty and sweetness of the angelic, but the subtle cunning and sagacity of the diabolic. In the matter of the cigarettes, it is true, there is a faint foreshadowing of this Machiavelian *finesse*. The really dangerous woman of society is not the charming Aphrodite, but a cross between the Siren and the Fury. Of the minor characters of the play, it is unnecessary to speak. They sustain their parts creditably, and perform with conscientious fidelity what is expected of them. The book is certainly worthy a careful perusal (never for once glancing at the unfortunate pictures with which it is afflicted, and for which Mrs. Stowe is unquestionably entitled to damages). The following extract is from the closing chapter of the book :

"The people who really at heart have the interests of women upon their minds, have been so short-sighted and reckless as to clamor for an easy dissolution of the marriage contract, as a means of righting their wrongs. Is it possible that they do not see that this is a liberty which, once granted, would always tell against the weaker sex? If the woman who finds that she has made a mistake, and married a man unkind or uncongenial, may, on the discovery of it, leave him and seek her fortune with another, so also may the man. And what will become of women like 'Lillie,' when the first gilding begins to wear off, if the man who has taken one of them shall be at liberty to cast her off and seek another? Have we not enough now of miserable, broken-winged butterflies, that sink down, down, down into the mud of the street? But are women-reformers going to clamor for having every woman turned out helpless, when the man who has married her, and made her a mother, discovers that she has not the power to interest him, and to help his higher spiritual development? It was because woman is helpless and weak, and because Christ was her great Protector, that He made the law of marriage irrevocable. . . . And they who suffer under its stringency should suffer as those who endure for the public good. 'He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not, he shall enter into the tabernacle of the Lord.'"

REINDEER, DOGS, AND SNOW-SHOES: A Journal of Siberian Travel and Explorations, made in the years 1865, 1866, and 1867. By Richard J. Bush, late of the Russo-American Telegraph Expedition. With illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers.

As an exploring enterprise, the Russo-American Telegraph Expedition was certain-

ly not a failure. The wires, for various good reasons, were never strung across Siberia. But the company included a good number of men thoroughly prepared for rough and stirring adventures, and able to set forth in an attractive way all that they had seen of interest. And so it happens that while the telegraph line was not constructed, at least three interesting and valuable books were the fruits of the expedition. Not the least of these is the volume now under notice. Added to other qualifications, Mr. Bush is an excellent draughtsman, and evidently so much of an artist as to make some very spirited, and, we judge, accurate sketches of Siberian places and scenery. These sketches help the reader to a very clear understanding of many of the physical features of a country of which little was really known to most people prior to these explorations. If we were to organize an expedition to penetrate to the North Pole, we should take good care to enroll some of these bold and plucky adventurers, who, if they ever returned alive, could tell their own story.

With all the enthusiasm which one might summon for such adventures, an exploring tour of three years in Siberia could hardly be called a pleasure trip. Coasting over desolate and interminable snow-fields, with dogs or reindeer, is interesting until the novelty has worn off, and then it is a dreary business, which requires some heroism to endure in the interests of science. Floating down rivers on rafts, where the traveler is beset by clouds of mosquitoes, or making journeys across inhospitable wastes, with the mercury thirty or forty degrees below zero, may have a little tinge of romance for once, but not enough to create any longing for a second journey of the kind. But these indefatigable explorers, having got into the country, were determined to make the most of their opportunities.

Mr. Bush has not only produced a very readable book, for which he did not need to make any apology in his preface, but he has gathered a mass of valuable facts about climate, scenery, resources, the native and exiled population, the prevailing customs and religion, etc., which, beyond a present interest, will give a permanent value to his work.

THE YOUNG MECHANIC. By the author of "The Lathe and its Uses," and "The Amateur Mechanics' Workshop." From the English edition, with corrections. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

The verdict of boys, about the real merits of a book, is something which authors and publishers have learned to respect. The juvenile world, just now, is in a very critical mood. It refuses to read dull books; it mocks at all the goody and inane prattle once so current. This sharp discrimination is working a revolution in juvenile book-making. The writer must have something to say, and he must say it in the very best manner. The story must be well told, the scientific statements illustrated in the best style of modern art, or the youngsters toss the book into a corner, and it is never "dog-eared" or blurred by multitudinous readings. When a lad lies upon the carpet, his stomach downward, and his heels thrust up toward the ceiling, intent for hours upon sucking all the juice out of a book, his judgment of the value of that book is well nigh infallible.

In just this position we should expect to find many a lad, into whose hands had been placed *The Young Mechanic*. The first six chapters are devoted to a description of tools for wood-working, and the manner of using them; then diagrams, showing mechanical work in all stages, the text supplementing the illustrations, and making the whole so clear that an intelligent lad will have need to ask very few questions.

There are five chapters devoted to the turning-lathe and the art of turning. It is worthy of note, that this art, not only as an amusement, but as an attractive industry—especially for odd hours—is receiving, just now, much attention. Amateur wood-workers provide themselves with lathes—some very elaborate and costly—and a great variety of useful and ornamental articles are turned out. The boys have found out the value of lathes, and the business of manufacturing them to meet this juvenile demand has become an important industry. Several chapters contain instructions for making models, and for metal-working; and descriptions of tools, with diagrams. If only such boys as have a taste for practical mechanics come

into possession of this book, we should have great confidence that their opinion of its merits would find expression with a generous enthusiasm. In the department of mechanics, this is the juvenile book of the season.

CULTURE AND RELIGION IN SOME OF THEIR RELATIONS. By J. C. Shairp. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

This book is a compilation of five lectures, delivered before the students of the United College, and such others as chose to attend. It is a reprint from the Edinburgh edition. The author hints apologetically, that, as lectures, meant to be appreciated and understood on first hearing, they are naturally sent forth in a style more popular and diffuse than might have beseeemed a regular treatise. The work needs no vindication, either in regard to matter or manner. The ideas are embodied in a style that can not fail to make them attractive to the many who would be repelled by the dry logic of a severer erudition. It is a work of great intrinsic value, and deserves a general reading, in these days, when the spiritual side of man's being enters so little into the thoughts of some of the ablest advocates of culture, who have taken account of all of man's capacities, save the highest; in these days, too, when, on the other hand, sincere religionists have thought it was honoring things spiritual to ignore the cultivation of the lower, but not less essential, capacities of man, and have thus narrowed and cut themselves off from a beneficent reality.

The author rightfully assumes that culture is not a product of mere study; that while Learning may be got from books, Culture requires a more living process—companionship with those whose minds and characters are fitted to instruct, elevate, and sweeten one's own; a discipline, too, which results from a perpetual effort to overcome what is evil, and to strengthen what is good in character and life; the training of all the energies and capabilities to the highest pitch, and directing them to their true ends: *this* is the Culture he so heroically advocates. He takes the ground that men's lives and characters are determined mainly by their ideal; that is, by the thing they lay to heart and live by—that which they love, desire, aim at, as the best possibility for themselves and others.

Culture, then, must determine whether men shall rest content with grosser aims, or raise their thoughts to higher ideals. *True* culture, he deems, must aim at developing our humanity in its Godward aspect, as well as in its mundane aspect; that is, Culture must embrace Religion, and end in it.

He hints at the intellectual atmosphere of our time, by referring to Professor Huxley's ideas of culture, who asserts that the process of education, in its largest and highest sense, consists solely in learning the laws of nature, and training one's self to obey them. Mr. Huxley's ideally educated man is to have his passions trained to obey a strong will. This will is to be the servant of a tender conscience: he is to love beauty, to hate vileness, to respect others as himself. The author combats this idea, by asserting that a tender conscience, a true and quick sense of right, and the habit of obeying it, are not born in men ready-made and full-formed. He further says, that the knowledge of the *highest* things, those which most deeply concern us, is not attained by mere intellect, but by the harmonious action of understanding, imagination, feeling, conscience, will—that is, of the whole man; that science, simply as science, can never reach God.

Thus answering Professor Huxley's exclusively scientific view of culture, he turns his attention to Mr. Arnold's literary or æsthetic theory, where religion is recognized as an element, and a very important one. He differs with him in the place which he assigns to it. He grants that church organizations have done much; but as an ideal of human life, completing itself on all sides, and aspiring with all its organs after sweetness, light, perfection, he thinks them incomplete, starving more than a half, and that the finest part of human nature; for a proof of which he points to life and society with these in possession of it. The great vital truths of a living culture are known too well by *ear*, and too little by *heart*. The author wisely suggests that the most sensible and religious thing to do, is not to get angry at such criticisms, and give them bad names, but to be candid, and listen to those who point out our shortcomings, and seek thus to turn the truth to good account. As St. Augustine puts it, "The true perfection of a man is to find out his own

imperfection." The ends of culture, truly conceived, are but attained, according to the author's notion, by *forgetting culture*, and aiming higher. A man may know he is on the upward grade, when he learns to forget himself, and to live in the thought of One above him, to whose guidance he commits himself.

The author has large sympathy for, and patience with, honest doubters. He says, "Some doubts are natural, born of honesty, and, when rightly dealt with, have often ere now become the birth-pangs of larger knowledge—the straits through which men passed to clearer light." Perhaps nothing but experience can remove those doubts. As Coleridge says, "Believe, and if thy belief be right, that insight which gradually transmutes faith into knowledge will be the reward of thy belief." Clear and trained intellect is one thing; spiritual discernment quite another. Speculation, says the author, reaches its final rest and home in faith. With a pertinent quotation, which embodies the scope and gist of the argument, we close our review of this really valuable work: "It should be the effort of all who undertake to instruct their brethren in religious truth, to show that we feel that religious and secular truth are not only capable of being reconciled, but really come from the same God who is the God of all truth. Therefore, so far from desiring that there should be divorce between these two, I should wish, on the contrary, that every effort should be made by all who are concerned in religious teaching, to pervade the study of science with their own religious feeling; to study science with the constant recollection of that God whose works are the subject of science; to study science with minds perpetually uplifted toward Him who is the author both of order and of beauty; to study the laws of nature with a perpetual recollection of Him who ordained them. Both science and religion will thus gain immeasurably by the union."

BLANCHE GILROY. By Mrs. Margaret Hosmer. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

This book should not—doubtless will not—suffer the inevitable penalty of superior excellence, which is either the extreme of ad-

ulation, or unmitigated abuse. It is certainly entitled to a quiet, unaffected, amiable respect. The plot—for it justly lays claim to a cunningly devised, deep-laid, well-organized scheme—opens up with fascinating ingenuity. Not until we reach the thirteenth chapter, are we officially introduced to the antecedents of the leading *dramatis personæ*, which give us the delightful wearisomeness of following the story backward. Two beautiful twin-sisters are orphans and wards of their uncle, "Sir John Cochrane," a strong-willed, warm-hearted, proud old bachelor, whom they ruled and cajoled, and who succeeded in spoiling them by a superfluity of weak indulgence. One, finally, commits matrimonial suicide, by wedding her cousin; the other runs off with the son of a game-keeper, his beauty being his only stock-in-trade. She is banished at once and forever; the mention of her name, even, is forbidden. She subsequently returns to Scotland (her native land), where she lives *incognito*, and soon thereafter dies, leaving two helpless babes, both daughters, one of whom, "Blanche Gilroy," is the heroine of the tale. The story opens with a picture of these two motherless girls, of refined and sensitive organizations—which they have as an inheritance from their dead mother—shut up in a home as uninviting and freezing as a sordid and formal religionist of a father, aided by a frigid and austere housekeeper, could possibly make it. The native genius of "Blanche," the younger, inspires and carries forward to a successful issue, prodigies of achievement, which barely escape the miraculous. After sundry haps and mishaps, by a marvelous concatenation of events, she is thrown into the society of one "Philip Spencer," whose mother, "Mrs. Blair Spencer," is one of those rich, grand women in society, living in style and splendor, who have little fellowship with aught beneath them. "Philip" falls in love with "Blanche," and "Blanche" tumbles head-and-ears in love with "Philip." She feels that a rope is thrown to her, by which she can float ashore, out of her dreary sea of storms and gloom, and reach a home that father can not rule in severity, or "Aunt Tibbie" in bitterness.

But, alas! that all nice young men, like "Philip," must have mammas—proud, im-

perious, relentless mammas. She lifts up her voice and says, No! It is a most *emphatic* No! Then feminine diplomacy sets to work. "Blanche" is hustled off to America. She reaches San Francisco, the haven of broken-hearted refugees, where she falls in with a cousin—a daughter of her mother's twin sister. This cousin is *her exact counterpart*; she is wealthy; they travel together; are wrecked; the cousin is drowned; "Blanche" assumes the character of the dead cousin; returns to Scotland, wearing the mask successfully; establishes her parentage, throws aside her disguise, and, finally, marries her adorable "Philip," to the delight of every body in general, and herself in particular. The moral—for, pray, what is a story worth without a moral?—the moral, as we see it, is, let twin sisters be abundant; and let counterpart cousins, good-looking and wealthy, and willing to be drowned, be on hand to aid in permitting true love to run smooth! Let many flock San Francisco-ward, where they will be most likely to find such self-sacrificing heroines, according to precedent!

LITTLE MEN. By Louisa M. Alcott. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Miss Alcott says, the unprejudiced criticism of children is not to be despised, and she has need to be gratified with the lavish praise offered her by her many youthful admirers. Though their flattering comments be not always couched in the most elegant phraseology, and a superabundance of adjectives—among which "awful nice" gains force by constant repetition—seems necessary to relieve their delighted hearts, yet are they none the less sincere and acceptable. Perhaps no book of the season has been so eagerly sought after as this, or has given such genuine satisfaction, which is saying a great deal, for *Little Women* raised expectations that we feared would not be realized. We are agreeably disappointed. We welcome *Little Men* heartily, and find them thoroughly enjoyable. Though "little men," they are full-grown, rollicking, hearty boys. Boys in the rough, but as such easily understood and appreciated by their many prototypes; boys to be admired for their frank

good-heartedness, and boys to be envied for the "splendid times" they have. To less favored ones, what a haven of bliss does "Plumfield" appear, when they contemplate the "gorgeousness" of those "pillow-fights;" unrestricted flinging of pillows—with pillows with covers that would not tear! How the old-time glory pales in their light! How insignificant those engagements, where the final round and final *twist* invariably rent the dainty pillow-case asunder! No wonder even "Dan" was softened and subdued in an atmosphere where love held license in subjection, for what more convincing proof need we of the wonderful discipline of "Plumfield" than that the boys laid down their "arms" (or pillows) when the bell announced the "engagement" was over? "And nothing but an occasional giggle or a suppressed whisper broke the quiet which followed the Saturday-night frolic." Chief among the many pleasant things in this pleasant book, is the thorough insight displayed in the portrayal of children's characters, and the tender sympathy shown toward them. As we read of "Demi," "Nat," "Jack," "Ned," and the rest of "Jo's" boys, we take them to our hearts, and feel they are real, living children. And one who has ever been with, or known any thing of little folks, can not fail to be charmed with the naturalness of the scenes described. The "sackerryfice" of the "Naughty Kitty-Mouse" is a capital bit of fun, and a truthful illustration of the wonderful power of imagination in children.

The "Naughty Kitty-Mouse" is a terrible sprite, whose will is law, and whom "Demi" faithfully serves and "Daisy" fears; so that when "Demi," coming from school, solemnly whispers to "Daisy" that the "Kitty-Mouse" wants them, she, knowing there is no help for them, anxiously inquires, "What for?" With great gravity, "Demi" replies, "For a sackerryfice. There is to be a fire behind the big rock at two o'clock, and we are to bring the things we like best and burn them," with an awful emphasis on the last words. Poor little "Daisy" is terror-stricken, but the thought of denying the unseen tyrant any thing never occurring to her, she sorrowfully collects her treasures, and follows her brother. The sacrificial train sets forth,

"Teddy" and others joining them—the whole having been suggested by "Uncle Fritz's" description of the customs of the Greeks. They reach the rock, a fire is kindled on a flat stone for an altar; they march around three times, and the ceremony begins. "I shall begin," says "Demi," "and as fast as my things are burned, you must bring yours." He solemnly lays a little picture-book on the flaming altar, then a boat, and, finally, one by one, a regiment of leaden soldiers. Not one faltered or hung back; from the splendid red and yellow captain to the small drummer, who had lost his legs, all vanished in the flames, and mingled in one common pool of melted lead. Then "Daisy's" turn comes; her little heart is rent in twain. "My dear dollies, how *can* I let you go?" she moans, hugging a promiscuous lot to her bosom; but the High Priest is inexorable. "You must," he says, and with a farewell kiss to each, she lays them upon the coals. "More, more," growls the "Kitty-Mouse," and a whole village is consumed, each successive offering adding excitement to the scene. The wildest sacrifices are made, until Annabella also falls a victim, and being kid, her death agonies are of the most startling character, which so terrify "Teddy," that he flies from the scene, refusing to be comforted. "Mrs. Bhaer" comes to the rescue, and after enjoying the fun, and laughing heartily at the solemn faces of the children, gives them some very sensible advice. There is genuine humor in this, as also in "Daisy's" Ball, where the boys are invited and bribed to good behavior by the promise of "nice things to eat," and where, after having eaten the good things, they so deport themselves as to leave their entertainers in tears; but they make up finally, and all goes well.

All things considered, "Aunt Jo" has a hard time of it; but she is happy, doing good, and we have no right to complain; our old friends have all turned out well. "Laurie," whom we all wanted "Jo" to marry, and she would not, is still her faithful friend and admirer, and "believes" in the "Plumfield" system; for the boys, though they learned less from books than boys at other schools, learned more of that wisdom which makes sterling men.

AT THE BACK OF THE NORTH WIND. By George MacDonald. London: Strahan & Co.

This unique, grotesque, fantastic production is a genial, golden link between fairy-land and earth-land. To set sail with a half-ticket, expecting children's quarters and seats at the second table, will prove a happy disappointment. The author gives you first-class accommodations over the whole route, with just the choicest bill of fare imaginable, for both old and young. There is nothing of the nipping, mincing coquetry of the French in the style, but a delicacy and sweetness of touch, stimulating the nobler and purer within. The transparent sparkle and musical ripple of this dancing rivulet reveal the character of the parent fount. It abounds in quaint similitudes and odd conceptions, disclosing an almost supernatural comprehension of human nature, in its varied moods and workings. The atmosphere in which the author lives, seems all astriv with love, sympathy, and tenderness. He has such a marvelous way of making every body feel both richer and happier. But to the story.

The title is eccentric enough; so is "Diamond," the hero—the second edition of an English coachman, revised and corrected; a precocious little chit, who had evidently come into the world with a cold welcome; been named after a favorite horse, who took the precedence in affection; and who, after a little, was dexterously stowed away in a loft, where were kept hay and straw and oats for the horses. Up here in this pokerish loft into his bed of hay; through a convenient knot-hole, stealthily crept "North Wind," to commence her spiritual *tête-à-tête* with poor little pale-faced "Diamond." A pretty and suggestive hint at the moral, interblended throughout the queer story, may be gathered from the *finale* of their first interview:

"Well, please, North Wind, you are so beautiful, I am quite ready to go with you."

"You must not be ready to go with every thing beautiful all at once, Diamond."

"But what's beautiful can't be bad. You're not bad, North Wind?"

"No; I'm not bad. But sometimes beautiful things grow bad by *doing* bad, and it takes some time for their badness to spoil their beauty. Little boys

may be mistaken if they go after things because they are beautiful."

"Diamond" is being taught, disciplined, and trained by this mysterious influence, "North Wind." In his second interview he is thrown with little "Nan," the street-sweeper, who hasn't a soul in all the wide world to care for her, and knows no one but "Old Sal," who "lies abed a-cuddlin' of her old ugly bones, and laughs to hear Nan crying at the door." She is one of those little, droll, wizen-faced babes, whom working for daily bread has made so fearfully old; who mournfully supposes "there's somebody happy somewheres;" and looks as if *she* was waiting to be gladder some day herself. "Diamond" generously discloses to her the secret of *his* happiness, and begs her to invoke "Lady North Wind" to be her guide. "I tell you what, little girl, you just bore a hole in old Sal's wall, and put your mouth to it, and say, 'Please, North Wind, mayn't I go out with you?' and then you'll see what'll come."

Now the way most people do when they see any thing very miserable, is to turn away from the sight, and try to forget it. But "Diamond" began, as usual, to destroy the misery. The little boy was just as much one of the flaming messengers, as if he had been an angel with his sword, going to fight the devil. The devil he had to fight, just then, was Misery; and the voice of the great Love was awakened in that fluttering heart. For that great Love speaks in the most wretched and dirty hearts; only the tone of its voice depends on the echoes of the place in which it sounds.

Through the gentle ministries of "God's baby"—as the unlettered rabble dubbed little "Diamond"—poor "Nanny" was lifted into a purer life; "North Wind, somehow or other, must have had to do with her," he averred; for a change was coming over her—something like the change which passes upon the crawling, many-footed creature, when it turns sick, and revives a butterfly, with two wings instead of many feet. Little "Diamond" possessed the secret of life, and

was himself—what he was so ready to think the lowest living thing—an angel of God, with something special to say or do. The author takes good care that his readers shall not mistake his hero for one of those consequential, priggish little monsters, who are always trying to say clever things, and looking to see whether people appreciate them. And lest, to the sensitively orthodox, it smack too strongly of the seemingly spiritualistic, he assures "Diamond" that there is a still better love than that of the wonderful being, "Lady North Wind;" and avers, that even if she be a dream, the dream of such a beautiful creature could not come to him *by chance*. "Every thing," he adds, "dreaming and all, has got a soul in it, or else it's worth nothing, and we don't care a fig for it. The people who think lies and act lies, are very apt to dream lies. But the people who love what is true, will surely, now and then, dream true things."

"Diamond" reminds one of "Horace," the queer little hero of *Old Town Folks*—dreamy and imaginative; with a mind full of vague yearnings; of extreme delicacy of nervous organization, surrounded by a species of vision, or apparition, so clear and distinct as to have the appearance of reality; one of those children who retreat within themselves, and make a shield of reticence and quietude. Query: Does the author mean to hint, that *there really are* people in whose experiences such phenomena are of frequent occurrence? There is just one heavy-hearted regret, as we lay aside this bewitching story: What, in the name of common sense, had little "Diamond" done, that he must die so fatally early? What wonder that we see so few "good little boys?" They shun the least approach to decent behavior, lest they, too, pay the fearful penalty, and speedily "go up." Pray, who can blame them?

This delightful book is dressed up in the prettiest apparel; is beautifully illustrated, by Arthur Hughes, upon the best of tinted paper, and the delicious glamour within and without gives to the volume a charming attraction.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

From A. Roman & Co., San Francisco:

- REINDEER, DOGS, AND SNOW-SHOES. By R. J. Bush. New York: Harper & Bros.
- THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON. Compiled from family letters and reminiscences. By his great-granddaughter, Sarah N. Randolph. New York: Harper & Bros.
- A LATIN GRAMMAR FOR BEGINNERS. By W. H. Waddell. New York: Harper & Bros.
- LITTLE SUNSHINE'S HOLIDAY. A Picture from Life. By Miss Mulock. New York: Harper & Bros.
- DELAPLAINÉ. A Novel. By M. T. Walworth. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.
- THE WIDOWER. By Julie P. Smith. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.
- THE QUIET MISS GODOLPHIN. By Ruth Garrett. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.
- ZERUB THROOP'S EXPERIMENT. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. Boston: A. K. Loring.
- TOM PIPPIN'S WEDDING. A Novel. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.
- NONSENSE SONGS, STORIES, BOTANY, AND ALPHABETS. By Edward Lear. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.
- WON—NOT WOOD. A Novel. New York: Harper & Bros.
- AROUND A SPRING. By G. Droz. New York: Holt & Williams.
- LUCILLE, AND OTHER POEMS. By Owen Meredith. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.
- THE COOLIE. By the author of "Ginx's Baby." New York: G. Routledge & Sons.
- THE ISLAND NEIGHBORS. By Antoinette B. Blackwell. New York: Harper & Bros.
- THE BOSTON DIP, AND OTHER VERSES. By F. W. Loring. Boston: A. K. Loring.
- THE PORTENT. By George MacDonald. Boston: A. K. Loring.
- THE PUPIL OF THE LEGION OF HONOR. By Louis Enault. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.
- THE CLACKITTS OF INGLEBROOK HALL. By Mrs. Prosser. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco:

- PINK AND WHITE TYRANNY. By Mrs. H. B. Stowe. Boston: Roberts Bros.
- TIME AND ETERNITY. A Poem. By Geo. MacHenry. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co.
- THE LIFE THAT NOW IS. By Robert Collyer. Boston: Horace B. Fuller.
- ZERUB THROOP'S EXPERIMENT. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. Boston: A. K. Loring.

Miscellaneous:

- LIFE AND CHARACTER OF GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS. By General James A. Garfield. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.
- OUR LAND AND LAND POLICY—NATIONAL AND STATE. By Henry George.
- RESOURCES OF KANSAS. By C. C. Hutchinson. Topeka, Kansas: C. C. Hutchinson.



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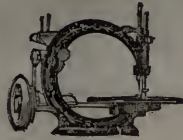
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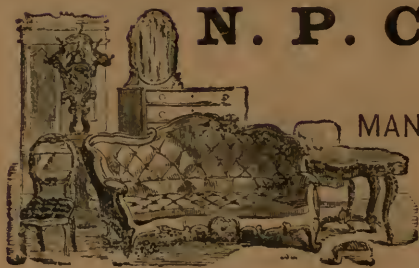
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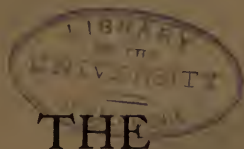
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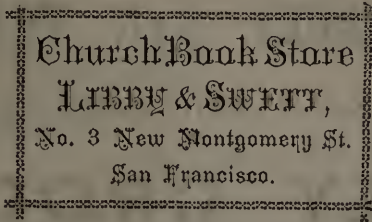
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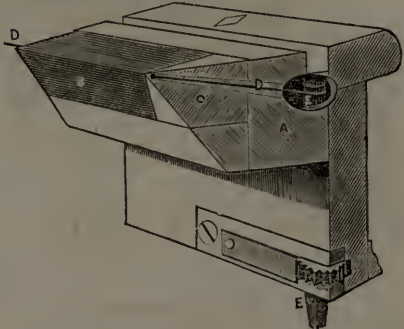
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

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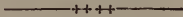
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VOL. 7.—OCTOBER, 1871.—No. 4.

TROPICAL CALIFORNIA.
No. 1.—A GLANCE AT ITS RESOURCES.



OLD PALM TREE.

IN Natividad, where we changed horses, I inquired of the portly, large-framed man, who stood by ready to help me into the coach :

“Are you the driver who was attacked by robbers the other night, just below this place?”

“I am sorry I can't accommodate you, madam,” was the urbane reply ; “I am not. But if you'll take the seat beside me, outside. I can show you precisely where the stage was stopped.”

I could not quite determine whether I owed this piece of politeness to the native chivalry of the Adonis of the stage-box, or whether it was to be attributed to the fact of his knowing that I held a pass, fur-

nished by Messrs. Flint, Bixby & Co., the proprietors of the Coast Stage Line. However this may be, the driver's kindness did not cease with his descent from the box at the Salinas Crossing; for he borrowed, for my use, a pair of blankets, which I had foolishly thought unnecessary to take.

One more lady and a kindly, talkative middle-aged man occupied the coach with me; and after leaving the station, we at once "wrapped our blankets silently about us, and noiselessly stole away" to the land of Nod, from whence we were soon recalled by a crashing of glass, and a sudden stop of the stage. "Robbers!" was my first thought, as I involuntarily clasped my hand over my watch, securely hidden in the belt of my dress. Then I held my breath, half hoping to see a blackened face peering in at the shattered coach-window; but instead of the terrible "Your money or your life!" I had braced myself up to hear, a good, round oath from the driver—who piously wished all blind horses in a very warm place for that cold night—fell on my ear; and I picked the pieces of the broken window-frame from my lap, and flung them in disgust at the head of the stupid-looking animal moving back from the roadside. Our slumbers were no more disturbed during the night; and though the coach was easy-riding and very comfortable, and we heard, at intervals, something like a snore from the different corners of the vehicle, we earnestly assured each other the next morning, with the peculiarly injured air travelers are wont to assume on such occasions, that we had not slept a wink all night, in that "horrid box of a stage."

We had passed, in the night, all that plain lying between Buenaventura Station and the Pleito, and which is remarkable for the grave-shaped mounds that cover it at apparently regular intervals, making it look—what many people assume it to have been—like the burial-

place of the Indian tribes once said to have lived here. The country on this side of the Pleito Ranch, and just beyond, is pleasant and fresh-looking; open and dotted with white and live-oak, whose dark branches are decorated with arabesques and garlands of the pale-green hanging-moss. At the foot of the hills flows the Salinas River, its course marked by the willow and sycamore; on the hill-sides are large herds of sheep, and in the slopes and ravines between are more sheep. Skillfully the driver winds along at the foot of the hills, making an occasional sudden and unavoidable dive into the gulches which the winter-waters have torn.

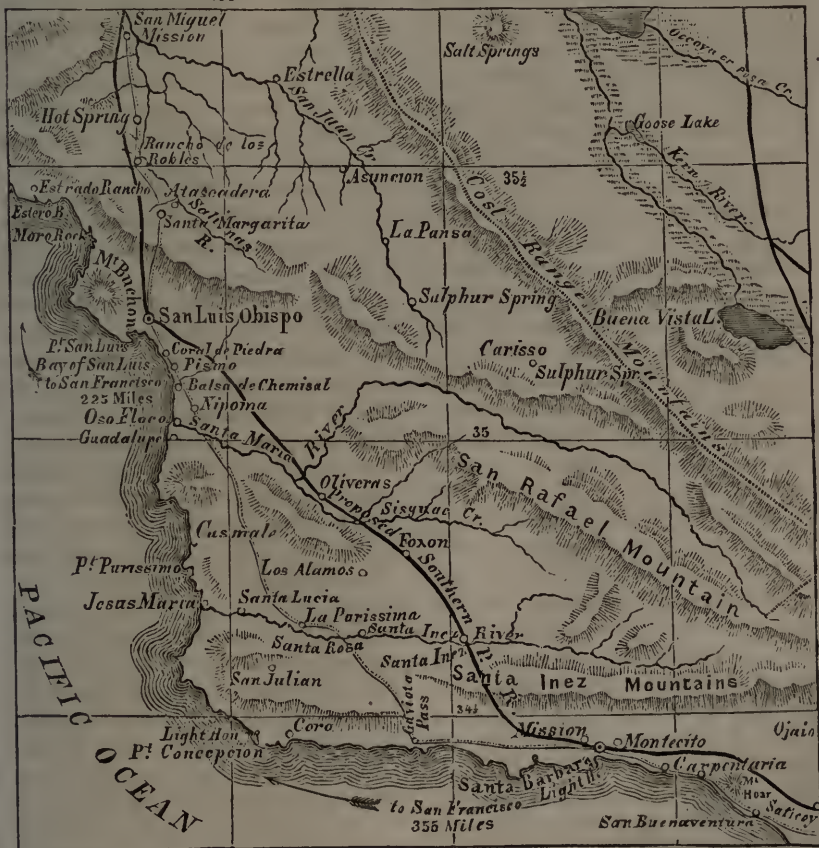
Soon in the valley before us rose the Mission of San Miguel, one of the largest in the country, and covering, with the ruins of its *adobe* houses and *corrals*, many acres of land. The remains of the ditches and *acequias*, through which was led the water that irrigated the gardens, were traceable for miles; but the ground immediately about the Mission lies waste and uncultivated at present. The Mission church is a heavy, massive building, shining out far over the plains, with its white walls and red-tiled roof. The long, deep building flanking it on one side—in former times, no doubt, the residence of the *padres*—is at present occupied as store and stage-station, leaving ample room for several families, who, with their stock and cattle, people the large, rambling apartments. I feared that the stage-driver might raise some objection to my stepping into the church, on the plea that he must not be delayed; but I found that my pass had the power to stop the stage for full ten minutes, during which period I gazed with all the strength of my eyes on the fixed faces of the saints at the altar, and the heavy roof overarching the solid floor.

San Miguel himself is a slightly defective saint, his flowing robes hiding the nature of the break, but bringing out

in plain relief the fact of his being crippled. The usual number of high-colored pictures hung on the walls; but the slovenly appearance of the chief saint, as well as of those of lesser magnitude, gave the room the air of a "festive hall, by pleasure long deserted." Not that I mean to speak lightly of the venerable place, looking so grand and invincible in its unbroken, but neglect-

the solid earth into which it had grown. The old vineyard—once the property of the San Miguel Mission—is said to furnish the sweetest grapes in the market. Here is located the Hue-Huero Ranch, owned by Flint, Bixby & Co., and the number of acres of land, and the flocks of sheep this firm owns, in the different counties, is so great, that I fear my friends and the Eastern people

437



44

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42 1/2

MAP OF SEMI-TROPICAL CALIFORNIA.

ed, strength. Far from it: I could see something to admire in the spirit that planted the Cross in the wilderness—planted it so firmly and deeply that the waves of Time, washing over it for a hundred years, could not uproot it from

might accuse me of telling "Californian stories," should I repeat all I heard. As the number of sheep kept on this little ranch of 26,000 acres, however, is only 16,000, I think I can repeat the figures without incurring the risk of

being held amenable for the dreaded accusation.

Toward the Paso Robles Hot Springs, and beyond it, the level country may truly be likened to an English park, so clean is the sward and so luxuriantly do the trees—white-oak and live-oak—grow here. On the other side of the springs, pine-trees, oddly enough, appear among the different kinds of oak; and the effect farther on, where the hills are covered with yellow wild-oats, and the mountain cypress crowns the highest of them, is beautiful in the extreme. Before reaching the hotel at the springs, my fellow-travelers pointed out to me a little red-wood building which covered the far-famed hot mud-bath of the Paso Robles. While the horses were being changed, I made my way to the main spring, eager to quaff a goblet of the "health-giving fountain." I looked with profound pity on the men who had gathered around the dark-looking waters, till the place looked like the Pool of Siloam, when the angel was expected to stir its waters. Here, the angel seems ever present; for men turn away, after drinking the horrid stuff, as though they felt sure of being one step nearer to the health they are in pursuit of. Of the healing-power of this bad-tasting water, in cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, and gout, there can be no question. Not only those of our own time and generation, who have tried its virtues, speak enthusiastically of it; but what speaks equally loud in its favor, is the fact that the clear-sighted *padres* of the Mission *régime*, and the old Indians and Californians, held it in high esteem.

At Santa Margarita, on a knoll near the road, are the remains of a *corral*, built of such stout material that one is surprised at its having fallen at all. By the people the place is aptly called "Es-trada's Folly;" for here this prodigal Spaniard entertained his friends and followers with bull-fight and circus, bringing bands of musicians and swarms of

retainers to his *ranch*o, gambling and carousing till the heritage of his fathers had been squandered, and he reduced to a state of comparative poverty. But Nemesis, as though in righteous anger over the neglect which fair Nature had suffered at the hands of idle, thriftless men, seems purposely to have given this treasure into better keeping; and the whole-souled hospitality and systematic management of the present owner, form a refreshing contrast to the reckless folly of the graceless Spaniard.

The nearer to the San Luis Mountain, the grander becomes the scenery; where we crossed the creeks and rivulets, the heavy branches of the sycamore swept the roof of the stage; and the rising hills had not yet assumed the parched appearance that a month or two more of hot sunshine will give them. Soon the grade became steeper, and before we had reached the summit of the San Luis Mountain, we had looked down into some deep ravines, which gaped hungrily at the coach, winding along the shelving road. But these stage-drivers all understand their business; and no fear ever seized me, though a look from the stage-window revealed nothing but an apparently sure "road to ruin."

The town of San Luis Obispo does not wear an enchanting look when you approach it from the stage-road; though seen as I viewed it later, the whole valley seems like a smile on the face of Mother Nature. It is built on the site of the old mission of that name, which in turn derived the "Obispo" from a mountain near, whose top is shaped like a Bishop's hat. Not only a mistake is made, but a crying injustice done to the town and county of San Luis Obispo, by people who judge of the country from what they can see out of the stage-window. Leave the stage at San Luis, my good people, and if you should not be so fortunate as I was, in having dear friends near, stop in the town, walk out in different direc-

tions, and you will be well rewarded by the finest scenery, and the most interesting sights and stories. The country here has been lying asleep till within the last five years, though there are Americans and Englishmen who came previous to 1849.

The land was supposed to be fit only for grazing purposes; and so the Americans, who had taken unto themselves wives from among the daughters of the land, remained with the native Californians; and, like them, raised large bands of horses and cattle, and imperceptibly fell into the ways and habits of Spanish life. The exceptions among the Americans, with all their energy, could not arouse from their indolence the Mexicans and Californians, who held the land in large grants, and were satisfied with their dingy, *adobe* houses on the dry plains, where neither trees nor flowers were planted, depending only on their cattle. Then, in 1862 and 1864, came the drought, robbing them of all their fancied wealth. Proverbial for their thriftless management, these Mexicans and native Californians saw no way of recovering from losses against which they had never made provision; and the Americans, who had the courage to come into the country and buy the land, had the warning example of the want of proper husbanding on the one hand, while on the other they had to contend against the prejudice of the Spanish people, who were anxious to regain the acres that promised so much under careful culture.



LONE OLIVE TREE.

In 1866, a large number of Americans came to San Luis Obispo County, and the Steele Ranch is evidence of the new life brought into the country with them. Thrifty, hard-working men occupied the farms and ranches; and people of cultivated tastes came to live in the town—whose charm lies more in the quaintness of its old buildings and its genial climate, than in the regularity of its streets or the cleanliness of its thoroughfares. Orchards were planted, and grain was sown, where formerly it was affirmed, with Mexican exactness, that “nothing would grow.” True, the peach and the almond grow only in sheltered spots, where the high, sharp winds can not reach them; but there are many such spots, in every valley and on every mountain. I have passed through orchards where almost every known kind of fruit, tropical and

semi-tropical, from the apple to the pomegranate, grew in abundance, and without any special care. There are not many such orchards yet—but *there is plenty of land to plant them.*

As the variations in climate and temperature, in places but little remote from each other, form one theme of boasting with all good Californians, I will state that the tomato-vine, the most delicate of all garden vegetables, grows throughout the year on the banks of the little stream flowing from the Sulphur Springs, some ten miles out from San Luis; while only half a mile away, the frost nips bitterly of a winter's night. Barley crops are particularly fine, and wheat flourishes generally, though the sea-fog occasionally rusts the fields in the lowlands near the ocean. Besides these, beets are grown to great advantage, and prove excellent food for cattle. The truth is, that people are only just now awakening to the fact that almost any thing can be raised here. In many places, irrigation would be necessary—particularly for the first and second years, where orchards have been set out, and for the smaller fruits and berries; but there are streams and creeks flowing in every direction, from which the water can be conveniently taken, and which have never yet failed, even in the driest years. A large portion of the land is peculiarly adapted for grazing purposes. The low, rolling hills, and the steep mountains, are covered with wild-oats; and where these do not grow, bunch-grass and *alfilerilla* take their place. The damp flats produce *alfilerilla*, burr-clover, and the native *alfalfa*—a tall clover, with yellow blossoms. But the clover is not confined to one or two kinds, and the yearly grasses—rice-grass, and other varieties—grow well in good seasons.

To give the reader a more definite idea of the productiveness of the land, let me annex the following figures, for which I can vouch. To be sure, they give ac-

count only of what has been raised on the Steele Ranch; but an extent of land covering 45,000 acres, should be sufficient to base an estimate on. A medium crop of barley is fifty bushels to the acre; an extra good crop, one hundred and twenty. Wheat produces from thirty to eighty bushels, and corn seventy-five to the acre; while of potatoes, five tons are gathered from the same space. Just now, they have eight dairy-houses here, which together turn out from one thousand to fifteen hundred pounds of cheese per day; this, however, is but a fraction of what will be manufactured when the changes and improvements now under way shall have been fully carried out.

Of the sylvan beauty of some of the valleys, neither pen nor pencil can give a satisfactory description. The trees—cotton-wood, laurel, sycamore, oak—tall and strong, clustering together like troops, which, though belonging to different orders of arms, still stand erect and proud in the consciousness that they each bear well their own particular armor, gratefully fling their shadows on the limpid waters that ripple below. Where the banks of the stream are low, the water seems to flow over the fresh, green grass; and where they are steep and broken, willow-bushes and the wild-rose droop gracefully over them. Suddenly the valley narrows, and a wall of rock rises on one side, while on the other appear hills, growing gradually, and covered with wild-flowers, brush, and trees. Ride through these valleys on an early spring day, when the flying clouds by turn reveal and hide the sun, and you will find it pretty difficult to believe the stories told of a country “devoid of trees and water”—a country given up, in summer-time, to dust, and drought, and fleas! The unclouded sky overarching the mountain-chains; the odd-shaped peaks of rock; the sun, burning on the silent plain, where, at far intervals, a ruined



MISSION OF SAN LUIS OBISPO.

adobe marks the spot where the native *ranchero* once dreamed his idle life away, make up a picture of such solitary grandeur that Eastern people would hardly believe that this landscape is but a few miles away from the fresh, living vales and streams I have just described.

For the mountain range that lay directly opposite the house of my friend, I had quickly conceived a great affection. It is the Santa Lucia; and the highest point is called the Pine Knob. Day after day, our horses carried us up into these mountains, where the nar-

row trail running along the precipice was so closely overhung with the branches of the scrub-oak, that horse and rider together could not pass under them. To lead an American horse among the tumbling rocks, and on the loose, shifting soil, down steep declivities and up sudden ascents, would be like committing suicide, so surely would the animal start a loose stone, or slide along with the slipping earth. These nimble, sleek-haired, half-breed horses, however, with sparkling eyes and small, cautious feet, would let the sharp rocks cut their flesh

rather than endanger their riders' lives. Nor can any one gain the faintest idea of the lovely dells, the wild ravines, and the cool springs that bubble from the earth, away up in the mountains, unless, like myself and friends, you are willing to undergo the fatigue — nay, sometimes the danger — of climbing up to the highest peaks and down into the deepest clefts.

On the highest point above us, on the Pine Knob, we could see the "rugged pine in its lonely pride," standing up against the clear blue sky; and to that point—to those pines—I determined to make my way, sooner or later. We started out one day, bright and early, and gaily cantered over the plain that lay between the mansion and the mountain. The first easy ridges ascended, and we dismounted, in high spirits. We found the track of the bear here, and caught glimpses of the wildcat gliding stealthily through the grass; a little below where we had seen trout in the mountain-stream,

there rose suddenly a deer with its two startled fawns, turning on us their expectant, pleading eyes in motionless surprise. We did not move, and directly the mother, with a short, clicking call, leaped into the thicket of tall grass and poison-oak, followed closely by her graceful, swift-moving brood. Then we mounted our horses again, and for hours clambered and wound among the mountains, dismounting sometimes, where the trail is so narrow that we could hardly find room to descend from the saddle. My horse, Foxon, stood like a block of granite, and once, in trying to get in front to lead him, I missed my footing and caught at his leg to save myself. These horses seem to have sense and reasoning powers, when they find themselves so far above Mother Earth and yet no nearer heaven; and, added to this, my belief that Foxon returned the love I lavished on him, gave me nerve and confidence where others' hearts might fail them. But with all the courage and persever-



MORO CASTLE AND CERRO ALTO.



AVENUE OF OLIVES, PRIMITIVE PRESS, AND MILL.

ance displayed that day, "the height of our desire" was not attained.

But I resolved to scale these heights, and if an incentive had been needed to strengthen my resolve, I should have seen it in the half-incredulous look on the faces of my companions; and the next day, eschewing broad hat-brims, veils, and other incumbrances, I mounted Foxon for the decisive ride.

We went over the ground traversed before, till we reached the first pines. I dismounted to have the saddle-girths

tightened for the final climb. Bands of wild-eyed horses came swarming about us, and the sleek, fat cattle which had been assigned their summer-quarters, gave lowings of recognition or pleasure at seeing us. Though there are three or four hundred of them together, they often get lonesome up here, with the best of feed and water, and cause the herders great trouble by straying back to the lower lands, particularly on bright moonlight nights. Foxon gave an uneasy sigh as I turned his head to the ridge we

were to climb, as though apprehensive of a sad end to our undertaking. The trail was so narrow, the earth so loose and crumbling, that, as the horses kept sliding and slipping down the almost perpendicular wall, my companion called to me to dismount, as he had already done, and lead my horse. I shouted back a refusal to follow his example, not because I was too brave, but—let me whisper it in your ear—because I was afraid to stir in the saddle, for fear that a single move would send me headlong down the yawning cleft. Foxon seemed to have comprehended what was urged, for he stood still, blowing wide his nostrils, and expectantly turned his head to my stirrup-foot. "Go on, Foxon!" I called impatiently, and he made a quick stride forward, the rock on which he stepped gliding from beneath and tumbling swiftly down the precipice. Like a flash, the faithful animal turned on the narrow path, struggling up higher, in his dread of the abyss beneath, and gathering up his feet under him, in a nervous, frightened manner, when he had found a precarious foot-hold among some ragged brush-wood. There he stood, trembling in every limb; not more so, however, than his rider, for in the sudden turn he had made, my eyes had traveled down—down—down—four or five hundred feet, for a moment only, but long enough to send the blood flaming through my brain. What should I do? Dismount? There seemed to be nothing for foot or eye to rest on; but my companion, who left his own horse, came to me, the earth and rocks giving way under his every step and threatening to draw him down.

"If you will lead Foxon," I said, somewhat faintly, throwing him the *lariat*, "I shall be able to take care of myself."

I had struggled down from the horse; but, once on the ground, I could move neither forward nor backward. Above me, the steep mountain-wall; below me

—the very recollection makes me shudder; behind me, the crumbling trail; before me, the broken path, into which Foxon had torn quite a gap.

"Can you stay where you are till I return?" called my companion from above, where he was struggling along with both horses.

"Go on," I answered him, thoroughly ashamed of the want of nerve I had shown; "I will follow you."

At every step I attempted to take, the earth slid down a yard or two, and when I caught at bush or brush, the dry soil around the roots crumbled to dust, and refused the support I sought. But I persevered, keeping my eyes doggedly fixed on some object just above me, and blindly following the sound of my companion's voice. Securing the horses, when he reached the summit, he hastened back to draw me up the last steep pitch; after which, I ruefully owned to being exhausted and dizzy. However, I soon learned that we were not yet on the Pine Knob, though the distance from here was short, and the grade not steep. When we gained the top, at last, we were well rewarded for fatigue and danger: would have been well rewarded, had the danger been ever so great, the fatigue ever so sharp.

I think a painter would despair of finding canvas large enough to hold all that the eye can see from here—three thousand feet above the sea. The plateau is not over five hundred feet across, and covered with short, wiry grass and wild flowers. The pine-trees are the tallest of their kind, and the "bright, particular" one, which, as seen from the Steele mansion, looked like a young sprig of a pine, not more than a yard tall, measured full eighty feet in height. But who can portray the wonderful beauty of these trees, with the deep-blue sky gleaming through their majestic crowns, and the wind souging such fitful, dreamy melodies through their branches?

Turn your eyes to the landscape—let them cover the panorama, rather, for from all sides can we see the land. Directly at our feet lies the smiling valley of *Córral de Piedra*, fresh and green, dotted with houses, and closely surrounded by loving, sheltering hills; beyond the low ridge of the Coast Range, a strip of clean, white sand-beach, and then,

“Free-breathing, I hail thee,
O Seal!”

Away to the right is the Guadalupe Valley, in Santa Barbara County, looking like a small patch of land between the hills and mountains, though in reality some forty miles in extent. Off to the left, the hills and peaks shutting in the town of San Luis Obispo; and behind us, an ocean of mountains and crags. The view is almost oppressive in its grandeur, and I sat for many minutes silent and motionless, a feeling of deep, solemn thanksgiving in my heart, while the peculiarly peace-speaking tones of the soft-rustling pine-needles sung to me those grand, sweet strains of Goethe,

“Über allen Wipfeln ist Ruh’ —”

Where the stage-road makes a curve, some six or seven miles below San Luis town, a rocky crag rises into sight, on the right of the road. The sharp, abrupt rock is the very picture of an eagle's cliff, and the trees and underbrush on the hills, softening down from it, have been until lately the haunt of monstrous grizzlies. Powdered strychnine, served on fresh beef, has had the effect of depopulating this region of bears, and we encounter, consequently, only se-date-looking mother-cows, with saucy, gamboling calf-chil-

dren, as we round this rock to make our way to the asphaltum springs: another one of the thousand curiosities and undeveloped sources of wealth with which the country abounds. We passed over ridges of rock, which, on close inspection, proved to be only asphaltum mixed with sand, and which will burn like bituminous coal, when thrown into the fire. In every direction, there are rills and ripples where the black tar oozes lazily from the ground; and innocent calves, who have unsuspectingly approached these springs, have been found by the herders, in distress, sometimes dead, with their feet glued fast to the tar-drenched earth.

Only ten or twelve miles from San Luis Obispo is Moro Bay—the *estero* of the old Spaniards, and laid down on the maps as Estero Bay. The curiosity I felt to see this place was not, I confess, so much due to what was told me of its importance as a bay and a point of geographical and commercial interest, as to the bit of romance connected with a rock, rising abruptly out of the midst of the harbor. For a harbor it would be well adapted, if but a single bank, the removal of which would involve an expense of perhaps \$1,000, were cleared out of the way. But the story which, to me, threw such a halo around Moro



MORO ROCK.

Rock—a cone-shaped, symmetrical mass of reddish color, lifting itself about two hundred feet out of the dashing waves—runs as follows: A Spaniard had conceived such a love for this lonely, sea-washed pile, that he built himself a house a few miles inland, called it Moro Castle, and made a dying request that his body should be carried to the top of the rock, and buried among the jutting crags and scant vegetation. Truly, the old Spaniard had grand ideas, for what monument could be raised to man more imperishable than this rock, looming up so darkly from the bosom of the blue waters, where the sea-birds, with their restless cry, and the winds, with deep-rolling voice, could intone eternal requiems over him.

Wherever the body may have been laid, his spirit seems not to have found rest: for it is said strange noises are heard around the house he built, and slow, stealthy steps measure the length of the garret, and seem to descend to the ground outside. It is a long, low-built *adobe*, with walls over three feet in thickness, and large, deep-set windows, grated and barred, to hold out against the attacks of Indians and marauding Mexicans; for it was erected some time between 1830 and 1840. The cost is said to have been \$40,000; and when we find that it is over two hundred feet long, and finished off in splendid style, for that time, the surprise is that the cost was not greater. The plastering has fallen off in many places, though made of the gypsum found in the hills near by; but the square joists, under the ceiling, rough-hewn in some rooms, and planed off in others, are as strong as when first placed there; and the apartment used as a chapel still shows the marks where the altar stood. The largest hall measures eighty feet in length, with six windows looking out on the court-yard. What the court-yard had originally been, could be conjectured

from the elegant finish of the out-building forming one side of the square. The buildings on the third side have crumbled to pieces, and the fourth side seems always to have been open, which accounts for the windows looking on the court-yard being likewise barred and grated. The stair-way leading to the garret is on the outside of the house, and the garret itself, a weird-looking, dim-lighted hall, with a wall almost reaching to the roof, running through the length of it, and adding to the uncomfortable feeling one gets here, from the desire to know what is on one side of the partition while you are on the other.

The present owner assured us that he seldom entered this place, and that he had done nothing to have it cleared of the *débris* he found there. Moth-eaten remnants of gay, rich Spanish costumes were lying in curious heaps on the floor, and old saddles, bridles, and spurs were slowly mouldering into dust; but I could well fancy how these garments resumed their former glitter, when, at midnight, they clothed again the supple form of the proud Spaniard, and how his fiery steed found its way out of the hills to carry its master, in one mad gallop, down to the Moro Rock.

Not far from Moro Castle, and visible from its veranda, is a remarkable mountain, the Cerro Alto. The side we saw from this point exhibits the form of a little boy, running so rapidly, to all appearance, that his coat-tails actually seem to flutter in the breeze. Tradition has it, that he is running from the seal which we discover near him. Why the seal should have left his native element to chase a little boy over the rough rocks, I can not imagine—unless he fired stones at him, after the manner of wicked little boys. I am also willing to believe that the expression of terror and distress on the face of the man, above, is owing to the proximity of the aquatic animal, but that break in his nose was



PASO ROBLES HOT SPRINGS.

never brought about by an agent so intimately related to water as seals are supposed to be.

In the town of San Luis Obispo, built in the midst of what was once the Mission garden, the houses have crowded close up to the Mission church, thus improving the looks neither of the one nor the other. The old church has always reminded me of some of those decayed gentle-folks, whom we see sometimes snubbed and crowded into the corner by a set of shabby-genteel, upstart relations. The town itself is a stir-

ring, bustling place, full of life, and a great deal too small for the amount of business transacted in it. Any one coming from San Francisco would hardly believe, at first sight, how well the merchants have succeeded in carrying a part of the metropolis down into their establishments here. Even Father Zastrow, the Spanish priest in charge of the old Mission, seems to have taken the contagion from these restless Americans, and displays an amount of energy seldom met with in one of his calling and country. Showing us through the Mission church

and the grounds attached, we saw everywhere the fruits and effects of the good Father's industry. The Mission, which had lain idle and neglected for forty years when the *Padre* was sent to take charge of it, is looking fresh and cheerful, as far as the *Padre's* hand can reach. The walls of the church are all the way from three to nine feet in thickness, and constructed of *adobe* and rock, mixed. Though unused and exposed for such a length of time, nothing was ever taken from the church; every thing, down to the little, old-fashioned, silver censer and incense-jar, is still there, just as it was nearly a hundred years ago. The ceiling and walls of the church have been newly painted—sky-blue and pink—at good Father Zastrow's suggestion. In the vestry-room were the very basin and urn in which the *padres*, so many years before, washed the sacred cloths pertaining to the communion service; and richer and gaudier than any thing I had ever seen, were the vestments and robes which had lain in this same old chest of drawers for over seventy-five years. How fresh the scarlet of this velvet, and how bright the gold fringe and border on that black satin! Silk, brocaded with gold and silver flowers, and satin with raised arabesques running through it; surely, there is nothing manufactured in our day like these vestments sent from wealthy, wicked old Spain, to flaunt in the faces of the gaping, worshipping Indians.

To the remark of friend Murray: That many a ship-load of grain and beef-hides must have gone back to Spain for these robes, Father Zastrow replied, in his native tongue, "When you want fine bread, you must send the best of flour." And they could afford to "send the best of flour," these old *padres*, when the Mission was in its prime. Are we not told of one Father who returned to his native land with \$100,000 in gold, from this very church? The Mission owned some

eighty thousand head of cattle then, and over seventy thousand sheep; not to mention a small matter of five or six thousand horses, and about an equal number of mules.

Then we followed the *Padre* into the belfry. He turned, good-naturedly, to warn us, in his broken English, of the bumps we might encounter from the irregularities of the ceiling over the uneven *adobe* stair-way. Too late: my head was already swimming from the suddenness with which I had brought it up against an old beam. Of the five bells brought out from Spain, and marked with the name and date of the San Luis Obispo Mission, only one has lost the use of its tongue, and sits by sullenly in one corner. From here we stepped into the choir, where the instruments were kept on which the Mission Indians had once discoursed sweet strains. A kind of base-viol, some other stringed instruments, and a near relative of our barrel-organ, stood in the loft together; and these Father Zastrow intends to have repaired for the centennial celebration of the founding of this Mission, which takes place on the 15th of August, 1872. He is training a number of the children of the old Mission Indians to sing to the accompaniment of these instruments. Can any thing be more romantic or pathetic than this thought of the *Padre's*, to hunt up the offspring of the wide-scattered children of these once mighty missions, to sing once more the chants and melodies which a century ago had been sung and chanted, within these walls, by their sires and ancestors?

When we bade the *Padre* adieu, he advised us to visit the part of the Mission garden that lies a little below the main street of the town. It is leased to some Italians now, but was at one time in charge of Americans, who, by the way, realized the handsome sum of \$120 out of each olive-tree. But I fear I thought more of the past glory of this



FICUS CARICA GIGANTEUS (GIANT FIG TREES).

spot, now built up with common-place houses, between the Mission church and this part of the garden, than of the handsome profit that might be secured from the remaining garden, if rightly managed.

An Englishman, an educated gardener—a character rarely met with in this country—walked with us through the neglected, but oh! so lovely, Mission garden. Through the olive, the pear, and the fig-trees could be seen, in the distance, a hedge of American agave, or mescal plant; and over the wall of the Mission inclosure waved the branches of a palm-tree. Still, you say that “tropical California” does not send its glow to ripen the fruits of the tropics as far as San Luis Obispo County? I will admit that one must travel some forty or fifty miles farther south to reach the belt that circles the acknowledged “Tropics of

California;” but surely that palm-tree, alone as it stands now, has been supported not only by its own kind, but also by the golden orange and the cooling lemon.

The vine grows beneath the olive-tree; and an orchard of olive-cuttings, a little beyond, denotes that the lesson of that one year of care bestowed on the old olives has been taken to heart, and will be acted on and profited by. Nor need the profit alone induce one to cherish the olive: for a more beautiful tree for avenues or groves can nowhere be found. I followed the guidance of my English friend, and was satisfied that he appreciated the beauty of the old grounds.

“Stand here,” he said, taking position near the ancient olive-press, beneath the *allée* of equally ancient olive-trees; “look down that way, and fancy how in olden

times the *padre* walked slowly along in the shadow of these olives, breviary in hand, and looking up, occasionally, to see that the Indians did well their work in the garden."

I half-closed my eyes, and gave full scope to my imagination; the man was right. It was a picture serenely still, and full of heavenly peace.

Passing back through the town, we wandered down into the valley—another part of the Mission garden of old—where the "big fig-tree" was to be seen. It hung full of figs; but, contrary to all accepted and established traditions, it was Eve, in the shape of a resolute-looking Spanish woman, who rose up before us, hoe in hand, forbade us to eat of the fruit, and wanted to cast us out of the garden. But I looked defiance at her, for I was determined to take the dimensions of that tree with the aid of a pocket-measure my friend had brought for the purpose. It measures over three

feet in diameter near the base, spreads to seven feet where the branches set in, grows forty feet straight up from the ground, and shades, with its leaves and boughs, a space of some fifty or sixty feet across. Nor does it stand alone; beside it is one almost equally gigantic; then follow two or three smaller ones—the whole, no doubt, the remains of a fig-*allée*, like that *allée* of olives on the other side of the town.

A little nearer to the Mission, in a yellow grain-field, stood a single olive-tree, solemn and alone in its restful beauty—drooping its narrow leaves to the sportive winds, as though too sad in its isolated place to return the caresses which the breeze lavished on it. Oh, mournful, lonely tree, looking so longingly to the gray walls of the ancient mission—fit emblems both, of those who, wrecked in heart and happiness themselves, can still lend grace, and warmth, and color to all their surroundings!

RAILWAY STATIONS.

I STARTED yesterday morning, before daylight, to take a train upon one of the wealthiest roads in the United States. The town was a pretentious one of ten or twelve thousand inhabitants; already, in its own imagination, a metropolitan centre. But the depot was reached by a walk two feet wide, made of cinders from the engine-furnaces, leading directly under a water-tank which night and day dribbles an interesting little cataract on the heads of all passers-by. It may be that the gentle patter upon the top of my hat had ruffled my temper a trifle, while wetting down to a preternatural glossiness the nap of the said head-covering; but whether this be the reason or not, it is certain that the depot itself seemed more forlorn, drearier, smokier,

and dirtier than even such places are wont to be.

It is not necessary to minutely describe the room, over the entrance of which a strip of tin, bearing yellow letters, informed me that it was "For gentlemen." It was fitted up with the usual elegance—an elegance that all of us have become more or less familiar with in the course of travel. The floor was a trifle less dirty than a farm-yard in spring-time; the wood-work was smeared with a brown-pudding imitation of graining; the irons which divided the long benches into sections, were shiny and sticky with much hand-rubbing; and the walls were profusely hung with what were once gorgeous advertising cards, but whose rainbow hues were

now all brought to nearly the same color, by the industry of many generations of flies.

Being statistically inclined, I found that, by actual count, there were just twenty-seven "gentlemen" in the room. Of these, five were smoking clay pipes, which had seen much service; while a sixth "gentleman," of about eighteen gentle summers, wearing spruce, ready-made clothes, and very oily hair, persisted in smoking a cigar which could not be coaxed into burning evenly—a cigar which emitted a sickening, steamy odor, whose vileness was past all description. I do not know that any one could give a reason for these persons being where they were. It is certain, for I watched them narrowly, that only four had entered the cars from this room; while several others, whom I had seen walking-up and down the platform to escape the stench, all proved to be passengers.

It was noticeable, also, that when we were once in the cars, at least every third man paid his fare directly to the conductor. One man, with whom I chanced to sit for a few minutes, settled his account with the said official simply by a shake of the hand, remarking to me afterward, in a self-congratulatory chuckle, "That conductor is a — good fellow." But I observed another passenger, in a very loud jockey and flaming feather, who paid her way with no more than a wink to the aforesaid custodian of the company's cash.

It is natural that a man whose hat has just been drenched from the company's water-tank, whose stomach is trembling with nausea from the effects of the stench in the waiting-room, and whose pocket has just been heavily depleted to pay an exorbitant fare—it is natural, I say, that a man under these circumstances should put to himself a few questions. He finds it difficult to understand why a company, whose stock is largely above par, should not have one depot along its whole line

better than the cattle-shed of a New England farmer. Nor is it one whit easier to understand why these, poor as they are, should be wholly monopolized by a crowd of ill-mannered loungers with fetid breath. And when, at last, he is in the cars, he finds a new enigma in the fact that every honest man and woman must pay high enough rates to allow every *mauvais sujet* to go free. Why is it, in short, that neither comfort, decency, cleanliness, nor honesty is provided for in the plans of men who make our railway system what it is?

It is time that the American public lost patience with such a state of mismanagement, and demanded a reform. I have seen the day in which I thought that among the lamentable evils of this world, in which railways are a necessity, English railway management was not the least. To be shut up in a locked box, and carried from Edinburgh to London in midwinter, without the slightest attempt being made to warm your apartment, *is* something to remember vindictively all one's life. It is easy to admit that there are many particulars wherein our railway accommodations excel; but this is no reason why we should be made to bear grievances that can be so easily remedied. An outraged public have a right to make the reasonable demand, that the railway stations, as well as the carriages, should be wholly reserved for the use and comfort of those who travel upon the road.

Why our country should be the only one in which so just a rule is ignored, is a mystery: What special claim has the American rough, loafer, hackman, or pick-pocket, that he should be allowed to drive the real patrons of the road out of doors to the shelterless platform, where the winds and rain have full sweep? It will interest any reader of this, when he next goes to any railway station, to take the same count that I took yesterday; and, except in certain

few favored places, he will find the meagre comforts of the waiting-rooms monopolized by the class that never travel. Yet none other than American railways turn their patrons out of doors, to give free shelter to the *canaille* of each town. In every other country the cars can only be entered from the waiting-room; nor can the waiting-room be entered until the purchase of a ticket shows the person desiring entrance to be a *bona fide* patron of the road. The track is closely fenced in, and the waiting-rooms can be entered only from a vestibule in which the ticket-offices are located. The purchaser of a ticket is promptly admitted to the room which opens upon the proper track. He will find the room furnished in accordance with the class of fare represented by his ticket. He gets, both in the waiting-room and upon the train, precisely what he chooses to pay for. No crowd of village loungers is permitted to crowd him out of a comfortable station-room; and no dead-heading of conductors' "friends" goes to increase the fare that is exacted from him. A very few dollars expended in gates and fences, enables each European railway to furnish comfortable stations, and to secure justice to the whole traveling public.

Were nothing else accomplished by this plan, beyond the exclusion from the waiting-rooms of the crowds of idlers and swindlers that now infest them, it would even then be a paying investment. The actual loss and damage involved by the presence of this class, if saved to be expended upon the stations, would cover all the outlay demanded by the change. It is one of the easiest reforms imaginable, while no one who travels largely can deny that it is the most imperatively needed. In one New England town, I have seen not less than one hundred village do-nothings awaiting the arrival of a train; and it is not infrequent, East or West, to see the hangers-on of the

station outnumber the actual travelers five to one. Each one of these four, having no right in the station whatever, will cause to the company many times the cost involved by the presence of the one traveler. These are the men whose unclean hands, lead-pencils, jack-knives, and thieving involve a continual outlay for paint, repairs, and lost baggage.

But this represents only a small part of the saving which is effected by stations that are closed to all except actual ticket-holders. A very large percentage of railway fares is paid upon the cars. Many catch the train at the last minute; many hope, in some way, to escape paying altogether; while not a few are "favorites," and never think of paying. One railway leading out of Boston, in 1866, discharged every passenger-conductor, and put on new men, wholly unused to the road. The next month showed an increase in receipt from passenger fares of thirty-three per cent., without any perceptible increase in travel whatever. A railway superintendent in Ohio told me, last year, that there was not a *femme de joie* in all the States that paid any fare upon any road; if one conductor would not pass her, another would. In a New York depot, a few months since, I heard a commercial traveler boast that the longest ride on certain roads never cost him more than a cigar. So we go. The privileges of the road, and often the profits, are put unreservedly in the hands of the conductors. A pretty state of affairs, is it not?

It is somewhat amusing to see how various roads have endeavored to remedy the evil, so far as their own interests are concerned. One in New York attempted the collection of fifty per cent. above the regular tariff upon all fares paid upon the cars. Possibly the conductors themselves suggested this plan. It is certain they enjoyed the execution of it, as they worked it. On one of the

Ohio roads, each passenger-train has two conductors, and they are supposed to watch each other. Probably they do; but it is a question whether two men, neither of whom can be trusted alone, are likely to be much of a check upon each other's roguery, when working together.

The reform that is demanded, in the interests both of the companies and of the traveling public, must begin at the stations. There is no need that a conductor should have any thing more to do with fares and tickets upon our roads, than has the guard upon European routes. Both in Great Britain and upon the continent, the "conductor," as he appears to the American public, is unknown. The cars are entered only from an inclosed station, and no one can enter the station without a ticket. As a consequence, no one can leave the cars, except through an inclosed station. The tickets are then collected at the place of exit. There is no more reason why a man should enter a car without a ticket, than there is for his entering a lecture-hall, concert, or opera, on the plea of "paying just as well when he got in." It is by no means a new problem. Older roads than most of ours in the States have solved it by long experience. Extra rates and double-gear'd conductors will not remedy the evil. The reform in the management of our railway stations must be thorough and complete, before the stockholders will receive their just dividends, or the traveling public receive its rights. Let the stations be shut to this swarm of idlers, hackmen, porters, school-boys, peddlers, bad women, swindlers, pick-pockets, and conductors' "friends." In this way only shall we get what we pay for, or the companies receive what we pay.

Not until this is done can we have comfortable or cleanly waiting-rooms. Now every attempted convenience in these rooms is a new bait to the swarm-

ing flies of the worst classes. It is not possible, under existing regulations, to reproduce here the noble railway buildings of the Old World. These depots have been possible there, only because they are reserved for the fare-paying passengers of the road. Our railways are not niggardly. They are overwhelmingly lavish in certain directions. Witness the present mania for "palace cars." I stepped into one, worth \$50,000, the other day, from a depot that could have cost hardly as many cents. It is not to be doubted that, when the companies have once resolved to banish the Goths and Vandals from their stations, we shall have both comfort and elegance. Now a traveler in America oscillates between a palace and a pig-sty.

But it is altogether a mistake to imagine that comfortable, cleanly, and well-kept stations are necessarily expensive. They would cost somewhat more than the barns that do duty at present, yet would involve no great outlay. There are no more tasteful buildings of this class in Europe than those of Switzerland, where they are built in the style of picturesque cottages, with wide eaves, ornamental cornices, and graceful balconies. The public rooms are below, while the family of the station-keeper resides above. The most of them are surrounded by little gardens, and some are fairly enchanting with their wealth of climbing vines. A fountain, dancing to its own music in the midst of the blossoms, is not infrequently seen. Something of this kind was attempted, a few years ago, upon the Lake Shore road (from Erie, Pennsylvania, to Cleveland, Ohio), but there was no one to take a home-interest in the gardens, and when we were last over that road, the whole attempt seemed to have been stamped out by the heels of the village roughs. Yet, knowing that almost every station in the land has a tall water-tank beside it, how easy it would be to convert the

overflow of its supply into something to please eye and ear. The money that would work all these changes is pocketed every week by the dishonest *employés*, for whose benefit the present system of collecting fares seems to have been arranged.

The city stations ought, however, to correspond somewhat with the wealth and culture of the places at which they are established, and the ability of the road which they represent. I was condemned last season, by the loss of a single minute, to spend an hour in that bleak shed which crowns the Oakland Wharf. It did not seem to me that I could have deserved so poorly of Fate, as to be sentenced to the punishment which the raw wind from the Bay gave me then.

The Rock Island depot, in Chicago, is possibly as fine a passenger station as any in the States; and there were excellent photographs of it in the Paris Exposition of 1867. The object of its exhibition was hardly clear to the Parisians, since there is no road of any pretensions in France but has finer buildings. Towns of not more than fifteen thousand inhabitants will show better railway buildings for passenger accommodation than any yet completed in the city of New York. The Strasbourg Railway terminus, in Paris, covers an area 165 feet wide by 490 feet in length. It has a triple portico, composed of fifteen arches, in the spandrels of which are sculptured the arms of the principal towns along the route. The middle portico is surmounted by a balustrade, behind which rises a magnificent gabled arch, pierced by a huge semicircular window, and crowned by a colossal statue of Strasbourg. Before it is a roomy plaza, inclosed by a high iron fence, with heavy gates.

And yet, so far as my experience goes, Italy must take the palm for the best average of buildings of this class. Tu-

rin, Bologna, Venice, Milan, and Florence—neither of them cities of the first class—have stations that will not be equaled by us in a hundred years, at our present rate of progress. Shall we live to see, anywhere between New York and San Francisco, a waiting-room furnished throughout in crimson plush and black walnut, a whole conservatory of flowers blossoming under the wide skylight, and marble statuary embowered in orange-trees, the whole multiplied by mirrors that fill up huge panels in the walls? Florence has such a station now. The passenger-building at Milan looks like a palace of crystal, a half-dozen tracks being spanned by one arch of glass; and one can sit by the hour, contentedly, studying the frescoes upon its walls, celebrating the triumphs of Italian artists and *literati*. Nor is it the least of its comforts to see one's baggage wheeled over smooth asphaltum floors, on trucks whose wheels are tired with noiseless rubber-bands.

Pleasantly, also, do I recall the station at the little Belgian town of Verviers, on the French frontier. Its walls are hung with dark-green, velvet paper; the long windows, reaching to the floor, are curtained in heavy damask, and full-length paintings in oil ornament the sides. I had a delightful lunch, delightfully served, in this room, for thirty cents.

Perhaps as complete a station as could be imagined is at Cologne, upon the Rhine. The restaurant connected with it would do credit to the *boulevards* of Paris. Every thing is as neat as white marble and spotless linen can make it. A traveler born any place between St. Petersburg and Cadiz can be served by a waiter who speaks his native tongue. But if, instead of a lunch, he prefers a dinner with full courses, a *table-d'hôte* is served in a spacious dining-room on the second floor. A highly ornamented staircase of iron leads to a suite of sleeping-apartments. A long hall, which

serves for a promenade, is walled on one whole side with glass, and brightened with rows of hot-house plants. There are retiring-rooms for all classes, a book-store, post-station, and telegraph-office, besides I know not how many things more, all under one cover. When you add to this the fact that a first-class lunch and bottle of choice wine may be obtained here, for the same price that one gives for fat mutton and doughy custard-pie on the way to Yosemite, the real excellence of the station begins to be appreciated.

Were it allowable to make a magazine article longer, we might refer to many praiseworthy particulars in the management of English stations. One line has lately expended a large amount in furnishing every waiting-room of its stations with engraved and framed copies of great works of art.

An admirable feature in the construction of their stations is, the building "double;" that is, building twin stations, one on each side of the double track, connecting the two by a bridge, high enough to pass the smoke-stack of the locomotive. This is necessitated by the large amount of travel, and the enforcement of stringent rules, by which any one is forbidden, under heavy penal-

ties, stepping upon the track or road-bed. There is no other reform in our railway service so imperatively needed as this, which reaches the source of many evils. There are certain lines upon the Atlantic coast where a partial attempt of the kind has been begun. But there has, as yet, been no thorough enforcement of the first rule: that no one shall enter upon any part of the premises of the company until the purchase of a ticket declares the person a *bona fide* patron of the road. The traveling public will never find comfort, or even decency, under the rule of railway stations, until those stations cease to be free to the intrusion of all the vagabond classes. Nor will the owners of the roads ever receive the full amount of fares paid for passenger travel, until the stations are so corralled that the trains can be entered only from the waiting-rooms, and the waiting-rooms are closed to all who do not present a ticket at the door. It is to be hoped that the immense passenger-building to be opened in New York, by the Hudson River, Harlem, and New Haven roads, will take the initiative in a reform which would easily place our American railway system, so excellent already in the appointments of its rolling-stock, foremost in the railway management of the world.

PLACER.

I.

"ESTHER, my dear, here is a present for you," said John Hamilton to his wife, carefully placing on the floor a huge bundle, wrapped in a shaggy, tan-colored blanket, not altogether immaculate in the matter of cleanliness. Esther responded with, "Oh, thank you, John!"—supposing it to be the long-coveted buff and gold teaset—adding, "It is so kind in you to

bring it yourself, instead of trusting it to the tender mercies of that careless carrier."

But a sudden movement of the bundle, and a cry proceeding from somewhere in the middle of it, caused her to start from rather than toward it, exclaiming, "Mercy! John Hamilton, is it alive?"

"Certainly, my dear, it is alive; and what is more, it will soon be kicking." And he proceeded gently to unfold the

blanket, revealing to the astonished gaze of Esther a Digger Indian papoose.

The mop of coarse, black hair, the deep-set eyes, the tawny, grimy skin of the bare-legged creature, suggested any thing rather than a human being. And Esther shrank away with disgust and repugnance, culminating in aversion, as she caught a glimpse of the crawling wonders, defying concealment, which doubtless had been the cause of its uneasiness.

"Take it away at once; I will not have it in the house. How could you be so cruel, John?" And the voice of the neat little housewife quivered with anger and tears.

"It has nowhere to go, my dear," said bland and provoking John. "To take it away means starvation, cold, and death."

"Where in the world did you get it? You are always picking up trash of some kind, and have any amount of rusty treasures now that I should be glad to throw in the fire."

"This among them?" questioned John.

"Nonsense! But I really can not have that thing in the house. Who is to take care of it? I'd rather have a young cinnamon bear."

"Esther Hamilton, have you no bowels of compassion? Of what avail are all the humanitarian ideas you have been inculcating by precept, if they fail you when the time comes for their exercise? I have heard you say repeatedly, that every human creature was endowed with God-given faculties, which needed only development and proper training to produce a Christian. Where is the benevolence that constituted you a member of every moral reform society in the past, from anti-slavery down to the prevention of cruelty to animals? Now, here is a human soul——"

"Oh, bother, John! Don't preach. I am not going to have that Digger baby, all over filth, in my house; so you can just take it to some squaw. There is

the spade, you can shovel it up; and do not come near me again till you have had a drenching shower-bath."

"Esther, my dear——"

"Do not 'Esther, my dear,' me. I never could endure Indians. They have none of the attributes novelists ascribe to them, and the historian who writes of them should live among them to ascertain that the 'noble Red Man' is a mean, thieving, revengeful scoundrel, far below the grade of the most indifferent white human," and Esther began to pat sleek-haired Fidelle, who barked furiously at the miserable little specimen of our aborigines on the floor.

John Hamilton had calculated upon the charity and tenderness of his wife, when a wretched squaw, dying by the road-side, had implored him, with the instinct of maternity strong in death, to take her papoose. Dismounting from his horse, he had scarcely lifted the child away from the stiffening arms of its mother, when, with a gasp, she died, and he found himself, perforce, obliged either to abandon it or to take it home.

The Diggers generally collect in the autumn from remote localities, and concentrate near some village, gathering acorns; buying salt fish, whisky, and whatever else their scanty means affords; begging, pilfering, and, in a week or two, closing up their annual meeting by a grand fandango, preparatory to migrating, in small companies, to any spot where timber and water will supply them with fuel and serve their necessities. The burdens are strapped upon the backs of their women, and these toil in weariness, and almost nakedness, up and down steep hills, through ravines, and across swollen streams, seldom resting by the way, till the tents are pitched for the winter; their lords, meanwhile, leisurely riding on the bundle of bones, covered with a hide, they miscall a horse. The very aged or very sick are often left behind, to linger out a miserable exist-

ence by begging, crawling under shelter of a hay-stack, or rooming in a hollow tree, or burrowing like animals in the earth till the rainy season is over. If they survive till spring, and are able to gather grasshoppers and worms, the healthy diet soon recuperates them, and they travel on to join their tribe, or await its return. Many of them, however, unable to help themselves, drift away, unseen and unheard of, to the sunset land, and their skeletons, laid bare by the revealing winds, are all the records left of the poor creatures. The mother of the little Digger, now the subject of contest between John Hamilton and his wife, had probably been unable to travel with the tribe, and, deserted and alone, was kept alive only by the animal instinct of preservation for her child.

The face of John Hamilton was one which even a brute would appeal to, in the certainty of finding commiseration; and he was the owner of more lame dogs, lean cats, and wounded hares than his wife cared to number. She was naturally sympathetic toward all phases of suffering, but the universal benevolence of her easy-going husband had slightly acidulated, if not curdled, the milk of human kindness in her nature; and there is something so uncanny and revolting about the Digger tribes, that it requires a strong amalgam of generosity to concentrate the gold of benevolence toward them.

It was a raw, chill evening, peculiarly Californian; for, notwithstanding the generally halcyon character ascribed to the climate by travelers, who brace themselves during a few weeks of relaxation by the salt breezes from the Bay, or the more exhilarating influences of the rarified mountain air, permanent residents cautiously admit that a few months in the year are far from heavenly; and the shivering oldest-inhabitant, dating from '49, will occasionally indulge in expletives of ungentle force in alluding to certain days

preceding the setting in of the rainy season, when the sky is veiled in clouds which never reveal a silver lining, and the bare hills brood moodily under a covering which is unflecked with sunshine and shadow. Dull, raw, and cold, such days have not the snap of frost to redeem their cheerless monotony, nor the whiteness of snow to cover their bleak inhospitality, yet are they ominous of the crystal blessing which makes February unequaled in any climate in the world.

John Hamilton looked from his helpless charge to his wife, not at all defeated by her protest, and having no idea of abandoning the little Digger to the tender mercies of the atmosphere. He knew Esther would relent. He was sure of her goodness and its ultimate exercise, and he was content to wait.

Whistling to amuse the baby and keep up his courage, he leisurely took the spade, and with a "here goes, then," carefully lifted his present upon it, and with a courtly bow, approached Esther, saying, "Now, my dear, you can have it served either like John the Baptist's head, or whole, for we must either kill or keep it. If you decide upon the former alternative, it must be speedily dispatched, for I am too tender-hearted to let the little creature perish with either cold or hunger."

The baby, so far from being disconcerted by its iron seat, smiled in Esther's face, and held out its skinny hands to her, as its mother had done to her husband.

A glance between them, laughter and tears, and the matter was settled.

"Have it washed, then, and I will keep it for the present."

To put it, blanket and all, into a warm bath, was the work of a few moments. To shear its locks fell to the lot of Sandy Crup, a shock-headed biped, whose paramount excellence consisted in being endowed with "faculty," for nothing was out of the line of his skill; and under his

manipulations the papoose began to look almost as human as Fidelle, who condescended to sniff at it with a disdainful air of superiority.

There are many men and women, theoretically benevolent, whose purse-strings are more easily relaxed than the tenacious threads which hold in check their self-abnegation.

Esther Hamilton was one of the women whose theory of benevolence had been so continually exercised as to have given her the reputation of more than average self-sacrifice. She had the advantage, also, of *not* having the outward appearance of a female iconoclast. She never robed herself in unbecoming drapery, and was unconscious of green spectacles and the abomination of cropped hair. Her manners were genial and pleasant, and she deserved the character she had so long held, of being thoroughly good. But missionary work of all kinds, performed amid the pleasant social combinations, which are often so efficient, is far from calling for that absolute surrender of one's own personality, which attends it when individual effort only is required.

This little one could, in a city, have been turned over to a foundling asylum, and perhaps have become quite a pet and the rage among lady managers, and the recipient of generous bounty from the visitor introduced to it, as a California curiosity. But apart from all such means of educating it into membership with its kindred of higher races, Esther felt that she must grapple alone with her problem, and bring into active exercise her especial theory of development; for the isolation of her mountain home precluded the possibility of a sharer in her responsibility.

She looked upon the unwelcome addition to her family with the same emotions of pity she would have felt for a forlorn dog, forsaken and hungry, and was willing to extend toward it the same

comfort of food and shelter. But had she not (as her husband had reminded her) asserted that to be human was to be susceptible of recipiency, at least; and that education and culture were alone needed to place the races of humanity on a par with each other?

She thought over these things with vexation of spirit. To be brought to the trial of putting one's theories into instant exercise is rather a severe ordeal; but Esther nerved herself for the task.

"No; I will not cast out this perishing human soul," she said. "I will struggle, at least, to mold it into the beautiful likeness of its divine originator;" and taking the poor, skinny babe in her arms, now wrapped in clean garments of her own, she laid it across her lap. Fidelle sprang furiously at the stranger usurping his place, and with angry leaps tried to displace the baby from the soft warmth of a seat so long his own. Nor would he suffer Esther to lift him beside the child. He slunk away, whining piteously; and thereafter, unless the Digger was entirely out of sight, refused the caresses she had lavished so abundantly upon him. Sandy Crup volunteered to take charge of the foundling at night, and Esther heard the good-natured fellow lulling it with a "rock-a-by, baby," as he sat beside the kitchen-fire. Her trials came with the morning.

"This wretched thing will neither drink milk nor eat spoon-victuals, John; what shall I do with it?"

"Call Sandy," suggested John, which certainly was an inspiration, for Sandy's idea was prompt and to the point.

"Get a goat, marm——"

"What, and let it feed itself?"

"Yes'm. I've know'd young uns raised in that way. This un's half animal, and I shouldn't wonder ef a goat would prevail, where nothin' else couldn't."

Sandy's advice was acted upon at once, Esther saying, "Now, John, you have brought this baby. You must get

it a nurse. I have concluded to take a goat."

"Whew!"

"Yes; and that is not all. It must be vaccinated at once."

"What, the goat?"

"No; the Digger. And I want it baptized, and some red flannel."

John jotted on his fingers. "The minister and some red flannel, vaccine and a goat; any thing else?"

The little papoose greedily adopted its nurse, and contentedly slept on the warmth of its shaggy skin—creeping after it on all-fours, and uttering a strange bleat in its absence. The gradual growth of the Digger baby from infancy to childhood was unlike that of other children. It disliked the fondling and dandling commonly bestowed upon infants, spurning playthings with fretful impatience. It was happy, surrounded by rabbits, cats, or dogs, and made unceasing efforts at friendliness with Fidelle, who invariably snarled at it. As the spring weather yielded to the summer heats, it would roll out to the low door-step, and thence to the soft earth, with a keen instinct of enjoyment and delight; its great, deep eyes peering curiously and unblinkingly sunward, and sometimes seeking those of Esther with eager, questioning looks, which its tongue refused to interpret.

"That child seems always to be asking for something, John. I am sure I do my duty by it. What *can* it want?"

"Do you love it?"

"I can not say I do; neither do I dislike it. But there is some want in its soul, young as it is, unsatisfied, and I can not fathom it."

"Bear with me, wife," said John, tenderly. "I think I can explain the great need of this poor, little waif. It craves mother-love. You are resolute in your sense of duty toward it, but you do not take it into your heart. You speak of it as an indifferent object—a mere *thing*.

The goat and Fidelle are as much to you as the child. You have not even named it, for the baptism did not follow the vaccination. To call out the best and highest that is in it, *you must love it*."

Esther made no reply. She felt that John was right. And as the little creature crept to his knee, he raised it—as he had often done—and held it quietly against his breast; for the little one had found the avenue to his heart, and clung to him with touching dependence and trust. A week after this conversation, the Rev. Arthur Atwill baptized the Indian child. John claiming it as a surface treasure, it was christened PLACER. This event took place in 1853.

II.

Animal tendencies of unusual force, strong will, fierce passions, groveling tastes, were Nature's endowment of Esther Hamilton's charge; and repeatedly did she resolve to give up the "horrid little Digger," and assume only the pecuniary responsibility of its keeping, but as often she felt that this strange being was guarding her from her own besetting sins. For to be impatient or hasty with Placer, was to set at naught her own teachings; and the redeeming trait of unbounded affection in the child appealed powerfully to her heart. She manifested her joy at Esther's return, after a few hours' absence, with leapings and shouts of delight. Toward John the demonstration was more quiet, but not less earnest; and the large, wistful eyes would fix themselves upon his with awakening intelligence, as he taught her the meaning of simple words, or lured her to ask questions. For the first few years, objects perceptible to the senses, only, were explained, their uses revealed, and a clear conception of their meaning conveyed in concise words, which Placer readily repeated, and appeared to understand. But the irksomeness of restraint was apparent in every movement.

To keep shoes and stockings on her feet during the summer season, was an impossibility, and she would yell out her disapprobation, with sundry rebellious kicks to enforce it, and passionate tearings of her hair, pitiful to behold and exhausting to contend with.

"I never shall civilize this miserable thing, John! Do let us turn it out to grass. Such unreasoning rage is impossible to control, and I am ready to adopt the enlightened philosophy which places the lower orders in a descending scale toward the brute creation."

"But Darwin's theory of development, my dear, places them in an ascending scale—from the monkey, through the different grades of ape, baboon, and gorilla, till they touch humanity."

"Oh, dear! I think Placer must be a young gorilla. If you had heard her terrific yells this morning, and seen her tear her hair and beat her hands, you would have believed she was one of Du Chaillu's importations escaped from confinement. She even attempted to bite me."

"And how did your doctrine of moral suasion answer, my love?"

John's irony was the feather that broke the camel's back. Esther's flushed face and compressed lips threatened a civilized explosion of temper; but the finer forces of her nature conquered, though the struggle to maintain composure was severe and protracted. She left the room with decided step, and something of emphasis in her manner of closing the door; but as she passed the kitchen, she heard the nasal voice of Sandy Crup reading to the little Digger, and what he read was this: "He that ruleth his spirit, is better than he that taketh a city."

"Come here, naughty little Placer, till I tell you what this means," said Sandy, laying down the book.

"I won't. I don't want to know. I hate every body," was the indignant response of the child. "I won't wear

shoes; I won't go to Sunday-school; I won't be made a Christian of. I'd like to lick little Samuel; and those were good children that the bears ate up."

"My, my! Here's Placer settin' at naught all that me an' Mis' Hamilton's bin teachin' her these years," said Sandy, softly. "What's to be did in the premises, ain't for me to determine. But, I reckon, she got all them buttin' propensities from that 'air goat what fetched her up. But me an' Mis' Hamilton ain't got to give in, that's certain, fur Mr. Hamilton he jest lets her alone."

Wise John Hamilton. How many sweet graces have been the fruits of the letting-alone system. "Don't do this," and "I'm ashamed of you," and "What will people say," and "Oh, dear! what will become of you?" have been the sources of manifold wicked tendencies in the naturally perverse and rebellious heart; and a judicious letting-alone is often the most adroit management for an unruly temper.

"Wait a little," was the invariably gentle advice of John Hamilton, and by the time Waiting had had its perfect work, Patience was ready for hers, and the conquest was comparatively easy.

The especial cause of Placer's temper on the morning in question, was her aversion to the Sabbath-school drill for the yearly exhibition. Remarks touching her parentage, her nursing by the goat, and various other comments, had reached her ears and made her somewhat conspicuous. If there was any thing irksome to this child of nature, it was the stiffly-starched white dress which was the usual Sunday wear; and even the light hat that shielded her from the sun, was more frequently held by the strings, when out of sight of Mrs. Hamilton, than worn on her head. So that the robes in question were not, perhaps, the most alluring prospect for the little Indian, whose traditionary spirit-land is personal freedom and unlimited space.

"Oh, John, dear!" said Esther, "what a vixen I am. I actually shook Placer this morning and gave her a box on the ear, and then when you twitted me with my moral suasion doctrine, I felt so vexed. Do forgive me: I will try hard, in future, to be patient with our little charge."

"Forgive you, wife! I was just thinking I had imposed too heavy a burden upon you. I am out and about, and you have all the weariness, all the contest, and all the responsibility of poor Placer's training. It seems almost cruel; and yet I do love the little one, and could scarcely bear to give her up."

"Nor I. Nor do I intend to. I suppose you will laugh; but, do you know, despite her stealthy eating of grasshoppers and acorns, now and then—despite her inclination to inactivity, and her uncontrolled temper—I do believe we can win her to gentleness, and transform her into an interesting and noble woman. She has strong affections, as well as strong passions; keen perceptions, and ready intuitions; and with the help of Sandy and yourself, I am going to turn over a new leaf, and give up educating her on any *theory*—only following out the indexes leading to purity and truth in her own character."

"Good for you!" said John.

III.

"It ain't no use to ask Mis' Hamilton. I'm sure certain she won't give no consent. She an' I's suffered enough by them Diggers now; and they can't camp down here."

"Wall, Sandy; who'd a thought you was that onfeelin'. Here's these poor critters, jes' wantin' a campin'-ground fur a little spell, an' you're so feeble-minded, you won't go an' ask Mister Hamilton to let 'em have that pastur-lot, down by the creek. You're swayed by petticoat gov'ment altogether too much."

"That ain't so, Israel. Why don't you leave 'em have your own pastur?

It's not nigh on to the house, while ourn is; an' ef you've so much charity fur Injuns, why all I've got to say, most likely you know where charity *begins*."

"Ef they wouldn't burn up the timber so, they might get into that piece of woodland t'other side; an' that's the best I kin du fur 'em," returned Israel, not noticing Sandy's proverbial hint.

"An' ef they want to shake our oaks, or gather them big snails alongside where the water's brought in on to the divide, I shouldn't mind. But I don't keer about ther bein' round here, along o' Placer."

"That's so, Sandy. I raily didn't think o' that; they might, maybe, steal her away, tho' she's got too big now."

Israel rode on, stopping, as he went, to tell Captain Tom—the Chief among the Diggers—that the tribe might camp in the woodland, "purviding the tember wa'ant teched;" a promise readily given, as there was plenty of dry, broken wood lying round for the present need of Tom and his tribe.

Placer had always wandered about, at her own will, during the hours not employed in study or household duties. Esther Hamilton had attempted to send her to the village school. But to the rude taunts of the boys, she had opposed such a ready aggressiveness, that she had pommeled more than one youngster into black-and-blue remembrance of her. And she was so continually getting into disgrace, for playing truant, that it was finally concluded to teach her at home. Many an evening did John Hamilton spend in directing her mental energies, at last awakening them to question—that being, perhaps, the best training a child can have, eagerness to learn following as a natural consequence; while Sandy Crup devoted hours to explaining, in his crude, yet original way, natural objects and spiritual philosophy. Esther taught the feminine grace of needle-work, for which Placer expressed su-

preme contempt. She was permitted to roam anywhere within a half-dozen miles of the cottage, and often returned laden with wood-mosses and wild-blooms, fresh as when she started. But bare-footed she must and would go. It was pain enough to be compelled to be shod in the house. But out-doors, the soft turf, or the stony road, the long tunnel through the hills, or the surface diggings, often bore the impress of her broad foot; and if she could ride thus astride of Esther's pony, she was supremely happy.

During one of her rambles, Placer came suddenly upon the camping-ground of the Diggers. She knew she was an Indian, but had never realized the depths of degradation, or the squalid misery, from which she had been rescued. Occasionally she saw one or two of the tribe in the village, Mrs. Hamilton having been careful to keep her from their knowledge, lest they might claim her. But now they stood revealed in all their grimy triumph.

Placer stood at the entrance of the wood, looking upon the encampment. It was a warm, summer day, and the half-naked and dwarfish men and wholly nude children were lying about indolently under the trees or at the doors of the tents. An old and elfish-looking creature, smeared with pitch, and the horrible fatty compound constituting an In-

dian woman's mourning, was pounding a disgusting mass of grasshoppers and acorns in a circular stone, hollowed out like a bowl. Some younger ones were skinning a hare, and with unwashed hands tearing it apart. An iron pot was suspended between forked sticks over some glowing coals, and from this the men would occasionally dip a portion of its contents, passing the dirty tin-cup from one to the other. Rude and altogether repulsive was the scene; no adjuncts of wood or stream could soften the bare ugliness of these brute-like human creatures. They marred the sweet peace and loveliness of Nature with their harsh, guttural sounds, and the discordant howl of their exhilarated moments was even more shocking to the poor child than their unmeaning words. The half-drunken laugh of the men frightened Placer; she shrank away unseen, with loathing of soul, and hastened, horror-stricken, home.

"And I am one of these! I belong to them!" came again and again from her lips, and out of their hearing she almost shrieked in her agony; for in that moment the seeds which Esther Hamilton had planted quickened their germinating forces, and closed over, in their sudden growth, the torn soil from whence the weeds had been uprooted.

IN THE SIERRAS.

The rocks loom o'er the tranquil vale,
Like ruins vast and hoary;
Each gray old turret has its tale,
Each seam and scar its story.

A hundred centuries have penned,
Upon those time-stained pages,
A secret lore, that is not kened
By wisest seers and sages.

The fire, the frost, perchance the storms
Of some primeval ocean,

Have worn, and torn, these ragged forms :
This petrified commotion.

The years have softened all the scene,
The winds have sown the grasses ;
And sun and rain have clothed with green
The naked slopes and passes.

Here, on the granite crags, I lie,
Lulled by the wind's low wailing ;
And watch against the distant sky
The eagle slowly sailing.

The silver moon, with mellow ray,
Across yon spur is drifting ;
The roseate tints of dying day
Along the west are shifting.

The gray mist gathers in the gorge,
Where bright cascades are flowing ;
While, like the gleam of lighted forge,
The snow-crowned peaks are glowing.

Rare pictures, born of sun and shade,
Come with the evening shadows ;
Night nestles in the silent glade,
And veils the emerald meadows.

Above, the moaning pine-trees stand ;
Below, the shining river ;
Uncovered, in this temple grand,
I worship God, the Giver.

ON AND ABOUT THE AVON.

IRVING surely mistook the old elms for oaks and the young ones for mulberries, when at Stratford, for but few of the latter are apparent in any of the places sacred to Shakspeare, while hardly any oaks are found short of the fine parks of the Lucys at Charlcote, an hour's walk away. The single spire of Stratford pierces through the thick, high-lifted limbs of the elms, and is the first object the pilgrim discerns indicating the presence of the pretty, peaceful town. Under this spire, at the east chancel, not thirty feet from the slow, sweet waters of the Avon, lies the dust of Shakspeare.

Approaching the town from the south-east by rail, we could see far up the winding course of the Avon, with its belt and border of timbered hills, not unlike the Tweed. The whole country is gently undulating, but all sufficiently level to plow. To me it looked exactly like the Waldô Hills of Oregon. Toward sunrise the most ambitious hills are found, and these may be above the plowman. Here the poet pictured sunrise :

"But look ! the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill."

Leaving the cars, and entering the town of seven thousand souls, one sees

scarcely a sign of business, or hears a single sound. One or two cabs and carriages stood for hire, but no runners, criers, or other curses, that beset the traveler, as a rule, at such places, met us here. I may mention that, as an out-cropping of business and want of taste mixed together, the first sign you read, on entering town, is this: "The Shakspeare Brass and Iron Foundry"—a small matter, yet suggestive of what one most sees over many a shop-door at Stratford. Still I am gratified to state that the people here, generally, are very partial and respectful to the memory of the poet, and well informed in his works; and I desire to publish the fact that I found the landlady's daughter of this place, who waited on us at table, better instructed in the life and works of Shakspeare than is the Lord Mayor of Nottingham in those of Byron.

Five minutes' walk from the cars down a clean, quiet, shaded street, and we stood in the market-place, the heart of Stratford. It was a balmy sunset in the middle of May, and the people stood out in the streets in couples or little crowds, and talked quietly, as they do at such times in the towns of Spain and Mexico.

Fortunately, unlike Ayr and Nottingham, no mines or manufactories have been opened or set up here, bringing a change in the old order of things, and a new race of people. True, there is a sense of newness apparent in parts of the town; but in places it has the same old walls and houses the poet looked upon, and the people are the same stock, and the peasant portion of them dress in the same long, broad-collared blouse and knickerbockers that Shakspeare put on such characters in his plays. Perhaps half a year's constant life in noisy London made the quiet more marked, but I really felt that I was in a church-yard. No wheels went over the pavement; no horseman passed; not even a loud organ or fish-woman, or any vender of wares,

was heard: only two persons besides ourselves seemed to take any concern in any thing, and they were broad-shouldered persons in blouses, making the pavement sound with their hob-nailed shoes, as, whips in hand, they hurried past. To our right, we read that the "Red Lion Inn" was kept by a Mr. Ford; and, strange enough, the name of Page was displayed as proprietor of "Mulberry Inn," on the other side of the street. Armstrong, my only companion—and, by the way, a gifted author, of whom America will yet hear good account—preferred the former, and while we stood questioning whether to patronize Ford or Page, a young lady came to the door of the "Mulberry," and the matter was no longer a subject of dispute.

To give my countrymen an idea of the cost of living at Stratford, I may mention that at this snug little inn we had the neatest of rooms, beds, etc., and the best of attendance, and for supper and breakfast mutton-chops, ham and eggs, and so on, all for four shillings, or about one dollar each a day. True, this is not an aristocratic town, where, as Carlyle says, they put the politeness and every civil word you get in the bill, but is quite fine enough for one who travels to see, and not particularly to be seen.

It is a difficult thing to lie down to sleep in sight of the shrine you have journeyed far to look upon without first taking a glance at it; and after tea, promising to be back by midnight, we went out into the deserted street under the mild May starlight, and walked in silence toward the spire of the church of The Holy Trinity. We overtook a tall, lean laborer and his wife, and inquired the way to the shrine. The man kindly put us right. "You are a Scotchman?" said Armstrong.

"Aye, mon, and that I am, and 'twould be weel if me and my missus war hom' agen, I tro'."

"Do you not like Stratford?"

"Aye, I do like Stratford, too, but the folk are a' so proud to a mon who has na money." Then he held out his long arm, and pointed to the dim lamp down the elm avenue, that hung above the door of the church, and said, "Good-by."

We found the iron gate of the church-yard open; we entered, and sat down on one of the thousand tombs that whiten and make ghastly the banks of the Avon. We went down the elm avenue, on the sounding mosaic walk, and stood under the low and lonely porch. The lamp gave an uncertain light, and the stars came but dimly through the trees, but everywhere we could see the white or storm-stained marble shafts. Then we turned to the left, and looked down into the wide, still waters of the Avon. Here, without knowing it, we stood as near to the dust of Shakspeare as is possible without entering the church. Now and then, a fish made a faint splash and ripple in the river; and, a little way down, we heard the low, soft sound of a waterfall. Across the river, in a grove of undergrowth, a nightingale chirped and twittered fitfully, and beyond a ewe was bleating dismally for her young; but other than these, in the hours that we leaned there by the old church-wall, we heard no sound. Stratford was asleep: the living as perfectly as the dead. At midnight we returned, and passed out as we entered. The lamp still burned, and the gate still stood ajar. Up Henly Street, a few minutes' walk from the Avon, is the farmer's house which Barnum came so near adding to his museum. Let this much here be said for Barnum, that his effort to purchase and remove the house in which Shakspeare was born had the good effect of turning it from a butcher's-stall into a decent, well-preserved building. The house being thus, so far as possible, restored by the town authorities of Stratford, is a fine study of the style of houses familiar to the mind of the poet, and of what man-

ner of houses Stratford was made of three hundred years ago. One thing is remarkable, that the entrance from the street is into the kitchen. This, however, does not look so unreasonable to one who has lived in England, and observed how constantly and enormously the people eat.

You pay a shilling to see the house and museum. The fire-place of this kitchen, occupied up to the last half of this century by a butcher, is of enormous capacity, and not unlike those of the miners in the Sierras. There is nothing in any of the four or five rooms, up and down-stairs, that is worth seeing, save the name of Walter Scott cut on the street-window of the room above the kitchen, where Shakspeare was born. I looked out of this broad window, made up of little six-inch lights, and saw that the post-office of the town was opposite. I also saw an old woman, with a gray little donkey hitched in the shafts of a cart of vegetables. She was talking with a shoe-maker, who sat in his door and listened with uplifted hammer. A red-faced baker passed by with a basket of bread on his head, singing to himself, and that was all I could see or hear in Henly Street, Stratford, as I looked out of the window through which the light first came to Shakspeare.

All the walls are dark with a confusion of names. In a room below hangs a card, on which are transcribed the four lines written by Lucien Napoleon on the wall. The original was whitewashed over by the butcher, or some of his ilk, and is barely visible now. In the acre of ground belonging to and back of the building, are planted all the shrubs, trees, and flowers named by the poet, and they look very well, indeed, considering that many are not of English growth or kind.

In the museum but little else of interest is seen than some beautiful modern busts and pictures, and splendid editions of Shakspeare's works. Let me here

confess that in all the busts, from those adorning the doors of shop-keepers to the pointed one above his dust, that came to my notice in England, and they are legion, I have seen no feature or reflection of Hamlet or Macbeth. The great gold ring, taken from the dead man's hand, had for me a strange attraction. It is much like the flat-crowned specimen-rings worn by miners of the Pacific Coast, and has "W. S." cut deep in the surface. Here is also seen the only letter preserved that was written to Shakspeare. It asks a loan of £30—an enormous sum in those days. There are many law-papers exhibited, in which the poet appears as plaintiff, and show that he had a pretty keen eye to business, particularly where he sues a man for thirty shillings' worth of malt. Perhaps the modern young rhymers, who cultivate a contempt for money, had as well stick a pin here, and question with himself whether or not, after all, the scorning of practical things is not a sign rather of weakness than strength of mind. Passing out to the street, and turning to take a last look at this house which most of the greatest of earth of the last two hundred years have entered, I read on the door the time and terms of admission, and over the door that a reward of £1 would be paid for the apprehension of any one caught defacing the building.

It was not easy to shake off the impressions made the night we visited the church-yard, and at an early hour next day we again entered the iron gate. The effect in the sun was not materially different, but we could see that the sea of tombstones found limit in a low stone-wall on the one hand and the Avon on the other. In the tower of the church, where grows a shrub with yellow blows, not unlike the sage on the American plains, hundreds of rooks and jackdaws were building and cawing in most unpleasant discord. A flock of fresh-shorn sheep, which looked any thing but inter-

esting, grazed in the six-inch grass, and daisies, and buttercups, that grew among the tombs.

As we, hats in hand, turned the north-west corner of the church, there, up to his waist in the earth, stood the grave-digger, leaning on his spade. Armstrong gave me a quick, startled glance, but said nothing. However, as we neared and spoke, we found him a plain, sober Englishman, with not a bit of the Hamlet tragedy in his composition. At least half of the upturned earth was bone, for this place, from time immemorial, has been a burial-ground, and tradition even places a pagan temple on the site of the church. In Shakspeare's time, there was a corner set apart for the deposit of bones thus thrown up; but now they are returned to the earth above the coffin. With the grave-digger's permission, we picked up a piece of skull, and, with an "Alas, poor Yorick!" wrapped it in the leaves torn from a guide-book. I am not given to vandalism of this kind; but, all things considered, I do not think many could have resisted the temptation.

Soon the verger made his appearance, keys in hand, and we followed him into the neat and spacious church. It is at least fifty feet to the great, brown, oak rafters. Some of the windows are richly designed. Figures in storied marble lie to the left as you pass to the east transept, and there are many tablets on the walls. Stone steps, of one foot each, lead up toward the communion-table, and to the brown, flat stones that cover the remains of William Shakspeare and his wife. A little printed notice, hung on the iron rails inclosing the table of the sacrament, requests the people not to tread on the inscription on the stone above the poet, and I should think it has been for centuries observed, for, while the inscriptions on the adjoining stones are worn away by footsteps, this remains still distinct enough to be easily

read. The stone is brown, fine granite, and seems hard as steel. I have seen this inscription in a hundred books, but never exactly as it is. Even the two guide-books we carried made a great flourish of trumpets over it, and both had it incorrectly. I can only account for such stupidity by supposing that, some years ago, the inscription was copied, became famous and familiar as then taken, and the enthusiast and admirer has been content to take the word and work of another and escape the labor of looking carefully at this stone, dimmed by the devotions of pilgrims. It is three by four feet on the surface, and there is one stone of a similar kind and size between it and the one above the dust of the wife to the left, and there are two between it and the blue slate-stone above the dust of his daughter to the right.

This is the reading and spelling of the lines of the inscription, which are in small Roman letters and without punctuation :

Good friend for Jesus Sake for beare
To digg the dust enclosed heare
Blese be ye man yt Spares these Stones
And cvst be he yt moves my bones

In a little side-room, to the south of the church, is kept the old, broken, stone font in which it is claimed Shakspeare was baptized. It is rather a heavy tax on the American mind to take all this without some mental reservation; but as the stone is evidently old and worn enough to have been used in the poet's infancy, it is perhaps the easiest and best thing to believe the pretty delusion, after all. It is coarse granite, about three feet in diameter, and, but for a few half-obliterated figures on the side, it would look much like a California boulder, broken by a miner's sledge-hammer. Among other relics, there is a large oaken table in the centre of the room. Its age certainly entitles it to consideration. But here, too, the hand of progress is apparent, for the gas-fitter has pierced it, and

three burners blossom above the great oak boards. The usual half-crown, not asked, but perhaps expected, at least accepted, left our guide in good humor, and we turned to the right, picked some daisies under the wall by the honored dust, took a look at the Avon by daylight, and passed around the church.

The poetic element of Stratford shows to better advantage in church-yard literature than is common to country towns. By the south gate, down in the grass, on a gray, storm-stained slab, we read this, under date of 1677:

O cruel deth that wouldst not be denide
But broke the not that was so lately tide
Let non suppose thy can repente to soone
For nighte come on before I thoghte of noon

Half an hour's walk to the west brings you to the Ann Hathaway cottage. By diverging a little, a distant view of the battle-ground of Bosworth Field may be had; but we preferred to take the path as direct as possible.

Now and then, we would meet a broad-shouldered farmer, in white blouse and knickerbockers, and we inquired of one about the crops and cattle. We found him very intelligent, much more so than his class in and about London. Physically, they are the finest race of men in England or elsewhere, except perhaps in California. At a little public-house, called the "Shakspeare" of course, in the corner of a field, we stopped and had two bottles of beer. The Ann Hathaway cottage that had been formed in my mind by reading tourists' accounts, who had "taken it on the spot," I did not find. It does not stand on a hill; it is not among the oaks, and is not by any means a hut, but a very respectable farmer's dwelling—at least, would be so considered in Western America. The cottage stands in a garden of sweet flowers with some elms, and one white walnut brushing it, a few steps from a little stream going on to the Avon. Mrs. Baker, a tall, intelligent lady of forty,

told us she was the only member of the Hathaway family now living in the country, and that the cottage and garden had belonged to her family for more than four hundred years, till her father, in his old age, married a second time, when his new wife induced him to sell the realty, so that she might spend the money. The personal property, she said, is still in the family.

The great fire-place here, by which the poet won his wife, is an interesting relic, and is broad enough to make a small bedroom—evidently made to receive faggots and logs of oak and elm. The old benches and tables, pointed out as belonging to the family in Shakespeare's time, are, of course, a clever imposition. On the hearth slept an aged brown cat, which Mrs. Baker told us was half as old as herself. In fact, the only living things we saw about the place were this old lady and her old cat. Up a narrow, winding, oak stair-way, smooth as glass, in the west end of the cottage, we found the famous Ann Hathaway bedstead. The world is too full of pictures and minute descriptions to permit any particular mention of it here. I may say, however, that it is a richly carved and costly piece of furniture, and if it belonged to the Hathaways three hundred years ago, they were surely no mean family.

From a great chest, Mrs. Baker drew some linen, which she told us was spun and woven by the wife of the poet while yet a spinster. She told us that it is never used, nor has been for generations, except to cover their dead. I sat on the stout oak stool, held to be the one belonging to her spinning-wheel, and penciled my notes. I said to myself, What pretty delusions are these; and, what makes it doubly interesting, the old lady believes every word she utters to be true.

As I wrote, Armstrong amused himself looking through the book on the

table, where visitors enter their names. This book has been kept only about twenty years; but from the penciled condition of the plastered ten by fifteen walls, it was long ere that a necessity. Even the little window looking out in the garden is cut to pieces, and the panes covered with names. The low roof, in easy reach of a tall man, is black with pencil marks. There are many odd, and some egotistical, entries in the book. As a specimen of the latter, Armstrong read me this: "Reverend Thomas Gray, of St. Johns, Newfoundland, son of General B. Gray, M. P., and his wife, daughter of Lieutenant-General Burnell, first Governor of Hongkong." And this from a Bostonian: "Rev. S. Wilbur Brown, servant of our Lord Jesus Christ, and son of Edward Brown, the famous missionary of India." "Ah, that man," said Mrs. Baker; "I remember he acted a little queer when he came here; in fact ministers often do act a little queer here; for he fell on his knees when he got to the door, and prayed and prayed till the people got tired enough, I am sure." She told us of many strange people who had visited her. Among others, she told of a German enthusiast, who brought his lunch and blankets, and entreated to be allowed to eat and sleep on the hearth with the cat. The old lady gave her permission; but, fortunately for her, the first night was a very cold one, which sent her visitor to the doctor next morning with neuralgia, and she has not seen him since.

While she told us these things, Armstrong came to the names of Dickens, Collins, Mark Lemon, and a host of other celebrities. Observing that the name of Dickens was dimly and awkwardly written, the old lady said: "Ah, yes, I remember the way that came. Mr. Dickens seemed sad and out of sorts when here the last time, and kept out of the crowd by himself, so that when they came to write their names he

was not with them. Then I took the book and pen, and went to hunt him up, to have him write his name, too; and I found him sitting alone on the big stone down by the well, looking into the water."

When she had told us these things, we laid some pieces of silver on the table, arose, and went and sat on the big stone by the well, where Dickens had sat before us, and looked at the blue sky down in the well.

IN THE WILDS OF WESTERN MEXICO.

SOON after my arrival in Mazatlan, from Durango, I had the pleasure of meeting Lieutenant Rivington, of H. B. M. ship *Clio*, then in the port—himself an amateur naturalist, and, of course, a congenial spirit—an American artist Mr. Bead, and a Mr. Schleiden, a young German, born in the city of Mexico, but educated in San Francisco. Although we had met here for the first time, yet, by that natural sympathy common in nature, we were drawn together, and became good friends—each fond of the gun and the sport it gives, of ramble and of adventure in the woods: all foreigners, from different parts of the world, but speaking the same good, old English language. True to our instincts, we planned and fixed the day for an expedition up the *estero* leading off from the southern point of the neck of land upon which Mazatlan is built, as far as we could go. The *estero* runs nearly parallel with the sea-coast for many miles to the southward.

After two days of preparation, we found it would be necessary to obtain a permit from the custom-house. A permit is always required to bring any thing in, or take any thing out of, the port of Mazatlan, whether by water or land, be it ever so small a package. There is a custom-house for the interior, as well as maritime; and right at the mouth of the *estero*, through which we had to pass, is a *garita*, to watch and overhaul every canoe that goes up or comes down.

The permit was secured, after three hours' bargaining, every article having been mentioned, or was intended to have been named, upon the pass, from large rolls of hammocks and blankets to camp kettles and spoons. Congratulating ourselves that we were now free to go, we partook of a good breakfast, and started on our journey along the beach to the *estero*, enjoying the fresh morning air, pleased at the prospect of a delightful trip.

As we were about to depart, an officer of the *garita*, or guard-house, requested us to have all our traps taken up to the *garita*, to be examined. We told him we had a permit, but all the sweet language Mr. Schleiden could command would not get us off. So we were compelled to unpack, and go with bag and baggage with the officer. The articles were closely compared with our manifest; and alas! he discovered a tin box of crackers, not upon the permit! This subjected us not only to a fine, but a seizure of all our baggage and confiscation of the whole. We had too much, he said, for a mere hunting party. We held a consultation, and I began to think our expedition at an end. "Is it possible," said Lieutenant Rivington, "that under this so-called *liberal* Government, a party of gentlemen can not go hunting without all this foolish trouble?" We considered it a possible case. Mr. Schleiden answered, with enthusiasm: "Leave the matter to me, and I will

guarantee that we will be skimming over yon smooth sheet of water in less than half an hour." After a few words in a low tone of conversation, Mr. Schleiden and the officer disappeared behind the house. Soon they returned, and we knew at once, by the happy smile on Schleiden's youthful countenance, that all was right. We leave the reader to judge upon what terms we were permitted to depart.

We ascended the *estero* with a fair but gentle breeze; sometimes narrowing like a river, and then widening into lakes, all fringed to the water's edge with the dense evergreen mangroves, sprinkled with beautiful and fragrant acacias upon higher land, the foot-hills in the background gradually rising until they faded into the distant blue of the Sierra Madre. The white herons, and other members of the family, together with numerous other water-fowls standing upon the mud-banks and shallows, gave to the picture an aspect of repose and sweetness not easily described. We passed a small village of native huts, where the wood-choppers and charcoal-burners live, who furnish Mazatlan with those articles of consumption. At midday, we found ourselves in narrower channels, surrounded by the dismal swamps of mangroves and impenetrable brakes. Huge bunches of oysters were growing upon the roots of the mangrove. Occasionally, we saw, wading in the shallow water, or perched upon a dry branch, the great wood-ibis, and the roseate spoonbill; and in the darker recesses sat the yellow-crowned night-heron. Anon, we glide quietly into some shady arm of the *estero* narrower than the rest; and here the huge branches of the great trees, peculiar to those forests, overarch the water, protecting us from the vertical rays of the sun.

How refreshing and how silent is nature here! It is noonday in the tropics, and all living creatures are taking their

siesta. No object is seen moving, save the floating water-plants, that travel back and forth with the tidal current. The eye endeavors to penetrate the woods on either side for the lurking cougar or the sneaking wild-cat. A huge alligator lay stretched upon the muddy bank, and we gave him a charge of our heaviest shot, only to see him plunge into the water, but little harmed. But the report of our gun awakened many echoes, mingled with the blowing of alligators, the screams of water-birds, the cackling of the *chacha-la-cas*, the "cap-cap-ke-e-op" of the little green heron, the hoarse cries of the snake-bird, and the dull "quock-quock" of the boatbill night-heron.

The habits of the yellow-crowned night-heron (*Nyctherodius violaceus*, Reich.) are mainly nocturnal. It feeds chiefly upon small fish, water-reptiles, and crabs. The plumage in a full adult male is chaste and handsome; the elongation of the scapular and interscapular feathers forms a train which reaches considerably beyond the end of the tail. The ample crest and two long, narrow occipital feathers impart to it an air of peculiar elegance. The general colors of the plumage are slaty blue and grayish plumbeous. The hood and a broad patch on the sides of the head are yellowish white; the remainder of the head, black; the long feathers of the occiput, pure white.

The boatbill night-heron (*Cancroma cochlearia*, —) is also found here. Nature, it would seem, plays strange freaks in some of her handiwork of creation; to say the least, there is no lack of variety. Here we have a bird in every respect resembling the night-heron, both in habits and general appearance, yet differing from it in having an enormous and disproportionate bill, not unlike the bottom of a boat with the keel up. Why it should differ so widely in this single feature from its allies, is difficult to conjecture, but doubtless for

some wise purpose in facilitating the manner of capturing its watery prey. The bill, though large and uncouth in appearance, is light, and comparatively weak. The lower mandible is only a narrow rim, and attached to it is the membrane forming the pouch, which is capable of considerable distention, as in the pelican. Whether it retains its food in it as the pelican does, I am unable to determine; but it is quite likely it carries subsistence to its young in this pouch.

The boatbill heron is found only in the warmer regions of the tropics, inhabiting the borders of sluggish rivers, lagoons, and muddy ponds, surrounded by forests. Here it finds an abundance of small fish, frogs, and other water-reptiles, upon which it subsists. Like the night-heron, it is nocturnal in hunting for its prey. During the day it remains quiet, roosting or perching in company with others of its species, and selecting the tallest and densest forests in some secluded spot, near the banks of stagnant lagoons. Here the slimy water-snake loves to revel among the floating water-plants, and the innumerable swarms of mosquitoes tell of the malaria that lurks in these gloomy solitudes. The general colors of the boatbill are an ashy gray, the crest, back, and flanks being slaty black. The plumage is soft and blended. The webs of all the feathers, except the wings and tail, are strangely discomposed.

After having procured several specimens in this shady nook, we again set the paddles in motion for the point of our destination. At five o'clock P.M., we arrived at the head of this arm of the *estero*, at the *embarcadero* called Confité. There is another arm which extends farther to the south, in which a canal was commenced to connect Mazatlan River and other chains of lakes and *esteros*, extending nearly two hundred miles south, and parallel with the sea-coast. The canal

was intended to connect these lakes, and make the whole distance navigable for small steamers. But like all other enterprises in Mexico, it was abandoned.

At the *embarcadero* we took possession of a deserted shelter of brush, laid upon rude rafters, supported by posts set in the ground, to which we swung our hammocks for the night. Oysters are abundant at this place; indeed, the branches and roots of the mangroves resting in the water, were loaded down with them, but they were small. We, however, induced a native to get us some from the bed of the *estero*, which he did by diving for them. They were larger, and of excellent flavor.

While the "Doctor" was preparing dinner, Rivington and I, with our guns, took a stroll in the vicinity. It is a very pretty location, thinly wooded with groves of thorny trees, and overgrown with luxuriant grass and cacti. A few huts are scattered here and there, which, were it not for some domestic fowls and sullen-looking mongrel curs, would seem to be unoccupied; but, on peeping in, we discovered, as usual, a woman down on her knees, not praying, however, but grinding corn on the *metate*, and making the customary bread of the Mexicans, the *tortillas*. One or two unwashed children, and two men stretched out on the earth floor smoking their cigarritos, were the occupants. They were too lazy or indifferent to even look at us. What these people do here, I could not learn, for there were no signs of cultivation, or improvement of any kind, to be seen. The place is as Nature made it, in its virgin beauty.

A pack-train of *burros*, or donkeys, came down from Baroni, laden with bags of corn, which is shipped from this *embarcadero* to Mazatlan in canoes. These canoes are made from the solid trunk of the cedris-tree (*Cedrela odorata*), which attains a wonderful growth in this region. The one we came in measured

nearly six feet in diameter, inside the hull. They are very awkward and cumbersome things to navigate, and for the want of a keel can not beat against the wind in sailing.

We spent a pleasant night in our hammocks, and, after partaking of a fine breakfast of game and fried oysters, we took our departure at an early hour. Lieutenant Rivington and myself started in advance of the pack-train. The morning was, as all mornings are at this season of the year in this locality, perfectly magnificent. We saw no habitation until we arrived at the Rio Mazatlan, which is said to be a league from the *embarcadero*. The river is a handsome stream, of clear and good drinking-water; but, at this season of the year, is quite shallow, hardly knee-deep. Indeed, during some of the dry seasons, it sinks entirely before reaching the sea, although in the mountains it continues all the year to be a swift-running stream.

Our companions not making their appearance, we proceeded to the little village of Baroni, about a mile farther up, and on the opposite side, where we were very kindly entertained by Doña Luce, at the ranch of Mr. Rodolph, an English gentleman, residing in Mazatlan. The Mexican women are all exceedingly kind to strangers, always bestowing the hospitality of their house, be it ever so humble.

Toward evening, our caravan came in sight, presenting quite a lengthy train of *burros*, for we had secured the services of the corn pack-train, and, to one unaccustomed to such scenes, it had a good deal of the ludicrous in it. Such a scene had not been witnessed in Baroni since the soldiers of the late *pronunciamento* devastated that part of the country. We were visited by many of the villagers, male and female, among whom was the Alcalde of the place. This worthy, a half-breed, invited us to a *fandango*, which was to be given at

his house that night. We most graciously accepted the invitation, particularly as it was given in honor of our arrival.

A *fandango* in the true Mexican style is a curiosity. At eight o'clock we arrived at the Alcalde's house. We found the place lighted up with tallow candles, which were tied to the posts of a large brush shed on the outside of the house. It was swept clean, and some benches were already occupied by a dozen or more sparkling, black-eyed, and nut-brown señoritas, together with as many persons of the opposite sex. In the centre of this place was a broad plank, four feet by seven, with cleats on each end to raise it from the ground, so as to give it a springy motion when danced upon. This plank was hewn from a solid tree, and a similar one may be found in every village in the country, exclusively devoted to this peculiar dance, which they call the *jarabe*. His Honor, the Alcalde, was the violinist and principal musician, assisted by a flute and clarionet. It was some time after the music commenced before any one would venture to open the ball. At length, however, a young native jumped upon the board, throwing himself into all kinds of contortions, and stamping and shuffling furiously with his *guaraches*, or sandals. At last, he waved his red cotton handkerchief, and beckoned to a señorita. She stepped modestly on the board, and faced her partner. For at least one hour they danced, without intermission, only occasionally changing places on the board. Thus the *fandango* continued all night, with alternate couples on the board, diversified, however, by an occasional quadrille or contra-dance. But they were never so happy as when dancing the *jarabe* upon that springy plank, and keeping time to the lively airs of the Alcalde's fiddle. The *jarabe* is a dance which seems to be peculiar to the Mexicans. It was in-

troduced by the early Spaniards, and is, doubtless, of ancient Moorish origin. It is wild and grotesque, and, having something of the Indian character in it, suits the taste of this class of people admirably.

We left at about twelve o'clock. It was then at its height. The *mescal* having been passed around quite freely, the dancers gained more confidence, and the scene became exciting. The *mescal* is pure liquor, and as high-proof as alcohol itself. It is distilled from the head of the maguey-plant, after first being roasted in the ground. The plant, when roasted, is quite sweet and pleasant to the taste; the juice, or saccharine matter, is then pressed from it, which is almost as thick as molasses, and undergoes the usual process of fermentation and distillation. The plant grows wild in all parts of the country. Sometimes it is planted in fields, but needs no cultivation or fence to protect it; indeed, it protects itself, as each lance-shaped leaf is armed at point and edges with the sharpest of spines. Out of the fibres of its long, stiff leaves the Mexicans manufacture cordage and sacks. From the sap of its huge flower-stem they make another drink, by fermentation only, called *pulque*; and it enters in various ways into the economy of the Mexican. It takes seven years to complete its growth, when it blooms and dies.

Doña Luce's house was small, with but one room, built of posts and sticks, and plastered with clay, the roof being thatched with straw, as usual. There was no cultivation visible about this house, unless we call a few plants of Chile pepper, growing on top of a scaffold six feet from the ground, a garden; at least, this was all we saw cultivated. There being but one room, we all occupied the earth floor: the women on one side, the men on the other, and the children and dogs scattered about promiscuously.

Baroni is a small hamlet, with not more than twenty huts of mud, thatched with straw, scattered here and there. The inhabitants seem to be very poor, but cheerful in their poverty. They cultivate the bottom-lands of the river upon a small scale, raising corn, beans, melons, etc. The soil is exceedingly rich, and capable of producing large crops. Immense trees of the genus *Ficus nymphaifolia* shaded the house of the Alcalde. One of these trees, by measurement, six feet from the ground, was found to be eighty-two feet and seven inches in circumference. This size, however, does not continue to any great height, as it is the nature of it to send out immense branches ten or fifteen feet from the root. The country up and down the river is very beautiful and thickly wooded, and will, at some future time, be the great farming region of the valley of the Matatlan River. The morning was fresh and invigorating; the sky was obscured by a thick fog, and the grass wet with a heavy dew. Beautiful plumaged birds were darting about through the woods in every direction. Several species of parrots kept up a constant chattering, while large flocks of macaws went screaming overhead, or sat in pairs upon the dead branches of tall trees, caressing each other in the most affectionate manner.

When we reached the lakes, our bags were filled with game and specimens. We located our camp between two small lakes. Some accommodating trees afforded us shelter from the burning rays of the sun and the wet dews at night, and their long, horizontal branches provided convenient places to swing our hammocks. Numberless water-fowls passed in flocks from one lake to the other, directly over our camp, affording us fine sport every morning. The big lake literally swarmed with water-fowls of numerous species. I noticed great numbers of the various species of our northern ducks; among the most abundant

were the green-wing teals, blue-wing teals, widgeons, shovelers, canvas-backs, red-heads, broadbills, golden-eyes, etc.; curlew, plover, stilts, avocets, and snipe were common. These are all migratory, departing in the spring for the regions of the north, and the high central plains, to breed. But the most numerous were the native ducks of the tropics: the pi-chi-chines, or long-legged ducks (*Den-drocygna fulva* and *D. autumnalis*)—two species closely allied. We saw also a few of the wild muscovy ducks here, the same species from which our tame ones have been domesticated. Few persons are aware that the muscovy duck, which is found in almost every barn-yard, was originally taken to Europe from South America and domesticated, as well as the wild turkey. In its wild state the muscovy duck is a handsome species. Its plumage is of a dark, glossy green and violet, glossed with a metallic lustre, except the butts of the wings, which are pure white. These ducks, as well as the long-legged species, perch in trees, in the hollows of which they lay their eggs, like the beautiful little wood duck of the United States. They are natives of the tropics, and their geographical distribution extends from the Gulf of California to the rivers of the Amazon. Both species are often found domesticated by the natives; but unless their wings are kept clipped, they will wander off with the wild ones.

This lake, which we called the big lake, about a mile from our camp, was quite shallow, and several miles in extent. We waded about in it with facility, occasionally stirring up a rusty old alligator or snapping-turtle; but these were old acquaintance of mine, for Cahoula, the place of my nativity, abounds in alligators, gar-fish, and bilious complaints. I procured many interesting specimens of birds, all of which were, from time to time, transmitted to Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian Insti-

tution, for identification. We were loth to leave a spot that had given us so much pleasure; but the day of our departure had arrived, and we sent for the burros, once more packed them, and started for home.

Passing through the forest, which darkly shaded our path, I noticed the large, green macaws (*Macrocerus militaris*) feeding upon fruit which is to all other creatures a deadly poison. This poison, or medicinal drug, which, I believe, is sold by the apothecaries as *nux vomica*, and known in botany as *upas strychnia*, I found growing very plentifully in the valley of the Mazatlan River. The tree is of considerable size, and tall, with large, ovate leaves. The kernel, or button, is contained in a large, circular pod, twelve inches in circumference, which is very hard, and divided into sixteen sections, each having a kernel. A milky sap flows freely from the tree when the bark is cut. The natives make use of this sappy milk to procure fish from the *esteros*, which is done by mixing it with the water in which the fish abound. It does not kill, but only stuns or intoxicates them, and as they turn upon their backs, and float upon the surface, they are easily captured. The tree is called *ava* by the Mexicans. The great green macaw inhabits the western part of Mexico, and is found only in that belt of territory known as the *tierra caliente*, which lies between the sea-coast and the Cordillera chain. It may be found at all seasons of the year near the sea-coast, from Mazatlan, southward, to Acapulco; but more abundantly in the region of the Rio Mazatlan, where it finds plenty of subsistence in the fruit of the *ava*. Its geographical range, according to my observation, extends from the State of Sinaloa, southward, to near Tehuantepec.

I did not observe this parrot on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, where it is re-

placed by an allied species, the great red macaw. The natives call our present species *guacomayo* from the fact that it descends to the ground but once during the year, and that is in the month of May; hence the name, literally translated, is "May guaco." They alight upon the ground at this season of the year in search of the nuts of the *ava*, which are no longer found on the trees. The weight of the *ava* pod, when green, exceeds a pound. Yet I have seen these parrots, after gnawing off the tough stem with their enormous bills, handle it in their claws without any inconvenience, and even fly a short distance with it in their beaks. The *guacomayos* are a large species, equaling in size the largest parrots. The total length is thirty-two inches, the tail alone measuring eighteen inches and a half. They

breed in the hollows of large trees, and when taken young are easily domesticated, but never learn to utter words distinctly. Their voices are so exceedingly harsh and disagreeable as to render them totally unfit for pets. Their flight is easy and graceful, their ample wings and lengthened tail enabling them to sustain themselves for a long distance, and frequently, in a playful mood, they go through many gyrations in the air, and it is then their gaudy plumage shows to advantage, as the red, green, and blue flash with metallic brilliancy amid the dark forests they inhabit.

After the usual difficulties with guides, *mozos*, and boatmen, in this land of indolence and extortion, we arrived again at Mazatlan, well pleased with our rambles in the Wilds of Western Mexico.

THE STEWARDESS' STORY.

IT was night on the Atlantic, and the stewardess of the steamship *City of* — was preparing herself for bed, all the lady passengers having retired to their berths, when her attention was called by a low tap at her cabin-door. It seemed to be given by cautious fingers, unwilling to be heard farther than was necessary; and, supposing it to be a warning from the steward that it was time to put out the lights, she glanced at her watch in surprise, and then going to the door, she exclaimed:

"Why, Mr. Green, it is not eleven yet, and I am not quite ready. Wait a bit!"

"It is not Mr. Green," replied a voice outside. "I want to speak to you, Mrs. Ford. May I come in?"

"Oh, certainly, madam," was the immediate reply, as Mrs. Ford opened the door to one of the lady-passengers. The

young woman entered, and after carefully closing the door, she addressed the stewardess in a low, cautious tone, while holding and turning over a long, thin parcel, which she drew out from a towel loosely wrapped around it.

"Mrs. Ford, will you put this in your trunk for me? You say we shall be in the harbor to-morrow, and we don't want to have this little parcel overhauled at the custom-house. Do put it in your trunk till we can take it quietly ashore."

Mrs. Ford hesitated. Of course, it was not her business to disoblige passengers; but, then, smuggling was dangerous, and this looked something uncommonly like it.

Still, the lady who made the request was well known to the stewardess, and seemed particularly friendly to her. It was not the first time she and her husband had crossed the Atlantic in the

same ship; so they were already such old acquaintance as to seem quite like friends. Moreover, this time Mr. and Mrs. Seaton had an additional charm for Mrs. Ford, being accompanied by their infant son, a fine, lively little fellow, about a year old. Mrs. Seaton had kept her berth, on plea of sickness, for most of the voyage, and the stewardess had profited by the occasion to become nurse to the child, a charge she gladly accepted, and fulfilled with care.

Observing that she hesitated, Mrs. Seaton continued, in a half-careless, half-flattering tone:

"I told my husband you were so good-natured, I was sure you would oblige us in a trifle of this kind; but of course, if you would rather not, there is an end of the matter. We hope, if we are not disappointed, to make quite a fortune for little Freddy. But if this is injured, by carelessness," and here she again glanced at the parcel in her hands, "my husband will be awful mad."

"I would be very glad to oblige you, madam; but it would be awkward, if I got mixed up with any smuggling matters. The Company would dismiss me, and one must think of oneself."

"Smuggling!" said Mrs. Seaton, smiling blandly; "goodness! this is no smuggling. It is just the most innocent little machine in the world. I am sure, kind as you have been to us, I would be the last person to be so mean as to injure you. I guess it will do you no harm, any way. It would be too unkind to get you into trouble, when you have been so good to Freddy, all along."

"I am sure, you were welcome to any thing I could do for the little darling, madam; but it is quite another thing—"

"Yes, yes; I know that. But, bless you, it will not hurt you. It is a machine for making spools, and my husband wants to patent it in the States; but, then, it is in just such a condition now, that, if it be meddled with, it will be

ruined, that's all. If they do, by any chance, get hold of it, we must put up with its being spoiled; but I guess they will never interfere with you."

Mrs. Ford remembered, now, that, during the last voyage, Mr. Seaton had particularly admired a new kind of spool which he had seen in her work-box, and had asked several questions concerning it; so she concluded that it was in the manufacture of similar articles he was at present engaged, and, without further hesitation, she took the parcel. The great weight of the article, compared with its bulk, surprised her as she received it; it being, as she supposed, a thin bar of iron, about six inches broad and two feet long, but not, apparently, much thicker than a piece of card-board. She thought of this as she laid it in the top of her trunk, having a misgiving whether it might not, in some way, injure the apparel beneath; yet she felt unwilling to secrete it further, under the circumstances. Her visitor, with many thanks, retired, and Mrs. Ford soon forgot the matter in sleep.

Late in the afternoon of the following day, as they drew near the end of their voyage, just before going ashore at the custom-house, Mrs. Seaton sought another *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Ford. She held in her hand two letters, and, offering them to the stewardess, asked if she would slip them in her pocket. "And besides," she continued, "I want you to come ashore with me, and carry Freddy, if you do not mind the trouble."

Mrs. Ford replied that she had no objection, but that she was afraid she might not have time.

"Now, there's a good soul," cried Mrs. Seaton, "do say you will, right away. I am in trouble; and I am sure, when you know it, you will leave the under-stewardess to fix up all around, and just do as I ask. Now, listen: my husband has got himself in a tight place, just now, and I guess I shall have enough

on my hands as soon as we step ashore. We know there's a policeman waiting for him."

"A policeman!" cried Mrs. Ford, in alarm.

"Oh, never frighten yourself," replied Mrs. Seaton, with her bland smile; "it is nothing of any consequence. You must know, he holds a situation under the Government, and he has got wrong in his accounts. It is not much, but he will be arrested as soon as he steps ashore, and all the business of getting my things through will fall on me. So you see, I do want a friend, and I shall feel real bad if you will not help me."

"But this arrest!" exclaimed Mrs. Ford, who wondered at the composure with which the wife spoke of such a catastrophe, so alarming to her own ideas.

"Well, of course, we had rather it should not happen," was the reply; "but what's the use of thinking of that? The real thing is to get out of it as quickly as possible. Mr. Seaton has friends who will come forward right away, just as soon as they know it; and that is why I want you to carry those letters ashore for me. Put them in your pocket—there's a good soul—and keep them till I ask for them, and Mr. Seaton will not be in this difficulty more than a few days. What it would be if I can not mail those letters at once, I really can not say."

Mrs. Ford slipped the letters into the pocket of her loose cloth jacket, and arranging with the under-stewardess, that she would be back as soon as possible, prepared to accompany Mrs. Seaton at once.

They reached the shore, and, landing at the custom-house wharf, as Mrs. Seaton had anticipated, a policeman instantly arrested her husband, who quietly walked off with him, after exchanging a significant glance with his wife. "I told you so," whispered she to Mrs. Ford, who had been a few steps behind, with the child in her arms, but who now drew

near, expecting to find the bereaved wife in great distress. Such, however, was not the case. Mrs. Seaton was far more composed than her companion, who felt too much frightened and puzzled to pay attention to any thing around her, or she would have observed the scrupulous care with which the baggage of these passengers was examined. Mrs. Seaton was actively engaged in opening her boxes. She paraded rather ostentatiously certain new articles of apparel, and drew the officer's attention to her silks and gloves.

"Oh, yes;" she said, quite carelessly, she knew she should have duty to pay for those things, and was quite ready to do so. She had no wish to smuggle—not she, indeed. The officer eyed her keenly through his half-closed eyes, and continued his examination with minute care, quite different from the usual process. Nothing, however, of importance seemed to be the result; the matter of duty was not very complicated, and when the necessary steps had been taken, Mrs. Seaton drew Mrs. Ford toward the great gate-way and prepared to quit the wharf in mental triumph.

"This way, if you please, ladies," said another officer, who now stepped forward to meet them. "We must trouble you to walk this way for a minute. Allow me"—and bowing and backing as if he had been groom of the Chambers, escorting a princess, he ushered them into a small room and closed the door.

Here stood two women whom the stewardess immediately recognized as female searchers, and somewhat startled at what had occurred, she said at once there must be some mistake; she was stewardess of the *City of* —, and was anxious to return on board at once, having come on shore only to carry Mrs. Seaton's baby.

"You shall go as soon as we have done with you," replied the searcher, with something of a sneer; "but whether on board or not, depends on other

matters. Come, its no use resisting," as Mrs. Ford tried to evade the hands which began at once to remove her outer clothing.

"It is no use, indeed," said Mrs. Seaton, who seemed to treat the whole thing with most serene philosophy, although any one who had watched her carefully would have seen an anxious glance at Mrs. Ford's cloth jacket. The searcher took it off, threw it on a bench, and Mrs. Seaton, with affected carelessness, immediately laid over it a large railway rug which she had on her arm. "My good Mrs. Ford, you and I know it will be useless to search either of us," she said. "We have not the first bit of smuggled goods about us; at least, I can answer for myself; and as for you, as I know you had no notion of coming ashore, except to carry Freddy, why, of course, you have not either. Freddy is not contraband, I suppose," she added, laughing; "so I guess these good ladies will have their trouble for their pains. Take it easy, do now; there's a good woman."

But it was no use saying "Take it easy," to Mrs. Ford. It must be an exceedingly unpleasant operation, I should imagine, being searched by a strange woman, who strips her victim in a cool, business-like way, regardless alike of shyness and delicacy. The stewardess knew that it was uncalled for, and felt it an insult. Even to passengers the thing is rarely done, unless under very suspicious circumstances; and she, having been so often in that port without ever passing through the searchers' hands, could not understand why she should now be subjected to this degradation. She would not submit quietly. She pushed away the coarse hands which intruded on her womanly feelings of delicacy. She shrank from the examination, she cried, she sobbed, she grew hysterical; and, her nervous excitement being mistaken for guilt, she was in consequence subjected to a more rigorous

examination. Every part of her clothing was felt; even her hair and her boots were examined, while each moment she became more painfully agitated, and her sobs and outcries grew louder.

The process was nearly completed, and she was about half-dressed again, when the uproar in the little room attracted attention without. For, added to Mrs. Ford's hysterical screams, were the remonstrances of the searchers, delivered in the highest key of a Yankee voice, the attempt at soothing on Mrs. Seaton's part, and the loud cries of Master Freddy, who would not be pacified after the strange hands of these women had meddled with his own little person. The noise arrested the attention of two persons passing by, who opened the door suddenly and looked in.

"What are you doing to my stewardess?" said the Captain of the *City of* —, who had recognized her voice.

"Oh, Captain Stebbit, Captain Stebbit!" she cried, as soon as she saw him. "See what they are doing to me; they've been searching me. Oh, what have I done? Oh, I am so ashamed!" Her voice was broken by sobs, and she was half-choked by her tears.

"Why, what's all the row about?" asked Captain Stebbit, who was the jolliest, most good-humored man in the world. "What has my stewardess been doing? She is no smuggler. Here," added he, turning to his companion, "your ship is close at hand; could you not step on board and bring us your stewardess. They are frightening Mrs. Ford into fits, and she needs a friend to look after her. You know Mrs. Lock very well; she shall come to you."

The summons to Mrs. Lock was answered by herself immediately, and in consequence of her presence, Mrs. Seaton, who had her own private anxiety about the letters in Mrs. Ford's pocket, had no chance to ask for them, for Mrs. Lock hurried her friend away on board

her own boat, and Mrs. Seaton was left to her own devices.

It was some time before Mrs. Ford recovered her equanimity. The disgrace which she felt had been put upon her made her absolutely ashamed to be seen, and even when good-humored Captain Stebbit paid her a visit, and joked with her about smugglers and searchers, she was too much overcome to reply.

Unconsciously that same evening she put her hands in her jacket-pockets, and, as she snatched them out, she exclaimed: "Good gracious! if I hav'nt got those letters still here that Mrs. Seaton gave me. What shall I do with them?"

"She will come for them, I expect," replied Mrs. Lock, when she had heard the story. "I would keep them till she does."

The next day Mrs. Ford had another unpleasant surprise. The saloon-steward of her own ship paid her a visit, having gossip about passengers to impart: "Do you know what happened to that friend of yours, that fellow, Seaton?"

"Yes; I know he was arrested. That is how I got into this trouble;" and Mrs. Ford proceeded to repeat to Mr. Park the particulars which Mrs. Seaton had confided to her.

"A very pretty story," laughed Mr. Park; "only it happens that none of it is true, but the arrest. He was caught, and detained on a charge of forgery."

The two stewardesses, dumb with the unexpected news, stared inquiringly at Mr. Park.

"Yes," continued he, "on a charge of belonging to a gang of forgers who have been passing counterfeit greenbacks. I suppose you know nothing about that, Mrs. Ford? Not an accomplice, hey?"

Mrs. Ford hesitated a moment, and then drawing from her pocket the letters intrusted to her, she showed them to the others, and asked what she had better do.

The steward examined their exterior for a moment; then, without any remark,

opened and read them in anxious silence, the two ladies looking on in a state of suspense. He had no sooner read them than he tore them carefully into the minutest fragments and scattered them out of the cabin-window, where the tiny morsels fluttered away, and were soon lost beyond all possibility of detection in the waters of the dock.

"What were they?" gasped Mrs. Ford, in great alarm.

"Evidences of his guilt, which, found on you, would have been considered proof you were an accomplice, and given you a share of his probable twenty years in the State's prison."

"Good gracious!" cried Mrs. Lock; "you don't say so! Why, my dear, what an escape you have had."

"Yes, indeed; what an escape. They were in my pocket when I was searched," said Mrs. Ford, faintly.

"Quite a providential occurrence," observed Mr. Park, as people are apt to say when they mean an occurrence for which there is special cause to be thankful. "I strongly advise you to say nothing about them to any one at present."

It is not quite clear in my own mind whether Mr. Park was justified in the course he pursued, or whether he ought not to have retained the letters, and handed them over to justice as evidence against the prisoner. He feared to compromise Mrs. Ford; but I have been assured that, in this case, if she had come forward with the evidence she possessed, and with a character so well known among the line to which she belonged, she would have come to no harm. However, they acted as they believed to be safest and best, and least likely to involve innocent parties; and according to the rule, that it is better the guilty should escape rather than that the innocent should suffer, it seemed the most prudent course to take.

"But now, look here," said Mrs. Ford, when the last morsel of paper had disap-

peared, "there's another thing of theirs I have;" and she told the story of the parcel which was still in her trunk.

"You must get rid of it, certainly," cried Mr. Park, in great alarm. "There is no telling what it may be. Get rid of it at once."

"But how? My box is locked, and I have the keys. Shall I go on board at once, and throw it out of the window?"

"No, no. It might lead to suspicion, if you went off in a hurry. If they think you are a confederate, you will be watched; and it would not do for me, either, to go and meddle with your trunk."

The three felt almost as if they were conspirators and forgers themselves, as they deliberated over what could be done to secure the parcel they believed so dangerous. Mrs. Lock and the steward, influenced by a not unnatural curiosity, were extremely anxious to inspect the mysterious package; but Mrs. Ford, who, in the event of discovery, was the one to fear the result, cared for nothing so much as being assured it was forever concealed from sight. Let it be what it would, all she desired was that it should be removed from the top of her trunk, and lodged safely at the bottom of the dock.

While they were considering ways and means, a messenger arrived from the *City of* —, the assistant stewardess having sent their cabin-boy to inquire for Mrs. Ford, and ask some question in the way of duty. This was a favorable opportunity. Mrs. Ford sent off her keys by the boy Albert, and requested Mr. Green, the cabin-steward, privately, to open her trunk, take the parcel lying on the top, and at once pitch it into the river. In due time, Albert brought back a message to say her orders had been complied with, and all was safe.

The evening after Mrs. Ford's return to her usual employment, Mr. Green, the steward, came to her, and, having ascertained that there was no one else present, produced the identical parcel

which she had believed was safely stowed away in the bed of the river.

"Oh, Mr. Green!" cried she, in perturbation, "why did you deceive me, and keep that dreadful thing?"

"How do you know it *is* a dreadful thing?" replied he. "I am sure, I don't; and I thought, before we threw it away, we would just see what it was all about. I will call Park, now, and we will just take a look before we make it leap over. We can throw it away any time."

To own the truth, Mrs. Ford herself, although perfectly convinced that the contents were equally dangerous and wicked, and very much afraid of being involved in some dreadful scrape, had yet so great a curiosity that she was not altogether unwilling to proceed to an investigation. So, when Park joined them, they unfastened the cord and opened the package.

"Hum, I thought so," said Mr. Green, as they unwrapped a copper-plate for printing forged ten-dollar notes.

"I don't understand what it is," said Mrs. Ford, as she contemplated it.

Mr. Green explained, and added, that he had understood Seaton belonged to a regular gang, who were waiting for his arrival, with this plate, to proceed over the boundary to Canada, where they intended to establish their head-quarters, whence they could conveniently circulate these false notes.

"And so that is the spool he intended to make, the villain!" said Mrs. Ford. "He was nearly making a very tangled skein for me, I am sure. Let's toss it overboard."

"Don't be in a hurry," said Mr. Green, "Look here; this man is in prison now, and they want to find evidence. If you produce this, you will convict him at once; if you destroy it, you allow him, perhaps, to go at large."

"But if I produce it, they will take me for an accomplice, and I may be lynched, or hanged, or imprisoned for

life," exclaimed Mrs. Ford. "No, no. I will run no risks of the sort. Who knows what trouble I might have!"

"She would certainly be detained here after we sail," said Mr. Park, "and so lose her situation, perhaps; or, at any rate, have a whole peck of trouble; and, being English, I think she might, likely enough, have some difficulty in establishing her perfect innocence. I would throw it away, and say nothing, if I were she." So the dangerous article was tossed out of the window, and fell with a splash into the waters of the dock, where it no doubt reposes in the mud at this day.

Had Mr. Green's advice been followed, Mr. Seaton (who, it appeared, had a few other *aliases* for suitable occasions) would not have been discharged in one week, as he actually was, in default of evidence, and set at liberty to begin some other fraudulent action.

It was not till after his discharge that Mrs. Ford ventured to put her foot ashore, so terribly was she alarmed, lest she should be, in some way, involved in his guilt. But one evening, a few days before the *City of* — was to start, she did venture into the city, under the escort of Mrs. Lock. To her great surprise, as they were walking up Broadway, they met Mrs. Seaton herself, who, instead of trying to avoid her, stopped and spoke to her. There was not much cordiality on the part of the English woman; but Mrs. Seaton was perfectly composed and very friendly, and assured her that it had all come about just as she had expected. Her husband had been set at liberty, and was now quite well, and so was Freddy; and she would be glad if the stewardess would come and see them; and would she bring that little parcel she left with her on board the steamer? Mrs. Ford looked her full in the face, equally amazed at her audacity, and enraged at the injury so nearly done to herself.

"If you wish for that parcel," she replied, as soon as she could speak, "you must look for it at the bottom of the dock, for you will find it in no box of mine."

A dark expression passed over Mrs. Seaton's face, as she answered: "Do you mean you threw it away, woman? How dared you do so to my property?"

"And how dared you give me your forgeries and cheats to take care of, Mrs. Seaton? How dared you try to bring me into your scrapes? I am not at all obliged to you, I can tell you, and don't ever wish to sail in the same boat with you again."

"Hush, hush!" said Mrs. Seaton, frightened at her language, and glancing at her companion. "Don't talk of forgeries, pray; there's no occasion to be angry; you have been in no danger; you are quite mistaken."

"I have been in danger, and I am not mistaken; and Mrs. Lock knows as well as I, what that parcel was. And we threw it out into the dock, having no mind at all to be concerned in your business. So you will never see it again."

"And if you knew what it was, were you really such a fool as to throw it away? Why, you might have made your fortune by it. We would have given you any share of the profits you liked to name, to get it back; and you have really lost such a chance!"

"I don't want any shares, either in your profits or your prisons, Mrs. Seaton," exclaimed the stewardess, strong in indignant and outraged honesty. "I should have been far more likely to have one than the other, and I should have deserved it, besides, as much as you."

"Well, you are a fool, with your honesty," said Mrs. Seaton, with an impertinent laugh. "You have thrown away a chance you will not have again in a hurry, I can tell you." And, so saying, she walked away. Nor have they ever met since.

THE OREGON INDIANS.

PART I.

WHERE I am sitting, I look out over a wigwam of the Clatsop Indians, a tribe formerly inhabiting a portion of country to the south of the mouth of the Columbia River. It is a wretched affair, being a hut formed of upright slabs, containing one room, with a small shed at one end. Smoke is issuing from every crevice; dirt and discomfort are the most striking features of the place. An Indian woman, with a flattened head, with hair cut short (on account of the death of a relative), and the most repulsive of filthy cotton gowns upon her greasy person, is squatting on the ground outside. At a little distance from the hut, is a scaffolding erected for the drying of salmon. Indian dogs are snarling among the offal. Altogether, it is not an agreeable view.

Yesterday I walked in that direction, with some friends. The owner of the wigwam, or, in the Clatsop language, *tothl*, was leaning on the fence inclosing his residence, and we stopped to converse with him. The reader must not infer that the fence was of his building, for it was not. He had squatted, temporarily, in the place, because it suited his convenience during the fishing season. The dress of this Clatsop was decent, and after the fashion of white men; so we inquired if he was a chief. Yes, he was "*hyas tyee*—all same as Boston-men call Captain."

A gentleman of our party, who knew this Indian Captain very well, informed us that he was quite a genius in his way: could carve out of wood the image of any beast or bird, and make the most graceful little canoes, in the same way.

After some further talk, which on his side was conducted in indifferent English, the party walked on. No sooner were the ladies out of ear-shot, than the Captain began calling and making signs to the before-mentioned gentleman, who finally turned back to inquire what was wanted, and presently rejoined us, laughing gleefully.

"What do you think the Captain wanted with me?" said he. "But to take a drink with him, telling me, in the most confidential manner, with a sly glance toward the ladies, that he had some whisky in the lodge, which was at my service."

"You drank with him, of course, seeing he is *hyas tyee*?"

"No; I told him, as soon as I got away from the ladies, I would, and that satisfied him; for he seems to understand that gentlemen, like himself and me, must be careful what we do before ladies."

I laughed a good deal at this incident, but an afterthought made me sad. Is the effect of our system of civilization to impart to the savage only its vices? So it would seem, to the observer of Indian character and history in Oregon. The Protestant religion, and the Republican form of government, are held to be the highest forms of government and religion; but will they benefit the savage, who has gone through no preliminary schooling under other and less advanced forms? The very serious question, of what to do with the Indians, is to be determined by settling this matter. A careful study of Indian character and history may assist us in the conclusion.

There is a great amount of false sentiment, mixed with a very small amount of knowledge, in the minds of those who have the direction of this troublesome question; and as long as the General Government has money to waste on Indian Agencies, and Missionary Boards to support Indian missions, the evil will remain. The history of the Oregon Indians fully establishes the fallacy of dealing with them according to the established precedents.

When the first trading-ship entered the Columbia River, its shores were bordered with Indian villages, from the Capes to the Cascades, and from the Cascades to the Dalles; and so on, to its sources. They were well clad in skins and cloth made of cedar-bark. They had abundance of food, in the game which the land and water supplied, besides roots and berries in ample variety. In all respects, they were a prosperous and contented, though a savage, race.

The settlement of the fur companies in their midst dated the commencement of the destruction which has come upon them so overwhelmingly. Gradually, diseases, with whose character they were previously entirely unacquainted, and vices, of which, as savages, they had heretofore been innocent, were introduced among them. Then followed epidemics, caused by the malaria arising from the breaking of the ground by the whites for agricultural purposes. In the year 1829, five years subsequent to the settlement of Vancouver by the Hudson Bay Company, thirty thousand natives were estimated to have died from malarial fever in the Columbia River and Willamette valleys, west of the Cascade Mountains.

The Indians understood nothing of the cause, or the treatment, of the disease; and, although the gentlemen at the Fort did all they could to save life, yet with such numbers needing assistance, and with the native ignorance and

superstition against them, very little, comparatively, could be effected. From this period on, the Indians of Oregon have decimated with astonishing rapidity. Well may they say, that they are like the snow that the sun melts from the hill-side, while the Whites who replace them are like the grass that follows the melting of the snow.

In 1832, when Nathaniel Wyeth visited Oregon, with the view of establishing a salmon-fishery on the Columbia, he built an establishment, which he named Fort William, on Wappatoo, or Sauvie's, Island, on the side bounded by the Lower Willamette River. Both the island and the opposite shore of the main-land are fertile and beautiful, made richly productive by the annual overflow of the Columbia. The island was especially prized by the Indians, on account of a root called *wappatoo*, which grows in great abundance on it, and is highly esteemed by them for food. In 1832, Wyeth found some villages bordering on this portion of the Willamette, that still numbered a thousand warriors. Estimating that there was one warrior to a family of five, it will be seen how populous must have been this portion of western Oregon.

But populous as it then was, it was desolate compared to what it had been ten years before. All along those fertile shores were abandoned villages. So close together were they, that a rifle-ball might have been shot from one into the other, and they were built of huts three or more tiers deep. When Wyeth saw them, only the bones of the victims of the pestilence were to be found in these deserted habitations. There is little hope for the paleontologists who are looking for the bones of pre-Adamite man, when a lapse of only forty years has effectually effaced all traces of the thousands of skeletons that lined the river banks of Oregon just previous to its colonization by American settlers.

The advent among the Indians of missionaries, in 1835, did not improve their condition. Of the few who could be induced to alter their nomadic habits, nearly all died. The children and young persons taken into the mission-school, although they displayed an aptitude for learning, and even seemed to comprehend the vital truths of Christianity, perished like wild-wood flowers set in the sunny parterres of a garden. The causes are evident: change of diet, change of dress, and malarial poisons from the upturned sods of the mission-farm. The missionaries themselves suffered much from intermittent fever and chills; but the disease proved fatal to the Indians, while the White Men's constitutions were able to throw it off. By this time, too, a worse than malarial poison was working in the veins of the natives, resulting from their intercourse with a vicious class of men—the dregs of white races—floated to these shores, by chance, in trading-ships, or seeking here adventure more exciting than civilized countries afforded. From these causes—to which may be added the deprivation of their old means of abundant subsistence, and natural habits and recreations—the Oregon Indians have been reduced from many to few.

The valley of the Columbia, west of the Cascades, and the Willamette and other valleys of western Oregon, contained, fifty years ago, a native population numbering between two and three hundred thousand. The last census places the sum total of the Indian population of western Oregon at two thousand five hundred and fifty-one. Adding to these the few hundreds on the Washington Territory side of the river, we may have three thousand. A loss like this is really astounding. Averaging the numbers who have died in the last fifty years, we have nearly six thousand deaths annually. Truly, they are like the snow on the hill-side, which the sun is shining on.

The Indians of western Oregon are now nearly all settled on reservations, according to treaties formed, at various times, since the Indian war of 1855-6-7. Through the kindness of Mr. Woodworth, of the Indian Superintendency at Salem, the following statistics have been furnished, giving the names and numbers of the tribes on the several reservations:

GRAND RONDE RESERVATION.

<i>Name of Tribe.</i>	<i>No.</i>	<i>Name of Tribe.</i>	<i>No.</i>
Clackamas	55	Calapooyas	42
Molallas	74	Santiam.....	125
Wappatoo	60	Mary's River.....	49
Yamhill	47	Tum-Water.....	78
Luckiamute	36	Salmon River.....	36
Umpqua	189	Nestuckah.....	55
Chasta.....	51	Tillamook.....	83
Cow Creek	45	Clatsop.....	56
Rogue River.....	60	Nehalim	28

The last-mentioned four tribes are not on the reservation, but are scattered along the coast, north of Grand Ronde, to the mouth of the Columbia. They subsist principally by fishing, and live in the manner described at the commencement of this article.

Grand Ronde Reservation lies in a fertile valley among the foot-hills of the coast mountains, in Yamhill County, and contains about three townships. It was purchased from white settlers, in 1855. The nature of the soil is only moderately well adapted to grain-growing, but for vegetables and the hardier fruits is excellent. The Indians on this reservation are well-disposed, and are pretty well advanced in agricultural knowledge. An enrollment is now being made, preparatory to an allotment of land to them in severalty, as a means of making them self-supporting. For the present, they subsist partly by the cultivation of the earth, and partly by Government aid. They can find remunerative employment upon the farms in the Willamette Valley, during the harvest season, and for a great portion of the year besides; but their proneness to wander, and the diffi-

culty of getting them back upon the reservation, make inadvisable any attempt to utilize their labor in their present state of semi-civilization.

What was formally known as the Coast Reservation extended, originally, about one hundred miles in length, south from Cape Lookout, and of an average breadth of twenty miles. By an Executive order, about twenty miles out of the centre of the Coast Reservation (now known as the Yaquina Bay country) was thrown open for settlement. Thus divided, it forms two reservations, under the names of Siletz and Alseya, between which the remaining tribes of Indians are divided, as follows :

SILETZ RESERVATION.

Name of Tribe.	No.	Name of Tribe.	No.
Rogue River.....	91	Chetcoes	76
Chasta, Scoton, and Umpquas.....	57	Coquille and Port Or- ford.....	218
Joshuas	118	Sixes and Euchres.....	136
Chasta Costa.....	101	Nolt-nat-nahs	77
Toot-oot-en-ays.....	97	Mac-en-oot-en-ays...	41

ALSEYA SUB-AGENCY.

Name of Tribe.	No.	Name of Tribe.	No.
Coos.....	136	Siuselaw.....	69
Umpqua.....	52	Alseya	113

That portion of the Coast Reservation lying on the Alseya River is fertile, and well liked by the Indians settled upon it. Game and fish are abundant, and the climate healthful and agreeable.

The Indians on the Siletz Reservation are remnants of the most warlike tribes of western Oregon. The California reader will, no doubt, recognize the names of several of them as having been most active in the Indian war of southern Oregon and northern California. How are the mighty fallen, since the Chastas, Rogue River, and Cow Creek Indians sent terror into the hearts of all the white settlers! or since the days when they and the Umpquas made traveling through their country, even for the purpose of trading for furs, a dangerous undertaking! Owing to their natural savagery, their progress on the reservation has

been slow; but twelve years of domestication have brought them to a condition where it is thought practicable to divide up the land among them—for which purpose an enrollment is now being made. Those on the Sub-Agency of Alseya are quiet and friendly, taking more kindly to agriculture, but are not independent of Government aid.

By studying a map of the State, and observing the names of the rivers and streams, it will be noticed that the various tribes have taken their names, or that the rivers originally derived their titles from the tribes inhabiting their shores. A critical observation will also lead to the conclusion that, in proportion as the several tribes occupied a country near the Columbia, so had their numbers decreased, until, when you arrive at the Columbia itself, there ceases to be a tribe to correspond with the stream once populous with a now extinct people. Of the Multnomahs, who once lived upon the banks of the lower Willamette (called by the Indians, Multnomah), not a soul survives. Other smaller streams, like the Sandy, the Clakenine, and the Scappoose, have no representatives left; while of the thousands who, half a century ago, lived, loved, dug *camas* and *wappatoo*, and caught salmon, on the lovely Wappatoo Island, only sixty now remain, and they are on a reservation set apart for them in common with the tribes with whom they were once accustomed to war over little neighborly disputes, like those immensely more moral people, their betters.

Of the Nehalims, near the mouth of the Columbia, twenty-eight remain; and of the Clatsops, fifty-six. Those tribes, living intermediate between the Columbia River and the mining region of southern Oregon and northern California, have suffered least. If any Eastern man or woman whose thoughts turn Oregonward is deterred by fear of Indian wars or depredations, he or she should be

privileged to behold the utter humiliation of these western tribes. The contemplation of so much abject degradation would almost make them wish for the return of savage strength and valor. Not that I am sensational or sympathetic on the Indian question. Decidely, I am not. But may we not live and learn?

The extinguishment of the native populations has not gone on with quite the same rapidity east of the Cascades as west: a fact which is undoubtedly owing to the Indian wars which drove the Whites from their country, and kept them out of it for a number of years, until the Government had made treaties with the different tribes owning it. Some other local circumstances were also in favor of their superior preservation: such as a more healthful climate, and inexhaustible pastures for their horses and cattle, which meant inexhaustible means of living, so long as they occupied these pastures.

Of the once powerful tribes of eastern Oregon, there remain to-day 3,989, divided as follows:

WARM SPRINGS RESERVATION.

<i>Name of Tribe.</i>	<i>No.</i>	<i>Name of Tribe.</i>	<i>No.</i>
Wasco.....	253	Des Chutes.....	57
Warm Springs.....	229	Pitt River.....	29
Tenino.....	95	John Day.....	15
Snake.....	9		

UMATILLA RESERVATION.

<i>Name of Tribe.</i>	<i>No.</i>	<i>Name of Tribe.</i>	<i>No.</i>
Umatillas.....	302	Walla Walla.....	201
Cayuse.....	334	<i>Off the Reserve</i>	785

KLAMATH RESERVATION.

<i>Name of Tribe.</i>	<i>No.</i>	<i>Name of Tribe.</i>	<i>No.</i>
Klamaths.....	580	Snakes.....	358
Modocs.....	107	<i>Not on Reserve</i>	635

The before-mentioned rule applies to these tribes, in the matter of self-preservation; those farthest from contact with the Whites are still the most numerous.

Warm Springs Reservation is situated at the base of the Cascade Range, sixty miles south of Dalles City, and takes its name from a cluster of hot springs

in the neighborhood. The reservation is poor and worthless, and can never be made to support the Indians settled upon it. They are, therefore, actually life-pensioners upon the bounty of the United States Government, just so long as they or their descendants are compelled to occupy these volcanic wastes. A slight attempt at agriculture is made in the bottoms of a small stream which comes down from Mount Jefferson; but it is principally by fishing, at the Dalles, that these Indians are at all self-supporting.

The Klamath Reservation, on the eastern shore of Middle Klamath Lake, although containing much waste country, is a better one than the Warm Springs. It comprises about fifty miles square, and is rolling, without being mountainous. It is covered pretty generally with a fine growth of pine timber, and is well adapted to the present habits of the Indians lately placed upon it, as it abounds in game, roots, fish, and all the ordinary provisions of the wandering natives of the soil. There is some marsh-land on this reservation; also, some rich bottom-land, and an abundance of fine spring water. The altitude, however, is so great that cold will always interfere with successful farming; yet agriculture is being taught as best it may be. The Indians on this reservation have heretofore given a great deal of trouble, by massacres of emigrants and miners, and by running off stock. Once in the fastnesses of the Blue Mountains, or hidden in the long grass of the extensive marshes of south-eastern Oregon, it was impossible to find or punish them. But a well-planned and executed winter campaign, when the heavy snows prevented their escaping to the mountains, brought them to terms; and now they are conducting themselves in a friendly enough manner, both on and off the reservation. Indeed, why should they not? Those off the reservation receive military aid at Camp Harney. A Snake, a Klamath, or

a Modoc asks nothing but to be fed and clothed. They are no longer powerful enough to subsist by robbery. The Whites are closing them in on every side, and there is no longer any alternative but extinction or life upon the reservations. Old Pauline, an eminent chief, did indeed declare himself more willing to die than to come under White rule; but the counsels of his friends, both White and Indian, were at length suffered to prevail. Smoko-eller, another chief, whose English *cognomen* would be "The Dreamer," still prophesies a restoration of the Red Men to power in the Snake country; but when it is considered that all the three once numerous tribes of the Klamath and Snake countries, in Oregon, do not now number two thousand, his forlorn hope becomes a dream, indeed.

The Umatillas, Walla Wallas, and Cayuses, not on the reservation, are scattered along the Columbia, from the Dalles to Priest's Rapids, and subsist by fishing, hunting, and root-digging, receiving no Government aid, and preferring a vagabond independence to the restraints of even a half-civilization.

The Umatilla Reservation is the best in Oregon, lying in the beautiful valley of the Umatilla River, between the Blue Mountains and the Columbia River—a country well adapted to agriculture along the streams, and furnishing the finest stock-range in the State. It has always been a favorite country with the tribes claiming it, and was often spoken of by the earliest white travelers to Oregon. The Indians who inhabited it were rich in horses, and lived generously on game, fish, and roots. It was not at all uncommon for a chief to own a herd of five hundred horses, which, in addition to their usefulness as beasts of burden, became available for food in severe winters, when game was scarce.

In their present condition, these Indians are still much better off than the

tribes before enumerated. They cultivate nine hundred acres of land, own ten thousand horses, fifteen hundred head of cattle, one hundred and fifty hogs, and seventy-five sheep. Their farming is generally poor—that is, compared to skilled White farming. Such is the fertility of portions of the valley, however, that, at some of the agricultural fairs, the Umatilla Indians have taken prizes for the best specimens of garden vegetables. A few of the Indians on this reservation make good progress toward civilization, in learning as well as industry. Still, although they are the most hopeful of the Oregon Indians, they are generally only savages yet. A part of the blame for this rests upon the Government, or its agents, for the manner in which the terms of the treaties are kept.

At the late council, held at the Umatilla Reservation, for the purpose of negotiating with the Indians for the purchase of their lands, the Chief of the Cayuses, How-lish Wam-po, spoke as follows:

"I know your business. We had a great talk—council—with Governor Stevens and General Palmer; heard them talk. They promised us as much money as three mules could pack. I know not what has become of that money they promised us. We were to have large and good houses, and I see none of these things. He told us we were to have this reservation for twenty years, and then look out for ourselves. We came, and have been here for eleven years. I see nothing of what he promised. We hear what you say about our land; you want to buy it; but we don't want to sell it; it is to me as my mother's milk. This little home left me is good. This reservation was marked out for us. We are working; doing our own work. I know you ask us for our land. Were you to buy it, I know not that you would pay us as you may promise. Our stock has to feed here on our land, and I want it left

here for us—for our stock. That land we sold Governor Stevens the White people now have, while we have left for ourselves but very little land. The other reservations are full of people. The Nez Percés live on theirs; the Yakimas on theirs; and many live at the Warm Springs. They are at home, and so am I; so are we. I can not let my land—the reservation—go. This is all I have now to say.”

In reply to Superintendent Meachem's suggestion that they might be pleased with the country in some other part of Oregon or Washington, We-nap-snoot, Chief of the Umatillas, said:

“I want to say a few words. I have seen the mouth of the Yakima with my own eyes—the Snake country, the Warm Springs Reservation, the Simcoe, and all these, with my own eyes—and none of these suits me.”

And How-lish Wam-po again rejoined:

“I wish to show you chiefs what I have in my heart. Governor Stevens promised me a house like the White Chiefs have. He promised me a good White Man doctor; a good blacksmith; a good school-teacher; a carpenter; a man to teach us farming. We were to have a mill, etc. We were to have a hospital for our sick people. Now, my White Chiefs, I see none of these things. Where are they? I see a small church here, where some of my children go to school. For my house—that was to be like the White Chiefs'—I have a small, worthless, rotten log-cabin, no better than a White Man's hog-pen. We-nap-snoot's house is also no better than a hog-pen. Hom-li's house is no better. I live in an Indian house of mats, in place of the house promised. Mr. Barnhart buried our dead naked in coffins. Under his administration, when we came to the blacksmith-shop for work or repairs, we were driven away. Our broken guns and wagons, left for repairs,

remained untouched. White Men monopolized the shop. Their work was done at once, and ours left undone.”

This reminds me of the plaintive reproach of the Sioux Chief, at the Cooper Institute: “They promised my father that they would show him the road that the White Men walked in, that he might lead his people in it. *But he died an old man, in a blanket; and you see me still looking for the road, and never finding it.*”

It is apparently as difficult for the White Man as the Red, to apprehend the immense distance between savagery and enlightenment. Hence the promise on one side, and the trust on the other: both to be betrayed. With the very best intentions, there must be failure of great expectations in this matter of civilizing the Indians in a generation. But with little or no effort in this direction, with dishonest and avaricious agents to stand between the Government and the Indians, only evil results may be anticipated. It is of the “best intentions,” however, that I shall give an example; and to make it effective, shall choose one that was afforded by the Indians now living on the Umatilla Reservation—quite the most intelligent, naturally, of any in Oregon.

Early in 1833, a notice appeared in the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, to the effect that two youths of the Flathead tribe of Indians, from beyond the Rocky Mountains, had come all the long distance to St. Louis, to inquire about the White Man's God, and the Christian's Book. The fact was made to seem not only truly touching, by saying that these boys had traveled all that distance on foot, but rather miraculous, inasmuch as it was not stated how these savages from beyond the Rocky Mountains had discovered the existence of either of the objects of their inquiry, nor how they had been able to communicate their wishes to the Whites.

The report was made to excite great enthusiasm in the Christian mind, then much exercised on the subject of missions; and it resulted in the sending of missionaries, not only to the Flatheads, but among other tribes in what are now Oregon, Washington, and Idaho. Stripped of its singular and miraculous features, the story of the Flathead boys was simple enough. From the trappers in the Rocky Mountains, the Indians had derived already many ideas about the White Man's God, when in 1832, Captain Bonneville, a man of fine religious feeling, was engaged in trading among the Flatheads and Nez Percés. Irving relates, in his "Adventures of Captain Bonneville," the talks which the good Captain used to hold with the Indians, who crowded into his tent every evening, and listened with silent earnestness to his explanations of the Christians' God, and the means by which White Men had been made acquainted with His will.

As every year the fur companies traveled to St. Louis for goods, returning in time for the summer rendezvous, and as the traders were usually accompanied by their Indian wives and children, and also occasionally by some of the young men of the different friendly tribes, nothing was more natural than that these two Indian boys should have gone to St. Louis. I am not saying that a newly awakened interest in the God of the White Man was not the motive of their visit. I think very likely that it was: because an Indian accounts for every thing by some kind of spirit or deity; and, doubtless, these boys having heard what the White Man's Deity could do, wanted to see for themselves the proofs of His power. But I am constrained to declare that they did not go on foot, as the dangers of the country, and the necessity for dispatch, required the fur companies to be well mounted. It was a simple enough incident, but it produced noteworthy results.

In 1834, the Methodist Church sent out men who settled in the Willamette Valley; and in 1836, two gentlemen and their wives, with an unmarried lay member, settled among the Indians of the upper country, by order of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. A preliminary visit the preceding year had prepared the Indians for the reception of these missionaries, and a cordial reception was given them. There was mutual enthusiasm and hope of great things in the meeting. But mark what followed. Eleven years after this joyful meeting, these same Indians massacred most horribly the Superintendent of the Missions, together with his wife, and a dozen or more American emigrants, and took captive the women and children belonging to the murdered men.

The verdict to be rendered in this case, is that one familiar to us when railroad trains have collided: "Nobody to blame." I know there has been an effort made to fix the blame on a certain religious denomination; but although I am every inch a Protestant, I feel how wrong it is to attribute the events of that time to any one cause, even allowing that the Catholic fathers *were* one cause, which is doubtful. From the nature of the Indians, the nature of the Whites, and the pressure of circumstances all together, it was simply inevitable. Happening just when it did, it hastened the action of Government in extending its protection to distant Oregon, and thus served to avert, for a time, an Indian war, which was certain to come sooner or later, and which finally did come in 1855, through the criminal disregard of justice by one of the Indian Agents.

I am glad that Dr. Whitman, the Superintendent and Director of the Missions in the upper country, was a man without fear and without reproach, and that his assistants, generally, were good

men, doing the best they could according to the light in which they walked. Had he, or any of them, been bad men, there would then be no need of explanation, nor any force in the example they furnish. Or had Dr. Whitman known what I know, or any thoughtful student of history may now know, he would never have gone to settle among the Cayuses; or, having gone, would not have allowed other Whites to gather about him.

An Indian is an almost purely material being, and must be treated as such. Suppose we call him a grown-up child. As such, he is far slower and more difficult of spiritual education than one who is a child in years; because, while his soul is undeveloped and his spiritual nature yet unborn, his animal passions and material instincts exist in full force, together with the sagacity to employ them for mischief. To address to him the language of a spiritual religion at the outset, must, in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, fail of producing any favorable result.

The misunderstandings which arose between the Cayuses and their truly conscientious teacher, were the natural barriers which must occur in pursuing a course founded upon any other supposition than this. It is useless to offer the savage what he does not require. What he does require is material aid, economical instruction, and through these will come, in their own good time, the need and the desire for higher things.

To state it briefly: The savages of the country roamed over by trappers observed for themselves that White Men were their superiors in the arts of self-subsistence and self-defense. They saw that the Whites had superior arms, more comfortable dress; that they possessed articles of use in trapping which

were made out of metals; that they had knives, tobacco, combs, ribbons, gay-colored blankets—every thing to tempt the savage taste; and, moreover, that they possessed a wonderful amount of knowledge. Now, this knowledge was what they coveted along with, and more than all, these other things.

Among themselves superior gifts make a man either a chief or a great "medicine;" and the Great Spirit, in either case, confers the superior qualities, which all recognize. If the best *their* Great Spirit could do was to confer only Indian knowledge, the inference was plain that it was desirable to become acquainted with a more powerful God, like the God of the White Man. Hence their anxiety to have missionary teaching, and their willingness to conform to whatever rules the missionaries laid down, or to observe any forms of worship enjoined upon them as a means of propitiating the favor of the Christian's Deity.

In the hope of the results that were to follow, both missionaries and Indians labored assiduously for a few years. Yet the Indians never lost sight of the fact that it was only *as teachers* that they desired the Whites among them. Their experience with other Whites than the missionaries had shown them that they were always at a disadvantage in transactions with the superior race. The precepts of the Christian religion they failed to reconcile to the practice of men who claimed to worship the Christian's God. Two or three years of observation and comparison enabled them to pick flaws in the administration of the Christian laws. From being a very indifferent critic of a moral law, the Indian came to be a dangerous one, because he judged by the letter of the law only.

ALMOST.

Some time, amid the pauses of our care and strife,
Comes a solemn yearning for a nobler life—
For some deeper purpose, for a light divine,
O'er our darkened pathway some pure star to shine.

And we almost catch the meaning life portrays ;
Almost lose, in adoration, life's dark days ;
Almost see the end triumphant drawing nigh—
See the signs of victory bending from the sky ;

Almost grasp the secret of eternal things ;
Almost see the gleaming of immortal wings ;
Almost hear the answer to our longing cry ;
Almost know the wherefore to our ceaseless why ;

Almost — But hereafter, O glad soul of mine !
Reap the full fruition of this cross of thine ;
Know what now but darkly through the glass appears ;
Find the perfect answer to thy woe and tears.

Courage, then, faint-hearted pilgrim ! With the blest,
At life's weary ending, cometh peaceful rest !
After life's long supplication, heaven is sweet !
After life's great tribulation, joy complete !

THE LANGUAGE OF CONFUCIUS.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ, in his preface to the treatise of Messrs. Gliddon and Nott, on "The Indigenous Races," remarks: "Let any one follow, upon a map, the geographical distribution of the bears, the cats, the hollow-horned ruminants, the gallinaceous birds, the ducks, or of any other families, and he may trace, as satisfactorily as any philological evidence can prove it for the human language, and upon a much larger scale, that the brumming of the bears of Kamtchatka is akin to that of the bears of Thibet, of the East Indies, of Nepaul, of Syria, of Europe, of Siberia, of the United States, of the

Rocky Mountains, and of the Andes, though all these bears are considered as distinct species, who have not any more inherited their voice one from the other than the different races of men. . . . Let any philologist study these facts, and learn, at the same time, how independent the animals are one from the other, which utter such closely allied systems of intonation, and, if he be not altogether blind to the significance of analogies in Nature, he must begin to question the reliability of philological evidence as proving genetic derivation."

This is a good statement of the shallow objection to the theory of the com-

mon origin of mankind, which the philologists have sought to demonstrate, not from any likeness in the sounds of human languages, but from their common inheritances of root-words. But if we were to accept this touch-stone of the learned Professor, we should have much difficulty in housing the Chinese under the common roof of humanity. If the remotest trace of the kinship of the Chinese with the other races of the globe depended on the establishment of their community with the same in systems of intonation (in root-words, either), we should be obliged to abandon all attempts to prove John Chinaman a human being, and relegate him to the monkeys. He has more affinity with the birds of heaven than with mankind, in the musical and multitudinous tones of his spoken speech; and as for his written speech, it is scarcely possible to conceive of any thing more hopelessly random and oracular, unless, indeed, we were gifted with the power to

"Float at pleasure through all natures,
The bird language rightly spell,
And that which roses say so well;"

and should then proceed to write down, with a separate character for each, all the sounds uttered by all the birds, all the beasts, and all the fishes with which we are acquainted, and then unite them in one language. There are symbols enough in the Chinese richly to furnish with alphabets all the languages that have been propagated since the downfall of Babel, yet it has no alphabet of its own; and there are enough tone-combinations in it to endow all the tongues of Europe and America, including even the uncouth Welsh and Apache, and leave a generous surplus where-with might be constructed a dialect for the poor dumb fishes. It is a fine, soft-voiced organ, with a million stops; touch any one you please, and there will issue from it some different, and yet sweet, tone.

And yet, strange as it may seem, every tone is inseparably attached to a given character—at least, to any particular meaning of that character—and is not to be changed by any passing caprice of mind. To sum it all in a word, in Chinese the tone generally gives the meaning, while in English the meaning gives the tone. Thus the word *wo*, with the rising or questioning tone, means "I;" but with the falling or despairing inflection, it denotes "hunger." So the word *ngo*, spoken with a long, even voice, signifies "goose;" but with the falling inflection, "I." This is a source of infinite perplexity to the foreigner. There are five tones in all, and as every word has all its syllables accented, there are twenty-five permutations possible, and in constant use. How awkward to an American, for instance, to give the falling accent to the first syllable, and the rising to the last. It is a continual vocal teeter, though it must be acknowledged, that, in the mouth of a Chinaman, it is a rather musical teeter.

But, then, to be allowed no change of accent for the variations of human passion, how cramped and constrained! Enraged, joyful, melancholy, despairing, laughing, exalted with the sublime, or appalled with terror—whatever mood of mind the machine-like Chinaman may be in—still the same inflexible and unalterable words trickle along, with the precise accents, only louder or lower, with the inexorableness of Fate or of a hand-organ. Although there is music in it, still it is always the same low, passionless, melancholy music, as of a race of slaves or of eunuchs, wearisome at length, because it drones on the same for evermore. No rising accent for a question, no falling accent of despair, unless they should so happen from the words employed. Relentless and unimpassioned as the working out of a problem in algebra, it streams evenly on and on, just as that great empire which gave

its birth has glided down the track of time for fifty centuries, always the same; or like that sad, and hopeless, and inexorable religion of the Chinese Rationalists, which teaches that the human race will advance from one transmigration to another, through lower forms of life in succession, until they issue out in annihilation, and are swallowed up and lost in the Infinite Reason.

True, it is full of chattering and tattling utterance: curious, rapid flights of voice over a number of vowel sounds, some of which it seems to dive under, and some to jump over, until it alights suddenly on one, which is crooned out in a sing-song as protracted as four or five, and with unnumbered subtle and (in English) inexpressible tones, which are to our clumsy and thumping English as the exquisite mechanism of a watch is to a trip-hammer engine. How hopelessly rude our language is for the conveyance of those marvelous subtleties of accent! But all this chattering is only the merest rippling and wavelets of cat's-paws on an ocean of speech, which is never, like the English, tumultuously and stormily upheaved in the billows of eloquence, or with the wild tossings of poetry.

I return to my first metaphor: Chinese is the hand-organ of linguistic music. And it seems to me their singing—at least, to any one whose love of humanity is not wholly overslaughed by a superfine nervousness, and who can, therefore, overlook their thin, monotonous whining for the sake of the human nature which lies behind it—is the saddest and most melancholy I ever heard. It is like the wail of an infinite and hopeless despair.

I should not have presumed to make even these few superficial remarks, had I not lately been making some studies in the ancient and mysterious language of the Middle Kingdom; and I write for the purpose of dissuading any one who

might possibly be so inclined from following my foolhardy example.

To begin at the beginning. In learning English, a child commences with letters, but the elementary things in Chinese are syllables, because what we should call letters are full-fledged words. Instead of our twenty-six letters, the Chinese has about five hundred syllables, and these are combined together, in an almost unlimited permutation, to form their fifty or sixty thousand words, each represented by a separate character. From the paucity of their syllables, they have to give them many significations. Thus, for instance, Rev. S. R. Brown informs us that the syllable *chae* has two hundred and twelve meanings; *ching*, a hundred and thirteen, etc. Hence, if one Chinaman says to another simply *chae*, he may mean any one of two hundred and twelve things, which is practically nothing; and he has, therefore, in order to limit it somewhere, to speak another syllable of kindred signification, either before or after it. These two syllables (sometimes three) he utters so quickly together, that they form one word as much as in English, which fact makes it inaccurate to call Chinese a monosyllabic language. In other words, the arrangement of the syllables in English is invariable; so that, in case of the word "incomprehensibility," for instance, we can not write any two of the syllables together to form a new word; whereas the Chinese (supposing it had so long a word, though it very seldom has one of more than three syllables) could pick it to pieces, and make perhaps a dozen, or two dozen, new words. It is hardly too much to say that a Chinaman can unite together any two of the five hundred syllables which have any kinship in meaning, and make an intelligible word.

Let me use a homely illustration. Suppose two Chinamen sit down on opposite sides of a table, one of them with

five hundred blocks, smeared with glue at both ends. He might pick up and show to the other any one of them, and he would at once call out any one of its dozen or hundred meanings, for each of which he would make a different character; but to communicate any extended or precise information, his friend must glue them together in couples or threes. This is why the Chinese is not, as it is usually called, a monosyllabic language. We can say in English, "I went to town last night, and found my friend, and went with him to see the play," all in monosyllables; but it is impossible to utter in Chinese any thing but the shortest sentences in monosyllables; as, *ngo shwo*, "I say;" *ne she shwe?* "who are you?" A rapid speaker in English does not separate his words by greater intervals than his syllables; neither do the Chinese. The error of calling the language monosyllabic has arisen from the fact, that in writing, the Chinese make one cumbrous and complicated, but integral, character for every word; but that word may, nevertheless, be spoken in two, three, or even four syllables.

We now have material for the manufacture of words. Though there is no alphabet in the Chinese, the reader is not to suppose that the Chinaman has to learn fifty or sixty thousand characters absolutely out and out, with nothing in common between them, for that would be a task for a Methuselahian life-time. In the first place, there are only eight pencil-strokes commonly used in the whole language. In the second place, there is a system of two hundred and fourteen radicals, so-called, consisting of various numbers of strokes, from one up to seventeen, which enter largely, by combination, into all the many thousands of characters, and lighten the task materially. Each of these radicals has a meaning of its own, generally denoting the simplest natural object; as, earth, water, hair, eyes, etc.; and when the

pupil has acquired these, he has advanced much further toward learning the language than has the English child that has mastered its alphabet. The letter "m" means nothing, but the smallest stroke that a Chinaman makes is already a significant word. Yet it must be acknowledged, that when it takes seventeen strokes to express the simple syllable *yo*, "flute," it becomes rather tedious.

Many of these radicals still show by their shape that they were originally used as pictures. The character for "man" looks like a pair of legs, with the merest fragment of a body mounted on top of them; "a vessel" is denoted by three sides of a square; "a chest of drawers," by the same character turned over on its side; "a shelter," by two sides of a square; "a mouth" is a small square; "an inclosure," a larger one, etc. A large square, with the character for "king" inside of it, denotes "kingdom." "A plant" is represented by a character which resembles a bean-sprout with four leaves; while two such characters signify "grass." "Hair" is represented by three long lines, which fact shows that the queue was not worn in ancient times, as we know, from history, it was not before the comparatively recent conquest of China by the Mantchoos, the present governing race, who set the modern fashion.

One advantage the Chinese has, amid its appalling difficulties, is the simplicity and English naturalness with which the words are arranged in sentences. It has no strained and cumbersome involutions, by which one word qualifying another is found two or three lines distant, as in Greek and German, and especially in Japanese; but the words are built up, one upon the other, in the simple, easy succession of nature, in what Max Müller designates the "architectonic order." Thus, to translate as literally as possible, the sentence "*Tien yau hia-yu, tsing ni-na tsie ko yu-san*," reads,

"Heaven will rain, please you lend umbrella." Then this, "*Tsing ni-na ming-tien tau wo-ti fang-tsz ki-fan*," which is, "Please you to-morrow come my house eat rice."

To sum it all in a word, if Chinese were only written with our letters and the proper tone-marks, it would be nearly as easy for a third person to acquire as English, if not easier. It is delightful for its childish simplicity in this respect: for the absence of prepositions, conjunctions, adverbs, and other of those dreadful "parts of speech," which were the nightmare of our childhood. No declensions, no conjugations, no moods, no tenses, no first, second, and third persons singular and plural, no gender (except by the addition of a few particles in certain instances); nothing but these little, naked, innocent bits of words strung along together. If you find a verb, it has but one form, instead of the seven hundred or more of those terrible Greek verbs in *mi*; if you have a noun, it always remains in the same shape.

It is interesting to note the curious ways in which the Chinese, having only nouns and verbs, and a few particles with which to glue them together, manage to construct all those ten parts of speech treated of by terrific old Lindley Murray. In the first place, besides the stock of nouns, in *propria forma*, there are others formed of verbs. "Indigestion," for instance (to translate literally, which I shall do whenever possible), is "the not-can-dissolve." The verb *hing* means "to walk" or "to do;" *wei*, nearly the same; hence, *hing-wei* signifies "actions." A noun may be formed of a noun and a verb, as "duck-keeper," which in Chinese is "keep-duck-man;" "barber," which is "shave-head-teacher." There are also a great many compound nouns, for the Chinese is even more prolific in this respect than the Greek. "Rice-smell," "wind-force," are common examples. But the Chi-

nese are quite fond of uniting nouns by extremes, or in other singular and poetical relations; as, "muchness-fewness" for "quantity;" "not-greatness-not-smallness" for "average;" "sun and moon" for "brightness;" "oldest and youngest brother" for "brethren." A curious fact in the language is, that every noun, unless otherwise qualified, is plural. Perhaps, to speak more accurately, the Chinaman does not feel the precise sense of plurality in the use of his nouns, but rather of universality, as we do in speaking of "land," "gold," etc. For this reason, the language employs a number of small particles, which may be called classifiers, and are equivalent to "one," "a piece," "a pair," etc. We find it necessary to say, in English, "a piece of land;" but it would be superfluous to say, as the Chinaman is continually doing, "one piece man," "one piece house." Frequently, too, they are not content with limiting a noun by one of these particles, but have a postpositive and a prepositive. For instance, a Chinaman, in the mandarin dialect, will frequently say, instead of the simple phrase "a pig," "one piece pig-son." This particle equivalent to "son," is joined to a multitude of nouns, where it seems often useless, as "silver-son," "house-son."

Of adjectives proper there are none whatever, for every adjective is properly a noun. Thus, "great man" is really "greatness-man;" "virgin" is "beginning-woman," etc. There are other curious and awkward combinations of nouns to supply the place of adjectives, as "thank thank" for "many thanks," "brother brother" for "oldest brother," "lady lady" for "great lady." To express comparison, the Chinese have to employ the verb "to compare," as "this man greatness compared me."

Of pronouns, the language has, if any thing, an excess. They are required by Oriental servility and punctiliousness of

address. Thus, while we have no resource but to "thee" and "thou" an inferior person, and the editorial and royal "we," the Chinese have an almost unlimited range of pronouns, adapted to every possible grade of society. With a single pronoun he can address another as "your highness" or "your vileness," and do it with perfect politeness; while we resort to direct abuse, profane cursing, and ugly epithets, to make a person understand that we have a very bad opinion of him.

As the verbs have neither moods nor tenses, the people have to employ many cumbrous circumlocutions. Thus, the Chinaman says, "I finish walk," or "I pass over walk," for "I have walked." This cumbrous expression is used: "I see pass finish him," for "I have seen him." "I want to walk" and "I must walk" employ the same auxiliary, *yau*. The simple verb expresses either the infinitive or the imperative. For the past participle two verbs must be employed; as (literally), "it is finish build." Another mode of forming the participle is to add to the verb the sign of the possessive case, *ti*, so that, as nearly as we can translate the phrase *yi tsen-ti jin*, it would be "one walk-man." A relative clause is formed much in the same way; as, "the I-see-pass-finish man" for "the man whom I have seen."

Of adverbs, in the strict sense, there are very few; such as, *pu*, "not;" *mu*, "without," etc. Most adverbs are formed by joining together nouns and verbs in various ways; as, "let-go-heart" for "freely;" "this way much" for "so much;" "finish-day" for "yesterday," etc. The Chinaman is too polite to say bluntly "yes" or "no," but repeats the verb used in the question.

Verbs and nouns are generally employed, too, for prepositions, either by having them incorporated in their meaning, as in Latin, or directly. Thus, the sentence, "They are always fighting in

China," literally rendered is, "They fight day-day be-in China." The noun *yin*, "origin," is employed for "from;" *ho*, "concord," for "with;" as, "he is origin China," etc.

The limits of this paper will allow only a few general remarks on the Chinese character, as developed in the language. The absolute inseparableness of rice from the Chinaman's existence is shown in several phrases. "To cook" is, literally, "to make rice," and "to dine" is "to eat rice."

The Oriental exactness, diffusiveness, and tendency to poetical and tropical statement, are everywhere woven into the very woof of the language. This is indicated, among other ways, by the fact above stated, that every noun is plural, and includes all there is in the universe of that article, unless it is limited by "one," "one piece," or some other of their numerous classifiers. For the phrase "to collect customs," there is no more precise and business-like expression than "to reap water;" while "to smuggle" is "to jump water," or "to jump into water," which is illustrated upon the arrival of nearly every China steamer in San Francisco. "Literary works" is "word-children;" "murderer" is "red-hand;" "attention" is "small-mind;" "gentleman" is "folded-arms-son," etc. "The whole world" is the "four seas," or the "nine islands;" "the whole nation" is "the ten thousand people;" "the Government" is "the six rooms." Upon the accession of a new Emperor, the Chinamen do not content themselves with crying, "Long live the Emperor!" but wish that he may "live ten thousand years, ten thousand years, ten thousand times ten thousand years!" A common present to a popular officer on his retirement is an umbrella, which is given to him "from ten thousand of the people." A "spirit-park" is quite a mundane affair, though when set out with that consummate art

of landscape-gardening of which they are masters, it is something more than any American pleasure-ground.

The extreme contempt of the Chinese for women appears in a number of expressions. We have the phrase, "wife and children," but they reverse it, or more frequently say, "family and wife." In fact, the children are every thing and the wife nothing, according to that saying of Mencius: "There are three things which are unfilial, and to have no posterity is the greatest of them." Indeed, according to Summers' vocabulary, the very word for "woman," *fu-jin*, means "father-man." The character for "woman," repeated, signifies "scolding." It

seems to be taken for granted, in accordance with the above saying of Mencius, that every Chinaman is married; for I find no word for "bachelor," and a common expression for "father" is "old boy." This is manifestly different from "old man," which is "old man-person." The Confucian belief in the purity of the heart at birth, in opposition to the Calvinistic doctrine of total depravity, even in infancy, crops out in the phrase "good heart" for "conscience." Summers gives another phrase for "conscience," which is expressive and poetical, to wit, "Cold heart." When the heart is hot with passion, the conscience is silent.

IDEAL WOMANHOOD.

NO. IV.

"WHERE do you live now, Bid-dy?" inquired a thrifty housewife of a former domestic, whom she chanced to meet.

"Oh, plaze God, ma'am! I don't live nowheres; I've got married!"

A touchingly significant reply, and in the happiest accord with the prevailing spirit of the times. For marriage is supposed to end the female reign, and all orthodox stories, novels, and delineations of feminine character, are expected to halt at the vestibule of wedlock. To proceed further, is to trench upon sacred territory. As it is a pet theory with us, that at this juncture real life has but just begun, we must be pardoned for declining to be bowed out, in accordance with the conventional idea. We purpose to follow our ideal through the somewhat tangled, but beautiful, paths of a consecrated wifehood, and should be all too happy to have our patient readers for company, as we journey along.

A marriage, bereft of the traditional honeymoon, would be Hamlet with the

Prince left out. It is the natural sequence of a wedding. Ah! these honeymoon days are golden days. The skies are radiantly beautiful. The carol of voluptuous birds is merry music, and the beating heart keeps time to it. Even the trees are sweet-voiced and songful, as if angels were hidden in the boughs. The very air is freighted with fragrance, delicate and delicious; and life, for the time, possesses a charmed beauty. The skies, the birds, the trees, the flowers, the air, seem to have entered into a partnership for the manufacture of bliss—to have leagued themselves for dispensing happiness. Silver-sandaled, the hours trip on. It is just a little too much of Paradise let down to earth.

But when the honey-moon is over! What then? Why, *then* the film of unreality begins to wear away, and the picture stands out in bold relief in its true colors; free from the glamour of the star-lit eye, the shimmer of bridal flowers, and the incandescent light of nuptial splendor. And then, too, often the

skies darken and weep out their agony; the birds get sadly hoarse, as if with *bronchitis*, and the sad heart keeps tune to *that*. The trees fall into a wailing mood, as if ghouls, harpies, and furies were perching in the boughs. The air is heavy with miasm—the miasm that is generated in an infected heart. The skies, the birds, the trees, the flowers, and the very air, seem to have entered into a combination for the manufacture of misery; to have leagued together for the dispensing of wretchedness. Lead-en-footed, the hours drag on. It is just a little too much of Tartarus coming up to earth.

And wherefore all this? Is there no way to prevent this canker of disappointment? Is it inevitable that every pet steed of the sun should so speedily become spavined and earth-stained? Can no fortunate compromise-ground be discovered between the domain of turtle-doves and snapping-turtles? This little heavenly dispensation of billing and cooing is all well enough; none but frost-bitten, snarling old bachelors, or grimly prudish old maids would ever be churlish enough to get squeamish over an occasional dash of irrepressible, passionate adoration, even though a kindly curtain should fail to interpose in behalf of the ardent enthusiasts. Perhaps a courtship of generous length would be a sort of antidote to such immoderate "lovingness." It would, undoubtedly, be a most impertinent humiliation for a dainty, exquisite little lady, to be unconsciously caught by her "sweetheart," divested of the many artful decorations and appliances in which she is wont to be decked out, while, in all the threadbareness of a neat, plain, calico wrapper, she was energetically cleaning the silver, and setting the dining-room to rights. But, then, such an onslaught could be made the happy occasion for some healthy, wholesome courting; all the more spicy, were the sagacious explorer to seize the chamois,

whether or not, and put on the finishing touches. We would not fear to wager slight odds that the polish would transcend in brilliancy all ordinary polish. This would be a capital initiation into the homelier phases of domestic industry. A fortunate thing, also, would it be for the husband prospective, if, as a pledged lover, he were compelled, or rather permitted, to stand the crucial test of the sick-room; to see his affianced petulant with pain, or nervously fretful with fever; to see her face wofully distorted with toothache; or, what is worse still, with her false teeth loosed from their moorings and entirely thrown aside. A lover who can stand these heroic tests, will not be apt to fail in the day of calamity.

The tree of Love should have generous opportunity to strike root, and gather strength and tenacity, before the scion of marriage be grafted into it; for, though shoot and stock become, thereafter, one tree, yet the graft determines the kind of fruit it shall bear. Before marriage, Love's Inquisition should be keen-eyed, keen-eared, almost relentless, in ferreting out the subtle faults and weaknesses of the enthroned ideal; but after leaving the bridal altar, all inquisitorial robes should be thrown aside, at once and forever, and upon the threshold of every new day should be inscribed the gentle suggestion:

"Be to each fault a little blind;
Be to each failing wondrous kind!"

There must be the same tireless assiduity in fostering and retaining the affection, each for the other, as there was in inspiring and securing it at the first. It is the fatal neglect to continue the agencies by which love was first elicited that renders wedded life oftentimes so unhappy; and whether that life is to be more blessed than the one for which it is exchanged, depends, in no small degree, upon the sterling, inflexible resolves which crown its inauguration. If the guiding-

stars of the domestic firmament be gentleness, forbearance, confidence, encouragement, and love; and the study to make home happy be the all-absorbing thought and purpose, there will be little danger of domestic inquietude. No words of cheer are half so sweet as those that fall from lips which never speak but to bless. Pecuniary losses and discouragements dwindle into insignificance at the manifestation of a boundless store of love and devotion, which is safely garnered in the casket of home. As love is measurably certain to beget marriage, even so may marriage, under favorably conspiring influences, beget and augment love. At all events, it may be the promoter and nourisher of true affection. As a clever English writer says, "It is not Love's fault, but ours, that the glorifying power ever loses its command over any life." We still hug tenderly to our heart the good old-fashioned belief, that a woman's ambition and aspiration should be, in a large measure, vicarious—should be delegated to him whom she best loves. This is quite possible, while she, at the same time, walks nimbly abreast of him, arm in arm at his side, proudly conscious of her self-elected fealty, oneness, and equality. As has been quaintly suggested, woman was not taken from the head of man, lest she should dominate him; nor from his heels, lest he should kick at her; but from his veritable side, near to his heart, that she should be his true helpmeet, unspeakably dear and precious, and walk side by side with him life's journey through.

There is a popular tradition that naughty men, in the days that *are past and gone*, have maliciously ignored this significant suggestion of the Great Human Architect, to the infinite grief and dismay of an injured sisterhood; and it would not be at all surprising, if, in the days to come, past sins and delinquencies were visited upon them with vigorous and condign punishment. Threat-

ening possibilities should beget becoming contrition. "Though the mills of the gods grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small."

In a true marriage, the wife is not expected to sink her individuality, and so become but the ghostly echo of her husband's tastes and whims. He is wise enough to permit "the rafters of love to make a home of law." In the pure mountain-air which blows over the domain of such a home, no domestic epidemic can exist; for, if it chance to rise thither, it is sure to melt away in the all-pervading sunlight of love. The fever of discontentment, the infection of jealousy, the *marasmus* of estrangement, and the paralysis of indifference—all these lie far below, with the fog, upon the marsh-lands of ill-assorted marriages. Selfishness is another hateful vampire that stealthily sneaks into the most sacred recesses of the home-nest, and, lurking in ambush, sucks away the very life and joy of the household. Over the shining canopy of every bridal retinue should gleam forth the significant motto, never to be forgotten: "Here let *self* be left behind!" When a true and noble woman resolves to slip her head into the matrimonial noose, and suffers the "golden handcuffs" to be riveted, she then consciously and voluntarily assumes the aspect and significance of a verb; she consents "to be, to do, and to suffer." This self-forgetfulness is a royal grace. The dew of a second life is distilled upon the heart, by a love that knows every attitude of sacrifice; not a cringing, fawning, supplicating, extorted self-surrender, submission to which only increases a hundred-fold the disposition to dominate and tyrannize on the part of an exacting consort. Many a husband has been transformed from a decent, respectable, considerate life-partner into an arrogant, despotic dictator, by an illy-conceived notion of self-sacrifice on the part of the

wife; and countless docile little wives have been metamorphosed into the veriest viragos, from a well-intentioned, but irrational yielding, on the part of the husband, to the whims and caprices of childish absurdity. Weak, feeble autocrats are always the most exacting. We counsel no such doltish self-renunciation as this. It curseth "him that gives and him that takes."

But, notwithstanding this, there is a world of loving, consecrated wisdom in those dainty little acts of almost unconscious self-sacrifice, which make home as beautiful as a picture. They are the small decimal coinage of wedded life, and are so easily carried about and dispensed. They are the natural outgrowth and expression of a sympathy, affection, and kindness that have become habitual. Such star-like manifestations of a loving nature light up the faces around the hearthstone, till they need no dictionary to interpret their happiness. They make the heart vocal with irrepressible music. A dainty phrasing of sweet and tender thoughts, incarnated in deeds of such magical felicity, will put to flight the most desperate attack of the blues that ever overshadowed a husbandly heart. A waiting, welcoming smile may be a perpetual rift in the cloud of his daily care. And what wife would crave a more heavenly mission than to make home the blessed Mecca, to which weary feet bend as to a haven of rest, and peace, and bliss?—a place where Care is fairly put at bay, and where, panoplied with Love, the cruel demon of Misfortune sends his darts in vain? Ah! this barbaric indifference to the dear comforts of home—these little nameless nothings—on the part of either husband or wife, brings a harvest of misery. This gradual settling down to the dead-level of a never-varying lukewarmness, in regard to the sweet amenities of home-life, is suicidal. Indifference speedily freezes into aversion, and a grim happiness is found only when

a censure is between the teeth; and so life wears on, with all the dumb agony of a concealed grief, or the weary, mortifying desolation consequent upon open rupture. Love is sure to be benumbed by the chill air of fretfulness and neglect. The despotism of caprice and the tyranny of the tongue convert many a household into an inquisition. We act abroad; but if we live at all, we live at home.

Women, if they would rule men's hearts, must deserve, and unwittingly exact, the approval and admiration of their minds. Alas! for that variable-ness of temper which goes up like a rocket and comes down like an aerolite: a miracle of smiles, or a weeping Niobe; a driving tempest, or a flashing sunbeam. A never-varying, bland, lullaby sort of temperament is most sincerely to be deplored; sparkle, buoyancy, and even an irrepressible dash of riotous fun, now and then, are most healthful and appetizing. But mere feminine diplomacy should forbid the not infrequent exhibitions we have, of an odd dovetailing of winsome caresses and childish poutings on the part of the wife; and so should the whimsical interplay of foolish indulgence and churlish neglect on the part of the husband be abandoned. Principle, not caprice, should be the energizing and controlling motive. The most charming photographic views of wedded life are to be taken from the higher mounts of vision—those of settled design and steady purpose. There must, of course, be mutual concessions, and mutual agreements to disagree. There is a way to win by commanding, and to command by winning. By the wise interblending of self-centred strength and a prodigal wifely affection, she may achieve marvels of wifely management. The husband may unconsciously lead, but never essay to drive. At the same time, we are frank enough to confess that there are too many *femmes couvertes* who need the

flaming sword of an archangel to awe and repress them. There is no such thing as conquering them by love; as well prate of love to a blackbird. But if kindness fail, severity will fail all the more surely. Flies still continue to take more kindly to molasses than to vinegar. The lineal descendants of Balaam's garrulous "charger" hold fast their propensity for offensive disputation, and are more gently amenable to a tempting display of luscious fodder, than to the dreary phenomenon of a curiously plaited leather, however ticklish to the external senses that may be.

But, say what you will, it is undoubtedly true that a man's best earthly friend is a devoted wife, whom he loves, and who loves him with a pure heart, fervently; who comes daily back to the home-nest to find the dearest, softest little sparrow of a wife, brooding it with tenderest watchfulness and care. Happy the man, in these apostate days, who is so decorously apathetic as to refuse allegiance to all modern dogmas of the revised moral code, and still believe in, and practice, the homely, old-fashioned tactics of a more dutiful consortship. Thrice happy she who is so blessed as to call that exceptional, extraordinary, remarkable man, husband. Ah! these woeful stepplings aside and violations of well-established, heaven-appointed marital laws, breed contempt for those laws; and the breach is forever widening, until nothing but the file of divorce is potential enough to redeem from the wretched thralldom of an incontinent alliance. There is no surer way for a husband to fashion a beautiful pattern of wifely contentment than by treating her as if she were the day-star in the heaven of his life. Wifely duties and obligations will, then, scarcely fail to be met with all "the sweet, natural graces which were meant for the reward of nothing less than the Great Passion." Many a poor heart, heavy, but still hopeful, is starving

for one sweet syllable of "the old, old story," that never palls upon the ear, but grows more musical at every fresh recital. But, oh! the voiceless apathy and gloom that are slowly weaving the shroud and the winding-sheet, and burying in a grave, that knows no resurrection, a love that might have been immortal. The very sunlight seems chilled along her pathway—shivering and cold everywhere. If you love her, for pity's sake, tell her so! Let there be no lurking suspicions making woeful havoc, like bats among the birds; no twilight of uncertainty settling down into funereal darkness. When the energies are all paralyzed by oft-repeated discouragements, there is no tonic so potent as loving words; they never act as a sedative. These are important lessons in domestic and marital hygiene, by the careful study of which it is possible to make wedlock one long, bright day, sinking softly down into the star-studded evening of life; gathering fresh joy, as the shadows fall, in straying back, hand in hand, over the checkered path of their experiences in a life that has been made beautiful as an idyl.

To attain this, there must be something more than mere negative virtues: the soul must be put to school. There must be practiced the subtle art of extracting the maximum of pleasure from every little incident and experience, casting aside the annoyances as chaff. There must be, necessarily, a few minor chords in the domestic overture, but these will only make the harmony more charming and complete. Out of the confusion and chaos of every unfinished, toilsome life, an Eden may arise; light may break forth. It is this vigilant regard for little things that begets happiness. The wife and mother should be "a general knitter-up of unconsidered trifles;" a gentle Angel of Reminder in moments of forgetfulness. She should have a wonderful *finesse* in untangling all the snarls and

complications of home-life; and though her lovely face may be limned the least bit by these wifely cares, it is all the more beautiful in its pathos. Duty will rainbow her life with Hope, and "the sky-lark, Happiness," make it vocal with music. The wave-strokes of such care do not discourage or enfeeble. They are full of strength and healing to both recipient and giver. They are a potent tonic for all heart enervation.

While there are many qualities of mind and heart essential to the attainment of the highest marital felicity, there are a few absolutely indispensable to even mediocre enjoyment. Tact—in other words, superfine common sense—is a most desirable adjunct of married life. This is that wise sort of discretionary forecast which is sure to have at hand the timely bucket of water for the possible flash. The wisdom that provides beforehand the efficient fire-extinguisher is to be applauded: for many a household shelters a domestic incendiary unawares, not necessarily malicious, but vexatiously careless; and feminine fingers can strike the match quite as dexterously as any other. Perhaps it would not be presumption to assert the superiority of feminine skill in the manufacture of this sort of pyrotechnical display around the terraces of home. That was a crusty old curmudgeon who said, "It can not be denied that there are perverse jades who fall to men's lots, with whom it requires more than common proficiency in philosophy to be able to live;" and then the irascible, ill-mannered, old ascetic proceeds to show that it is highly proper to draw some spiritual use out of all afflictions, and to this end he recommends those who are allied to women of spirit to discipline themselves for the world, by the meek exercise of patience at home. All such long-suffering heroes are refreshingly referred to that exemplary chieftain of the hen-pecked, martyred line, Socrates,

who was stupidly absurd enough to acknowledge that he owed the major part of his virtue to the exercise constantly given to it by his useful wife. To an inquisitive acquaintance, who was impertinently curious to know why so good a man should consent to live with so violent a creature, his reply was mildly sarcastic: "My dear friend, you are beholden to Xantippe, that I bear so well your flying out in a dispute. They that live in a trading street are not disturbed at the passage of carts." And so the tranquil old philosopher would have every wise husband contented with his lot, even with a veritable virago; for though his long-suffering kindness may fail to redeem her from her tantalizing infirmities, the graces developed by a patient bearing with this contumacious obstinacy may resolve him into a manly saint.

As for ourselves, we have no fellowship whatever with the feeble sagacity that would applaud this ultra philosophical forbearance. We feel, moreover, an ill-concealed contempt for the supreme selfishness that would felicitate itself on such feminine foibles, because, perchance, they may be made the occasion for developing the severer virtues of the fortunate male who has them to encounter; as if it were a coveted advantage to get a rasp of a wife, in order to file away all the ugly excrescences of a rugged, distorted manly nature. If there be any zealous young apostle who is casting about for some suitable chance to thus make a martyr of himself, we beg that the rôle of Socrates be the last that he essays. It were better to struggle on with the most hateful temperamental tendencies than to marry a raspy little termagant, with the faith that she would do a good work at polishing him into a decent uniformity. It would be a weakly, froward disposition, indeed, that would fail to be profited by such angelic manifestations of forbearance scat-

tered over even a ten years' apprenticeship at wifehood. Besides, feminine perspicacity would soon discover the plan, and, *entre nous*, "the jig would then be up;" for no lineal descendant of mother Eve would ever knowingly permit a man to burnish himself up at her expense after that style. Her natural perversity would forbid such an outrageous *coup d'état*.

There is no little of savage wit in the clever portraiture of female idiosyncrasies, as delineated in the story that runs somewhat after this wise: One of the few intensely good men who have miraculously appeared at fearfully long intervals on the earth-plane (for all the *good* little boys die fatally early)—one of these supereminently proper souls—began to be grievously harassed with grave doubts concerning the integrity of his heavenly possessions. These terrific forebodings had their birth in the absence of all earthly trials. His life had been one of prophetically suggestive serenity. If through much tribulation he was to enter the kingdom, he surely could not be on the highway to future bliss. This disturbing doubt expanded into a sturdy conviction. Something must be done! The remedy was speedily devised. An alliance in marriage with a time-honored termagant would unquestionably furnish the necessary tribulation. The first few months gave generous promise of the full realization of his hopes. But, alack! his "tribulation," on occasion, chanced to overhear her self-sacrificing spouse expounding to a friend the reasons for this very remarkable alliance. Enough! Woman-like, she secretly resolved to upset all such arrangements, out of pure spite. He should never ride into Canaan on her shoulders in that sort of style; and so the poor, conscientious, self-doomed martyr, despite all his efforts, was permitted to run the risk of perdition by living thereafter with one of the very best wives in the world. We much

fear there is many another good man in the same deplorable situation.

But, after all, the very best boon of marriage is a serene good temper. It supplies the grateful oil to the creaking wheels of domestic life. It rainbows the sky with covenant-promises of good. It is the gracious sunlight, generating heat, growth, and beauty. Genuine good humor should command a higher premium in the matrimonial stock-market than almost any other quality of mind or heart. A really good-natured man could scarcely be a bad man, if he would. We have no reference, now, to that lazy, good-for-nothing negativeness, that lacks the necessary pluck to resent a palpable insult; for that love is noblest, which, with sufficient reason, can be transformed into wrath. Of all disparities, perhaps that of temper is most prolific of unhappiness in marriage. A sweet, unrepining spirit, on the part of the wife, has converted more headstrong, intractable husbands than all the caudle-lectures ever delivered by female disciplinarian of any sort. By a little artful management, the most obstinate of men may be metamorphosed into the most reasonable of husbands. There is such a thing as a rational, manly pride, which must be always taken into account; and it is astonishing to observe how, by the exercise of a little innocent diplomacy, the most contumacious of men may be flattered into the belief that the thought presented for his approval was primarily a suggestion of his own, and the proposal he so graciously seconds was of his own originating. In this marvelously pretty way, the ingenious wife gains both purpose and husband at the same time.

It would be worse than folly to deny that "this monstrous world" contains many miserable humbugs in the shape of husbands, who, like waxen fruit, are fair, indeed, to look upon, and very tempting to the eye, but who would

show to best advantage in glass-enclosed, air-tight caskets, tricked out with all the pretty artificialities befitting such surroundings. There are a host of nice, prim, soporific, slick-headed gentry, originally intended for neat, thrifty spinners, but whom Dame Nature, by some unfortunate *lapsus calami*, labeled *māle*. Who knows but in her avaricious greed for a coveted "fee," she refused to prefix the dubious "fe" to the stock on hand out of pure spite; and so they go, wandering about, neither one thing nor the other. They are perfectly at home in minding the babies, sleeking up the parlor, feeding the chickens, and cooking an omelet; and it really seems such a pity to spoil a capital housekeeper, and turn him loose upon the cold charities of an unfriendly world, without chart or compass.

Then there are solemn, stupid, sorry-looking tombstones, which adorn many another dwelling; given to long-winded exhortations on the sins and follies of the world—more particularly the female portion of it. They are as desolate and uninviting as a country school-house in midwinter. He is the accredited head of the household—to be sure, he is! Just now he is giving his amiable, unresisting, prudent wife a lecture on economy. The butter is used too lavishly; the coffee gives out too soon (she dare not, for the world, remind him that six generous cups *per diem* is his particular weakness); the flour-barrel needs replenishing too often; and her extravagance in dress is perfectly ruinous. Of his cigars and glasses of lager, history makes no record. Not a bit of it! He is the immaculate head of the household, giving to each a portion in due season; scolding whenever it suits his own "sweet will," and graciously permitting his docile little wife to cry, as a tribute to the efficacy of his discourse; after which, mayhap, he magnanimously presents her with a silver dollar, to spend

just exactly as she pleases, bringing him no account thereof. And there are a host of just such walking bipeds; they wear the finest of broadcloth, the daintiest of collars, the most immaculate shirt-fronts, the best fitting boots; but for all that, they are mere travesties of manhood. There is, in reality, no more manliness about them than there is in that snarling little terrier that goes growling along behind them.

But now, we have before us rather a plain-looking personage: one who evidently earns his bread by the sweat of his brow. He is never heard to grumble about hard times: always feels rich, though he has not a cent in his pocket. He permits his good wife to have entire jurisdiction of home matters, perfectly content to keep track of his own affairs. He is seldom afflicted with the side-ache, the toothache, the headache, or the heart-ache; and if an occasional dispensation of that sort fall to his lot, no one is the wiser for it. He does not treat boon companions to choice wines and fine suppers, and refuse a suitable infantile wardrobe to the coming heir-apparent. He is, in short, a man and a gentleman; a true husband; not afraid to do battle with the world, and equal to any emergency. At home and abroad, he photographs in deeds the natural impulses of a noble, generous heart, a frank and manly soul. Look at him! Scan him well! for there is in him

"A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man!"

And these are the men whom good, appreciative, and loving women should rejoice to call husband.

The side of the picture which naturally presents itself next, in due order of detail, we would fain omit from this panorama, but conscientious fidelity to truth compels its portraiture. While of all earthly good, the best is a good wife; of all earthly ill, the worst is a bad wife.

And there is all too much truth in Shakspeare's unpalatable assertion: "Should all despair that have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind would hang themselves." There are wives that betray such astonishing ingenuity for annoyance; such fertility in vexation; such a genius for fault-finding; such dexterity in fretting; such skill in the manufacture of domestic hurricanes; such fatal facility in bringing about family thunder-gusts; such phonographic, short-hand methods of getting up genuine fireside broils—"a pity 'tis, 'tis true!"

A wife of this sort proceeds upon the principle, that there never was a man yet—a great, ugly man—but what needed a species of training, before much could be done with him. She, therefore, sets about preparing a sort of every-day purgatory, in which to refine, purify, and soften his lion-hearted nature. She has an intuitive conviction that this is imperative, and keeps plenty of material constantly on hand. Should her liege-lord neglect to extend her all that courtesy and deference which she deems her due, she pays him off promptly with a long spell of "the pouts." This is, perhaps, the most successful method in the world of opening his eyes to the amiability of her disposition, and of impressing his mind with the dignity of her position. Should he remain in the counting-room late at night, posting up his books, when he knows she would be glad to attend the theatre, opera, or concert, retributive justice meets him at the very threshold of his bed-chamber, on his return. This offense merits a very severe punishment, and she is careful not to overlook it in the least degree. She plots a brave revenge. The lights are extinguished in the halls; the parlors are darkened; every living thing about the house is hushed to quietude; a dim taper in the bedroom reveals a figure under the bedclothes. There is the usual good-natured greeting from the weary,

overworked husband, but no answering response; not a single word! She is, possibly, asleep. No! For presently, with an energetic flounce, she whisks herself over, face to the wall, and covers up her head as tightly as possible. Hostilities have now actually begun. But this feeble bombardment provokes no return fire. The assailed sends up a flag of truce in the shape of a stolen kiss, hums a little love-ditty to his disquieted Mavourneen, gives the cradle a kindly jog or two, "wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams." He little knows that he is lying in the very shadow of a seething volcano. The wind is down, but still the sea runs high. He sleeps, despite the threatening breakers; but the morning will reveal their hateful reality.

She is awake betimes, rises while it is yet day, carries herself grandly, with a stiff neck and a high head. She marches about the room with the air of a princess; bangs the chairs against the wall; steps with decision; looks unutterable things; maintains a steadfast silence; gives the door a tremendous slam, right in the face of her philosophic husband, as she brushes past the monster out to breakfast, leaving him in blank amazement, to follow suit if he pleases. It does please him to follow, though the slightest tinge of thoughtfulness may possibly shade the bright sunshine of his wonted buoyancy. He is on the high-road to discoveries, not altogether pleasant or assuring. The table reached, the scene changes. The sails are shifted, the winds being contrary. Her shibboleth, now, is agonizing despair—a deep-seated melancholy—which is the outgrowth of injured innocence. Not a mouthful of food passes her dainty lips; though, *inter nos*, the fact is, "a good digestion waits on appetite." The "horrid wretch" sends her a tempting bit of steak, which is promptly returned whence it came, with becoming energy. Not be-

ing a skilled tactician in the art of management, and failing to properly diagnose the case, he makes it a point of honor to inquire if she is ill. Of all things in the wide world, this is exactly what she would have him do. Her dislocated dignity now gives way. There is an ominous silence. She permits him to wait a while for an answer, and then audibly whispers, "I only wish I were dead!" parenthetically adding, that the wish may be father to the resolve. A creeping, half-fledged horror seems to hang upon the echo of that sibylline ejaculation, as she vanishes, phantom-like, from the room. He briskly follows. An aroused and injured womanhood refuses all overtures of consolation, as reclining on her dainty sofa, she weeps most piteously. Streams of released agony gush forth. She is the most miserable woman in the world, and always shall be. Her only wish to live, is for her children — *his* children — who would have no friend in the wide world were she to leave them, and who would undoubtedly die for want of care. She sees he is moved to tenderness, and her courage is strengthened. She improves the advantage by telling him how very ill Tommy was last night, when he was away; how he was threatened with convulsions, and how alarmed she was. He is evidently disquieted, and the vantage-ground must not be lost. She makes bold to add, how disappointed she is in him, as a husband; how much better things she had expected of him, and how many bitter, bitter hours his unkindness and neglect have caused her. This ruffles him a little; he ventures a word or two of mild expostulation; they only serve as fuel to the flames, kindling peevish petulance into raging wrath. The lioness is astir in her lair. She boldly asserts that she never did wish to marry him — did so merely to get rid of his hateful importunity. She reminds him of the scores of rivals with which he had

to contend, any one of whom would have made her a far better husband than he has been. As he is not a perfect Job, this mild sarcasm naturally wakes him up a trifle. He inadvertently hints at her growing disregard for personal appearance at home; her disheveled hair and lackadaisical demeanor; her listless *ennui*; her fretfulness and fault-finding; her neglect of wifely attentions; her increasing love of admiration from unwarranted quarters.

"The combat deepens!" She sharply retorts, by assuring him that he has been the cause of it all. She reminds him that it was midnight when he came in last night; tells him the time was, when he would have broken his neck running after her, and she fairly *hated* the sight of him all the time. She is careful to remind him of the luxuries she enjoyed at her father's house, and gives him to understand that she never expected to endure such privations; and winds up with a mysterious hint that she intends to go back home again, anyhow, and she does not care a fig what the world says about it, either.

Very likely, just at this crisis, he may deem discretion the better part of valor, and meekly retire from the scene of conflict. Should he condescend to bid her "Good-by," she would not for the world look up, nor speak. Just as he closes the door, she regales him with a loud, hysterical scream, which seems to whirl about his head like a gleaming coruscation of fireworks. However, he does not relent, but moves off, amid the smoke, to his place of business, "a sadder and a wiser man." As soon as he gets well out of sight, she feels it imperative to crystallize her meaningless threats into resentful action, and so proceeds, at once, to pack up her jewelry and silver-ware, fix up the babies, dismiss the servants, close up the shutters, lock up the house, and go home to her mother. It gives her a secret sense of relief and compen-

sation, to think that the hateful tyrant should so speedily feel "the solitude of passing his own door without a welcome."

This is, undoubtedly, the climax of the thunder-gust, and will bring about an adjustment of matters in some way or other. At all events, it will be very certain to teach one important lesson, before the matter ends; namely, that no *third* party ever does any good in arranging affairs of that nature. Very possibly it may teach, also, that loving patience and forbearance are highly essential to the happiness of married life; that

considerate kindness and affection—not pouting, crying, and scolding—are the sure harbingers of domestic peace and tranquillity. Happy that couple, who have learned, and are still learning, the invaluable lesson! Happy they, who know and understand that

"The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something, every day they live,
To pity, and, perhaps, forgive."

There is no such thing as infallible affection. From the apples of discord is expressed the vinegar of hate; while from the sweet grapes of kindness is distilled the wine of perpetual bliss.

INDIFFERENT METALLURGY.

NO other region has a better right to be proud of its extensive and apparently inexhaustible auriferous and argentiferous deposits than the Pacific Coast. It is to them that it is really indebted for the rapidity with which it has advanced to the leading position it now holds as a mining region. Such deposits are undoubtedly the very best agents for populating a new and uninhabited country, and are justly entitled to the honor of being considered the loadstone of civilization. It is, however, noteworthy, that all countries, so peopled, have, without a single exception, retained their inhabitants through the medium of some other resource, at first despised and neglected, upon which they have also been dependent for permanent prosperity. And, much as the present prosperous condition of the Pacific Slope is due to the products of its gold and silver mines, other resources, of at present supposed inferiority, are evidently destined to permanently establish and maintain the same in the future. Of course, it can not be considered that our gold and silver ledges exhibit any signs of early exhaust-

ion; but the fact that their products do not enter generally into the common industries of the country, justifies the belief that they will not always occupy the most prominent position among our mineral resources. The amount of labor engaged in the extraction and reduction of these metals is limited; and, inasmuch as they are not applied to the useful arts, the labor, directly or indirectly dependent upon them, can not possibly greatly exceed that already engaged in those two branches.

In the early period of our mining history, the frenzy accompanying the "gold fever" caused those who flocked to our shores to overlook other resources of wealth, of which the land was equally prolific. The varied character of our climate, and the rich soils of our extensive valleys and foot-hills, were actually condemned, as being utterly unadapted for the profitable production of cereals. Experience has, long ago, dispelled that erroneous idea, proving the land to be as fruitful and as varied in its agricultural products as that of any other country; in fact, the aggregate annual value

of our agricultural products greatly exceeds the aggregate annual value of the products of our gold and silver mines. Our agricultural resources are, consequently, at present, more valuable than all others. It is, nevertheless, very probable that the leading position will, ultimately, be usurped by our untouched deposits of inferior metals. And to one of these inferior metals we are already greatly indebted for our reputation as a gold-mining country. Our rich auriferous deposits would have been of much less actual value to us, had it not been for the opportune discovery of extensive deposits of quicksilver in our Coast Range. The limited quantity of that metal which the mines of other countries could have actually afforded to contribute, would have been altogether insufficient to meet the sudden and enormous demand created for it here. Providentially, an abundance of this indispensable agent for the extraction of gold from the rocks throughout which it is disseminated, in almost imperceptible particles, existed in our mountain ranges. We are thus spared the anxiety that would naturally possess us had it not existed, as this fine gold would be utterly and irrecoverably lost without its assistance.

The great bulk, and general dissemination, of the deposits of inferior metals, throughout the Pacific Coast, will eventually give them a decided superiority over all our other resources—mineral and agricultural—both as to the quantity of labor employed in working the mines and in reducing the ores, and to the aggregate value of the results. These inferior metals will, ultimately, establish the character of this coast, as being pre-eminently a mining region. Lead and copper will evidently be the principal products, ere long, as they exist in much greater abundance than any other. The geological formation, in many parts of the coast, favors the presump-

tion of the existence of extensive deposits of iron ore; but none of any importance have, as yet, been discovered. Large bodies of chromic iron exist in various localities; but it loses much of its value to us, on account of there being no demand here for chromates, for the manufacture of which, only, it is used. Whether it is of any commercial value for export, has not yet been fully demonstrated. A few small shipments have been made lately, for experiment. The only deposits of iron ore, of any prospective value, are those existing on the Willamette River, in Oregon, and in some of the interior counties of this State. Had our iron-ore deposits been extensive, it is very doubtful whether they could be utilized, on account of the scarcity of fuel suitable for smelting purposes. The carboniferous beds, lying south of the forty-ninth parallel of latitude, are of the lignite formation, and no method of smelting with lignite coal has yet been discovered. The blast-furnaces of the present day are adapted for the consumption of bituminous and anthracite coal, only. The iron-ore deposits in this State are situated so far in the interior, that, even with an abundance of proper fuel, it is not likely they will become of value to any other than the adjacent mining districts, as pig-iron can be imported to the coast, from Europe and the Eastern States, for as low, if not lower, rates than it could possibly be shipped from the interior by rail.

Our veins of lead ore, on the contrary, are extensive in all the States and Territories on the Pacific Slope. Nevada is itself a vast basin of metalliferous deposits, as proven by the developments already made, and the large quantities of argentiferous lead transmitted to this market from the White Pine, Eureka, Elko, Battle Mountain, and Palisade Districts. The Eureka District, especially, appears to be a solid mass of lead ore, rich in gold and silver.

The deposits of copper ore are nearly as extensive as those of lead; and, although at present neglected, will undoubtedly attract, at an early period, as much attention as they have once done in the past.

Discoveries of the presence of extensive bodies of tin ore have been recently made in the southern counties of the State, which promise to be an important addition to our future mineral wealth.

It may be confidently asserted that the future condition of our metallurgy is entirely dependent upon the manner in which we utilize our various deposits. If, instead of converting them into manufactured material and applying them to the building up of our home industries, we ship them in their crude state, to swell the industries and increase the wealth of foreign lands, then we shall be willfully divesting ourselves of that which it is our duty, and to our immediate and future benefit, to retain. The only reduction works extant, to the west of the Rocky Mountains, are the Selby Smelting Works, situated at Black Point. These works are adapted only for the treatment of argentiferous lead, either as dressed ore or as crude bars. Another smelting establishment is now being erected at the south end of the city, by Mr. Edmund C. Burr, which, when completed, will be an additional attraction for the shipment of ores in this direction. Much of the Utah and Nevada argentiferous ore and bars of crude metal, formerly treated at the Selby Works, is, at present, shipped to New York and England, the greater portion going to the latter country. The quantity of ore and bars thus exported to England has become sufficiently great to induce the Hon. Henry Hussey Vivian, M.P.—the prince of smelters—to re-open the White Rock Smelting Works, located at Swansea, South Wales, and which have been closed for many years. Extensive alterations have been made in this establish-

ment, so as to adapt it for the special treatment of the galena of the Pacific Coast. We have no provision whatever for turning into profitable account the immense bodies of antimony scattered throughout California and Nevada. That no effort should be made to utilize this important mineral is somewhat strange, when we consider that the whole of Europe is now almost entirely dependent upon the Island of Borneo for its supply. Neither have we any provision for the treatment of copper ores, that mining industry being at a complete standstill on that account; nor for the treatment of silver ores, or argentiferous copper ores; nor for the treatment of argentiferous and auriferous copper ores. Those ores that are extracted from our mines, and for which we have no provision made for their efficient treatment, are shipped abroad, and the country is deprived of that increase in its industries which is its legitimate property. And, while we are indifferent observers of all this, Chicago, Omaha, and other cities, located on the Eastern slope, are setting up their individual claims to the vast mineral wealth of the West. They are beginning to inquire why they shall not reap some benefit themselves from the mineral deposits existing midway between them and the chief mart on this side, and they are rapidly qualifying themselves to enter earnestly into competition for them. Are the efforts now being made by these Eastern cities to be ignored by us? Must we continue to look upon their gigantic exertions with apathy? Shall we allow them to offer inducements for the shipment of ore which we ourselves possess, and remain inactive? Our assumed superiority is an insufficient excuse for our apparent disinterestedness. That superiority is, in reality, entirely mythical. The cost of transit of ores from the great basins of Utah and Nevada to any of the great centres of the East, com-

pared with the same here, is more than counterbalanced by the cheaper labor they can employ in their subsequent reduction. And the coal mines of Pennsylvania, from whence they will draw their fuel, are as conveniently situated to them as those of Sydney and Nanaimo are to us. The monopoly of any particular branch of industry, by any particular city or locality, is mainly attributable to the priority of its establishment by them, of which fact we have numerous examples in the cities of the Eastern Hemisphere. Swansea, for instance, has thus become the smelting-place for the metalliferous products of the civilized world. If we only allow the Eastern cities to anticipate us in obtaining the business of reducing the ores of the West, then we may rest assured that they will retain it, in defiance of all efforts which we may hereafter think incumbent upon us to make.

As to the manner in which the treatment of our own ores would materially benefit us, it is only requisite to state, that, in addition to the large surplus of lead which leaves our local smelting works, upward of a thousand tons of lead ore leaves this city annually for treatment in Europe, and returns to us again, in a manufactured condition, as white lead, amounting in the aggregate to about 1,200 tons per annum. Furthermore: being extensive consumers of sulphuric acid, we are now compelled to import large quantities of sulphur from Sicily for the purpose of manufacturing it. In Europe, the necessity for economizing in every branch of industry has caused them to devise means for saving all the by-products of ores. By employing the *Gerstenhöfen* furnace for roasting, the sulphur contained in the copper ores is at once converted into sulphuric acid. Previous to the application of this method, the annual value of the sulphur wasted in Swansea was estimated at \$1,000,000. Provided we

reduce our own copper ores, we would extract an ample supply of sulphuric acid, to the utter exclusion of foreign importations.

Our civilization being a progressive one, the industries increase with the development of the country, and a demand is created for the various minerals which we possess. It remains only for us to convert them into that state wherein they can be applied. To do this, we must reduce them. It is in neglecting to reduce its ores that Chili finds its financial ruin. Its deposits of copper ore, which are unequaled, excepting by our own, are being exhausted for shipment elsewhere. They undergo no process of purification in the country; consequently, the actual labor employed in its industries is limited to that which is engaged in its mines.

Another thing connected with our metallurgy, which has been overlooked by us in the past, is that of the ignorance of those engaged in the development of our mineral wealth. This has already materially injured our interests. The immense quantity of the precious metals that has hitherto been produced has been extracted from our rocks at an enormous sacrifice and waste, resulting altogether from the incapacity of those engaged in its extraction. We can not understand why the Californian miner should not receive an education that will fully qualify him for the duties and responsibilities that necessarily devolve upon him, as well as any craftsman in the mysteries of his trade. It is well known that one educated in any of the European mining-schools is altogether incompetent in the management of our mines, and utterly at a loss as to the proper manner in which to treat their products. He is little, if any, better off than him who has had none of the advantages of a scientific education. He is, in fact, compelled to divest himself of much of that which he has been taught, and to go through

a new and entirely different course. The cause is apparent. European mines are already opened. The mode of working them, as at present carried on, and in which the student is instructed, has been the same for generations. Our mineral deposits, on the contrary, are in their primitive condition. The character and peculiarities of the formations have to be studied and understood. The mines require opening. To open them successfully, and to develop them in an advantageous manner, it is now actually requisite to obtain a large amount of local practical experience. Many expedients have to be resorted to, for the sake of experiment. These deficiencies are naturally injurious to every one interested, and the evils attending them can only be obviated by a systematic, local, scientific, mining education, so as to familiarize the future miner with all the difficulties he will have to contend with, in opening and working our mines.

The treatment required by the ore, after its extraction from the bowels of the earth, is also foreign to that of all other countries, and peculiar to itself. Its chemical composition is such that it requires a new and unknown treatment to the foreign student. The specimens of the minerals of one country can not be taken as representing the ores of another, and the manner in which the ores of one is successfully operated upon does not necessarily apply to those of another. Each country requires a special treatment of its ores, which is applicable to them only. The European student is instructed only in the best manner of treating the ores existing in the particular locality wherein he receives his education. The samples given to him for analysis are obtained from adjacent mines, and it is with them only that he becomes familiar. Having no schools in California wherein a metallurgical education is made a specialty, those who are desirous of obtaining such

are now compelled to go to Europe for it. This is not only a great loss to the student, but it also deprives our State of the fruits of his researches and analysis of minerals during the time he is receiving his education. His labors enrich the metallurgical knowledge of that particular country only.

The truth conveyed in the words of the Right Honorable Robert Lowe, Chancellor of the Exchequer of England, is certainly applicable to our case: "I think," says he, "it is more important for a man to know where his liver is seated, and what its functions are, than to know it is called *jecur* in Latin and *epar* in Greek." The better acquainted a man who superintends or works a mine is with its peculiarities, the more successful and profitable will be the application of his labor. What we consider to be essential for the proper furtherance of the interests of the Pacific Coast, is the establishment of a mining-school for the efficient education of those intending to devote themselves to that particular business. And, inasmuch as it is evident that the principal feature in its future industries will appertain to minerals, does it not seem of the most vital importance that the rising inhabitant of the Occident should be prepared for the right and intelligent fulfillment of the duties which will inevitably fall to his lot? We must, sooner or later, arrive at the conclusion that it is. The Chair of Chemistry and Metallurgy connected with our young State University, was, as originally established, a step in the proper direction. It was just the thing required by this pre-eminently metallurgical region, for it was undoubtedly the most important and indispensable branch of scientific education taught at the University. The beneficial effects it would have had upon the future working of our mines and the treatment of their products, would, in all probability, have exceeded the most sanguine ex-

pectations. It is somewhat strange that it should be viewed differently by the Regents. They evidently consider it of only secondary importance—a branch of science having but an indifferent bearing upon our future metallurgical prospects. By them, it has been thought best to abolish it as an independent professorship, and incorporate it with the Chairs of Agriculture, Horticulture, and Agricultural Chemistry. We can not otherwise consider, than that, in so doing, they have acted unadvisedly. The wants that we have perhaps imperfectly expressed evidently demand that metallurgical chemistry, at least, should have remained independent. It is practically impossible for one Professor to fulfill faithfully the duties appertaining to two or more branches of scientific instruction. He can not give to them that undivided attention which each one requires, ere it can be justly dealt with, especially when the student is more dependent upon the practical demonstration, than he is upon a theoretical explanation, for a right understanding of the instruction attempted to be imparted to him. A practical knowledge of metallurgical chemistry—the only one of any value to the miner—can be obtained in the laboratory alone. The lecture-room, no matter how ably and intelligently it may be managed, is, nevertheless, only a place where the student obtains the theory which is to be demonstrated to him in the laboratory. The duties of one chair, consisting of theoretical and practical instruction, require all the time and energies of the tutor devoted to them, so as to fully demonstrate to the pupil the principles of that particular branch. In many European mining-schools, the Professors have demonstrators under their direct supervision, who illustrate in the laboratory the theories laid down in the lecture-room. Each department is thus complete and independent. As at present taught in

the University of the State of California, the science of metallurgy is a nonentity to the Californian. Having lost its identity as an independent branch of education, it must fail to attain the object at which it professes to aim. Had it been otherwise, the instruction imparted could not possibly be as complete as that which would be given in a school of mines. A mining education, received in any University, can not be of the same practical value as that obtained in a school making it its specialty. For the establishment of such a school, San Francisco, or its vicinity, presents superior advantages. Its central position on the coast affords easy access to our various mining districts, and the student would be enabled to acquire a thorough knowledge of the manner in which their ores are extracted and reduced. The absence of such an institution has been seriously felt throughout our common country. Hundreds of millions of dollars now lie among the tailings of our mines, irrecoverably lost, owing to the want of a scientific knowledge of the ores when undergoing treatment. It is to the efficiency of a school of mines, when once permanently established, that we shall be in a great measure indebted for the completeness of the success attending the future development of our metallurgy. Whether such instruction will ever be imparted with that singleness of purpose in the State University, or not, it will be found as valuable as a means of mental training as it is for practical application. All scientific study really makes the student more apt in the acquisition of other branches of knowledge.*

We can not fail noticing, also, the increased interest our mines are now commanding, through the facilities for the

* At the last regular quarterly meeting of the Board of Regents of the University of California, held on the 6th of September, a communication was received from the Academic Senate, recommending the appointment of a competent Professor in analytical chemistry, mining, metallurgy, and mineralogy.

transportation of their products to market by the numerous railroads already intersecting the country, as well as by those proposed to be constructed, at an early date, through hitherto inaccessible regions of well-known mineral wealth. The mountainous character of many of our richest mining districts is such, however, that they can not be penetrated by the broad-gauged railroads in common use. And the outlay of capital required for the construction of those already built has been so great, that their number and the extent of their usefulness have been necessarily limited. A new era in railroad history has happily dawned—one that promises to have a great influence upon the metallurgical pros-

pects of the Pacific Slope. The satisfactory results obtained by the introduction of improved rolling stock, upon roads of extremely narrow gauges, are of such importance as to threaten to produce a complete revolution in the entire system of railroad construction. It is to our hitherto impregnable mining districts that we believe these narrow-gauged railroads are peculiarly adapted. The comparative nominal outlay of capital required for their construction, the limited wear, and tear, and cost of working, will naturally cause them to be extensively introduced at an early date in all of our mining districts, giving an impetus to our interests unparalleled in our past history.

THE MYSTERIOUS LADY OF NISQUALLY.

THE Nisqually, which is one of the most lovely and picturesque rivers in the world, empties into Puget Sound a few miles south-east of Steilacoom. Formerly, one of the savage tribes of Indians of the North-west claimed the Nisqually as its hunting-ground; but now, only a few poor, miserable, filthy, squalid beings remain of the once powerful tribe, and even they have lost their native energy, and fallen into premature decay.

Many years ago, when these Indians were famous hunters, the traders of the Hudson Bay Company went into their country, and finding them rich in furs, erected a fort, established a trading-post, and soon, by means of blandishments—which they knew so well how to use—won the friendship of those whom they had doomed to destruction; for strange as it may appear, the White trader has always carried to the homes of the Indian disease and death, along with his blankets and trinkets.

When we reached Steilacoom, and commenced making preparations for a fortnight in the forest, I was deputed to learn something of the country; and in answer to my inquiries, nearly every body would reply:

“Jake Warden can tell you all about the country; and if you want to have a good time, you had better get Jake to go with you.”

I hunted up Mr. Warden, and found him in a liquor-saloon, in the act of swallowing a quantity of brown, or amber-colored, spirits. He was a tall, sunburnt man, drawing very near to the three-score mark of human life, of a dull countenance, and listless manner. His frame appeared loose and flexible, but it was vast, and, in reality, of prodigious power. The inferior lineaments of his countenance were coarse, extended, and vacant; while the superior, or those nobler parts, which are thought to affect the intellectual being, were low, receding, and mean. His dress was a mixture of the

coarsest vestments of a husbandman with the leathern garments that are affected by frontiersmen. There was also a singular and wild display of prodigal and and ill-judged ornaments blended in his motley attire.

I introduced myself immediately, and informed the hunter what I desired. After having explained my wishes to him, I awaited his reply. He looked at me in a lazy sort of manner, and drawled out:

"You fellars ar' from the city, ar'n't ye?"

"Yes."

"And ye don't know nothin' about the woods?"

"Our knowledge is limited."

"And ye would like to have some good huntin' and fishin'?"

"Yes."

"Ar' ye goin' out fur a reg'lar time ov it?"

"Yes."

"Goin' to take a good supply of drinkables along, hain't ye?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll go; and ef yer don't have lots of fun, I'm a Siwash [Indian]. When do you want to start?"

"As soon as possible."

"Then I'll just go and git my plunder, and jine ye."

He had kept his word, had led us into the forest, and now, at the end of the first day's hunting and fishing, we were enjoying such comfort as rest always brings, after great fatigue.

The conversation was beginning to flag and lose its interest, when our guide said:

"Ef you'll pass along that ar' jug of pizin, I'll take a drop to moisten my gullet and ile the hinges of my tongue, and then spin yez a yarn of the 'arly days of this yere country."

Mr. Warden raised the demijohn to his lips, and held it there for something more than a minute, and until two great

lachrymal globules burst from his eyes and slowly rolled down his cheeks. Then, setting the cherished casket between his legs, and wiping his lips with the cuff of his coat, he said:

"Boys, ye are trumps! Ef ye don't know nothin' about huntin' bar or skelpin' redskins, yer has a taste that can't be denied, and I'm proud to bear testimony to the fact that yer selection of licker can't be beat. In fact, boys, ye possesses a talent for it which almost amounts to a genius. I'll drink yer healths.

"Now, lemme see," said Mr. Warden, after having paid his respects to the demijohn a second time; "lemme see whar I'll begin. Yes, I guess I'll tell ye about the Mysterious Lady of Nisqually. That was something I never could understand, although I was quite curus, and tried to sift the matter to the bottom. But them old factors was too close-mouthed, and wouldn't let out a word."

It's now nearly forty years since I arrived on the Pacific Coast, and took employment with the Hudson Bay Company. During my wanderings over this country, and my tarryings at the various trading-posts, I learned a good deal of their trickery; but nothing, in all my experience, ever puzzled me half so much as the history of that Mysterious Lady of Nisqually.

I think it is nigh on to thirty years since I came up to the Sound, and put up my wigwam at the fort built by the Company, a few miles below, on the river. I ain't very good at figures: consequently, the dates may get a little mixed; but the facts are remembered just as vividly as if they happened only yesterday.

At the time of my arrival, there were hardly any White Men in this part of the world; and what few there were, owed allegiance to the Company, and

dared not object to any thing decreed by a factor.*

A factor's word was law among those employed by the Company, as well as among the Indians that made their homes at the forts; and I can remember more than one instance where the sentence of death was pronounced, and carried into effect, upon persons whose offenses were not hanging matters, if they had been tried by the law.

I mention these things, in order that you may know why I never got at the bottom of the mystery. A short distance from the factor's residence was a little cottage, inclosed by a high fence. The only means of ingress or egress to this cottage was through a heavy gate, which was always kept locked and guarded by a sharp-eyed, close-mouthed Scotchman, who would make no acquaintance with any of the other *employés*. The only thing he was ever known to do, was to stand guard at that gate, and to follow and watch the person held there as a prisoner, when she was permitted to go abroad—or, rather, when she desired to go abroad, for, with the exception of keeping her strictly to herself, she was permitted the largest liberty.

I had been at the fort only a few days, before I discovered that the cottage was the prison-house of a female—a young woman—about as pretty as human flesh could be made. "I hain't got no good descriptive powers"—to use his exact words—"or I'd tell you how she looked; but I'm a first-rate judge ov beauty, and will pledge you my faith that she was regular stunnin'. That old Scotchman, standin' or sittin' in front of that gate all the time, had aroused my curiosity, and I axed a good many questions, trying to find out what it all meant,

but could get from them only a shrug of the shoulders and a peculiar grimace, which meant very little or a good deal, just as it happened."

I finally made bold enough to ask the old Scot, but got from him only a surly, growling intimation that I had better mind my own business, and not meddle with the concerns of others. Shortly afterward, I was called into the store by the factor, cautioned against pursuing my investigations, and dismissed with a warning.

The evident desire to keep the secret of that cottage was a sore temptation to me, and I determined to risk every thing to solve the mystery, but was compelled to bide my time and opportunity. My rashness had caused me to be watched, and it was not until all suspicion had been allayed, that I could, with safety, make another effort.

One day, I was returning from an excursion up the Payullup River, and was leisurely walking across one of those beautiful prairies which abound in this region. Now, these prairies are about as pretty pictures as one can see in a day's walk, but they "ain't worth shucks for farmin' purposes." The soil is hard and unyielding, the herbage meagre, sour, and fit only for sheep; even the deer refuse to browse upon it. A wagon or vehicle could travel over it as lightly as upon a beaten road, while the hoofs of animals hardly more than bruised the grass; but as they fell upon the ground they made a noise that could be heard a long distance. Stopping for a moment under the shade of a solitary tree, to enjoy the beauty of the scene, my ears caught the sound of approaching horses. Looking in the direction whence the sound came, I saw that one of them was ridden by a woman of not more than six and twenty years of age. Her hair was about the color of corn-silk in August, while her features, notwithstanding they showed traces of sorrow, were very beau-

* A *factor* was one who had charge of a fort belonging to the Hudson Bay Company. A *chief factor* had supervision of a district which included a number of trading-posts.

tiful. The other animal, which was fully two hundred yards in the rear, was ridden by the Scottish guard of the cottage. I instantly surmised that the beautiful female was the prisoner, and stepped out for the purpose of attracting her attention, and giving her an opportunity to address me. The woman no sooner caught sight of me than she turned her horse's head toward the spot where I was standing. The movement was observed by the Scot, who, sinking his heavy spurs into his horse's sides, urged him forward at the top of his speed, at the same time shouting:

"Dinna ye spake to her ef ye value yer life!"

The lady had the advantage of her guard, and was soon beside me, but did not stop to speak. As she passed, she gave me a look full of meaning, and which seemed to say, "I would give worlds for a half-hour's conversation with you, but I will have to postpone it till some other occasion."

As the Scot rode past, he said, "Ye did weel to keep yer tongue within yer mouth."

This little incident increased my desire to know more about the fair prisoner; but my judgment told me that if I would learn I must use strategy. I could not understand why the girl should be guarded so closely, nor why she had been sent to this far, out-of-the-way place for imprisonment. After this, I quite frequently caught sight of the prisoner, but she was always attended by the Scot, who never, for a single instant, relaxed his vigilance, or gave her an opportunity to speak to a single soul. Many a night have I laid awake, puzzling my brain over the matter, and wondering if the mystery would ever be revealed.

A year had passed away since my arrival at the fort, and still the young girl was held a prisoner. Her keepers, however, had long ceased to exercise an es-

pionage upon my actions and movements, because I had taken pains to allay their suspicions. At length, finding that I could move about the fort without having an Indian at my heels, I commenced making preparations for an interview with the fair prisoner. It is not necessary, for the understanding of my story, that I should weary you with explaining how I laid my plans, constructed scaling-ladders from rope made of bark; how, upon one dark night, when the rain was pouring down in torrents and the wind sighing mournfully through the trees, I stole forth from my cabin, and soon found myself within the inclosure and beside the cottage, gazing into the room occupied by her.

Notwithstanding the hour was past the meridian of night, the fair occupant of the room was still awake. I was puzzled how to attract her attention, and not at the same time startle her and cause her to scream, or give some alarm, which would bring the old Scotchman to interrupt the proposed interview. After revolving a number of schemes and rejecting them all, I tapped gently upon the glass, at the same time placing myself in such a position that I could be seen the moment her eyes were raised to the window. The noise caused the girl to raise her head, and as she did so, she caught sight of me. Her face blanched with terror, and she opened her mouth as if to scream; but by a desperate struggle, she choked down her feelings and tottered to the door, opened it, and said something which I thought was an invitation to enter, and which I accepted as such.

Motioning me to be seated, she commenced telling me something, but as she spoke in French, I could not understand a word she said. Here was a pretty condition of affairs! After all my trouble to find out how I could aid and assist the unfortunate lady, to be balked at the very moment when success appeared certain! I told her that I could

not understand a word she was saying; that I was totally ignorant of all languages but my native one. A shade of deep disappointment passed over her features, and she stood for a moment as if revolving in her mind what to do. Suddenly, a bright gleam illuminated her face, her eyes sparkled with pleasure, and she seated herself at a table, seized a pen, and dashed off a letter, which she folded, addressed, and handed to me with a gesture, which seemed to say, "Will you be kind enough to post that for me?" I took the letter, placed it in my pocket, rose from my seat, and started toward the door. She followed me, and, as I was going out, seized my hand, raised it to her lips, and pressed a kiss upon it. Now, I have been kissed more than any number of times by girls that might be called good-looking in any part of the world, but none of the kisses ever sent such a thrill through me before. I could hardly resist the temptation to turn back, throw my arms around the lady, and give her a regular Kentucky hug. But thinking she might not like it, I restrained my feelings, dashed out into the rain, and was soon back in my cabin.

I knew that the Company never permitted letters to be sent away from the fort without first having been read by the factor, and that if I undertook to send the letter the lady had given me, it would not only be confiscated, but would get me into very serious trouble. I had, however, promised that I would forward the letter to its destination, and determined to do so. Several months passed away before an opportunity presented itself to fulfill my trust. In company with several others, I was sent down to Vancouver Island for supplies, and finding, upon our arrival, one of the Company's ships on the eve of sailing for Europe, I made the acquaintance of one of the crew, and becoming convinced that he could be trusted, gave him the letter,

with instructions to post it upon arriving in England.

I returned to the fort, and continued my routine of duties, frequently catching glimpses of the lady, but never getting an opportunity to address a single word to her, for the old Scotchman never, for a single moment, relaxed his vigilance. At first, I thought I could observe a brighter look in the face of the poor girl, as if hope was fanning her heart, and imparting more strength to her body. This continued for more than a year; and then, as month after month rolled away, I could detect a redness about her eyes, which indicated that she had begun to lose her grasp upon the anchor, grow despondent, and give way to tears. Two years and a half had marked their events in the world's history since the letter had been intrusted to my hands, when information was brought to the fort by the Indians that a ship had entered the sound.

The arrival of a vessel was an event of so rare an occurrence that it attracted a great deal of attention. Rival traders were looked upon by the Hudson Bay Company pretty much in the same light that other people regarded thieves, and the factors generally treated them as game-keepers treated poachers. In the present instance, scouts were sent out to watch the actions of the strangers, and report to the commander of our fort. The scouts, after a short absence, returned and reported that the vessel had dropped her anchor at the mouth of the river, and that those on board were making inquiries in regard to the fort. This information was no sooner communicated to the factor than he ordered his canoe, and proceeded to visit the ship.

What took place on board that ship is also a mystery to me, for I never heard a word spoken about it. It is probable, however, that the factor was kindly entertained, for on his return to the fort I noticed that his footsteps were irregular,

tiful. The other animal, which was fully two hundred yards in the rear, was ridden by the Scottish guard of the cottage. I instantly surmised that the beautiful female was the prisoner, and stepped out for the purpose of attracting her attention, and giving her an opportunity to address me. The woman no sooner caught sight of me than she turned her horse's head toward the spot where I was standing. The movement was observed by the Scot, who, sinking his heavy spurs into his horse's sides, urged him forward at the top of his speed, at the same time shouting:

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Notwithstanding the hour was past the meridian of night, the fair occupant of the room was still awake. I was puzzled how to attract her attention, and not at the same time startle her and cause her to scream, or give some alarm, which would bring the old Scotchman to interrupt the proposed interview. After revolving a number of schemes and rejecting them all, I tapped gently upon the glass, at the same time placing myself in such a position that I could be seen the moment her eyes were raised to the window. The noise caused the girl to raise her head, and as she did so, she caught sight of me. Her face blanched with terror, and she opened her mouth as if to scream; but by a desperate struggle, she choked down her feelings and tottered to the door, opened it, and said something which I thought was an invitation to enter, and which I accepted as such.

Motioning me to be seated, she commenced telling me something, but as she spoke in French, I could not understand a word she said. Here was a pretty condition of affairs! After all my trouble to find out how I could aid and assist the unfortunate lady, to be balked at the very moment when success appeared certain! I told her that I could

not understand a word she was saying; that I was totally ignorant of all languages but my native one. A shade of deep disappointment passed over her features, and she stood for a moment as if revolving in her mind what to do. Suddenly, a bright gleam illuminated her face, her eyes sparkled with pleasure, and she seated herself at a table, seized a pen, and dashed off a letter, which she folded, addressed, and handed to me with a gesture, which seemed to say, "Will you be kind enough to post that for me?" I took the letter, placed it in my pocket, rose from my seat, and started toward the door. She followed me, and, as I was going out, seized my hand, raised it to her lips, and pressed a kiss upon it. Now, I have been kissed more than any number of times by girls that might be called good-looking in any part of the world, but none of the kisses ever sent such a thrill through me before. I could hardly resist the temptation to turn back, throw my arms around the lady, and give her a regular Kentucky hug. But thinking she might not like it, I restrained my feelings, dashed out into the rain, and was soon back in my cabin.

I knew that the Company never permitted letters to be sent away from the fort without first having been read by the factor, and that if I undertook to send the letter the lady had given me, it would not only be confiscated, but would get me into very serious trouble. I had, however, promised that I would forward the letter to its destination, and determined to do so. Several months passed away before an opportunity presented itself to fulfill my trust. In company with several others, I was sent down to Vancouver Island for supplies, and finding, upon our arrival, one of the Company's ships on the eve of sailing for Europe, I made the acquaintance of one of the crew, and becoming convinced that he could be trusted, gave him the letter,

with instructions to post it upon arriving in England.

I returned to the fort, and continued my routine of duties, frequently catching glimpses of the lady, but never getting an opportunity to address a single word to her, for the old Scotchman never, for a single moment, relaxed his vigilance. At first, I thought I could observe a brighter look in the face of the poor girl, as if hope was fanning her heart, and imparting more strength to her body. This continued for more than a year; and then, as month after month rolled away, I could detect a redness about her eyes, which indicated that she had begun to lose her grasp upon the anchor, grow despondent, and give way to tears. Two years and a half had marked their events in the world's history since the letter had been intrusted to my hands, when information was brought to the fort by the Indians that a ship had entered the sound.

The arrival of a vessel was an event of so rare an occurrence that it attracted a great deal of attention. Rival traders were looked upon by the Hudson Bay Company pretty much in the same light that other people regarded thieves, and the factors generally treated them as game-keepers treated poachers. In the present instance, scouts were sent out to watch the actions of the strangers, and report to the commander of our fort. The scouts, after a short absence, returned and reported that the vessel had dropped her anchor at the mouth of the river, and that those on board were making inquiries in regard to the fort. This information was no sooner communicated to the factor than he ordered his canoe, and proceeded to visit the ship.

What took place on board that ship is also a mystery to me, for I never heard a word spoken about it. It is probable, however, that the factor was kindly entertained, for on his return to the fort I noticed that his footsteps were irregular,

and that his face was flushed and his eyes heavy, as if he had been drinking pretty freely.

The following day, three young men from the vessel visited the fort, and were entertained by the factor. They claimed to be young gentlemen of fortune, traveling around the world in their own vessel, for no other purpose than seeing it; but one of them was soon found to be very inquisitive, asking questions of the *employés* about the fort, the country, the Indians, and the inclosed cottage. His conduct was reported to the factor, who bluntly informed him that his actions were distasteful, and unbecoming a gentleman and guest.

The arrival of the strangers had caused the fair prisoner to be kept strictly confined within her inclosed cottage. She was forbidden to take her customary rides over the prairie, while the old Scot appeared to redouble his vigilance at the gate. Whether the factor suspected that the strangers would attempt to rescue his prisoner, or desired to keep her concealed from view, I never knew.

The vessel remained at the mouth of the river for several weeks, during which time the strangers visited the trading-post quite frequently, cultivated the acquaintance of the Indians, and endeavored to secure their friendship. The behavior of the factor was observed, by those familiar with him, to undergo a change. He became nervous, suspicious, and ill at ease. Upon one pretext or another, he sent the White Men away from the fort; some were sent in one direction, some in another, but all upon journeys that would require their absence for a number of days. In company with two others, I was directed to go to Vancouver, on the Columbia River. Two days after our departure, an accident happened which necessitated our returning to the fort.

Whether the strangers had deemed the absence of the White Men from the

fort as a fit time for them to carry their plans into execution, or whether they had only then matured them, and determined to waste no more time, is something that I can not explain; but it matters very little. The fact is, that during my absence an attack had been made upon the fort by a party from the ship. They had gained an entrance, had captured and secured the old Scot, opened the cottage-gate, and carried away the prisoner without making any noise, or, at least, not sufficient to arouse the slumbering inmates of the large inclosure. After having secured what they had evidently come for, the party silently departed, and returned to their vessel. On getting under sail, they released the old Scot, and sent him ashore, bidding him to be sure and apologize to the factor for their unceremonious departure. The old guard hastened back, awakened the sleeping factor, and told him what had happened. With a deep curse, he jumped from his bed, rushed to the door, aroused every sleeping Indian about the fort, and in a very short time two or three hundred had gathered in front of the house. In a few words, he gave them to understand what had taken place, and that he desired their assistance to retake the prisoner, and punish those who had carried her away. The Indians were told that they had the factor's permission to destroy the ship, kill all on board, and appropriate every thing found in her to their own use, and that he would shield them from all consequences. The Indians were only too glad of an opportunity to engage in such an enterprise. Unfortunately for those on board the vessel, the wind had died out almost immediately after the old Scot had been released, and when the Indians reached the waters of the sound, the white sails of the doomed vessel were idly flapping the masts a short distance away. Silently, but rapidly, the Indians approached the vessel, until they came within a

few hundred yards, when they were warned to keep off; but disregarding the warning, a volley of grapeshot was discharged among the canoes, crushing one or two, and killing several of the Indians. Raising their battle-cry, and singing their war-song, the remainder of the red-skins were soon engaged in a hand-to-hand combat with those on board the ship. The contest was so unequal, that notwithstanding the Whites fought with courage and desperation, they were quickly overpowered and cut down by the invaders. At this moment, the chief factor and the Scotchman reached the vessel, and made their way to the cabin,

the door of which they broke open, and discovered their fair prisoner lying upon the floor, with her arms around the neck of a young man, who bore a strong personal resemblance to her—dead.

The two bodies were carried ashore, and buried beneath the shade of a large fir-tree, that stood like a sentinel upon a promontory of land. The Indians robbed the vessel, and then set fire to it, and I arrived in time to see it destroyed and to take part in the burial. I dared not ask the factor for the history of the young woman, and never learned who or what she was. May be, some of the old directors could explain the mystery.

THE CULTIVATION OF THE PRESENT.

LIFE is a science, and its enjoyment an art. For many, having at hand resources and capacities, its pleasures seem quite exhausted. It is for them the same old strain, played over and over again. Yet their existence may be rich in material for new tunes, only they must be at the pains of composing them. The act of composition is to prove no pain, but a pleasure.

Life, say some, is a hard, stern reality; so is iron. But the metal is molded into many a shape of beauty, elegance, and utility, none the less durable for being iron.

The aim of life is happiness. We hold that every sense, that every faculty, that every expression of animate and inanimate nature—animal, mineral, and vegetable—that the elements invisible now to man known, and that the elements still more subtle and powerful by him yet to be detected—are all, through study and proper use, to be made fruitful and ever-increasing sources for enjoyment. As we regulate the heat of the winter's fire to an agreeable temperature

for the body, may we not so regulate every element, association, and condition of existence to a temperature of enjoyment?

Yet these minds of ours are such uncontrollable pieces of machinery—so much of their force is concentrated and expended in regretting something that is past, or in longing for something in the future—that any enjoyment which the present might confer is often lost altogether. We long for, and, in imagination, live in, some anticipated pleasure of the future, which may never be realized; and, perhaps, all the while, by so doing, refuse entrance to those enjoyments which may even now be knocking at our doors.

The brain seems an immense photograph-gallery. Our past experience, our future anticipations, our life-pictures of joy, grief, hope, and despair, hang promiscuously on its walls. In the centre we stand, and the panoramic medley revolves about us. We should, perhaps, have the power to govern such revolution. Generally, it governs us. Melancholy, sadness, and discouragement per-

sist in forcing us through rooms wherein are depicted the gloomiest scenes. Yet the brighter side and possibility are not to us locked and barred. Only habit takes us through the dark walk. Is not habit of thought in brain as mechanical, and as great a tyrant, as habit of movement in body? Some can not sit without swinging a leg or drumming their fingers. The muscles, used to this play for a life-time, can not be restrained at once. Set to work to cure this, and you will a thousand times find yourself running involuntarily into such useless exercise. It is habit, inbred in and through the very bone; perhaps confirmed by a long line of ancestry. May not the habit of strolling through these gloomy mental picture-galleries be similarly perpetuated, and be even more difficult of cure?

We will cultivate the present by rooting from our minds those useless weeds, foreboding and anxiety. They poison all pleasure, all good fortune. Thus, I am to-day penniless and full of the anxieties of penury; to-morrow, fortune in my hand drops a few thousand dollars. Am I, in twenty-four hours, any happier? Perhaps not. Fifty or an hundred new sources of anxiety have beset me, all relating to my new fortune. Fifty new anxieties wait upon me. The bank may break; thieves may steal. In the past, I have cultivated the misery of the present; and its parasites, useless foreboding and anxiety, curl their tendrils, and sap the life from every newly-found source of pleasure. "Take no thought for the future?" asks Sir Anxiety. Scan the future well; then drop it till the hour comes for another outlook. By sun and star, the mariner determines the vessel's course; then he returns his instruments to their case. Sufficient for the hour is the observation thereof.

Cynicism cultivates present misery in regarding only people's imperfection. If I am so fastidious that only two people

in the world please me, I render my social enjoyment dependent on, and am, in a certain sense, a slave to, these two sources of pleasure. Better cultivate the present, cultivate more people, cultivate all sorts of people, and so render myself more independent. Every mind has some little private walk of its own. Get into those walks, if you can; and, for the time, get out of your own. The more we enter, the more numerous and varied the sources of happiness. It is better for us that our sympathy and interest extend toward two than one, toward four than two. The more of such links in life's cable, the stronger our hold on life. A long cable holds better than a short one. If we are bored by our entertainer, let us project our whole mind into his; and, following him through all the crooked mazes of his talk, lose at last our antagonistic personality, and imagine that it is we who are talking. It will be found a source of amusement. Warm yourself into the spirit of times, localities, events, occasions.

If I merge myself into the spirit of the present occasion, I may be content; if I refuse to accommodate myself to it, I am certain to be miserable. The cheerful, accommodating, and plastic philosophical spirit will not, if anticipating a drive behind a fast horse, be driven from its serenity on finding itself dragged by the laziest of animals, at the rate of a mile an hour, in an old rattletrap of a buggy, with loose and clattering fellies and axles. It will harmonize itself with the indolence of the horse and the dilapidativeness of the turn-out. Is there not pleasure in a ride on a hay-wagon, or a puny sleigh? Is there not melody in a slow air as well as a fast one; and if we can not just now have the fast, are we not fortunate to be content with the slow?

The sense of happiness realized in a pleasant dream comes nearer perfection than any other. It is characterized by

no restless longing, for something just ahead; no regret for the past. All else seems shut out save the present; it is a momentary flash of pure, peaceful delight; we wake with a sigh to re-enter this monotonous life-contest, this maelstrom of regret, anxiety, foreboding, and restlessness; and we wish life were all a pleasing dream.

Even that condition of semi-sleep, known as the doze, brings a happy and contented state of semi-consciousness. May we not be allowed to say, it is because whatever power and consciousness of mind remain are entirely concentrated on some pleasing picture. Why this difference of mental condition between sleeping and waking? May it not be, that during sleep the mind is better able to concentrate itself on one object? May it not fix itself on the interest of the moment, and shut out all else? Is it not an involuntary cultivation of the present? Is not mind here hinting at the proper road for us to take: the holding of thought to some fixed point or purpose? Shall we control our thoughts, or shall thoughts, coming and going, control us? Shall our minds be as ever-changing kaleidoscopes, under no control save impulse or fancy?

Modern wisdom now declares that its object is to make people think for themselves. There are many, who, at times, would be glad to stop thinking. Is there such a blessing as a power wherein the mind may shut itself up, and, for a season, forbid to itself the entrance of any subject—good, bad, or indifferent? Next to sound sleep, this would be the greatest of comforts to many an intellect, whose action, from morning till night, is, as Mr. Mantilini would say, “one eternal gwind” of hopes, fears, forebodings, botherations, and perplexities. With such a series of ever-recurring, unpleasing pictures, no wonder some people become weary, and view existence rather as a curse than a blessing. It is

the dreadful result of mental habit, in cultivating, not the happiness, but the misery, of the present.

It is certainly desirable to possess all the ideas possible, but are we not often possessed and captured by an idea, or even a mere imagination? All of life's comforts are poisoned for the suspicious and jealous lover. He wallows in the misery of an unpleasant picture or possibility of the future. In a similar manner, men are captured by an imagination of coming poverty. All these fears of what may happen in the future are thus made as tangible as if they were present realities. Is it not safe to say that at least one-half of life's troubles come from mere ideas and imaginings, useless regrets for the past, and useless anxieties and forebodings concerning the future, through which there is not only neglected, but even temporarily destroyed, all ability for the cultivation of the present. The lively, vivid imagination paints bright realities too bright, and then, finding itself disappointed, goes as far the other way in covering them with shades of blackness. It forgets, or refuses to study and accept, the present reality. So, above all, Genius carries with itself the most elements for misery or happiness. It is apt to paint its realities in fancy colors, and mourns because they won't wash.

Anticipation, also, borrows too much of the strength which might be used for the present to expend on the future. Anticipation seems often destructive to present and future happiness.

Impromptu gatherings of friends are always the most pleasant. Anticipation in such cases has had no time to model and elaborate her air-castles, in contrast with which the reality must suffer. Accident in this forces us to cultivate the present.

Of all the periods in a boy's life, the most worthless to him is the three weeks previous to the Fourth of July. Con-

trasted with the anticipated glories of the Independence morning, the ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, the popping of crackers, the pocketful of pence, the procession, the pine-trees, root-beer, ice-cream, and candy, what is the present? Is it not very tedious and commonplace? His life is all anticipatory, that anticipation being concentrated on the enjoyment of one day. When that day arrives, no reality can equal the air-castles he has built concerning it. Hence, although he will scarce own it to himself, there is a sense of disappointment in its realization: the crackers of reality do not explode so spiritedly as those which in his brain have been popping for weeks. Anticipation has stolen away all the brightness of reality.

Impatience is another bane of the present. It seems the general tendency to hurry over the present, and, in anticipation, to grasp at the future. So many of life's little acts are characterized by hurry, by lack of thought, by lack of interest. Are we not over-apt to concentrate over-much life's forces on some one engrossing object? Our breakfasts are hurried; impatience robs each mouthful of half its relish; the walk to the place of business a race, the mind continually chiding the body for not getting on faster; the ride by car or ferry-boat to town is only another condition of anxious longing for the trip to be over; our writing is a hurried scrawl, an irksome task. In fashioning even a letter, something deep within us rejoices in symmetry and order.

A thousand of the minor acts of life are thus made irksome by slovenliness and haste in execution. There is no pleasure conferred when the male or female sloven pitches on his or her clothes. There is the pleasure of the moment realized in the execution of an elaborate and tasteful toilet. Slovenliness is here the loser in this joy of the moment; care, neatness, and concentration of the

mind on the object in hand are therein gainers: for the tasteful fashioning and arrangement of the outward garb has its place, its use, and its symbol, in the great mosaic we call Life.

Nature insists on repose, and deliberate, thoughtful action, in all things. No morsel is enjoyed that is hastily swallowed. Satisfy to the full the sense of taste, and the food is better prepared to assimilate with and repair the waste of body. Dyspepsia, in some of its thousand varying forms, is the unknown, uncredited author of life's miseries by the million. A modified epicureanism—first, in the choice of food; second, in its preparation, and, third, in its eating—is one of the most effectual methods of cultivating the present. Thousands know not how to eat. A dinner swallowed in ten minutes is bolted, not eaten.

A sense of pleasure is realized, when, in the mental laboratory, a thought-picture new to us is struck out. We make its transferring to paper an irksome task; hurry is only another name for unhappiness. The mind works a portion of its machinery in the formation of a letter, as in the formation of a thought; not a curve is marked by pen on paper, but that the shape is first modeled in the brain; our slovenly scrawls result from careless modeling; we are neglecting cultivation in the department of form. All brain departments are in sympathy with each other; neglect of one, involves evil consequences on the others. Will is exercised, even in the proper formation of a letter; will, exercised and strengthened for one purpose, is strengthened for all.

The most trivial act demands its share of care and thought. In the tying of a shoe may be exercised patience, will, skill, and forethought. By such exercise are these qualities strengthened. Nature sets us the example. She slights no portion of her work. She is neat, orderly, and elaborate in the minutest things.

The seeming dust on the butterfly's wing stands out—as revealed by the glass—feathers, elegant and beautiful. The mechanism of every leaf is elaborate and complicated. The snow-flake and ice-crystal are molded in shapes of beauty.

Hurry is one form of laziness: a laziness which consists as much, if not more, in lack of thought, as lack of act. Such laziness often not only takes, but bears, the most pain.

Order is Heaven's first law. Heaven is a mental condition. The law applies to, and must be observed in, the very atoms which make up life. We must learn not to despise the present day of small things.

First aim, then fire. First think, then act. The rule is as serviceable in buttoning a collar, as in a more important

act. Its neglect always brings a greater or less penalty of pain.

In this cultivation of the day of small, present things, it is consoling and encouraging to know that any desirable quality of mind, when found lacking, may be increased and strengthened by such cultivation. In all these little acts of life, we may drill ourselves to increase of patience, will, repose, content with the present, presence of mind, firmness, and concentration. We may train ourselves to dismiss gloomy and unprofitable thoughts, and to a greater and ever-growing appreciation of the beautiful, the mysterious, the sublime. The intellect, so growing, will never tire of Earth, of Nature, of Mankind. It will learn better and better to concentrate itself, and become absorbed in the many paths of being.

FROM YEAR TO YEAR.

The green leaves grow and grow,
And the birds build in the trees:
Ah, Sweethearts, could I linger, linger,
With soul at ease!

O long, cool vineyard rows!
The path is blind with heat;
With you rest is, and sound of waters,
And shadow sweet.

The dry leaves fall and fall;
The days grow less in the sun:
I falter, fail, and my soul is weary—
The quest unwon!

It may come with the morn!
It may come with the night!
O near, far Hope, I follow, follow,
From dark to light!

ETC.

THE second of the series of "Artists' Receptions," given a few days ago, was very largely attended—as many being present as could see with any convenience the pictures, or move about with any freedom, in the spacious hall. The pictures were all fresh ones, and, though not so many in number as at the first exhibition, they were, on the whole, of superior merit.

Had a vote been taken, on that evening, for a Free Art Gallery in this city, not only would five hundred hands have been lifted for it, but some thousands of dollars would have been subscribed at once. The plan will require not less than \$50,000, to insure success. But when the current of public opinion sets in the right direction—as it now does—success may be assumed as sure to follow good management. A Free Art Gallery for San Francisco, with a School of Design—the latter supported by the willing contributions of pupils—would be an institution next in importance to the free schools of the city. Suppose every artist in the city should contribute his best picture, and the public were told, on reception night, that the entire collection would be sold, and the proceeds consecrated to the purpose named? We could mention a single artist who would add to the collection a picture, which, going for near its value, would bring a tenth of the whole sum needed. When the artists are ready to make a free gift of their best pictures, bringing them together, and saying to the public, "Here are our best treasures; take them, and give us, in return, funds for a Free Art Gallery"—the response to such an appeal will not disappoint any reasonable expectations. Try it, gentlemen, and report the weight of your purse on the following day.

THERE has been a noticeable improvement in suburban architecture during the year.

Here and there, the same excess of meretricious ornament in wood may be seen, and the cupola—that abominable excrescence—does, in a few instances, sprout out of the roof. But, on the whole, there is a more subdued tone, and the suburban residence is coming to be an expression of some degree of taste and culture. So long as we adhere to wooden buildings, a cheap and perishable effect can not be neutralized by ambitious architecture. Our poverty of resources is only exaggerated in this way. It is not likely that any earthquake would demolish a well-built structure of stone or brick. If that should ever happen, wood buildings would be tossed about like balloons on a windy day. Wood is cheap, and a house built of it may, or may not, be well adapted to the exigencies of climate. But it has not escaped notice that San Francisco is a city of tinder-boxes, which, on some carnival-day of fire, may be licked up so clean that new stakes will have to be driven to mark the boundaries of lots. These "extemporaneous" dwellings do, after all, symbolize a new people. We are not building for future generations. There are no family traditions, no old homesteads, and no particular veneration for the past or future. We are a people of to-day, and the house of to-day answers our purpose, until we are schooled into something better. The "shapely" country mansion may last fifty years; in most instances, it is hoped its ugliness will disappear somewhat sooner. As for a wooden city, that may be rebuilt half a dozen times within half a century. Melbourne, built of stone and brick, contrasts strangely with San Francisco, with its wood houses snapping their balloon-frames in every gale. But it is sometimes better that a fire should execute a sanitary commission in a new city, than that the plague should execute it in an old one. Let us comfort ourselves, therefore, with our tin-

der-boxes, seeing that, when we are tired of them, they can be swept away in an hour; and posterity will have no occasion to babble about gray walls, clinging ivy, and other heirlooms.

THE acclimation of men and women in California has been rather a successful experiment. People, of all races and countries, take root and prosper. Even almond-eyed John, not desiring to take root, gets along very well on the "off days," when his

head is not broken to illustrate the range of our liberties.

The orange, grape, and palm were brought from Spain. Seeds for orchards were brought across the country in the pockets of immigrants. The mahogany-tree of Australia—known here, in its many varieties, as the gum-tree—promises to be the most valuable contribution ever made to the resources of the country. There is something hopeful in this eclecticism of humanity and of trees and plants, which is going on at the same time.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

HISTORY OF FREDERICK THE GREAT. By John S. C. Abbott. With illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Whoever has read Carlyle's *Life of Frederick the Great* will not, we imagine, trouble himself with reading what Abbott has to say of the same personage. No more facts are brought to light, and the philosophy is often crudely interpreted. It is deemed necessary by the author to make some sort of an apology for having given his work to the public at all. Carlyle's was too extensive and profound for popular reading. It is possible, therefore, for Mr. Abbott to make up a kind of historical hash from that which has been furnished by other authors, which a part of the reading public, not very critical in its tastes, nor very profound in its way of thinking, will relish even better than the more elaborate work of a painstaking historian.

Aiming at this, Mr. Abbott has achieved some measure of success. The character of his hero will never cease to enlist interest, so long as there is any love of that sort of hero-worship which adores success, left in the world. Moreover, the writer has shown a greater fidelity to facts than was disclosed by his *Life of Napoleon*. Enough could be made out of his subject, without resorting to fiction. We find, however, the same disposition to indulge in moral reflections, and to hitch on a fragment of a sermon, here and there.

But there is no attempt to conceal the ugliness which the character of Frederick the Great reveals, and which was notably manifested in his father. With such a training as the son received, we only wonder that he did not become a demon. Kicked, cuffed, cursed, choked, half starved, imprisoned, his life tormented by that royal curmudgeon, his father—and at times hardly less so by his intriguing and heartless mother—and while suffering all this devilment, sandwiched by long homilies about orthodoxy, especially the bearings of "predestination"—we do not wonder that Frederick was at heart a skeptic; but rather wonder that even his in-born greatness had not been wholly strangled out of him. Prussia, with its two and a half millions of inhabitants, its territory not compact, without a legislative body, its King not only supreme but a despot, was unlike the Prussia of these times, which has been merged into a German Empire of more than thirty millions, its King an Emperor, and its power confessedly the first on the globe. The dream of Frederick the Great has become a reality in the reign of his successor. But the great Captain laid the foundation for this greatness. The maxims of Prussia to-day, overlaid by the German Empire, are substantially the maxims of Frederick the Second: consolidation, military prestige, the ruling power of Europe.

Abbott's *Life of Frederick* will not lack readers. The principal events are skillfully grouped, and the story runs on with increasing interest. In the popular estimation, even the wood-cuts will add something of value to this historical picture-book.

WAKE ROBIN. By John Burroughs. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

The author accounts for his singular title by saying that it is the common name of the white Trillium, which blooms in the woods in spring time, and marks the arrival of the birds. An ornithologist, half concealing his scientific acquirements, a lover of birds, and a clear and genial interpreter of Nature as revealed in forests and by-places, tells us what he knows about birds. His observations extend over the Eastern and Middle States, and far enough to include all our early friends. The writer takes nothing upon trust. He does not, therefore, sit in his study and theorize, but goes to the woods to find his facts before he makes a record of them. His insight is keen, and his patient observation is continually rewarded by discoveries in a field where many noted ornithologists had gone before him. In several instances, he is able to correct the statements of Audubon, and to push his observations with respect to some birds further than this famous author.

Mr. Burroughs airs his learning so little, and is so intent upon taking the reader along with him, making him see all that the writer has seen, that we lose the ornithologist in the lover of woodcraft, who is in such hearty sympathy with Nature, that the wealth of her secrets are laid open to him. Not only does he tell us about the habits of birds, bringing out facts both old and new, but he tells his story in such an attractive way that we want to be off with him at once. He gives us the very quality of the song which every bird contributes. One may traverse the woods for weeks and months without hearing some of these bird-notes, and then possibly be rewarded by the welcome note from the nearest tree or thicket. Only the best trained ear can distinguish the notes of several birds belonging to the family of thrushes. Shy birds there are, for which one

must wait for days after seeing them before the first quaver in the concert is given. A new song in the woods, a bird never seen before, a new habit discovered, will reward such a writer for long journeys. And then there is the stimulus of constant expectation. The field is not exhausted. The gleaners who came after Wilson and Audubon are constantly adding some new fact of importance to a science which, however exact, does not yet cover the whole field of inquiry.

Then, the author of *Wake Robin* is brimming over with incidental observations, which beguile all the way through the forests. What matter if we have not seen all the birds, since we have heard this disciple of Nature, in his best moods, unfolding secrets at every step of the way! And doing this so blithely, and with such health of soul, that we never tire of him! We are inclined to set this down in the list of the four or five notable books of the season.

THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON: Compiled from Family Letters and Reminiscences. By his great-granddaughter, Sarah N. Randolph. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a volume that tells rather meagrely, we think, of the private, hardly the domestic, life of Jefferson. It is almost wholly a compilation from sources already made public, in which we follow the subject along most of the steps of his private career; but there is, as there could scarcely otherwise be, but little revelation of the domestic life of a man who was sixty years in the public service, and in that time neglectful of almost nothing so much as that source of domestic wealth and happiness, home itself. Most of the story is made up of Jefferson's private correspondence, linked together, here and there, where it is needed, by a few lines of narrative by the authoress, and made fuller and more particular at intervals by quotations from already published accounts of his life, and letters and memoranda of his acquaintance and relatives still alive. It is a pleasant volume, as indeed such a one could not fail to be, considering the sources from which it is derived; but it tells but very little, if any thing, that the world did not already

know of its subject, and will serve a purpose in giving people who care to know more of the private affairs of a public man than of his public life, some idea of them, and save such much trouble in taking up a more extended memoir and correspondence—possibly, indeed, insuring to such some knowledge to which their feminine hatred of large volumes and discussion of public affairs would otherwise be a complete barrier. And yet a mind very curious as to the facts of Jefferson's private life, will not be fully satisfied; for, though the pages will pass under the eye pleasantly to the close, there will still be a wonder that so little is said of his boy-life, his student-life, his habits in manhood, his life in Paris, the methods of the man as President, of his habits while living in Washington, and the conduct of his household there, and of the methods and ways and daily routine at Monticello afterward. There are as many as half a dozen pages on which there is some allusion to his domestic habits after he had given up public life; but, after all, when one reads that his correspondence was so extensive, and that he kept copies of nearly all the letters he wrote, to the number of sixteen thousand, and that the "letters received by him that were preserved amounted to twenty-six thousand at the time of his death," there remains a chance for surmise that in that collection of correspondence much might have been found that would add no little to the worth of the present volume, even though something herein had been sacrificed therefor. We feel, however, that the volume is made as valuable and precious as the pen and discrimination of a revering descendant, somewhat, we judge, unused to authorship, could make it. What personal anecdotes of him were within reach have been herein repeated; and, we presume, we may trust the authenticity that narrates, that "when five years old, he had read all the books contained in his father's little library," saving any mention of its contents; and that his courtship of Miss Rebecca Burwell—one of the beauties of her day, concerning whom he was indulging fond dreams—"was suddenly cut short by her, to him, unexpected marriage to another"—scarcely an evidence of circum-spect shrewdness on the part of the future President, then at the susceptible age of

twenty-one years. If there are any who know nothing of Mr. Jefferson, this volume will incite them to get fuller knowledge; while it will, doubtless, satisfy—as telling, probably, the most that any one knows—those who are fond only of what is personal to the man.

THE LIFE OF HERNANDO CORTEZ. By Arthur Helps. New York: J. P. Putnam & Sons.

Foremost among the many remarkable men whom the discovery and conquest of the New World brought forth from their obscurity, was the subject of Arthur Helps' latest published work—Hernando Cortez. The book is dedicated to Carlyle, to whom divers explanations are proffered. Those who have read the *Spanish Conquest in America* will recognize many an old acquaintance, although the conscientious author is careful to assure his readers that every sentence quoted from that history has been critically surveyed, to see whether, by the aid of additional knowledge, it could be corrected or improved. Of course, there have been large additions to those parts which pertain to the life of Cortez. In his dedication, the author hints that his friend Carlyle had, in times past, expressed grave doubts as to the authenticity of the wonderful statements made in regard to Mexico, as if the country were a sort of "Brobdingnag," subjected to the explorations of an exaggerated "Gulliver." This soft impeachment is mildly resented, and ninety folio volumes of MS., from the collection at Muñoz, are hurled at the venerable Carlyle, to silence all future misgivings.

In the first chapter, he outlines the character of his hero, thus: "The leader, whose life I am about to narrate, was a heroic adventurer, a very politic statesman, and an admirable soldier. He was cruel at times in conduct, but not in disposition; he was sincerely religious, profoundly dissembling, courteous, liberal, amorous, decisive. There was a certain grandeur in all his proceedings. He was very fertile in resources; and, while he looked far forward, he was at the same time almost madly audacious in his enterprises. This strange mixture of valor,

religion, policy, and craft was a peculiar product of that century." From this brief paragraph may be gathered a far more just conception of the character of Cortez than from the most careful reading of the book: for, consciously or unconsciously, Helps does for Cortez what Abbott does for Napoleon. It would seem he wrote with *malice prepense*, after so patly comparing his hero with Claverhouse, the unrelenting Jacobite partisan and persecutor. He regards both as thorough gentlemen: very dignified, very nice and precise in all their ways and habits, but sadly indifferent as to the severity of the means by which they compassed their ends. "Bloody deeds," he says, "sat easily, for the most part, upon their well-bred natures." Could a description of character be more antithetical than this?

However, we shall soon rise superior to this little spasm of righteous indignation if we follow our author through the adventurous career of Cortez. He permits us to peep into the nursery, in the little town of Estremadura, Spain, where lies the infant hero; it is the old story over again, born of "poor; but respectable parents." How few mighty men enter the world through the portals of a family! History, newspapers, and George Washington never told a lie: hence, this *must* be true. It will be a crumb of comfort for the admirers of Mrs. Stanton's sensible views on pre-natal inheritances, to know that Arthur Helps dares to assert, that the mother of Cortez was a most remarkable woman, "as the mothers of distinguished men are wont to be." Through a sickly childhood; through the University of Salamanca, where he studied law; through defeated plans; through haps and mishaps, we follow him into his nineteenth year, when he embarks in a merchant vessel for San Domingo. The Governor of Hispaniola receives him with favor; and after holding several appointments, he accompanies Velasquez to subdue and conquer Cuba. He there marries, and forthwith employs the Indians in getting gold. Las Casas says, "How many of these died in extracting this gold for him, God will have kept better account than I have."

When Grijalva, an officer of Velasquez, returned from the discovery of Mexico, having attempted no settlement of the country, Cor-

tez was appointed to the command of a new expedition. Ambitious, active, indefatigable, cool, self-poised, and unscrupulous, he could step to the front as a leader and commander of men. Whatever may be said of the peculiar style of the historian; of his audacious freedom in handling events; of his almost offensive liberality in interlarding his own sentimental reasonings and deductions, the book is unquestionably readable and interesting, and from this point—namely, the sailing of the expedition from Santiago, on the 18th of November, 1518—the interest increases. We are counseled, by the tender-footed historian, to bear in mind the age in which the wanton butcheries of that remorseless adventurer were perpetrated. Against the slaughter of his thousands upon thousands, we are mildly admonished to place the great objects he had in view. *They* were only barbarians. *He* killed in a Christian-like manner. We resign ourselves, and seek to apotheosize the valiant hero, by repeating the well-grounded asseveration, "It must needs be that offenses come"—taking good heed to forget the concluding paragraph regarding the "woe."

It would be pleasant to know that the ambition and aspiration of this great conqueror rose superior to pelf; that he was too grand, even in his ferocity, to cripple his lofty thoughts with mere filthy lucre. But his first interrogative to the officers sent to him by Montezuma, was, "Has your king any gold?" On being answered in the affirmative, he said, with grim humor, "Let him send it me, for I and my companions have a complaint—a disease of the heart—which is cured by gold." The capture of Montezuma in his own palace, one of the boldest acts in all history, and the events clustering about this, are grandly grouped and portrayed.

Among the copious extracts, with which the author enlivens and diversifies his book, we do not notice a single quotation from Prescott, the acknowledged authority on matters of Mexican history. The versatile, idiomatic, sententious, racy style admissible in a work like that of *Friends in Council*, is to be deplored in sober history or biography; and any attempts at dramatic touches, or spicy diatribe, are constant interruptions. Historical erudition is never clarified by that

sort of illustration. It would seem that by this time the author would feel a dim and shadowy suspicion that History and Biography were not his particular province. There is nothing of the firm and fearless sweep of a master-hand, but the confused, ill-defined etchings of a mere tyro. He says of Cortez, he has "done his work as thoroughly as could be, according to his lights." We are generous enough to permit the author to enjoy the benefit of the remark. It is unkind to exact from a glow-worm what we may justly expect from a fixed star. Having now given to the world an ingenious rehash of his *Spanish Conquest in America*, in the lives of Columbus, Pizarro, and Hernando Cortez, may we not hope he will drop the thread of his biographical discourse? His genius illumines a different orbit, and the old poet tells the story:

"Nature to each allots his proper sphere,
But, *that forsaken*, we, like comets, err;
Toss'd through the void, by some rude shock we're
broke,
And all our boasted fire is lost in smoke."

THE LIFE THAT NOW IS. By Robert Collyer. Boston: Horace B. Fuller.

Consciously or unconsciously, men, to a greater or less degree, preach and write themselves. The world is all astir with the echoes of what has been felt, loved, and suffered. Some awaken early to the dim whisperings of the voice within, and recognize in the sharp experiences of life an all-preparing Providence. From misfortune they gather sturdy virtue, unassailable integrity, and unwearying faith. To be well seasoned in thought and experience, is to be rich.

The writings of Robert Collyer, author of the compilation of sermons now before us, are as the writings of "one who pities men," and who is magnetic with love to redeem them. From adversity he has evidently gathered strength and ripeness. The history of his life-struggle is somewhat remarkable. Born in Yorkshire, England, in 1823, he was soon thereafter left fatherless. He left school at an age when most boys enter it—seven years and a half. At this time, he was sent to the only resource of the children of the poor, the factory. Here he remained until he was fourteen. It is said of him, that

"his was a soul that could never spin on blindly in the dark. While all day he drove the wheels of iron, their dreary droning and turning could not crush out the heart of the child—the brave and hopeful spirit, the genuine faith in God, which distinguish him as a man. He felt that the cold metallic motion was not all the life God fashions or reveals; and while the weary fingers picked up patiently thread after thread, in and out among them, the cheerful fancy of the thoughtful boy was weaving in brilliant patterns a woof of bright dreams and high hopes for the future." He afterward spent ten years at the forge, to which he doubtless owes his strong lungs and vigorous frame. At the age of twenty-four, he was wielding his heavy hammer on week-days, and dealing ponderous blows at the vices of dales-folk, round about him, on Sundays. In 1850, he emigrated to America, and went to work at his trade in Pennsylvania. He was shortly after licensed to preach, under the auspices of the Methodist Church. In 1859, he was arraigned by the Conference for heresy, and refused a renewal of his license, on the ground that he could not believe in eternal punishment, nor in total depravity, nor in the damnation of a good man. Immediately after this action, the well-known philanthropist, Dr. Furness, recommended him to the Unitarian pulpit of Chicago. This Church being then disturbed by political differences, a portion of its membership withdrew, and invited Mr. Collyer to become their pastor. From that small beginning has grown the Second Unitarian Society, which has built the largest Protestant Church in the North-west, with Robert Collyer at its head.

His *Nature and Art*, a volume of sermons, from the same publisher, found great favor, having already reached the ninth edition. In the brief preface to the volume before us, the author offers a twofold plea as his only apology for saying so little about "*that which is to come*": first, that so many better and wiser men have said so much about it already; and, second, I am so sure that if we can but find the right way through this world, and walk in it, the doors of heaven are as sure to open to us, as ours open to our children when they come eagerly home from school."

These sermons impress one, primarily, with their marvelous definiteness and practicability. There is nothing of suffocating aridity about them. The mind is alert, and the heart warms up to kindling truth. This great "apostle of force" has something to say, and he knows how to say it. It is a living heart, addressing a living ear. There is nothing of brilliant and meaningless generalizations; nor slow, patient, heavy-footed methods of induction, and the wearisome application of crucial (and crucifying) tests to the results of deduction. There is a fresh, crisp, vigorous, humane thought presented with pleading earnestness. He treads the firm earth, but points heavenward. He grasps into the actual, living present, and "does not send his thoughts wandering over eternities." He teaches religion, not as a dead language, or a necessary part of a gentleman's education, but as if it were that vital principle which is to lift man from the low walk of self-seeking, and by the soft and reverent steps of Faith, Trust, and Benevolence, raise him higher and higher into the spiritual realm.

There are many books of sermons which would, unquestionably, be exceedingly profitable to mankind, were it only possible to read them; but there is either so much of gloom and ferocity, or of the "eternal picnic" hereafter—so little that takes hold on the veritable "life that now is"—that earnest, practical souls find little time to devote to them. In the volume before us, the sermons on "Marriage," "Children and Childhood," "Vines and Branches," and "The Holiness of Helpfulness," we reckon as among the best. While we may not indorse all his theology, we can but wish that the world was all astir with great, grand men, brave, heroic thinkers, full of sympathy, gentleness, love and humanity, like the author of the volume we have just laid aside.

THE LANDS OF SCOTT. By James F. Hunnewell. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

In a most reverent and loving spirit, the author has given us a volume which contains much more than the title hints. In his preface, he more particularly defines his intent, when he says, that he, "feeling affection

and gratitude for the pleasure and the profit he [Scott] has conferred, proposes that this work shall contain sketches of the long and wonderfully varied series of his works, of the not less remarkable story of his life, and of the places with which both works and life are associated;" and the purpose of the author has been well carried out. It contains, indeed, minute descriptions of nearly, if not quite, all the prominent places and scenes of interest alluded to in the works of Scott, both in his poems and his novels. The author has drawn therefor much upon his own experience, having at various times visited nearly all the objects and places that he describes. More than this: after a studious pursuit for all the most interesting historical facts connected therewith, he has given a succinct literary history of each of Scott's works, and has laboriously taken each work by itself, described the scenes, identified the characters, and noted the facts of interest arising in each. It is, of course, scarcely a work to be read through at once, but will gain most of its interest for the reader of Scott who shall accompany his perusal of each separate work with the passages of this volume devoted thereto. Therein we conceive its chief value, and therein we conceive its value to be considerable.

THE STUDENT'S ELEMENTS OF GEOLOGY. By Sir Charles Lyell, Bart. With illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This work, in its present form, is, to a considerable extent, a recast of some of the older works of the same author. Some of the paragraphs and divisions have been freshly written, to meet any of the later discoveries in geology. As it now appears, it is probably the most satisfactory hand-book of geological science extant. The text is clear, and is greatly helped by good illustrations. There is no more of geological science in this book than all persons of moderate scholarship ought to possess; but more, we imagine, than a majority of such really have at command. Geology, being a history of the world, more ancient than printing or tradition, was a sealed record a few centuries ago; but recent discoveries have rendered it the most interesting of the physical sciences.



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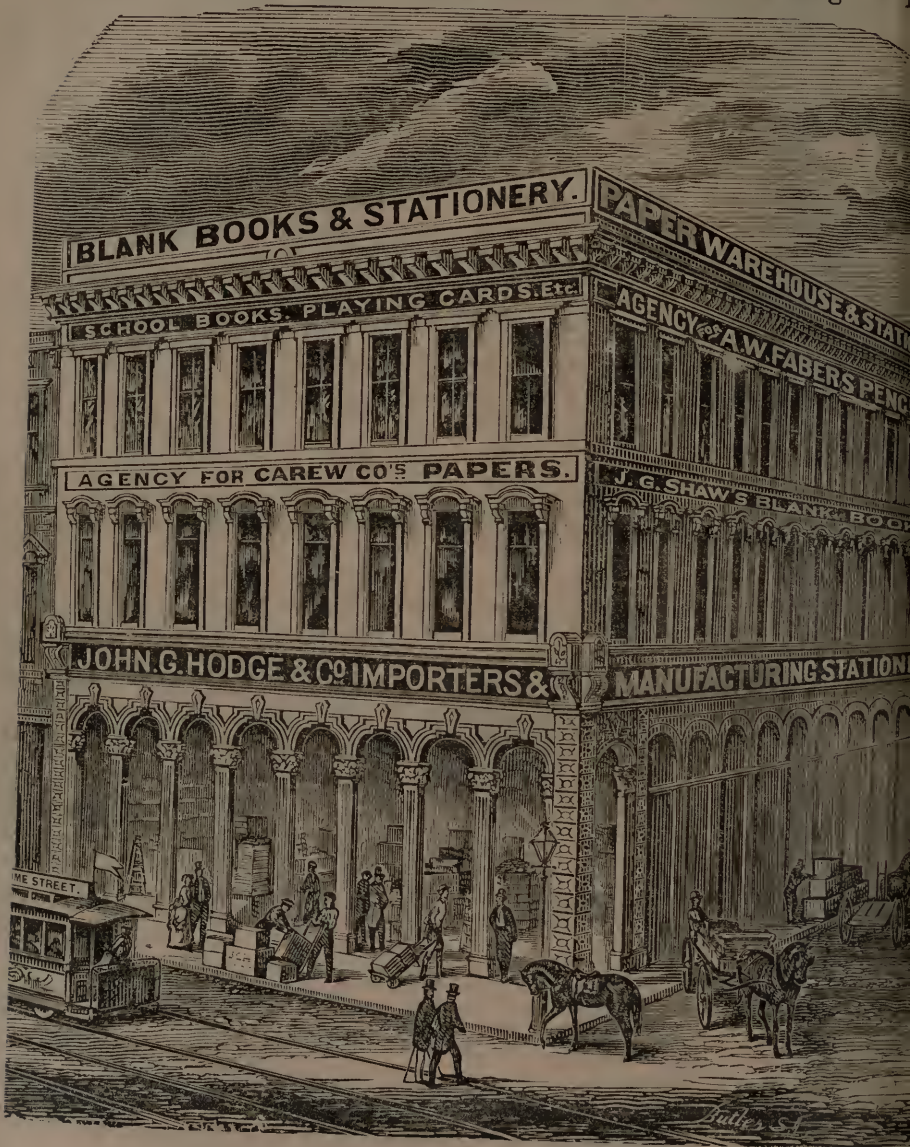
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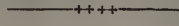
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THE
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VOL. 7.—NOVEMBER, 1871.—No. 5.

PACIFIC SEA-COAST VIEWS.

NO. II.

THE Rio Tumbez is the southern boundary of Ecuador—a republic whose territory was formerly a portion of Colombia, and the latter was the first part of the continent seen by the renowned voyager, Christoval Colon, in the year 1498, and named in honor of its discoverer. The whole western coast between the Gulf of Guayaquil and Panama is but little known, when compared with the rich and fertile countries to the north and south; and nearly all its inhabitants are purely native, or of mixed blood, and those living along the seaboard, in the small ports accessible to shipping, are the only connecting links with civilization. They are an indolent, thriftless race, living in rude cabins and frail houses—constructed of small timbers, reeds, palms, and thatch—which are perched upon posts, ten feet or more from the ground, to free their inmates from the noxious exhalations of the humid earth, and to escape the swarms of insects, vermin, and reptiles that otherwise might easily gain access to these

human abodes; where the occupants while away much of the time in their hammocks, which serve the double purpose of *cama* and *asiento*. As has been intimated, energy and industry are not prominent characteristics of these peculiar people, for what is required for their simple subsistence is about them in spontaneous plenty. But with all the apathy and aversion to labor among these reticent beings, whose ancestors inhabited this section of the continent, the Spaniards, at the time of the discovery, found great difficulty in maintaining any degree of authority over them, and it was near the middle of the sixteenth century before they were subjugated, and then more in name than in reality.

The whole belt of the Pacific Colombian coast abounds in almost every tropical production; besides, stately timber, and many of the more valuable woods, are found in all their perfection, and luxuriant verdure spreads from the base of the Andes *cordillera* to the surf-beaten shore. This may be regarded as a gen-

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eral description; yet there are many points and places where sand-dunes and bald, bluff headlands jut out, and, again, where the thick, green foliage climbs to the summits of the distant mountains. Many turbulent streams that rise among the interior elevations, and swollen by the incessant rains, as they dash along their course, empty their turbid waters into the ocean, forming banks and shoals, and estuaries, with outlying spits and low islands, that render navigation difficult, and in some places dangerous; nevertheless, the coast may be passed sufficiently near to see the native huts, dotting the bights and bays, but their inhabitants generally are averse to communication with strangers. Among the principal ports visited by foreign vessels is Buenaventura, which has about one thousand inhabitants, and its chief imports are salt, hammocks, straw hats, and garlic; and in return it exports tobacco, sugar, rum, cocoa, and tropical fruits; but the place is regarded as unhealthy, and Europeans find it expensive to live there.

Atacames is a small town of five or six hundred souls, situated nearly under the equatorial line, and its straggling hamlets appear as though elevated upon stilts, which is the universal architecture of the country. A little to the north is Esmeralda River, which rises far inland; and, two leagues from its mouth, is the town of Esmeraldas, with a population of 4,000 persons, who are chiefly Negroes and Zamboes. The emerald mines of Esmeralda, near by, were once worked by the Jesuits; but since they fled from the country, these precious stones lie hidden in their obscurity. Port Tumaco is a mere hamlet of reed huts. It exports cedar and mangrove timber.

About eighty miles from the sea, on the banks of the River Guayaquil, is a city of the same name as the beautiful *estero*—which is the cosmopolitan me-

tropolis of Ecuador. It is the port for the famed old capital, Quito, and the mountain-towns among the Andes. As in nearly all the larger South American settlements, the streets run at right angles—a system universal with the old Spanish founders. Its churches, though lightly built, have a pleasing appearance; but the peculiar object of interest is the *marina*, which runs along the banks of the Guayaquil for nearly two miles, extending back a hundred feet, and lined along its front with beautiful residences, which lend a charming effect to the surrounding scenery. Early every morning may be seen anchored along the quay numberless boats, filled with choice varieties of fruit and other products of the alluvial soil; and, also, the unwieldy *balsa*, bound together with vines, and bearing its freight of earthen jars, filled with pure water from the torrents which dash down from the tributary gorges of the Guayaquil. And, on either hand, are the green plains, bordered with the drooping *mangle*, and enlivened by herds of *ganado*. The shipping, too, of commercial nations, far and near, with their awnings spread, and flags waving in the gentle breeze from their signal-peaks; the hoys with cargoes of cocoa from the *chacras*, and the catamarans with huge loads of wood and timber, add interest to the midday picture. At night, when the whole *marina* is illuminated, from street, balcony, and tower, then Guayaquil bursts forth in all its splendor, and, in the estimation of its inhabitants, is considered an earthly paradise. It has a population of about 25,000, principally made up of Indians, Zamboes, Mulattoes, and mixed blood of Europeans and natives. The beauty and fashion of Ecuador is found among the descendants of old Spain, and the foreign residents from the maritime countries of both continents.

But although Guayaquil is like a gem in what was once the southern border of

Nueva Grande, still, Panama—the first city of the South Seas—far surpasses it in commercial importance. The chain of the Andes is here severed, opening a rough gate-way between the rugged Atlantic and the quiet waters of the Pacific. In less than a year after this ocean was discovered, a settlement sprang up, which rapidly increased in size and magnificence. Situated in a commanding position, the town soon became a city, and when in the height of its early prosperity—with its churches, colleges, residences surrounded by court-yards in the pure old style of aristocratic Castile, and its cloistered retreats, together with its fortifications—must have presented, from the sea, a grand and imposing appearance. Its harbor, though spacious and open to the ocean, reflects in its smooth waters the gorgeous islands, around which ships find shelter from seaward gales. Panama has been the scene of changeful life, in all its varied romance and reality, with seaman, soldier, and cavalier. It was here that the conqueror Pizarro fitted out his brigantines for the Peruvian conquest. Here, too, the first buccaneers—a mere forlorn hope of adventurers—fought and pillaged, till victory gave them a swift ship, in which they sailed to the southward, on a voyage of plunder.

In 1670, old Panama was destroyed by the freebooter, Morgan, and his clan. Soon after, however, the present Spanish-American city was laid out, which is situated a league to the west of the old metropolis. In the times when the church and military combined for the purposes of usurpation and rapine, the “plate ships” periodically arrived from Peru with cargoes of untold wealth, which were borne on beasts of burden along the giddy heights over the isthmus to Porto Bello, and from thence transported across the Atlantic, and were eventually scattered among the commercial nations of Europe. But time wrought a

change, and with it came the end of Spanish rule in America. Meanwhile large ships of different nationalities enlivened the western coast, and, obtaining cargoes, turned their prows around Cape Horn. Then came the dark days for the City of Pearls; yet time wrought greater changes still in those “fragments of the world,” that spread their wings aloft to catch the breeze, whereby to bring the ends of the earth into communion, and leviathan steamers belched forth their clouds of blackened smoke, heralding the coming ship, instead of the snow-white sail that once was the pride of the sailor. But it gave new life to Panama, and now the huge vessels, like things of life, glide along the coasts to the north and south, and range to the western limits of the Pacific; and, gathering the wealth of every clime, return to the ancient port, where all is disembarked, hurried over the iron road to the sister ships, where, once again embarked, it is hurled to the chief ports on both sides of the Atlantic. And the famed city still revels in its prosperity, as it stands out on a natural jetty, like a veteran sentinel, as if watching the course of coming events in both hemispheres. The ruins of the old city are overrun with rank undergrowth; and rock and vine, here mingled with the general *débris*, seem a fitting emblem of the rise and fall of the Spanish-American conquerors.

The coast of Central America presents an almost unbroken line of deep, rich foliage, that dips its swaying branches to the dashing waves; and far inland rise those majestic peaks, which give an enchanting effect to the view from the sea. The principal ports are Punta Arenas, San Juan del Sur, Realejo or Corinto, La Union, Amapala, Libertad, Acajutla, San José de Guatemala, and Shamperico. The first mentioned is situated on the north-east side of the Gulf of Nicoya, and is the port for San José, the capital

of Costa Rica, which is inland twenty leagues. The town of Punta Arenas has about 2,000 inhabitants; its dwellings are walled up of cedar, and covered with palms, which is the general style of building along the Central American coast. Its exports are coffee, cochineal, indigo, mahogany, and other valuable woods. Acajutla, Libertad, San José de Guatemala, and Shamperico have considerable trade, and their products are of the same character as those of Punta Arenas. La Union, on the Gulf of Fonseca, has some trade in coffee, sugar, and fine cabinet-woods; but it is a mere hamlet of a few hundred inhabitants. San Juan del Sur has an excellent harbor, but at present is of little commercial importance. Realejo, or Corinto, has a limited traffic in sugar, rice, coffee, and cedar. The whole borderland of Central America, along the Pacific, abounds in natural resources, and well deserves the name of Costa Rica. A chain of lagoons runs along the shore, connecting at different points with the ocean, affording great facilities for inland navigation; but all enterprise languishes with the indolent and ignorant people, who live under a government which is little better than continual anarchy.

Sailing along the Gulf of Tehuantepec, we come to the coast of Mexico—a territory of treble the extent of Central America, holding within its boundaries vast resources of mineral wealth, as well as an almost unlimited expanse of fertile lands, yielding every variety of productions grown in the torrid and temperate zones. Along the coast, the summers, as they are called—that is, from December to June—are exceedingly pleasant and healthful; but the winter months—June to November, inclusive—bring a succession of hard gales, with torrents of rain, and the most terrific thunder and lightning experienced in any part of the globe: indeed, the thunder tempests of the Pacific Mexican coast are beyond

description. Many intelligent seamen have mentioned, that, at the beginning of a clap, there is a peculiar rattling, hissing, and metallic sound; then a rent and a clash, as if heaven and earth were torn in fragments. At the same time, flashes of lightning, terrible in their vividness, give one an electric and blinding shock that can not be resisted. Add to this a deluge of rain, with tornadoes of wind, and a heavy tumbling swell from seaward, and you have the winter weather, except that a *cordónazo* occasionally sweeps along the coast, spreading devastation on land, and lashing the ocean into foaming waves, till ships lie hopeless wrecks.

The western shores of Mexico, from its southern boundary to the southward of San Blas, are fringed with the soft green of tropical latitudes; with the varied tinted foliage of the *lignumvitæ*, mahogany, cedar, logwood, and the many varieties of mangrove. In the vicinity of Mazatlan, it is not so densely wooded, and at this point bluffs and rocks jut out, breasting the rolling swell which continually heaves in along this rugged shore. Thence northward, about the river Piaxtla, the coast changes to glistening sand-hills and low beaches—dotted with clumps of shrubbery and broken by numerous estuaries—which reach nearly to Guaymas, where again bold headlands occur; then, on to the northward, the coast is broken and barren—at some points high elevations, at others only low, arid wastes—up to the mouth of the Rio Colorado.

There are many ports and *embarcaderos* between Guaymas and Tehuantepec; but the chief ones are Acapulco, Manzanillo, San Blas, and Mazatlan. Acapulco has one of the most perfect natural harbors in the world, and may be regarded as among the more noted places of the western coast. Its landmarks are visible many leagues seaward, and were a cheering sight to those an-

cient navigators when nautical science was in its infancy. It was from here the Spanish galleons, with their freights of silver, took their departure for the eastern world, and the ships from China, the East Indies, and Peru made this their great commercial mart; and in this locality hovered the hawk-eyed buccaneer, ready to battle for the *oro* and *plata*. Even Anson was attracted hither while on his memorable voyage around the world, from 1740 to 1744. When eleven leagues from the coast, he remarks in his journal, "We had sight of the high land of Acapulco, which appeared to be a round hill, standing between two other hills, the westernmost of which is the biggest, and hath two hillocks, like two caps, on its top." This famous port, in its palmy days, boasted 20,000 residents; but at the present time they have decreased to about one-fifth of that number.

Manzanillo is the depot for the States of Jalisco and Colima, and is one of the ports where the steamers of the Pacific Mail Line call in. A few rude cabins and the Custom-house comprise the town.

On rounding Cape Corrientes, we come to Valle de Banderas Bay, which unites with the river Piginto, the whole landscape within view being extremely picturesque, and full of brilliant, changing scenery in the immediate lowlands, with the far-off sierras blending in the deep-blue haze of northern tropical Mexico. Near the head of the bay is a pearl fishery. At the time of our visit pyramids of pearl-shells were about the divers' shanties; but no choice pearls could be obtained, these being reserved for the regular traders.

A few leagues farther northward, is San Blas—once of much commercial importance; but, from various causes, its trade is now inconsiderable. In the prosperous times of Spanish authority, it was the arsenal of the coast, and sev-

eral war-vessels were launched from its dock-yards. An avenue of beautiful *salates* served for a "walk" where the rigging was "laid," and the various artisans toiled in the open air, screened from the blazing sun by the wide-branching shade-trees, or under cover of palm-thatched roofs. The old town was situated upon a high rock, and both public and private buildings were of hewn stone. Heavy walls separated the streets from the residences; and, to all appearances, this antiquated settlement was thoroughly and tastefully built, and the fortifications about it commanded the bay, and the inland approaches. But the place has long been in ruins, and its former inhabitants have passed away, save one aged, hoary-headed *señora*, who appeared as though she might have lived in the days of Cortez. And here this curious human relic of the once populous stronghold lives, apparently, a happy life of seclusion, in a crumbling tenement, shaded by the tangled wildwood, which has sprung up within the shattered walls, and among whose branches cling fragments of those old-time structures, borne upward with the rapid growth. Overlooking the bay, the remains of an old war-ship are seen, that once bore the royal standard; but during the revolution the unwieldy craft was sunk by Mexican guns. The present town is a mile nearer the sea; but it is merely a collection of rude huts, with a few public and private *adobe* buildings about the plaza. The place is extremely unhealthy in the rainy season, and all who are able seek the *tierra fria* of the interior, returning again with the fine weather.

Behind El Creston, on the main, are seen the church-towers, tiled roofs, and whitened walls of Mazatlan, which is nearly in the same parallel of latitude as Cape St. Lucas. Although its shipping anchors in an open roadstead, it has an extensive domestic and foreign trade. Its population may be reckoned at very

nearly 19,000. "Old Mazatlan was well known to the early navigators, as far back as 1587." Cavendish, in his pigmy ship, the *Desire*, recruited here, before cruising off Cape St. Lucas, for the galleons; and "Don Sebastian Vizcaino, in an expedition to convert the Californians to the Catholic faith, refreshed his squadron in the Bahia de Mazatlan." The present city is built upon higher land than the coast towns usually are, and is considered healthy, in comparison with its neighbor, San Blas. From the offing, it presents a neat and pleasing appearance.

Guaymas, on the east side of the Gulf of California, is the most northern Mexican port of any magnitude. It possesses a safe harbor, but its commerce is extremely limited, and the elevated and broken hills surrounding the town are of a sombre hue, that indicates a sterile country; but rich lands are found a little way toward the Sierra Madre. There are a few good buildings, but a dilapidated aspect pervades the place, which has about 3,500 inhabitants, who are of the different castes found along the whole stretch of coast, as far south as Chile. There are many striking features in the seaboard life of the republic, which at once attract the eye of a stranger: the abject poverty of the masses; a reckless spirit, devoid of any degree of industry or enterprise; their simple manner of living; and, above all, the great disparity of numbers between the males and females, the preponderance being in favor of the latter. *Frijoles* and high-seasoned pottage, which form their principal food, are boiled in rude earthen jars, over smoldering fires, and the *tortillas* are baked on sun-dried

clay plates, which are molded by the women. And upon the floor, in lieu of a table, the morning and evening meals are spread, where the whole family—crouching around the steaming condiments—help themselves,* in primitive style. From early dawn till late at night, may be seen the sprightly *señoritas*, hastening along the *calle*, or the aged crones, with dejected mien, shuffling over the rough pavements, on their way to church for prayers, or sitting about the *puertas*, dressed in the plainest habiliments of mourning, for those who have fallen in some revolutionary contest for temporary power. You stroll about the suburbs of the larger towns, and find the passes barricaded, or the positions commanding them in some way fortified; and along these thoroughfares, you often see the rough cross, or head-stone, that marks the grave of the hapless traveler, who became a victim to the prowling bandit.

There seems but little inducement to pursue legitimate vocations, where intestine war is periodically arising; for every petty chieftain, with a few scores of troops, extorts from the wealthy at the point of the bayonet, and the produce of the soil is wrested from the husbandman without scruple. But, with all the attendant evils consequent upon intestine war and a frequently changing Government, Mexico still pours out, from her Pacific havens, silver, pearls, corn, coffee, sugar, rice, dyewoods of superior quality, and other commodities of this productive region. And when her wars shall cease, and a stable government shall be maintained, then will her people increase in wealth and prosperity.

GLIMMER'S PICTURE-DREAM.

“YOU have heard the news, of course? Coming so unexpectedly, it has affected me almost like the loss of a personal friend.”

The speaker was my fellow-lodger, Mr. Frederick Glimmer, theatrical and musical critic for one of the Sunday papers, translator and adapter of plays for the minor theatres, and writer of tales and sketches for such of the weekly journals as afforded a market for these literary wares. In his more misanthropic moods, which were not infrequent, he was wont to allude to himself with cynical bitterness, or possibly an affectation of it, as “a slave of the lamp,” “a newspaper drudge,” “a wretch sentenced for life to the journalistic tread-mill,” etc., seeming to derive a gloomy satisfaction from contemplating himself in the pathetic character of a victim of the hard-heartedness of publishers, and the tyranny of capital.

On the present occasion, he had dropped into my room, for a half-hour's gossip before bed-time, as he often did, on his return from the theatre, if he saw my light still burning.

I had been out of the city for several days, and had but just arrived at my rooms, after being in the saddle since morning. During my absence, I had not seen a newspaper, and since setting out on my return, I had scarcely exchanged a dozen words with any civilized being. How should I have heard the news? A general European war might have broken out, without my being any the wiser. I was still busied in removing the traces of travel from my person and clothing, when Glimmer entered. Looking up on hearing his question, and noting the unaccustomed seri-

ousness of his countenance and manner, I asked the nature of the news to which he referred.

“Dickens is dead,” he replied, speaking with a degree of agitation, which I afterward understood, though it puzzled me at the time. “He went off in precisely the same way as Thackeray,” he added, laying the evening paper on my table. “Cerebral apoplexy in both cases. Like him, too, he left what promised to be his greatest novel unfinished. We shall never have the true solution of ‘The Mystery of Edwin Drood.’”

Taking the paper, I glanced at the telegraphic column, and read the confirmation of the sad intelligence. The greatest story-teller of our time had been summoned from his work at a moment's notice. The fertile brain, that had peopled the realm of imagination with so many delightful creations, was at rest forever.

I read the brief dispatch once more. “Why do you say it was cerebral apoplexy?” I asked. “There are no particulars here.”

Glimmer seemed somewhat disconcerted for a moment. Recovering himself, however, he replied, with a mysterious air, that he understood the nature of the case. “It was just Thackeray's case over again. The symptoms clearly indicated cerebral apoplexy.”

“But there are no symptoms given,” I retorted, somewhat impatiently; “there is nothing but the bare fact of the death.”

“All the circumstances of the case sustain my theory,” persisted my companion, exhibiting a singular mixture of confusion and dogmatism in his manner as well as in his language. “You may call it paralysis of the brain, if you please; I

choose to call it cerebral apoplexy. It's all the same thing. What's in a name? I *ought* to understand it, for I've made a special study of it—read no end of medical books on the subject. It's the way I'm going off myself. Fact is, I'm liable to step out at any moment, and only hold on up to this time by a mere concentrated effort of will."

I eyed the speaker narrowly, in doubt whether he had lost his modicum of wits, or had been indulging in too frequent potations during the evening. He divined my thoughts, and, shaking his head, said, with a melancholy smile:

"No, I am neither mad nor intoxicated. I speak positively, because I have given much study and thought to the subject. You remember how Thackeray died, while working hard on his 'Dennis Duval?' You remember that he went to bed perfectly well, and was found dead in the morning, having breathed his last at five o'clock, or just before day-break?"

"I know that he retired (at least it was so reported), to all appearance, in his usual health, and that he died during the night. But I am not aware that it has ever been ascertained, or that there were any means of ascertaining, at what hour he passed away, inasmuch as no one occupied the room with him, or saw him during the interval between retiring and being found dead at a late hour in the forenoon."

"I will explain to you at some other time," returned Glimmer, with the same dogmatic and mysterious air as before, "how it is that I am able to fix the hour of his death. At present, I will merely ask you if you ever have *picture-dreams*."

I told him that I did not even understand what he meant by the expression.

"I trust," he resumed, with much solemnity, "that it may be long before you will learn what they are from your own experience. But that explanation, too,

I must reserve until another occasion; for I am at this moment conscious of certain symptoms which warn me, that, unless I retire speedily, I shall not be able to sleep at all until near morning; in which case I shall myself be in danger of one of those fatal visions, in the midst of whose sinister beauty Thackeray and Dickens passed away."

Having delivered himself of this incomprehensible speech, he bade me good-night and departed, leaving me in grave doubt as to whether it would not be my first duty in the morning to present his case to the Commissioners of Lunacy.

I saw no more of my fellow-lodger for nearly a week after this conversation. It had quite passed from my recollection, when, one Saturday night, I heard a tap at my door, which I at once recognized as his. As he entered, in compliance with my invitation, I saw that he looked no less gloomy than at our last interview.

"Paul, old fellow," he said, "I want your opinion on a question of casuistry."

"A question of casuistry?" I answered, looking up from my writing, in some surprise.

"Precisely," returned my visitor; "but one that is purely abstract in its character. Still, it interests me, and I want to get your judgment on it."

"Such discussions are rather out of my line," I said. "I never studied at the Sorbonne, and do not even possess the parchment of a Yankee theological seminary. But if you choose to make me your father-confessor, you shall have the benefit of such ethical perspicacity as I am possessed of."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Glimmer, nervously. "I'm not in the confessional. Didn't I assure you that the case is a hypothetical one?"

I told him—not, I fear, without some unintentional show of impatience—to go on and state his question. He seemed hurt at my manner; but, beyond a half-

deprecating, half-reproachful glance, he took no notice of it. Placing his feet on the front round of his chair, and embracing his knees with his clasped hands—his favorite attitude when about to enter upon any subject which he deemed of more than ordinary importance—he sat, slowly swaying his head backward and forward, with an air of profound reflection.

“This is the point,” he said, after a moment’s silence, speaking in a low tone, and without lifting his eyes: “If a man find himself in imminent peril of death (without his own complicity or procurement, mind you), and has it in his power to save his life by making an effort, is he to be held chargeable with the guilt of suicide in case he declines to make that effort? That is the question—purely an abstract and hypothetical one, you will remember—on which I want your judgment.”

The exaggerated solemnity of Glimmer’s manner and voice, as he stated this preposterous case of conscience, appealed so forcibly to my sense of the ludicrous, that I experienced no small difficulty in restraining my laughter. I could not help thinking of the argument of the two clowns in Hamlet, on the thesis, “Is she to be buried in Christian burial that willfully seeks her own salvation?” and, for an instant, a parody on the sage conclusion, “Argal, he that is not guilty of his own death, shorteneth not his own life,” was on the tip of my tongue. I am very glad now that I did not yield to the temptation to indulge in any such pleasantry.

As soon as I felt that I had recovered sufficient command of my facial muscles to trust myself to speak without danger of an explosion, I replied with suitable gravity, suggesting, as an analogy calculated to throw some light upon the question, the case of a man who stands by, and sees a murder done which he could have prevented if he had chosen.

“I don’t know,” said Glimmer, after an interval of thoughtful silence, “what it would be before an earthly tribunal. I can’t say whether an indictment could be framed upon it as murder, or manslaughter, or homicide, at common law or under the criminal statutes. But I’ve no doubt whatever that, *in foro conscientia*, the spectator in the case you suppose would be guilty of murder, as *particeps criminis*, on the legal principle that he who has it in his power to prevent an act, and does not, consents to it.”

“Does not the same principle furnish a solution of your question of casuistry?” I asked.

He uttered a sound between a sigh and a groan, and said he didn’t “see clearly how he could get round that way of putting it.” Then, after sitting a few minutes with his head in his hands, he looked up, and abruptly added:

“I think I promised you, some evenings since, to explain my reason for insisting that Thackeray and Dickens passed away at about five o’clock in the morning.”

I nodded assent, and he proceeded:

“You have heard of the old-womanish tradition, that dying men find it easier to shake off the bondage of the flesh at the going out of the tide. Medical experience proves, that, in chronic diseases, the greater number of deaths occur just before dawn. This is eminently true of brain diseases, and of all those related cases where death results from an exhaustion of the vital power, through over-work, excessive excitement, or nervous prostration. It is at the hour I have named that the life-force is at its lowest ebb, and succumbs most readily to the assault of epilepsy, or paralysis, or of the fatal lethargy that comes in those vividly beautiful picture-dreams, for which medical science has as yet found no name, and of which it has taken no sufficient cognizance. Nine-tenths of

those who die in this way expire in their sleep. In many such cases, if a friend were at hand to waken the sleeper when the attack comes on, or if he were to be awakened by some accidental noise, he might, by the use of a few simple precautions, prolong his life for many years; for the shock which proves fatal to the man wrapped in deep sleep, when the system is passive and relaxed, would be victoriously repelled were it armed with all its waking energies. Men who do brain-work, and who are on the shady side of forty, should be on their guard against this insidious enemy. They should beware of five o'clock A.M., for it is a perilous hour. Do you find yourself unable to sleep, when you retire for the night, exhausted with your day's work? Do you, in vain, turn from one side to the other? Does your brain persist in working when you would fain have it rest? Do old saws, and scraps of rhyme, repeat themselves in your memory with wearisome iteration, defying your utmost efforts to silence them? Then, I say to you, beware! You will be sure to sleep at last. It is only a question of time; for, soon or late, Nature will assert her rights. The bell tells one, and your brain is still feverish and restless; it is still active, and fertile with thronging fancies that never come by the broad light of day. Two! and your eyelids are not yet weighed down by sleep. Three! and you are composing a story or a poem, which you know will have faded from your memory in the morning, as frost-work on the pane vanishes at the rising of the sun. You long for some mental telegraph by which these bright conceptions might be arrested in their flight—for some photographic process by which they might be seized and preserved. Four! and now, at last, you feel the drowsy spell creeping over you. You can sleep, now, if you will but surrender yourself to the influence that is sealing your eyes and

numbing your senses. But, beware! The fatal hour of deficient vitality is at hand. Sleep now is fraught with deadly peril. Since you have been wakeful so long, it is wiser and safer to protract your vigil until the shadows of night shall have been chased away, and the golden dots upon your casement, and the golden streaks upon your walls, announce that the life-sustaining soul of Nature has dispelled the shadows, and is again renovating the vital forces of all animate things. *Then* you may sleep in safety; but if you yield now, there is danger that you may never wake."

I stared at Glimmer in blank amazement, as he poured forth this strange rhapsody, in a monotonous chant, beating time with his head to the measured cadence of his voice. Whatever lingering doubt I may have had, up to this time, in regard to his mental condition, was now resolved.

"And you don't know," he resumed, after a moment's pause, "what I mean by 'picture-dreams.' I will tell you. Among the earlier symptoms of cerebral disease is the occurrence of dreams in which the most vivid and beautiful pictures of natural scenery are presented to the vision of the sleeper. Scenes more lovely than painter or poet ever portrayed, landscapes bathed in the light that 'never shone on land or sea,' pass in panoramic show, as distinct in outline, as definite in color, as any that the waking eye ever rested upon. These picture-dreams differ from the normal dreams of health in this: there is nothing vague or confused about them, nothing that wavers and fades as you gaze. Gradually the dreamer is impressed by the unearthly beauty of the scene, and the suspicion dawns upon him that he is dreaming. But at the same time he becomes conscious that he has the power of election whether he will awake or prolong his dream. If the experience is novel to him, and he has not yet learned

to suspect the deadly peril of the situation, he declines the effort of volition necessary to dispel the lovely illusion, and bring himself back to the world of phenomena which we call 'real.' As he yields himself to the spell, his power to break it diminishes, and the consciousness that he is dreaming is lost in the reality of the vision. Such is the beginning of the 'picture-dream,' to which the majority of brain-workers, who over-tax themselves, become liable at about the age of forty-five. What is the end of it? Suddenly the shining river and the supernal landscape are overshadowed by storm-clouds, and enveloped in gloom. Your dream is pervaded by a dim atmosphere of horror. Black, bottomless gulfs yawn at your feet, or you stand trembling at the verge of dizzy heights, or gigantic ogres, of hideous aspect, pursue you. The shadows thicken around and over the landscape of your dream. Do you know what that means? It means that the vital force is succumbing. It means that the last enemy is grappling with you. It means that unless you rouse yourself now by a mighty effort of the will, you will never wake, for these 'picture-dreams' are the *avant-courriers* of Death."

"And you make so much of a nightmare," I said, "when we know that a late supper, or a fit of indigestion, may produce it? Why do you not write a dream-book?"

"Sneer as you may," returned he, "such a book, written from a philosophical stand-point, would be a valuable contribution to human knowledge. Do you remember the saying of Erasmus: '*Somnia sunt alia divina, alia diabolica, alia naturalia*'—some dreams come from God, some from the devil, some from natural causes? Resolving the first two categories into the last, and interpreting 'natural causes' in the widest sense, the apothegm of Erasmus is substantially equivalent to that of Goethe,

which declares that our dreams have a certain connection with our spiritual and physical condition, our character, and our destiny. But the phenomenon which I have described to you is not nightmare, which has its seat in a disordered stomach; whereas the picture-dream results from an over-taxed or softening brain."

I had perceived, for some time past, that Glimmer, who was naturally of a vivacious and sanguine temperament, seemed to be steadily sinking into a state of morbid dejection. This I attributed mainly to the chagrin and disappointment caused by the rejection of a tragedy—or, more properly speaking, a tragic melodrama—which he had offered, some months before, to the management of our principal theatre. He had bestowed great pains upon this play, and had based upon it expectations of the most extravagant character. Nothing could shake his confidence that it would prove a tremendous success; and the copyright of it was to make his fortune. His plan was, to allow it to be first brought out here; after which, armed with the splendid notices which it would receive from an intelligent and appreciative press, he would take it East, and command his own terms from rival managers, eagerly competing for the privilege of producing it. When, after months of labor, the finishing touches had been laid on, and Glimmer waited upon the manager with his manuscript, the latter declined even to read it; and when urged to glance over the first act, replied by recommending the author to "take it to the melodeon he had been accustomed to scribble for." On applying to another manager, he was courteously received, with the promise that his manuscript should be read and passed upon in a few days. At the end of two months, he was informed that the piece would not be "a taking one;" that it hadn't enough "business in it;" that it wasn't

sued to the company, and that it would cost an enormous sum to bring it out. When Glimmer suggested the possibility of making such alterations as would modify these difficulties, the manager shook his head, and frankly declared that he saw no available material in it. This was a terrible blow, from the effect of which the mortified author had never recovered. He was a changed man, from that day; the buoyancy of his spirit, which had sustained him under many similar rebuffs, seemed to be, at last, exhausted. He grew ten years older in a week, and sank gradually into a condition of chronic despondency, the worst feature of which was its quiet meekness. I believed, however, that he still retained sufficient elasticity to recover from the effect of his disappointment. Perhaps I should express myself more accurately, were I to say, I believed his character too volatile to admit of his receiving a lasting impression from any occurrence of this kind, however painful at the time. My knowledge of medical science was not sufficient to inform me whether there was, in fact, any form of cerebral disease characterized by the symptoms he described; but I had little doubt that his notions in regard to what he called "picture-dreams" were merely fanciful, and that his singular disposition to dwell upon the subject resulted from a morbid condition of mind, which would soon pass away.

In order to change the subject, I asked him what he was working upon.

"Nothing," he replied, "but my regular weekly drudgery. I shall never attempt any thing more ambitious."

"And all because a prejudiced manager refused to read your play," I said.

"You forget the other manager, who read it, and declined it. And I think he was right. I perceive, now, that the play is a failure," he added, with a sigh; "and, what is more, that I am myself a

complete failure. Strange, that I should have been so long in discovering it; but it is well to awaken from vain illusions, even so tardily. To know the sober truth about ourselves is wholesome, however painful."

"You are taking credit to yourself for simply giving way to a morbid mood," I said. "Those two managers do not constitute a tribunal of final appeal on literary questions. Send your play to New York, before you renounce your own judgment in favor of your churlish critics."

"Their judgment has become mine," he persisted. "My eyes are opened, and I now see clearly, though too late, that I made a fatal blunder, when I entered upon a literary career. I had no vocation to it. After pottering away twenty years of my life, what have I accomplished? Certainly nothing that I can recall with complacency. The truth is, that I mistook aspiration for the power of achievement, and rashly inferred, that, because I possessed the taste and sensibility requisite to a vivid appreciation of genius, I must be a genius myself."

This spirit of sad resignation seemed to me a more alarming symptom than any I had yet witnessed. Had he asserted himself, and railed against his critics; had he complained of lack of appreciation, as he had used to do, and talked confidently of what he would yet accomplish, his case would have seemed more hopeful. But a broken spirit admits of no cure.

On the Sunday morning succeeding this conversation I slept late, and it was half-past ten o'clock when I issued from my room. As I stepped into the hall, I saw a young man rapping at Glimmer's door. I had heard the sound twice before, while engaged in completing my toilet, and I now recognized in the person knocking, a friend of Glimmer's, who was in the habit of calling for him

occasionally of a morning, to accompany him to breakfast.

"Can you tell me," he asked, "whether Mr. Glimmer has gone out?"

I replied that I had not heard him; and paused, at the head of the stairs, while he knocked again. There was no answer. We looked at each other, a moment, in grave silence.

"He never turns his key in the lock," I said; "you had better look in." He hesitated. I advanced, and, opening the door gently, entered the room.

"He is not awake yet," said his friend, who had followed me. "We had better let him sleep, for he was up very late last night, and was in poor spirits; rest will do him good."

He was lying on his left side, with his face toward us, perfectly still. I listened a moment, but could not hear his breathing. I approached the bed, and looked at him attentively. His countenance wore a more calm and restful look than I had ever seen there. The shadow of a smile lingered around the slightly parted lips, and gave to the mouth and chin an expression suggestive of a weary acknowledgment of weakness, and an appeal for the charitable judgment of the strong.

His right arm drooped over the side of the bed, from beneath the coverlet. I was about to touch the wrist, when my eye fell upon a scrap of paper on the small table at the head of the bed, on which I saw my name, in large characters. It ran thus:

"4:15 A. M.

"DEAR OLD PAUL:—I rise to scrawl these lines, to prevent misapprehension, in case any thing should happen to me. You remember our last conversation, and I want to have you understand that I distinctly agree with you. I have had a bad night, and now feel that I shall sleep, at last. I feel, too (I can not honestly say I fear), that I shall have a picture-dream. In that case, I shall endeavor to arouse myself at the first premonition of danger. This is written, that your remembrance of me may not be clouded by a hateful suspicion. I feel deliciously drowsy, and so peaceful! Is there any thing sweeter than rest to the weary? Yours, F. G."

I laid my hand upon the forehead, and found it cold. I felt his wrist, and it was pulseless.

"Poor fellow!" sighed his friend, fumbling for his pocket-handkerchief; "what a feverish, unsatisfactory life he had of it!"

"Happy sleeper!" I said to myself, as I glanced once more at the countenance, so expressive of restful content; "he has his wish. He is not to be pitied."

JO.

JO was a '49-er. He had been a sailor, then a miner, next a school-master, finally a lawyer. He was more. He was, in embryo, a universal Genius. In him were the elements of a most attractive man, but not properly ballasted by patience, and under little control. Chaos, ere earth crystallized into form, seemed a type of his mind. Love, law, oratory, poetry, music, metaphysics, politics—every art and science—were drifted and scud-blown hither and thither

through Jo's brain. Even so his moods: all, in one day, savage, gay, fierce, depressed, taciturn, talkative, cheerful, sarcastic, gentle, and disagreeable.

Jo's tastes, powers, and capacities were varied. He craved universal acquirement, but the grand power of patience seemed in him almost lacking. His were fitful and spasmodic attacks on the various fortresses of knowledge, characterized by Gallic impetuosity and enthusiasm, but wanting in the all-con-

quering Teutonic method and perseverance.

He attacked successively all the strongholds of learning. Six weeks was his maximum of siege. At the expiration of that period, he came off, in his own estimation, a conqueror—a proficient in the art. It was as if a party of Bedouin horsemen charged against Gibraltar's walls and then scampered off, exultingly crying themselves masters of the fortress.

While Jo was master of our district school, he, for a time, taught principally English grammar. Grammar, to every scholar, great and small, capable of memorizing the definition of a noun, was dealt out largely in excess of other studies. It was because Jo himself at that period was passing through an intense grammatical era. In education, he maintained it the one thing needful. Grammar was his mistress. Suddenly, he tired of her and cast her off. He deserted her for mathematics, and Jo, with the entire school, became severely mathematical. This was his system. One branch of study at a time. A "time" endured from three to six weeks. Those were the early days, when the camp school-teacher was entire master of the situation, without hinderance from superintendents or boards of education. Jo, at last, threw up the pedagogical sponge in disgust. He declared that any man devoting himself to the profession over two years, would dwarf intellectually into a pigmy, aspiring to nothing higher than the compiling of new primers.

Jo then applied himself to law. Nothing for him like law. Before the great legal authorities, he prostrated himself in humility and reverence. "I could sit at their feet like a child," said he, "and drink in their wisdom." Because I smiled, he sneered out: "What can you comprehend of the grandeur, the conciseness, the clearness of the bald language of law! You are no lawyer."

Suddenly, Jo shot into the classics. Latin grammars, dictionaries, and readers filled his table. He threatened himself with Virgil ere he had mastered the declensions of the nouns and adjectives. He skimmed lightly, for a few days, over the conjugations. He declared himself independent of the numerous grammatical rules, and their still more numerous progeny of exceptions. Genius, he said, was above rules for ordinary men. He longed immediately to grapple with the translation. With it he did grapple. The Latin reader he conquered in a week. To Virgil then he applied himself, with all the zeal of an enthusiast. Jo's translation was of the freest possible order. It was riotous in its freedom. The grammatical discipline of the language was irksome to him. He was not amenable to any such drill. In two months, he deemed himself a fair classical scholar. The man was miraculously quick, and did catch enough of the poetry and idea to render such labor for a time pleasant. He announced his intention of reading every known Latin author. The list was made out; but Jo, with learning, was a coquette. He suddenly left his classic mistress. His next tangent was a furor for French. The acquirement of that tongue was for him a mere bagatelle of a fortnight. He mastered *Télémaque*, reading it aloud to perfect himself in the pronunciation (according to his ideas of the French pronunciation).

There lived in camp one Monsieur Broché, our French baker. He was the embodiment of the stage Frenchman. His shoulders were galvanic; his forehead high, narrow, and bald; his eyes black and glittering; his hair, in a tumbling, black, hirsute torrent, fell over his coat-collar. He was a Communist transplanted. During his fifteen-years' residence in California, he had not acquired fifteen words of English. On Sundays, attired in his best, he teetered up to pud-

dles of water on his toes, and carefully lifted up his coat-tails as he stepped over them; while Billy Burns, from Pine Log—who came into camp once a month, to scowl at civilization—regarded Monsieur Broché savagely, being thoroughly disgusted at such “French airs.” He declared that “Broché was within hailing distance of the insane asylum, and that he’d run a muck yet, with a long knife, through the streets of camp.”

Jo tried his French on Monsieur Broché. He read him sundry extracts from the *Courrier*. Broché elevated his eyebrows. They essayed to converse. Both produced their own styles of the Gallic tongue. They were to each other unintelligible. They parted in disgust. “The baker speaks the *patois* of the provincial,” quoth Jo, “and knows nothing of the pure Parisian accent.”

A spell of melody came over him. He purchased two violins, joined the singing-school, and piled his table with music-books. He labored long by himself with lungs and bow during the silent nights. The neighbors were disturbed. Some complained. It was not melody; for Jo, with strained and husky voice, turned all his airs at acute angles, and his playing and singing, when combined, seemed to pull in opposite directions. Jo heard of the fault-finding. “Then I’ll play and sing by night on my premises,” said he, “until they buy me out. I propose, in some way, to make music profitable. How much do they want me to stop? Four hundred dollars’ worth? This week I’ll sell my house and lot for that amount. Next week I ask five hundred, and buy another violin!”

Jo suddenly left music, declaring that abandonment to horn-tooting and singing, if persisted in, would rob one of all his manhood. Melody ceased. By night, all about his dwelling was hushed. But by the wondering neighbors, Jo at midnight was seen in his yard, standing be-

fore a structure fashioned like a music-desk, by him a lantern, before him charts, rules, and compasses, and Jo glancing with spectacled eyes alternately up to the stars or down toward the maps. Jo had been seized with a sudden passion for astronomy, and was tracing out the constellations. Some of the “boys” stole, one day, into Jo’s apartment, and, with pen and ink, on his celestial charts, constructed some new stars of the first magnitude. He soon accused modern astronomy of not keeping a strict watch on newly-come worlds. This grand and stately mistress Jo deserted for Terpsichore. The dancing-master organized his winter’s campaign in camp. Jo joined the class, and plunged into the use, philosophy, and profit of dancing. “Not only,” said he, “is it a necessary accomplishment for a gentleman, but it is an agreeable method of cultivating order, exactness, and precision. It was an order of motion, timed to music. Order was heaven’s first law. Hence, to attain that contented condition of mind, the only true heaven, all should learn to dance.”

The ladies said he was a most trying partner, from his propensity during the quadrille to waltz off into other sets. Jo’s era of universal acquirement ceased altogether. A political campaign drew near; Jo became an ardent partisan, and announced himself as candidate for the District Attorneyship.

“I feel,” said he, as together, one night, we strolled on the outskirts of camp, “that I am designed by Nature for a public prosecutor; for I am able, in any case, condition, or circumstance, to divest myself of all pity, sympathy, or bias, and just ‘sock it’ alike to friends or enemies.”

His was the most unblushing audacity. It soared into the sublime. During the singing of our choir, Jo always turned squarely around, adjusted his eye-glasses, folded his arms, and “faced

the music," the remainder of the congregation, their faces still modestly turned toward the pulpit, serving for him as a sort of bas-relief. "I want to see the source of the melody," said he, in extenuation. "Custom says, Face the minister, and let the girls sing away at our backs. Why face the minister? He's doing nothing. It's the choir who have the floor. Custom! Hang custom! Custom's a tyrant. I'm a free man, and I'll make my own customs."

Then he made audible comments on the sermon, to be heard for several pews around. "His premises are false; his conclusions are not valid," he would remark to me, alluding to the minister. I vibrated to the other pernicious extreme of diffidence, and these critical explosions of Jo's, in church, drove me into perspiratory conditions alternately hot and cold.

Heaven was once the theme. Jo heard attentively, and after service was unusually silent. Monday morning, still in his abstracted mood, head bowed down,

hat jammed over his forehead, he met on the street the pastor. "Mr.——," said he, "I listened, yesterday, with interest to your discourse. You give, however, to heaven no precise locality. Now, I think I've worked that out. I place it at from thirty-three to forty-five miles from the earth, and I reason it out thus: Angels are the residents of heaven. Angels are always pictured with wings. Wings are useless save in an atmosphere. I have no proof that there is any other atmosphere than that enveloping our earth. So, from these *data*, I conclude that heaven must be, say about thirty-three miles above us." The minister bowed, smiled, and passed on.

Jo is long since dead. That restless, active, inquiring, yet impatient, mind, fretted itself out of the body, perhaps for lack of field for its activity, perhaps for lack of knowledge in the training of its power. But many a year after Jo's death, the "boys," while talking him over, would allow that he was, indeed, a loss never to be replaced.

ABOVE ALL PRICE.

How dear does mother hold
Her bonny little one?
Just as dear as the jostling clovers
Hold the merry sun.

How hard would mother try
To please her pretty lass?
Just as hard as the pleasant showers
Try to please the grass.

How fair does mother think
The darling at her breast?
Just as fair as the fleet white sea-bird
Thinks the wave's white crest.

How long will mother's love
For her treasure last?
Just as long as her heart keeps beating—
Till her life be passed.

How much will mother's love
Change from warm to cold?
Just as much as the mountain changes,
Or the ocean old!

THE LOST TREASURE OF MONTEZUMA.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART FIRST.

GR^EAT rejoicing was there in the sacred city of the Aztecs, in the third month of the fourteenth year of the reign of Montezuma Xocojotzin, for a signal victory had been won by his loyal subjects over their old and powerful enemies, the Tlaxcaltecas, the only tribe within many hundred miles which had not owned its allegiance to the throne of Mexico. And now even this was subdued, and many hundreds of its sons, made prisoners during the war, were to be sacrificed to the gods, in bloody thanksgiving, by the haughty conquerors.

Montezuma, in all his state, sat in the lofty *atrium* of the temple, in which were gathered thousands of the rich and powerful of his subjects, and listened with joy to the acclamations of the plebeian throng that crowded the streets and besieged the temple-doors. Suddenly there was a great hush, as the captives, in single file, marched around the court of the vast building, and, entering the principal door-way, passed in review before the pleased and practiced eyes of Montezuma and his courtiers.

"By Huitzilopochtli," cried the former, "a goodly sight! Here are brave and famous men enough to conciliate the plumed god for many a long month; but I care not even to see these fierce and insolent warriors bend before me, while I still lack homage from the haughty Tlahuicole. Why comes he not?"

"Behold, my lord, he is here!" answered one of the courtiers, as twenty of the newly made prisoners appeared, bearing upon their shoulders an enormous cage, made of massive wooden

bars. This, with great difficulty, they set upon the ground before the king, and disclosed to his anxious gaze the form of his mighty enemy, Tlahuicole.

Mighty, though fallen, as haughty and unconquerable in his narrow cage as when he freely roamed his native plains, the giant chief slowly arose and gazed upon his conqueror.

"Tlahuicole," said Montezuma, "at last I behold thee! I gaze upon that stately form which hath so often arisen in the midst of my people, and hath caused them to fall like leaves at the breath of the whirlwind. Bravest among the brave of the earth, mightiest of the mighty, lift up thy sword which no other man can lift, gather up thine arrows which no other hath strength to wing from thy massive bow! Behold, I unfasten thy prison-door! Step forth—return to thy people! Thou art free!"

There was a great shout from the assembled multitude—of disappointment, of admiration, and perhaps of fear—as, with his own hand, Montezuma undid the curious fastenings, and threw wide the prison-door.

The giant prisoner stepped forth, and knelt before the king; but, even as he knelt, so great was he in stature, he overtopped the courtiers standing around the throne; and these, beholding his youth and manly beauty, and remembering his fame, scarce wondered at the clemency of the king.

Tlahuicole, great as was his renown, had not yet numbered thirty years. His features were regular, his skin of a much lighter hue than was usual among either his own countrymen or his captors, and

his large, black eyes flashed with indescribable pride and fierceness. But his face claimed but little attention from the throng around him. In his stately height, and in the straining muscles that swelled the skin upon his massive limbs, they found enough to admire.

"By all the gods, 'tis a pity he should go free, even as the sworn ally of Montezuma!" thought many. "How grandly would those limbs quiver in the sacrificial agony! How acceptable to the relentless deities would be the throb—the last, great throb—of that proud heart!"

"Thou art free!" repeated Montezuma, graciously, as the prisoner bent before him. "Arise, and return to thy people, to lead them henceforth in my cause, to which they are sworn."

"The Tlaxcaltecas are conquered," said the warrior, humbly. "Great king, my tribe are now thy vassals; and I, the least of them, great king—I, who never surrendered before—surrendered to thy valiant armies. In their midst was I taken. Fate hath ended forever the glory of Tlahuicole; he returns no more, to be the scorn and the shame of his vanquished brethren. Never will he hear their reproaches, nor their curses. Tlahuicole is thy prisoner: as thy prisoner, he will die. The gods await me!"

There was a general murmur of astonishment. Tlahuicole had refused the offered clemency of the king—the clemency which the great monarch had, unsolicited, proffered. "Was the warrior mad?" Montezuma, himself, asked the question.

"No," replied Tlahuicole; "I am not mad, most gracious king; but my glory is gone. No longer am I Tlahuicole, the invincible, the unconquerable; and by no lesser name shall my tribe salute me. I will die."

"And this is thy choice?" cried Montezuma. "This—to die—when I offer thee unrestricted freedom? Tell me, if thou hadst never been captured, wouldst

thou have yielded to the necessity which hath obliged thy tribe to yield its allegiance to me? Wouldst thou have acknowledged my sovereignty, and placed thyself beneath my standard?"

"I would have done so, my gracious king," answered the warrior, firmly. "Often hath it been my counsel to the Tlaxcaltecas, to become a part of the great nation of Anahuac, rather than to struggle on as a brave, but impotent, people, surrounded by enemies, both great and small."

"Well said! And thou wouldst have obeyed my commands?"

"Yea, my lord; but a great king can have no commands for a vanquished and shamed man."

"Later thou shalt know," replied Montezuma. "Let him be honorably lodged in the palace of my father," he added, addressing one of his courtiers; "and let his food be sent from the royal table. Remove him, that the sacrifices may begin."

The prisoner walked proudly away, escorted by many of the haughtiest nobles of Montezuma's Court, who, while wondering at the generosity of their sovereign, envied, yet respected, the extraordinary man who had called it into action.

But they had soon to learn that it was not admiration alone which had decided Montezuma to spare the life of one who had caused him the loss of scores of his subjects. Ohuitzle, the commander-in-chief of the armies of Anahuac, had fallen in the recent war—many said, by the very hand of the giant prisoner—and Montezuma had taken the strange resolution of placing in his stead the redoubtable Tlahuicole, and thus, at once, gaining for his arms the prestige of his leadership, and the unswerving fealty of the humbled, but still mighty, Tlaxcaltecas. Within a few days after the thanksgiving sacrifices to the gods of war had been celebrated, Montezuma again sum-

moned Tlahuicole before him. During these days, the chieftain had enjoyed perfect liberty, and had been magnificently entertained by the nobles of the city.

"Thou hast now seen the wealth and power of the people to whom the great gods have consigned thy destinies," said the king. "Seemeth it not to thee now, that the Fates were kind in suffering thee to be conquered by that mighty nation, that offereth thee the view—nay, the possession—of such magnificence, in place of the barren plains and the lowly huts of thine own people?"

"I have beheld the miles upon miles of splendid palaces, the wondrous floating gardens upon thy lakes, thy museums of strange birds and beasts, thy magazines of treasure," returned Tlahuicole; "and none have made me forget my own country, or my own people. But neither the glories of this foreign land, nor the humbler joys of my own, have aught now to charm my heart."

Montezuma made an impatient movement, as he replied, "This may well be. To the eye of the warrior, the mere glitter of wealth can have no attractions. But thou hast seen, also, my great armies, my stores of arms——"

The eyes of the warrior glistened, and his form involuntarily raised itself to its most majestic height. "Yes," continued Montezuma, "thou hast seen them all, and thou rememberest what treasures are within these walls for their sustenance. Thy whole being glows with fierce joy at the mere sight of these wondrous masses. Know, then, Tlahuicole, that thou shalt command them; that from this hour thou art the commander-in-chief of the great armies of Anahuac."

"Not so, great king," answered Tlahuicole. "No man can I serve; to no earthly honor can I aspire. For me now remains only to conciliate the anger of the gods, by sacrificing my life to them.

Thou knowest that, to obtain felicity in the next life, the vanquished warrior must yield his blood upon the sacrificial stone. I demand my right. I demand to die as a warrior. I will not live a pampered slave, the scorn and jest of all men."

For long moments Montezuma remained in deep thought. "Listen," he said, at length; "though thou art resolved to die. Let it not yet be. Far to the west in Tlaximaloyan, the tribes of Mechucan declare themselves in rebellion. Go thou, at the head of thine own Tlaxcaltecas, and such other warriors as thou mayst choose, and chastise them. Then, when thou comest, rich in glory and spoil, tell me whether thou still choosest to die."

And Tlahuicole, rejoicing, went out from the royal presence; for he said, "Once more shall I astonish the world by my powers, and more acceptable than ever will be my sacrifice before the bloody gods!" So, at the head of a great army, Tlahuicole went forth to battle, and when, months later, he returned, thousands upon thousands went forth to meet him and to sound his praises.

But when Montezuma demanded of him whether he still wished to die, he still answered, "Yes, O king! The voice of glory is more terrible to me now than that of death, for I am usurping what the gods would give to some other man; and how shall I appear in their dread presence? Dare I enrage them more?"

The king was sorely grieved. "I can not let thee die," he cried, "and leave nought behind thee but thy fame. Thou shalt take of our fairest damsels wives, that thou mayst leave sons to inherit thy valor; and when thou seest them smile at thy knee, if thou wilt, thou shalt die."

The Tlaxcalteca smiled mournfully. "In my country have I brave sons and fair daughters," he said; "and sorely my

heart longeth, O king! to behold once more my eldest born. Suffer me, then, if thou wouldst thank me for the victory I have won, to send for my wife, Lingela, and her son, that I may bless them, and that thou mayst have, as thou hast desired, one of my posterity to fight thy glorious battles; and then let me die!"

And all was done as Tlahuicole wished. His wife and son came from the country of the Tlaxcaltecas, and were lodged with the warrior in the deserted palace of a dead king. And for two years Montezuma feigned to have forgotten him, that he might not consent to his death; and in his inactivity, heavy was the heart of Tlahuicole, for this man, who feared none upon the earth, cowered abjectly before the anger of the gods.

At last, came to the throne of Montezuma strange news of white-faced men, who had come from across the sea; and Montezuma, remembering the prophecies that the great god, Cuetzalcoatl, should appear in his reign, to rule in Anahuac, believed these strange apparitions to be his messengers and heralds. But, at last, he saw, from their cupidity and unjustness, that they were not gods, but men; and he sent, forbidding them to enter his dominions. But the magnificent presents, which he sent as bribes to them to leave his country, incited them with mad eagerness to penetrate within its inmost recesses. And when Montezuma knew that the indomitable White Men were near the walls of his city, he summoned once more before him the mighty warrior, Tlahuicole.

"Hear me!" he said; "hear me, O thou mighty man! Thou only, of all thy tribe, art true to me. Thou knowest that the Tlaxcaltecas have joined the forces of the White Chief, who, under the pretext of friendship, now approaches, unbidden, my capital. Thou knowest that within these walls I have vast treasures. Shall this insatiable man be suffered to wring them from me? No;

the treasures of Montezuma shall never gladden the heart of mortal that now lives. The treasures of my dead father shall gladden the heart and content the rapacity even of this insatiable man; and thou shalt, with a chosen band, convey hence the treasures of Montezuma."

"And thou wilt trust me to execute this great commission?" cried Tlahuicole, with great emotion. "Thou wilt trust me, one of the forsworn race of the Tlaxcaltecas?"

"Tlahuicole, I love thee," answered the king. "Thou knowest I love thee. I would trust thee with more than my treasure—with my life. Fulfill, now, thy trust, and I swear to thee to grant thee whatever thou mayst ask; yea, even if it be to grant thee the boon of death."

Two days later, a small army filed slowly out of the gates of Mexico, and it surrounded men bowed down with the weight of gold and jewels which they bore. At the head walked Tlahuicole, with his little son, Cacamatzin—for the chief could not bear, even for a moment, to be parted from his brave and beautiful boy.

Onward, onward, they wended their way toward the Southern Sea, leaving behind them the beautiful valley of Anahuac, and filing slowly and resolutely, with their heavy burdens, through the almost impassable ravines of the mountains. Not many days after their departure from the city, and when the ascent of a commanding peak had brought into view its magnificent palaces, its lakes and gardens, a strange sight met their gaze: that of their king, in all his magnificence, going forth with a mighty retinue to greet his unwelcome visitors, the White Men from beyond the great seas.

"Let us hence!" cried Tlahuicole, as he marked the pale-faced strangers, surrounded by his own tribe of recreant Tlaxcaltecas. "Let us, at least, be faithful to the trust the great and generous Montezuma hath reposed in us."

Resolutely they turned their faces toward the south, and beheld no more the gay pageant which—many too well divined—preluded the downfall of their king and race. To this day, none know whither they wended their way, nor in what dark caves lie buried the treasures they carried with them; but, months later, a small remnant of that devoted band returned to their native city, and with them, Tlahuicole and his son. The greater number had been destroyed by pestilence or in battle, and only the bravest, both in hand and heart, remained, with the knowledge of where were hidden the countless hoards of Montezuma.

But, within these few months of their absence, what changes had been wrought in Anahuac! Tlahuicole hastened to seek the king in his own palace, and, to his grief and rage, found that he was no longer there; that he was, virtually, a prisoner in the palace of his dead father, where Tlahuicole had himself dwelt, with his wife and son, and which the haughty Spaniards now inhabited. Thither he wended his way, and was admitted to the king.

“What, my liege!” he cried. “Do I behold thee a prisoner? Have I returned to find thee discrowned, insulted —”

“Hold!” cried Montezuma. “Like many of my own nobles, thou mistakest. I am not the prisoner of the White Men. I am their honored guest. I but dwell with them, as an earnest of my sincerity in offering them protection. When it pleaseth me, I can return to my own palace. Behold, I am alone! The guard that is without my door is placed there to protect, to honor, not to imprison me!”

Thus spoke the generous Montezuma, seeking to persuade himself of the truth of his words, as well as the faithful Tlaxcalteca; and finding it much more difficult to succeed in the first than the

last endeavor, for he alone knew what had been the craft used by his visitors to detain him in an imprisonment, which they strove to assure him was only a hospitable and necessary detention.

This, even Tlahuicole, at first, could not understand; but he was a warrior, not a diplomate, and when Montezuma assured him, again and again, that he was perfectly safe in the hands of his White friends, he was content to believe him so. And then the King demanded where, and how, the treasure had been hidden. “But speak softly,” he cautioned; “my friends would not willingly listen, but some stray word might reach the ears of a sentinel, and this secret is one that must die with those few who now hold it.”

“And they are few; very, very few!” replied Tlahuicole, hurriedly, and in a low voice giving the information the king desired. “And now,” he added, “as thou, great king, assurest me that thou art safe in the hands of these strange men, and that thou canst even go forth from among them to thy sports, and to worship in the temple, I entreat of thee to fulfill at last thy royal word, and grant me the boon of death, of entrance into immortality.”

Tlahuicole knelt at the feet of Montezuma, who, with deep emotion, replied, “Thou art, then, still of the same mind? Nothing, then, will move thee?”

“Nothing! nothing!” cried Tlahuicole. “Could aught, it would be the love I bear thee, my glorious sovereign. But I am a man bowed down with shame and sorrow. I live to behold my tribe recreant to thee, their lawful king, as I am recreant to the gods, who now alone should command me. Let me depart hence, ere my frame be wasted, and my heart broken by shame and sorrow!”

“Thou shalt have thy will!” answered Montezuma, weeping in the depth of his sorrow. “But tell me, if thou wilt not accept life, what favor can I grant thee?”

"If thou wilt, thou canst grant me two," answered the Tlaxcalteca, gently. "Thou knowest how dearly I love my wife and son; promise me that thou wilt care for them."

"They shall be of my own household," answered Montezuma, eagerly. "And for the rest——"

"Grant, O king! that I may not be slaughtered tamely, like a bound beast, upon the sacrificial stone; but that I may die like a warrior, slaying thine enemies, in the gladiatorial games."

Still weeping, Montezuma granted this last favor; and having sent for his son, Cacamatzin, and intrusted him to the care of the king, and impressed upon the mind of the child his duty to his sovereign, and above all his obligation to preserve inviolate the secret of the hidden treasure, Tlahuicole departed, to disseminate abroad his determination to die upon the eighth day of the festival of the war god, Huitzilopochtli.

These eight days were spent in high festival throughout the city, less in honor of the god himself, than of his noble and self-immolated victim; and at the time appointed, tearing himself from the embraces of his wife and son, yet bidding the latter follow him, that he might see how a brave man should die, Tlahuicole repaired to the *atrium* of the temple, where already sat Montezuma, surrounded by the guard of honor, with which, seemingly in courtesy alone, the Spaniards had provided him. The immense space that day was crowded to suffocation. Cortez, looking from the roof of his intrenched palace, over the city, beheld all its streets deserted, and even the gardens upon the lake floating idly. Naught of life was to be seen or heard within the vast extent of Anahuac, save at its very heart, within the precincts of the magnificent temple. For hours the silence and the solitude continued; but about three hours after noon, there was a mighty roar of voices, and

the king and his glittering retinue were seen issuing forth from the gates of the temple, and proceeding slowly to the magnificent dais placed in the shadow of the building itself, and commanding a view of the great square which fronted it. Within a few seconds, the square was as crowded as the temple had been, and then, Tlahuicole, magnificently attired in a suit of armor which had been presented him by the king, walked slowly and firmly through the crowd, and knelt before his lord.

All through that long day had he devoutly worshiped the gods within the temple, and unshudderingly watched a hundred human sacrifices made upon the fatal stone where he himself should die, but not ingloriously, as they had done.

"Tlahuicole," said the king, "thou knowest the rules of the gladiatorial sacrifice: thou art entitled to choose six of my bravest subjects, and to challenge them, one by one, to fight thee. If the gods befriend thee, and suffer that thou slayest them all, it is a sign that they wish not thy death, and thou mayst safely live, in honor."

"Great king!" answered the Tlaxcalteca, "thou knowest that I have begged from thee, and from the most holy priests, a suspension of these rules. The prisoners who have heretofore fought upon the gladiatorial stone have found in thy people enemies, and with willing heart and hand could they oppose them. With me it is not so; the Mexican people are my brethren; to them I cannot oppose my strength; and so I have chosen to fight the prisoners thou hast made among thine enemies, the Otomies; and because it well may be that they equal not thine own brave people, either in skill or valor, I will contend successively with nine of them, instead of six; and if all the nine fall before me, then, O king! will I believe that the gods desire not my death, and will re-

turn with contentment and joy to thy august presence.”

Then arose a loud shout of applause from the vast multitude; but Montezuma himself could find no utterance. He raised the Tlaxcalteca, and motioning him to embrace his little son, who stood weeping at his side, turned away his head, that his composure might not be still more greatly tried.

But Tlahuicole gave vent to no loud emotion. He placed his hand for a moment upon the boy's head, and glancing fiercely in the direction of the soldiers of Cortez, who stood at the back of Montezuma, said a few words in a low voice, and walked slowly toward the gladiatorial stone.

It was a vast, circular block of green jasper, which had been brought from a great distance upon the shoulders of slaves, and magnificently sculptured with designs representing the sun and moon, curious birds and beasts, and, above all, the worship of the gods. It had been, by some savage machinery, fixed upon its pedestal, composed of massive blocks of granite, raised eight feet or more above the level of the court. At the base of this pedestal, Tlahuicole divested himself of his armor, and arrayed simply in a white cloth bound about his loins, a magnificent coronet of green-and-gold feathers above his brow, calmly surmounted the jasper-stone, and suffered a band of gold to be fastened upon his right leg, and the short chain depending therefrom to be riveted to the stone. When thus restricted in his movements, he received from an armor-bearer of the king a shield and sword, of the kind ordinarily used among the Mexicans—his own being of such size and weight as to preclude his employment of them—the superiority in arms being, by custom, always granted to the opponent. Thus Tlahuicole, mighty though he was, was thought a doomed man by Montezuma and the great throng around him,

as a famous chief of the Otomies, splendidly armed, and unrestricted by chain or band, advanced to the contest. The fight was as furious as personal pride and national hate could make it. The clash of their heavy swords rang through the city, and reached the ears of the excited White Men gathered upon the roof of the dead king's palace.

“Mother of God! what magnificent sport!” cried the cruel Alvarado. “Faith, I myself should not like to stand before yonder chained savage! What sayst thou, Olid?”

“The Otomi is down!” cried Cortez, excitedly. “Ah! they hurry his bleeding corse from the spot!”

“To tear open the breast at the inner altar,” added Olid, “and offer the still palpitating heart to their infernal gods. Such, I hear, is their invariable custom.”

“The Holy Virgin grant us strength to tear down the cursed idols!” cried Cortez, devoutly. “Ah! ah! they bring another forward. What, down—yes, down already. By all the saints, the chained one is a fiend! Saw you ever such mighty blows? And he himself remains uninjured.”

“Wonderful! wonderful!” cried Olid and Alvarado; and then the intense interest excited in them by the spectacle upon which they gazed prevented further speech. Man after man fell before the strength, or, more properly speaking, the skill, of the Tlaxcalteca—for his strength had been much reduced by rigorous fasts, and was much impeded by the chain that bound him to the stone—until, at last, six had been carried lifeless away.

“He has won his freedom!” cried the young Olid, in irrepressible excitement and pleasure. “By my patron saint! so brave a man deserves to live. I will seek him out, and strive to convert him to the service of God, and Castile. But what is this? They bring another to contend with him! This is different from

that which I have heard of their customs. Ah! there is an altercation; would we could know its purport."

There was, indeed, an interruption in the gladiatorial games, for part of the populace, admiring more the valor of the hero than thirsting for the bloody sport, cried aloud that the trial should cease at the customary time, more especially as Tlahuicole had not only killed six of his opponents, but had wounded several, who had, with blind excitement and fury, offered themselves before him, in the intervals between the appearance of the more serious combatants.

As has been remarked, when six men had been killed by the valiant Tlaxcalteca, there was a movement among many of the audience for his release—perhaps the more determined because he remained still unwounded, and thus seemed to them remarkably preserved by the gods. For some moments there was a babel of sounds, and a collision between the opposing factions seemed inevitable, as the officers attempted to usher in the seventh combatant. But at this point, Tlahuicole, who had been leaning listlessly upon his bloody sword, lifted up his voice and called upon the king to interfere in his behalf, and to command the continuance of the games. This Montezuma, for a moment, hesitated to do; but remembering that his royal word had been passed, he caused silence to be proclaimed, and the seventh prisoner was led in. He was the smallest man who had yet appeared, the larger and more valiant having been brought forth first, in the expectation that the more puny would not be needed. Tlahuicole threw upon his opponent a glance of scorn, which changed to one of agony, as, from his despised foe, he received his first wound. For a moment, exhausted by his previous efforts, he shuddered and recoiled; but the next, the Otomi fell, with a cloven skull, and without a struggle breathed his last.

But the wound which Tlahuicole had received at his hands had weakened him so much, that he could but feebly parry the strokes of the eighth antagonist, or deal his own; and it seemed, indeed, more by fortune, than either skill or strength, that he dealt the blow which hurried his foe upon the same path so many of his brethren had been forced to tread.

When the ninth combatant appeared, Tlahuicole was bleeding from a dozen wounds. To those gathered around him, he was, indeed, a ghastly object; and to the White Men, gazing from afar, he seemed bathed in gore. They had, some time before, been joined by their Indian interpreter, Marina, who had told them what she had learned concerning the Tlaxcalteca.

"I prophesy that he will win his freedom," cried Cortez, excitedly, as the swords of the combatants flashed in the rays of the setting sun. "Bravo! Saw you that stroke? A hundred dollars to one, upon the Tlaxcalteca! By the Madonna! the Otomi falls!"

It was true. But while the triumphant shouts of the people were at their height, and Montezuma, now weeping for joy, had arisen to order the release of Tlahuicole, the Tlaxcalteca was seen to waver to and fro, and then to fall heavily upon the body of the Otomi.

The priests, in their scarlet robes, lifted him up reverently, and bore him away. Not a person stirred; but presently, one of the sacerdots re-appeared at the door of the temple, and held up a quivering and bleeding heart—the heart of Tlahuicole. And then there rang forth upon the air a mighty groan; and as the people wended their way into the streets, they hurried, weeping, to their dwellings, caring not to look upon the lacerated body, which had been delivered to the servants of the widow, Lingela, and, by the orders of Montezuma, was borne away for honorable sepulture—

contrary to the usual custom, which left the bodies of the sacrificed to be eaten, during the feasting at the king's table, by the beasts and birds of prey within the gardens and aviaries, which were among the most curious and costly of the possessions of Montezuma.

“And thus,” writeth the quaint historian, Francisco Saverio Clavigero, “died this famous general, whose valor and fidelity to his gods would have elevated him to the class of heroes, had they been regulated by the light of the true religion.”

WESTMINSTER HALL AND ITS ECHOES.

WESTMINSTER HALL stands across the street diagonally from Westminster Abbey. It forms the vestibule to the new Houses of Parliament, and you pass through it in going to both the House of Commons and the House of Lords. It is two hundred and thirty-nine feet long by sixty-eight feet broad. Richard II. built it, four hundred and seventy-seven years ago. The original rubble walls have been cased, and the wood-work repaired, from time to time, during the centuries; but, as a whole, it stands to-day as the same perfection of Gothic architecture its royal builder intended it to be, when mediæval masons piled up its walls, and mediæval carpenters threw over it the marvelous oaken roof of a single span without a column. Axe and hammer have not changed either its proportions or construction since that Christmas of 1398, when the festival of its completion was kept with right royal splendor, every day's jousting requiring for the assembled people “xxv or xxviii oxen, and ccc sheep.” It is plain in its interior: the floor flagged with stone, the walls buttressed, the sides displaying dormer windows, the end abutting on the Parliament Houses completed by an ample stair-way, old statues of kings flanking the archway, and the massive timber-framed roof—the finest existing old carpentry in the world—covering the immense space, without apparent support. One grand

arch spans the steps ascending to the House of Lords; another, those ascending to the House of Commons. On the long, western side four doors open into four court-rooms—Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, Rolls, and Exchequer; on the corresponding eastern side yawns a huge fire-place, after the style of the Middle Ages. With the exception of the great oriel window, the flight of steps, and the horizontal angles that form the spandrel rectangles upon which the roof is flung, every aspect of the vast room is plain, bare, and cheerless. It is evident enough to the visitor that Westminster Hall owes its world-wide celebrity to something beyond its mediæval architecture.

And nothing is more true. This same dull hall, beyond any place in England, has been the theatre of brilliant festivities, of royal banquetings, of coronations, and weddings, and of Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide carousals. What colors have shone; what gold, and silver, and jewels have sparkled; what armor has glistened; what banners and feathers have waved; what lights have flashed, and minstrelsy sung, and shouts and laughter ran along the roof of this same hall, in the days of the Normans, Plantagenets, and Tudors! Here Henry II. served his son as sewer at a royal banquet, bringing up the boar's-head—the crown of the feast—amid a blast of trumpets! Here Richard Cœur de Lion, at

his coronation-feast—where London goldsmiths officiated as butlers, and Winchester tradesmen served up the viands, while archbishops and bishops, earls and barons, knights and gentlemen were seated at the royal tables, and the wine-cups went round, and the rude music of the minstrels mingled with the ruder merriment of the guests—began that quarrel which grew into a massacre, so that before morning broke the streets of Westminster and London were stained with the blood of hundreds of the descendants of Abraham! Here, amid great festivities, were celebrated the espousals of the third Henry to Eleanor of Provence; the coronation of Richard II., when, from marble pillars, wine gushed out, to be freely taken by all comers; and the crowning of Henry V.'s Queen, during Lent, when the banquet was composed of fish. Here, too, echoed through the oaken rafters the challenge of Richard III., by his champion riding up and down the hall: "If any man pretend right to the crown of England, let him appear!"

When Elizabeth was married to Henry VII., it is curious to notice that the queen presided at the banquet, the king and his mother looking on; and so, when Anne Boleyn passed through the dazzling dream of royalty, and sat enthroned in Westminster Hall as wife of Henry VIII., he, with divers ambassadors, stood, to behold the scene, in a little closet.

The reign of Henry VIII. was the climacteric of that long age of feudal splendor which threw a blaze of illusive glory over the sombre hall. Civilization was on the edge of a crisis. The festivities of English kings, though proud as ever, came to wear an affected garishness. The growth of one age, transplanted into the soil of another, degenerates into a sickly exotic. What was once natural becomes fantastic. The life and meaning of a thing gone out of

it, an unkerneled shell alone remains. Middle Ages pageantry in modern times is but an empty husk.

Westminster Hall, in 1653, witnessed a scene somewhat different from regal banquetings—a grand inauguration without a feast. Oliver Cromwell was sworn in Lord Protector. There were the canopy of state, and the coronation-chair, and the velvet-covered table, and the sword, sceptre, and Bible; there were the Speaker, and the Lord Mayor, and the aldermen; and there was his Highness, in the seat where kings had worn their crowns, wearing a black velvet cloak and suit, and a broad gold band around his hat: "fifty-four years old, gone April last, with hair and mustache getting gray; massive stature; big, massive head, of somewhat leonine aspect; wart above the right eyebrow; nose of considerably blunt aquiline proportions; strict, yet copious lips, full of all tremendous sensibilities, and also, if need were, of all fiercenesses and vigors; deep, loving eyes—call them grave, call them stern—looking from under those craggy brows, as if in life-long sorrow, thinking it only labor and endeavor; on the whole, a hero face." But England has never yet been ready to bear the repetition of that; and so the coronation-chair went back to Westminster Abbey, and coronation-banquets for Annes and Williams, Georges and Victorias, were restored in Westminster Hall.

But it is as a place of justice rather than an edifice for banquets that memories to an American cluster about the old Gothic pile. Passing by the Saxon and Norman Chancellors—canceling (*cancelli*, the lattice-work that separates the court from the crowd) what was contrary to law—we come to the reign of Henry VIII., when two remarkable men, one succeeding the other—Cardinal Wolsey and Sir Thomas More—sat in the marble chair. The former had touched the highest point of greatness. Before or

since, no statesman has surpassed him. On the first day of Michaelmas term—the last he ever sat—he headed the usual grand procession to Westminster Hall, riding on his mule, attended by his crosses, pillars, and pole-axes, to defend the great seal. It was remarked that in the procession, and while sitting in the Court of Chancery, his manner was dignified and collected, although he, and all who beheld him, knew that from the full meridian of his glory, he hastened to its setting. Sir Thomas More was simply a wise man and learned lawyer. Succeeding Wolsey as Lord Chancellor, he said, on his induction: “I have cause enough, by my predecessor’s example, to think honor but slippery. It is a hard matter to follow such a man. To him, in wit, prudence, learning, authority, and splendor, I am but as the lighting of a candle when the sun is down. His fall, too, doth remind me that this honor should not please me too greatly.” But the ermine was unsullied while he wore it. Sir Thomas More stands in the annals of law as the embodiment of justice. Fingers tipped with gold found in him no favorable judgment. “Having heard causes in the forenoon, from eight to eleven, after dinner he sat in an open hall, and received the petitions of all who chose to come before him, examining their wrongs, and giving them redress; and the poorer the supplicant, the more heartily he hearkened to his cause.”

Sir Edward Coke, greatest of English lawyers, and Bacon, greatest of men, thrust themselves before us in the memories of the old hall. Between the two barristers contests were fierce.

“Mr. Bacon,” said the former, then Attorney-General in the reign of Elizabeth, “if you have any tooth against me, pluck it out, for it will do you more hurt than all the teeth in your head will do you good.”

“Mr. Attorney, I respect you,” replied Bacon, “but I fear you not; and

the less you speak of your own greatness, the more will I think of it.”

Coke replied, “I think scorn to stand upon terms of greatness toward you, who are less than the little—less than the least.”

“He gave me,” says Bacon, who relates the anecdote, “a number of disgraceful words besides, which I answered with silence.”

Passing by the trial of Strafford,* at which all England gazed with throbbing interest—that trial, when, in eloquence never yet equaled in English tongue, the noble prisoner said: “My Lords, I have troubled you longer than I should have done, were it not for the pledges a saint in heaven hath left me. What I forfeit myself is nothing; but that my indiscretion should descend to my posterity, woundeth me to the very soul. You will pardon my infirmity: something I should have added, but am not able; therefore, let it pass. And now, my lords, for myself, I have been, by the blessing of Almighty God, taught that the afflictions of this present life are not to be compared to the eternal weight of glory which shall be revealed hereafter; and so I submit myself to your judgment, whether it be life or death”—passing by all this, let us listen to echoes from Westminster Hall, which, after the lapse of more than two centuries, have not died away.

Strafford had hardly been beheaded, when the King himself was arraigned at the bar. Into any thing beyond the incidents of the trial we do not purpose entering. A high court of justice was appointed for the occasion, consisting of one hundred and twenty-five Commissioners, of whom not more than eighty assembled at one time. Bradshaw, a sergeant-at-law, was voted President, under the title of “Lord President.” The hall was specially fitted up for the occasion. At the farther end sat the Commissioners in rows, with high-crown-

ed hats and cloaks. On each side were galleries for spectators. In front of the Commissioners, on an elevated platform, sat Bradshaw, with John Lisle and William Say as assistants. He was afraid of some tumult, and, therefore, besides other defense, wore a beaver hat lined with plated steel, to ward off blows. This hat is in the museum at Oxford.

Immediately before the Lord President was a long table, at which sat the clerks of the court, the mace and sword lying on the table. A chair was provided for the King within the bar, and at his right hand stood three councilors, to conduct the prosecution in the name of the Commonwealth. The great door was thrown open for admission of the people, and the hall was everywhere well guarded by soldiers.

On the 8th of January, the Commissioners had marched to their places, amid beating of drums and flourish of trumpets, to make proclamation of the opening of proceedings. On the 19th, the King had been brought from Windsor, and on the 20th he was conveyed in a sedan chair to the bar, where he took his seat on a chair covered with velvet. He looked sternly on the people and the court, without removing his hat. They returned like looks, and continued to sit covered. Bradshaw stated the cause of the trial. Coke, as leading counsel, stood up to speak, when Charles cried, "Hold! hold!" at the same time touching him on the shoulder with his cane, the gold head of which dropped off as he was doing it—an ominous incident, to be coupled with the blowing down of the royal standard when first raised at Nottingham. The clerk began to read the indictment, when the King again cried, "Hold!" but at the order of the President the clerk went on, "the King looking sometimes at the high court, sometimes at the galleries; and having arisen again, and turned about to behold the guards and spectators, sat down, looking very

sternly, and with a countenance not at all moved, until the words naming 'Charles Stuart to be a tyrant and a traitor,' at which he laughed aloud."

The reading being finished, the King demanded the authority of the court, the illegal constitution of which was the point he insisted upon throughout. He refused to plead before such a tribunal. Beyond that preliminary he would not go. After adjournments and re-sittings, hearing of witnesses and cross-examinations, pleadings and counter-pleadings—the King all the while declining to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the parties who had summoned him to the bar—on the seventh day the high court of justice sat for the last time. It was an eventful occasion. Westminster Hall was crowded to overflowing. The streets were thronged. Black flags were paraded in the thoroughfares, and hung from windows along the Strand. At Charing Cross a canopy of dingy canvas was thrown over the way, and banners of black crape waved from the turrets of Northumberland House. The equestrian statue of Charles I., which stands in the same place to-day, was draped in weeds. Every thing abroad showed the intent of an outraged people. Bradshaw entered the Hall, his robe changed from black to red. Eighty Commissioners, clad in holiday habits, arose on his entrance, and made place for his progress to the chair. And the King, amid cries from the crowd of "Justice! justice! execution! execution!" was marshaled by soldiers to his seat. Every appearance betokened the catastrophe, and the King felt it. His hat still covering his head, his looks fierce, his manner undaunted, his bearing every inch a sovereign's, he rose and demanded to be heard. Bradshaw at once insisted that the court should be heard first. "You have hitherto refused," he said, "to make answer to the charges brought against you in the name of the people of

England." "No, not half the people!" shrieked a female voice from the left gallery. Encouraged by a single expression of sympathy, the King more vehemently demanded to be heard in the Painted Chamber, before the Lords and Commons.

The scene grew exciting. Cries from throngs outside, for conviction, reached the ears of the thousands of eager sitters. John Downs, one of the Commissioners, a citizen of London, arose and said: "Have we hearts of stone? Are we men? My lord, I am not satisfied to give my consent to this sentence. I have reasons to offer against it. I desire the court to adjourn to hear me." The Commissioners retired, and then returned, determined to proceed with their purpose. Many words followed between Bradshaw and the King, all involving the primary question as to the legality of the trial. Charles was startled at the terms "tyrant," "traitor," "murderer," and uttered that memorable cry, "Hah!" which still seems to echo from the cross-timbered roof. He insisted on being heard in arrest of judgment. The Lord President replied that it was too late, as he had never admitted the jurisdiction of the court, and ordered the clerk to read the sentence. The King again claimed to be heard, and was again refused. "Sir, you are not to be heard after sentence."

"No, sir?"

"No, sir, by your favor! Guards, withdraw your prisoner!"

"I may speak after the sentence, by your favor, sir; I may speak after the sentence even. By your favor——"

"Hold!"

"The sentence, sir—I say, sir—I do—I demand to be heard——"

These broken words, with stammers—for Charles had a hesitancy in his speech—wound up the terrible trial, and the King, conducted from the Hall by soldiers, went the next day to his doom.

It was well for England that men, not women, sat upon the bench during a crisis that made constitutional liberty the Anglo-Saxon corner-stone. Assuming a court to be constituted, its authority must be maintained, and there never lived four score women, who, in a body, would have taken the steps necessary to bring to a stern conclusion a trial momentous as this.

Distinguished among State trials in Westminster Hall are those of Lords Kilmarnock, Cromartie, and Balmerino, Scotch noblemen, who took up arms for the Pretender, in 1745. They appeared at the bar on the 28th of July, 1746. "Three parts of Westminster Hall," writes Horace Walpole, "were inclosed with galleries and hung with scarlet, and the whole ceremony was conducted with the most awful solemnity. One hundred and thirty-nine lords were present. I had armed myself with all the resolution I could, with the thought of the prisoners' crimes and the danger past, and was assisted by the sight of the Marquis of Lothian, in mourning for his son, who fell at Culloden; but the first appearance of the prisoners shocked me, and their behavior melted me." The first two pleaded guilty; Balmerino defended himself. He was a man of wit. "The most natural, brave old fellow I ever saw," says Walpole; "of the highest intrepidity, even to indifference; behaving like a soldier and a man, and in the intervals of form, natural, careless, and full of good humor. At the bar, he played with his finger on the axe, while he talked with the gaoler; and one day, somebody coming up to listen, he took up the blade, and held it, like a fan, between their faces."

When brought up for sentence, Kilmarnock and Cromartie sued for mercy, the former pleading with much eloquence, the latter with greater effect from his allusion to Lady Cromartie, who was on the point of confinement.

"My own fate," said he, "is the least part of my suffering; but, my lords, I have involved an affectionate wife, with an unborn infant, as parties of my guilt, to share its penalties. I have involved my eldest son, whose youth and regard for his father hurried him down the stream of rebellion. I have involved eight innocent children, who must feel their parent's punishment before they know his guilt. Let the silent eloquence of their grief and tears supply my want of persuasion." The lady herself earnestly pleaded for the life of her husband. The result was that he was saved; but it is curious to learn that the child, to whom his wife gave birth just afterward, was marked on the neck with an impression like that of a broad axe.

Lord Balmerino did not attempt to awaken pity or ask for mercy. He avowed his loyalty to the Stuarts with chivalrous devotion. "With full sense of my risk," he said, "I drew my sword, and I shall not go back of it." No intercessions were made for his life, which caused George II. to ask, "Will no one petition for Balmerino? He, at least, is an honest rebel." Both he and Kilmarnock were beheaded.

"The age of chivalry is gone," said Edmund Burke; and, true enough, such chivalry as would lay its head cheerfully on the block to restore the Stuarts to the British throne has never since been heard of in Westminster Hall. The remark appropriately introduces us, however, to that memorable trial of which Burke had the chief management—the trial of Warren Hastings.

For eleven years—from 1774 to 1785—Hastings was Governor-General of India. There can be no doubt that he contributed greatly to the consolidation of the British empire in the East. He was a man of brain, of great administrative ability, and of resistless energy. But he was unscrupulous. The ends of his policy were secured by more than

doubtful means. And the maxim defended by him, that Indian statesmen were not to be judged by European rules of morality and justice, raised up the gravest suspicions as to the manner of his rule. Charges of corruption and cruelty were made publicly against him before his return home; and soon afterward Burke commenced an inquiry into the Governor-General's conduct. In 1786 articles of impeachment were produced in Parliament, accusing him of injustice toward the native Princes and people; the impoverishment and desolation of the British dominions in the East; the acceptance of bribes, and enormous extravagance in expenditure. In 1788, the great trial began in Westminster Hall. Belonging to modern times, minutely described by contemporaries, employing the talents of the great statesmen of the last century, then in the zenith of their fame, we seem to be living at the time, to be familiar with all that took place, and even to be present in person at the august spectacle.

We enter the Hall at eleven o'clock of the 13th of February, 1788. Great have been the preparations. The cold, grim area has been transformed. A vast judicial theatre has been created. Excepting the ribs of the roof and arches of the windows, scarcely any part of the building can be seen. Upholstery and carpentering have done their best, for on all sides there are seats and stage-boxes, galleries and parquets, profusely hung and richly decorated. A huge gallery runs up in front, concealing the large window. In advance of this gallery is the throne. On either side are the royal boxes. Running down, as you look from end to end, are lofty tiers of seats sprung from the floor, and underneath these, projecting far into the area, are other seats for the members of both Houses of Parliament. Below the bar are tables for the managers and counsel.

All those seats and galleries are crammed with people of rank and wealth, position and fame. Ladies of fashion and beauty are there. Men of erudition, genius, and taste are there. The famous Duchess of Devonshire, Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Fitzherbert, privately married to the Prince of Wales, the royal Princesses, with their clever little lady in waiting, afterward Madame D'Arblay, and good old Queen Charlotte, are all there! Gibbon, the historian, is there! And Dr. Parr, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Gainsborough, "catching his death of cold!" On the middle benches, in front of the Lord Chancellor, who presides, are the twelve Judges in their robes of state, and one hundred and seventy Peers, in their crimson velvet mantles. Gold vies everywhere with ermine, ostrich-feathers with gay ribbons, flashing blades of the heralds with sparkling jewelry of women of rank, as the vast room is surveyed. Burke, Sheridan, Windham, Fox, and Grey, conductors of the trial, occupy the appointed compartment by the bar. Law, Dallas, and Plomer sit near. Members of the House of Commons, in their court-suits; members of the bar, in gowns and wigs; deans and proctors, from Doctors' Commons; dons, from Cambridge and Oxford; canons of Cathedral Churches; professors of medicine, science, and art, are all there on this eventful day.

The Sergeant-at-Arms calls for silence. Warren Hastings is summoned to appear before the court. Amid the alternate buzz and hush, the thousand eyes directed to the bar, the glitter of uplifted glasses, and the pomp and ceremony of a stately introduction, a small, thin man enters the room, advances to the dais, and kneels before the court. There are care and sorrow, as well as intellect and self-possession, depicted on his countenance. No one supports him. Neither fear nor bravado is manifest in his manner. As he bends before ac-

knowledged authority, the eyes of the vast assemblage directed to him alone, stillness of breath even reigning throughout platforms and galleries, the Sergeant-at-Arms proceeds: "Warren Hastings stands charged with high crimes and misdemeanors by the Commons of England, who are now to come and make good their charges." Thurlow, Lord Chancellor, rises, and assures the prisoner of an impartial trial. Hastings respectfully replies that he is equally satisfied of his own integrity and the justice of the court. The charges and answers then begin, the clerks of the court reading them on and on till it is past five o'clock. The old Hall is getting dark. It is a February afternoon. Everybody is tired. The royal boxes are vacated, and the long tiers of seats are becoming vacant. The seventh charge only has been reached, and there are thirteen more to come. So the Lord Chancellor moves an adjournment. The assembly separates, and all London is full of the great event of the day.

The 14th is occupied in a similar manner. It is not until the third day that Burke rises to deliver his opening speech—that speech, which, like the first philippic of Demosthenes, or its rival, Cicero's harangue against Catiline, is destined to live as long as written language. With a knowledge of India beyond that of its most erudite Brahmins; with a mastery of graphic words that embodies thought on the page as Raphael did on the canvas; with a power of analysis never equaled; with irresistible logical conclusions, and with moral feelings wrought into frenzy by description of crimes charged against the prisoner at the bar, he produces scenes of excitement never paralleled in a judicial tribunal. Ladies fainted. Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in convulsions. Sobs were heard in every part of the Hall. Old Thurlow himself was affected to tears. And even Hastings said, "For

half an hour I looked up at the orator in a reverie of wonder, and during that space I felt myself the most culpable man on earth."

Burke's great speech occupied four days. Then came three days' debating about the manner of conducting the trial; then sixteen days of hearing evidence; then five days of arguments, delays, and decisions respecting what should go upon record; and, behold, summer is come, and instead of a cold February morning, Sheridan has the weary end of the season—a sultry third of June—to begin the summing up of evidence. The conclusion was now supposed to have come. Weary waiters for country life in the fashionable world grew excited again. The old Hall was crammed as at first. Fifty guineas were paid for a ticket of admission. There was no end to expectation. And amid the most brilliant assemblage that London ever furnished, the orator—great in his own way as Burke was in his—in a speech illuminated by flashes of unsurpassed eloquence and perpetual wit, holds his hearers entranced for two full days, and then falls back exhausted. The effect was marvelous. There is no other such record of impassioned appeal. Sheridan's concluding peroration—the Lords hanging upon every word, the audience convulsed with sobs, the Chancellor in tears—was perhaps the summit which mere oratory has ever reached. He ended, "My lords, I have done," and falls back into the arms of his great colleague, who hugs him with admiration.

The prorogation of Parliament advances. Two only of the twenty articles of impeachment have been heard. Of course we can not go on attending the sittings of the court. The proceedings linger through years, and not till 1795, seven years after the trial began, is the business finished, and the verdict given. Public excitement has abated. Opinions have changed. Since the astounding

speeches of Burke and Sheridan, there has come reaction. Cold, formal, cross-questioned evidence has been set against impassioned oratory, and an acquittal is expected.

In the spring of 1795, there is again a crowd in Westminster Hall. The Peers vote, "Not guilty." The Lord Chancellor announces the decision from the wool-sack, and Warren Hastings bows and retires. The cost of his defense has been £76,000, of which the East India Company paid £50,000. Upon a pension of £4,000 per annum he retires to private life, devotes himself to quietude and study, appears once again only to public view—and then as a witness—at the age of eighty years, when the House of Commons simultaneously rises to do him honor; and dies in 1818, the only instance, perhaps, of a man whose arraignment for alleged crime had taken place before one generation, and whose judgment was pronounced by another. Between the arraignment and the verdict, seventy-three of the one hundred and sixty Peers, who sat upon the red benches, had died; Loughborough, the fierce opponent of Pitt, had become a member of his government; Thurlow, estranged from his allies, sat scowling among the junior barons; Windham, and Spencer, and Dundas, and Grenville had been whirled from their party by the vortex of the French Revolution; and Burke had severed forever from Charles Fox. The men—managers of the great trial—still in the vigor of life, met at its conclusion with distant and cold civility.

What has been narrated is but part of the storied associations of the venerable pile. Those associations awaken thoughts of man and time, of nations and Providence, of the Infinite Ruler of beings and events, of the "solemn waiting-hall where Adam meets his children," and of the great tribunal where earthly judgments shall be reheard.

THE OREGON INDIANS.

PART II.

WITH the history of the early missions before us, we can not avoid the conclusion that it would have been better to have meddled less with native ideas: for so long as the savage held his own views of Christianity, and regarded the successful man as being in favor with his God, he was willing to conform to certain requirements, in order to merit and obtain such favor; but when he came to understand that it was spiritual benefits which were to be conferred for spiritual obedience, and that the White Man's religion did not consider the body or temporal things, then he became bewildered, discouraged, and rebellious.

In this respect, the history of the individual savage is precisely that of man's history in the aggregate, as given in the Scriptures. For thousands of years, God offered men temporal benefits, as a reward for obedience, because they would accept none other. It was only after long and patient teaching that the Almighty thought man prepared to receive a spiritual religion, or that the command was given to the disciples of Christ, to "go forth into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature"—"all the world," as known to the Apostles, being a highly civilized portion of the earth's surface.

Dr. Whitman's Indians were not always well behaved. They would sometimes steal, and very often lie; while gambling was a common vice, and the habit of taking back property when once sold made considerable difficulty. The Indians were not subject to American laws, but governed by chiefs of their own tribes. It was necessary, therefore,

to get the chiefs to consent to a code of penalties for certain offenses. Hanging was the punishment for murder or arson, and whipping for stealing, the number of lashes being in proportion to the enormity of the theft. Whipping was also practiced in punishment for trespass upon fields, or for invading dwelling-houses without consent. Fines were also made to pay for some offenses.

The mutual acquaintance with each other's habits and requirements, which brought about the proposal and acceptance of such laws, was, of course, of several years' continuance. Mr. Spalding, who was settled among the Nez Percés, writes, in 1843, after more than six years' experience in his portion of the field: "There are two traits in the character of this people I wish to notice. One, I think I can account for; the other, I can not. It is often said the Indian is a noble-minded being, never forgetting a kindness. So far as my experience has gone with the people, the above is emphatically true, but in quite a different sense from the idea there conveyed. It is true, they never forget a kindness, but often make it an occasion to ask for another, and, if refused, return insults according to the favors received. My experience has taught me, that, if I would keep the friendship of an Indian, and do him good, I must show him no more favor in the way of property than what he returns some equivalent for. Most of our trials have arisen from this source. . . . The last trait, which I can not account for, is an apparent disregard for the rights of the White Man. Although their eagerness to receive instruction in the school on the Sabbath, and on the

farm, is without a parallel in my knowledge, still, should a reckless fellow from their own number, or even a stranger, make an attack on my life and property, I have no evidence to suppose but a vast majority of them would look on with indifference, and see our dwelling burnt to the ground, and our heads severed from our bodies."

Mr. Spalding, in the same letter, accounts for the "two ideas—one, that the White Man is in debt to them, and the other, that he is good in proportion as he discharges this debt by bountiful giving"—by referring to the practice of White Men making presents of tobacco, universally, upon meeting Indians. He testifies to their eagerness to acquire knowledge, and speaks of ten Indian women whom Mrs. Spalding has instructed in knitting, six in spinning and carding, three in weaving, and many in sewing. The Nez Percé Mission was, in fact, a very successful one, owing partly to the native intelligence of the people, and very much to the patient and unwearying labors of Mr. and Mrs. Spalding—the latter very particularly.

We have the history of these six years: First, a joyful and enthusiastic reception of the missionaries, especially of the White women, and great eagerness to learn every thing which the Whites could teach—their religion, first and foremost, because it was presumed to lie at the foundation of all knowledge. This, on the part of the Indians. On the part of the Whites, equal enthusiasm, earnest labor, and good hope of great results.

This was the bright side of the first chapter in the mission history. The other side was this: The Indians soon showed that they felt themselves the lords of the whole country, and constantly demanded pay for the land the missionaries used, and for every thing it naturally produced. They became disgusted with a religion which required so many material sacrifices, and returned so

little material good; and while many still followed its observances—taking pleasure, perhaps, in the forms of worship, or dimly hoping that, through perseverance, some of the promised rewards would come at last—they grew suspicious of the intentions of their White teachers, fearing they meant to bring other Whites to take away their lands. They were unable to overcome the superstitions in which they had been reared, and looked with distrust upon the practice of Dr. Whitman among the sick. Many little jealousies, such as the inferior always feel toward the superior race, when both are free, also embittered their intercourse with their teachers.

Now, keeping these traits in mind, we have to consider the course of the missionaries. Dr. Whitman had been warned against making presents or promises, or giving extra wages to the Indians, by the more experienced British fur-traders. But it went against his American *amour propre* to accept British advice; and against his generous nature to seem mean to an Indian. Hence, a serious, if not fatal, error. In regard to the suspicions of the Indians, that he meant to fill up the country with White settlers, he was really guilty; for this design finally became with him a ruling passion—the more so, perhaps, that, after a few years, the Indians had ceased to make any advancement. With regard to practicing medicine among a people who held a "medicine man" personally responsible for the lives of his patients, one must admire the reckless courage of the man whose benevolence prompted him to incur the risk, in the hope of saving life or preventing suffering. At the same time, it must be admitted that the mischief which might arise out of it would not probably be confined to the vengeance which he might be called upon to suffer in person.

A few extracts from letters, written during the first six years of missionary

labor, will reveal the condition of things between the Indians and their teachers more perfectly than much argument: "It was no small tax on my time to give the first lessons on agriculture. That the first men of this nation—the chiefs not excepted—rose up to labor, when a few hoes and seeds were offered them, I can attribute to nothing but the unseen hand of the God of missions. That their habits are really changed is acknowledged by themselves. The men say, that, whereas they once did not labor, they now do; and often tell me, in jesting, that I have converted them into a nation of women. They are a very industrious people; and, from very small beginnings, they now cultivate their lands with much skill and to good advantage. Doubtless many more would cultivate, but for the want of means. . . . Last year, about one hundred and forty cultivated from one-fourth of an acre to four or five acres each. . . . Thirty-two head of cattle are owned by two individuals; ten sheep, by four. . . . On the moral character of this people, there is a great diversity of opinion. One writer styles them more a nation of saints than savages; and if their refusing to move camp for game, on a certain day, reminded him that the Sabbath extended as far west as the Rocky Mountains, he might well consider them such. Another styles them supremely selfish, which is nearer the truth; for, without doubt, they are descendants of Adam. . . . But, to conclude this subject, should our unprofitable lives be spared a few years, by the blessing of the God of missions, we expect to see this people Christianized to a great extent, civilized, and happy, with much of science and the word of God, and many comforts of life; but not without many days of hard labor, and sore trials of disappointed hopes, and nameless perplexities."*

In other writings, Mr. Spalding speaks of "the months of deep solicitude we had, occasioned by the increasing menacing demands of the Indians for pay for their wood, their water, their air, their lands."

Dr. Whitman, whose station was among the Cayuses—a people less tractable, though not less intelligent, than the Nez Percés—also found them growing each year more insolent in their demands and more threatening in their declarations. When the Doctor perceived the error of promising presents of goods to the Indians, and began to exact payment for their plows and other articles of value, they were dissatisfied. They could never overcome the belief that they were entitled to all the benefits the Whites could confer, without money or without price, any more than they could the disposition to extort payment for their country. They came and went with the utmost freedom about the Doctor's house, and the slightest sign, from either the Doctor or Mrs. Whitman, that they were making too free with any thing, was resented as a personal insult. To how great a degree the forced sufferance of barbarian curiosity and insolence must sometimes have proved burdensome, is easy to conceive; yet the necessity for suppressing the expression of it was imperative. All involuntary signs were noted, and afterward avenged.

We all know how very difficult it is, in dealing with children, to establish rules of conduct suitable to all occasions, or to foresee the possible results of our laws of expediency. With the Indians it is infinitely worse, and may also be dangerous; yet such laws must exist. A single incident of Mr. Spalding's government will illustrate the danger. The year following the establishment of his mission, it was thought best to send the unmarried lay member, Mr. Gray, to the States for reinforcements. Three chiefs of the Nez Percés agreed to accompany him. By the time the party reached the

*Letter of H. H. Spalding to E. White, Government Agent in Oregon.

rendezvous of the American Fur Company, in the Rocky Mountains, their horses' feet began to fail. These Indians knew well the importance of being well mounted, in traveling through a country roamed over by their hereditary foes; and, finding that their horses were not fit for the journey, two of them declined to continue on, and returned to their homes.

Mr. Spalding meant to teach them the necessity of keeping contracts, and was really very much concerned for the safety of Mr. Gray. Therefore, when one of the delinquents came, one evening, to prayers, with many others, Mr. Spalding ordered some of them to take him and whip him. No one, however, could be found to obey, for he was a chief; but suddenly another young chief sprang forward, seized and bound the offender; then, turning to Mr. Spalding, said, "Now, whip him yourself." Mr. Spalding not liking to do it, for good reasons, after a moment's hesitation, replied, "It is not for me to whip him. I command, as God does. God does not whip; He commands."

Then said the young chief, "You lie. Look at your picture on the wall! (pointing to a rude drawing, which had been made to illustrate the punishment of sin). You have painted two men in it, and God whipping them with a bundle of rods. Whip him yourself, or we will whip you." At this unexpected turn of affairs, Mr. Spalding complied, and did what, no doubt, was very disagreeable to him—administered the punishment himself.

To make the whole affair still more unfortunate, Mr. Spalding was proved, the following year, to be wholly in the wrong; for the chief, who did persevere in accompanying Mr. Gray, was killed by the Sioux, in Ash Hollow. When this became known, the indignation of the tribe was extreme. One of the chiefs went to Mr. Spalding, saying, "Our

friend, who accompanied Mr. Gray, has been killed. If we had gone with him, we, too, should have been killed; and because we turned back, you would have us flogged. You, then, intended us to be killed also?"

The danger was imminent that the tribe would be avenged on the missionaries. For several weeks, the mission-house was blockaded, while the Indians considered what was best to be done. Had the thing happened in any other tribe than the Nez Percés, there is no doubt of the result. But this people have proved that there are essential differences in the character of Indian tribes. A Nez Percé loves peace more than war, and respects his word, given in a treaty, with a fidelity which White Men might copy with profit. They had made a treaty of everlasting peace with Lewis and Clarke, thirty-three years before; and, though the occasion was one which tried their faith severely, they decided, at length, to keep the peace. As early as 1839, one of the mission establishments was broken up in the following manner: Mr. Smith, who had accompanied Mr. Gray, on his return from the States, and was settled near Mr. Spalding, had undertaken to do a little farming, without which it would be impossible to live in that country. On perceiving his intention, the chief of the land he occupied forbade his doing so. Mr. Smith gave no heed to the prohibition, but went on preparing to plow the ground. The chief then took hold of him roughly, and said, "Do you not know what I told you: that if you dug this ground, you would be digging a hole in which you should be buried?" Nothing was left to do, under these circumstances, but to quit the place, which Mr. Smith accordingly did; and Mr. Gray, who never got along well with the Indians, on account of the loss of his traveling companion, also soon quit the upper country, for the Willamette Valley. The third mission,

which did succeed in keeping a foothold for a number of years, was that of Walker and Eells, among the Spokans.

If the peaceable Nez Percés were thus hard to control, how fared Dr. Whitman, among the turbulent Cayuses? When a chief's wife was sick, and he was doing the best he could to save her life, he was told that if she died, he, too, should die. His services as teacher were held at naught, while the demands on his time, his patience, his means, were unremitting. He was struck and spit upon, and insulted grossly, upon many occasions. When walking over his farm, with a visitor from the East, and pointing out the qualities of the soil, an Indian, walking behind him, knocked off his hat, and, throwing a handful of the dry earth over his head, bade him "take the ground, if it was so good a thing!"

We are surprised that a man of spirit and good sense could endure such treatment at the hands of savages, and voluntarily remain among them. That he did so, being the kind of man that he was, shows that he acted from deep-seated convictions of duty. The Indians *had* been taught many things; and he did not yet despair of teaching them still better and higher things. Gradually, however, other motives came to operate upon him. A good man, he was yet a violent sectarian; and the Roman fathers were beginning to get some ground among the Indians—at a distance, to be sure; but if he should quit his work, would they not come in and occupy his field? He was a good American, too, and he had seen indications that the British Government had designs upon the Oregon territory. Instead of quitting it himself, should he not rather do all he could to induce other Americans to occupy it? The more that the Indians showed themselves ungrateful, and unspiritual in their natures, the more he was moved to make his labor of avail to the Government.

That was the fatal error that cost him his life. It will no more do to mingle affairs of Church and State in an Indian country, than in Washington. In 1842, Doctor Whitman, having heard a boast made by a man who was at once a Catholic priest and a British subject, that they had a colony of sixty souls on the way from the Red River settlement, to occupy north of the Columbia River, made a counter-boast, then and there, that he would have a thousand American settlers in the country the following year. And he was a man to keep his word. Bidding his wife a hasty adieu, he set out, quite late in the fall, to reach the States, with two or three others. After much hardship, he arrived in Washington in the spring, to find that he might almost as well have stayed at home.

He found, on the frontier, a large emigration all ready to move forward toward Oregon, as soon as Linn's Land Bill should pass. It had not yet passed, but such were Linn's promises regarding it, that the emigrants had resolved to go ahead. Wherever Dr. Whitman fell in with any of them, he encouraged them to start. He had hoped to get the ear of the President and Secretary of State, concerning the boundary question; but when he arrived in Washington, he found that the Ashburton Treaty, of the previous August, had already closed that subject for several succeeding years. Giving the Executive and Secretary all the information about Oregon he could, and urging them not to barter it off too cheaply in any future treaties, he proceeded next to visit the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and lay before them his views about Oregon, together with his report of the mission. To his infinite mortification, the Board failed to indorse his action in making this flying visit to the States; reproaching him with the expense, and not at all "pitying him for the dangers he had passed" in com-

ing.* He had not been sent to colonize Oregon, and they had no sympathy with his schemes. In short, he met the fate of all enthusiasts who live ahead of their times. And let me here suggest, that, whereas the A. B. C. F. M. has never erected a monument—not even made a decent inclosure around the rude mound which contains the bones of their eminent servant, who died faithfully laboring at his post—it is the duty, as it should be the privilege, of either the General Government, or the Governments of Oregon and Washington jointly, to erect a suitable memorial-stone to the memory of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman.

But to proceed with this history. Meeting so little encouragement where encouragement was most to be expected, Dr. Whitman turned his face homeward, and overtook the emigration on the Platte River. Entering at once into the interests of the travelers, he was, for the remainder of the long and trying journey, guide, friend, physician, or servant, as circumstances required; shrinking from nothing, and proving himself a “very present help in time of trouble.” Owning greatly to his exertions, the emigration came through in good time and condition, and he had the satisfaction of seeing the thousand emigrants he had so impulsively promised enter Oregon that year.

But how was it at the mission, this while? The Indians were not ignorant of his reasons for going to the States. Enough has been shown of their disposition concerning their lands, to indicate how they would bear the news. They burnt his mill. They invaded Mrs. Whitman’s bed-chamber, and destroyed whatever they could lay hands on, with wanton impudence. The Nez Percés were also disaffected and behaving badly. This state of things lasted throughout the winter, and in the spring, the Government Agent, White, and a gentleman of the Methodist Mission, re-

solved to visit the Cayuses and Nez Percés, and persuade them to peace. This they did, procuring presents from the Hudson Bay Company, with which to propitiate the favor of the chiefs.

I might quote largely from the speeches made on that occasion, which would serve to illustrate Indian ideas. Suffice it to say, that they said they had heard the Americans intended to subjugate their country. They referred, as they always did, to Lewis and Clarke; reproached the Whites for preaching one thing and practicing another; declared their dissatisfaction with the laws; and went over the begging ground, in the inevitable native style. Their talk was not without eloquence or point. “I have a message to you. Where are these laws from? Are they from God, or from the earth? I would that you might say they were from God. But I think they are from the earth; because, from what I know of White Men, they do not honor these laws,” might be spoken to almost any assembly of White Men, with force.

With regard to the laws, however, there was a difference of opinion among the Indians themselves. The chiefs, who obtained power thereby, were inclined to retain them. But other men of the tribe asked of what use they were. They were willing they should continue, provided they received blankets, shirts, and pants, for being whipped. But some of them had been whipped a good many times, and received nothing for it. If this state of things were to continue, the laws were good for nothing, and they would throw them away.

But by White eloquence, by renewed promises, and feasting, and presents, the impending storm was averted. A few months later, Dr. Whitman arrived at his station, and one thousand American emigrants passed down into the Willamette Valley. Does any one believe those Indians were not alarmed? or that they doubted not the promises of the

Whites? And when, year after year, each autumn brought its large company of Whites, to settle in the Willamette Valley, they became aware of the fate of their country, and their hearts were filled with rage and despair. The usefulness of the missionaries ceased from this time. The Indians threatened, and then relented; and the missions were not broken up. But there was a feeling of insecurity, which made the friends of Dr. Whitman often counsel him to remove to the Willamette.

That he did not do so, was owing to two or three causes. Some of the disaffected Indians had chosen Catholic teachers, because they were unmarried, required no land, did not want to colonize the country, and taught a religion better adapted to the aboriginal mind. These Indians remain Catholic to this day, and ask the Government to send a father of Rome to the Umatilla Reservation, in preference to a Protestant. Dr. Whitman did not wish to yield to the Catholics; nor did he wish to throw up his mission at all. Besides, should he do so, what could be done with the mission property, or how account to the Board for it? Nor, to tell the truth, did he like to quit the station, which was of such service to the emigrants, as a recruiting station. What would they do for the provisions they were always so much in need of, by the time they had crossed the Blue Mountains, if he broke up the mission farm?

Things went from bad to worse, with the Indians, until the autumn of 1847. Threats, indignities, trials of every kind, were heaped upon the missionaries; and although the Indians still made use of them for their own purposes, and even kept up some religious forms, it was plain they respected them not. In addition to their former complaints, they had now another: that the grain which Dr. Whitman raised, and the beef-cattle, were not for them, but for sale to

the emigrants. The Doctor was getting rich, so they said, from the products of their lands. The footfall of doom might have been heard above these murmurings; but it was not heeded. The emigration of this year was large; and quite a number of families decided to winter at the Doctor's station, rather than continue on down to the Willamette—the more so, because some of them were sick of measles and dysentery.

The measles broke out among the Indians, and to them it was fatal. It was a "White Man's disease," with which they were unacquainted, and which they were unable to treat. The disease spread with fearful rapidity. The sick were more numerous than the well. From the practice of the Indians, of going out of their sweating-ovens into the cold water of the river, all who took this course died. Even of those the Doctor attended, very few recovered; yet he ministered to them faithfully, doing every thing for them his skill suggested.

One day, about noon, when the sickness was at its height, a chief entered his house—where he had gone for a few minutes' rest—and inaugurated a general massacre of all the members of the mission, and all the men of the emigrant party, by striking the Doctor senseless with a tomahawk. The attack being preconcerted, it was not long before a frantic party of women and children alone remained, and they prisoners. The horrors of that bloody butchery, done by Indian converts on their teachers, are too sickening to recount. Suffice it to say here, that the excuses given by the Indians themselves were, that they believed the Doctor was poisoning them, in order to get possession of their country to give it to the Whites. And what more natural conclusion for the Indian mind to arrive at? They were already persuaded the Doctor wanted their lands. They had been unable to drive him away

from them by threats. The White people came more and more, every year; and the Willamette Valley would soon be filled up. This year they brought a new disease, as fatal to them as the small-pox, purposely introduced among the Blackfeet, had been to that people. Being a White Man's disease, the Doctor ought to be able to cure it. On the contrary, he gave them medicines which did them no good.

In the midst of their grief and perplexity, a council of the Cayuse resolved to try the Doctor's medicine upon three persons—one sick one, and two well ones. Unfortunately, the well ones sickened and died. What more conclusive proof of the design of it all? And, in addition to their own convictions, was the lying assertion of a Half-breed employed about the Mission—one of those devils incarnate which mixed blood sometimes produces—that he had heard the Doctor planning their destruction. Some accidents had happened previously, when an attempt had been made to get rid of wolves, by leaving poisoned meat for them in certain places. The Indians had eaten the meat, and thus learned the possibility of being poisoned. They had also learned, that to protect his melon-patch from robbery, the Doctor had introduced into some of the melons a sickening drug, which produced vomiting and exposed the thieves. All these causes operated together on the Indian mind, to bring about the tragedy which followed.

Thus came to an end the eleven years of struggle with savage ideas. The only part of the work done then, remaining to-day, we may see on the Umatilla Reservation, in the prize melons and garden vegetables raised by the Cayuses. They have Protestant farms, and Catholic forms of religion. The Nez Percés, who have a reservation by themselves, in Idaho, still retain their Protestantism, as they do their faith in the Lewis and

Clarke treaty. They have a beautiful reservation, and cultivate less ground on it than they did thirty years ago. The Government pays a teacher; but out of a nation of thirty-five hundred, there are only fifteen children in school. The chiefs strut around the agency, in gay-colored government blankets, and saucy young girls hover about the interpreter's house, or dawdle over a little sewing in the Indian-room, singing, meanwhile, a monotonous, unintelligible song, in their soft Indian voices. Thrift! Why, it almost puts me to sleep to think of the lazy humdrum of every thing about the place.

Is it possible to thoroughly civilize the Indians? Of course, somebody says it is. We have to admit that our missionary labor, and our Indian appropriations, have failed. But there is a lesson to be learned from these things: which is, that while we must not descend to the Indian's level too completely, in teaching him, we can not attempt to lift him up to ours too quickly; and that we must begin at the very foundation to educate. The savage must be led by his physical wants and material desires, on and on, until he perceives something higher beyond, which he learns, in time, to desire also. He must be taught how to live by labor, and to be self-respecting in proportion as he is self-supporting. The counsel, the instruction and moral training, we give to children, should be given to them. They should be taught our laws, and made to obey them as a return for the teaching they receive, thus gradually fitting them for citizenship. The lands set apart for them should be good lands, to encourage them to labor. The agents employed to instruct them should be men *and women* of well-known ability and integrity; not politicians—not even philanthropists—for this class often do more mischief with their fine theories and good intentions, than worse people.

The present Superintendent of Oregon is a very fair man, really interested in the welfare of the Indians, and has done a good deal to secure peace with the treacherous and murderous Snakes, and other southern tribes. Of the whole number of Indians in all Oregon, few are what might be called hostile; though were it not for the government annuities, undoubtedly many would take to cattle-stealing, and other depredations, for a living.

Not to pity them, is hardly humane. From having once peopled the whole country, they would make now only a respectable sized country town. Some of their own remarks upon their present condition are full of pathos and power. Said one, to a gentlemen of my acquaintance, "We are like this wild crab-apple-tree, and you are like the grafts. Soon, there will be only cultivated fruit on this wild stock: it will cease to bear native fruit."

In the Willamette Valley lives an old Indian, named McKay—a man of good native intelligence, and as much inde-

pendence as an Indian ever has. He has, so far, avoided going on the reservation, and desires, above every thing, to have a piece of land of his own, outside of that. But he cannot pre-empt on the soil where he was born; and to buy he is not able. He begs some of his White friends to intercede for him with the State or General Government, for a little farm for himself, and to help him send his children to school. So far, however, he has been unsuccessful, and is likely to die, as did the father of Buffalo Goad, "an old man, in a blanket," so far as the privileges of civilization are concerned: for the present system allows him to be neither an Indian nor a White Man, as to privileges.

Is it not possible to unite these people under a territorial organization? Would it cost the Government any more to nationalize the Indians, than to keep them upon poor reservations, in different parts of the State, feeding and clothing them just enough to perpetuate their habits of hopeless dependence on the Government?

EXCESSIVE GOVERNMENT.

MONTESQUIEU wrote, "Happy is that people whose annals are written in sand." He might have suggested a happier people, whose laws are not statutes, but an enlightened public conscience. The theory that written laws are of public advantage, will, doubtless, not be controverted; but that a limit should be assigned to the number of those laws, by the public acceptance of some underlying principles, is a consummation devoutly to be wished. We have adopted the error of the physician who undertook to enumerate the articles that his convalescent patient might *not* eat. We adopt the policy of the Old Testa-

ment, with its multitude of prohibitory laws, rather than that of the New, with its positive injunction of the golden rule, which comprehends the whole decalogue and a thousand times more. The policy of the age is to expend its ingenuity in making the written code of laws every thing, and the men who execute them nothing but mere machines. The genius of other days was employed in making men; it is now exhausted in making laws. We applaud the ambitious legislator who enacts the most laws, and thus hatch a thousand would-be statesmen, who rush to the capitol, bristling with bills for enactment into pestiferous stat-

utes. We enact a special law of doubtful necessity, and thus establish a precedent for a thousand more, which are sure to follow. We subsidize one company, and a thousand more demand a like favor. We read that Deity repented that He had created man, and at once proceeded to drown him. It is time that society should stop nursing any more enacting politicians, even if it should not drown them all, and try to create a few abrogating statesmen.

If the world has been consistent in any one thing from the beginning, it has been so in the matter of excessive government. Ever since the advent of civilization, one-half the world has been taxed to support a government composed of the other half. Whether the visible head be Emperor, King, or President, there has always been associated with him a multitude of non-producers, the burden of whose support has planted the seed of revolution in all ages. It has not been the demand for self-government so much as the demand for an economical government, that has produced the sanguinary periods in the history of nations. Men have never been so jealous of the exercise of power as of its encroachments, in the shape of a taxation that has denied to hunger bread, and to the humble cottage the light and air of heaven. Authority has yet to learn that it is not so much the form as the manner of government that finds a lodgment in the minds of the people. Men have never exacted constitutional safeguards until their rights were invaded. Government extravagance and oppression are not restricted to any form or theory of government, and the history of the past does not hold republics guiltless of either.

Of course, under a republic, excessive government comes from the political, as distinguished from the social, element. Society is organized for purposes of government, and, theoretically, the political

element is a creature of society, and not a co-ordinate or independent power. The old idea that authority is divinely derived has been exploded, and all men of sense agree that the people are the source of power; and, although there is greater safety in lodging that power in the hands of the many than in the hands of a few, it may yet be abused by the many, if not as easily, certainly as surely. Apparently, it is absurd that the social and political elements can be at variance, or that the political power can periodically take from, and return to, the bosom of society the members that compose it, and sustain itself as an aggressive and independent power. But having its agents trained in the arts of deception and fraud, and political machinery of its own creation endowed with the force of law to control elections, it may easily cull from society its own congenial spirits, leaving behind the salt necessary to the preservation of purity, just as in the process of evaporation it is left in the ocean. That it may do so, can be established in theory, but not half so easily as that it has done so, and is doing so, in fact. One requires reason, the other observation; and the latter is within the grasp of a thousand to one of the former.

The interests of society at large are best subserved by the most economical government that can be devised, consistent with proper energy and watchfulness. But here the interests of the social and political elements are absolutely at variance, and the conflict between them is apparently as irrepressible as was that between the domestic institutions of the North and South, before the rebellion. The governing element is never satisfied that its compensation is equivalent to its services; while many tax-payers believe their taxes to be a direct donation for the support of a thriftless class of needy adventurers, whose existence is to be tolerated because it is a fixed fact in

the economy of an inscrutable Providence. The latter can not be made to feel that every man of moderate fortune should be called upon, during an average life-time, to pay an amount equal to a fair competency, in the shape of Federal, State, and municipal taxation. No one can deny that the already large body of non-producers is increasing, from year to year, in a ratio far exceeding that of population; and this is one of the most serious evils which threatens modern civilization. The evil is not confined to politics, but all pursuits, where non-production enters, are intolerably overcrowded; and one reason is that their main reacting influence upon society is a lesson upon the advantages of a life of comparative ease and importance. It is true, the element of non-production must enter into the economy of every form of modern society and government; but it seems also true, that permanent domestic peace demands the solution of the problem how to diminish the comparative number of non-producers. It may be the province of the genius of our form of government to accomplish this solution; but it must be acknowledged that the dependents and parasites upon our political tree will soon fully complement, in point of numbers, the privileged classes of other forms of government, and, like them, they are pensioned upon the producing classes.

Producers and non-producers! Here lies the great issue of the future, and the one paramount to, if not including, all others. Here lie the issues of revolutions and civil contentions. The principle involved underlies the time-immemorial issue between capital and labor. Monopoly gains its power for mischief from legislation, and that legislation is the only service that an unscrupulous and needy non-producing class can render for its bread of idleness and lease of power. Here lies the secret of the unequal contest between labor and capital

for legislative favors, and labor, rendered desperate by defeat, seeks to repair its losses by organized strikes, and leagues, and mobs, from which the innocent suffer far more than the guilty. Its motto for both should be, "Non-intervention with legislation. No legislative favors for either, but equal protection to both." By this course, it would draw to its aid the indorsement and moral force of society itself. The hardship to class or pursuit springs from too much government, and the only remedy is to return to our original *minimum* in the quantity of government—a powerful and well-informed public opinion, a few general laws protecting the rights of all, and presenting the forms for redressing the wrongs of society.

An error of our times, and of all times, is to confound vigor with quantity of government; but a column of water half an inch in diameter, bearing upon a reservoir beneath, is just as likely to rend the mountain asunder as a column of equal height, half a mile in diameter, while the tax upon the heavens to produce it is comparatively trifling. Vigor and quantity are not oftener synonymous than quantity and effeminacy are convertible terms. A branch of a tree diminishes in strength in proportion to its length, and a government may become so weak in consequence of its expensive and cumbersome machinery, the prolixity and multiplicity of its laws, as to fall to pieces of its own weight.

It can not be denied that the burden of government is increasing, all the way from the municipal foot to the Federal head, while at the same time it must be acknowledged that there is no obligation that any people pay more reluctantly than taxes for the support of government, mainly because their imposition is believed to be a species of robbery according to law. When the municipal expenses of a single city amount to nearly thirty millions per annum, and the

whole cost of the Federal Government under the Adamses was less than forty millions, it is about time to imitate the mariner's prudence after a storm—take our bearings, and ascertain whither we are drifting. When political extravagance and corruption had eaten out the substance and alienated from government the affections of the people, republican Rome was struck off to the highest bidder, at public auction, for a million dollars. We may be wiser, and a written constitution and universal suffrage may be something that Greece and Rome never had; but still it might be barely prudent to pause to inquire, Why is it that the tax-payer, the producer of wealth to the country, and the professional politician are ever in conflict at the primaries, and economy so seldom triumphs at the polls? If there be no conflict between society and the political element, why is it that the people so often watch with bated breath the proceedings of legislative bodies, lest some evil-breeding statute be launched against the peace of society? Why is it that the number of those who make and execute the laws, who interpret and adjudicate the laws, and who depend upon the laws for their living, have been so rapidly increasing, until it already exceeds the standing army of any potentate of Europe? While we claim great simplicity of government, with practical common sense for its ground-work, the vast army of legislators, of executive and judicial officers, of lawyers and law interpreters, generated by unnecessary legislation, belie our assumptions, and give color to the belief of absolutists, that our government does not contain the elements that assure stability and perpetuity. It is against our claim of a nearly perfect government that capital and labor combine in opposition to influence legislation. It is against it, that there is not a well-defined public opinion instructing legislators in all cases, and capable of enforcing its

decrees. It is against it, that legislation grants favors at all, to any body—much more, that it grants them so inconsiderately as to invite an army of subsidy-seekers to constantly besiege the halls of legislation. It is against it, that the idea is fostered that wealth adds political importance to the individual, and that it is less criminal to steal from a public than from a private treasury. It is against it, that the existence of a multitude of non-producers under the government should be possible, and their position as honorable as that of the producer in society. It is against it, that we are tending to class distinctions, to the establishment of an aristocracy, not of character, nor of intellect, nor of pedigree, but, lowest of all, of wealth. It is against it, that the manner of the acquisition of wealth is so much less considered than the magnitude of the possessions.

Common prudence bids us anticipate the danger of a period in the future, when the non-producers may outnumber the producers, and control the Government, not merely virtually, as they do now, and restrained by a wholesome fear of numbers, but ostentatiously, and according to their real disposition and necessities. Such a condition would not present a sectional contest, like the late rebellion, nor one marked so strongly as that with the features of an international rather than an internecine war. It would not be a conflict of opposing domestic institutions, and the armies would not be drawn from the North and South respectively, but the opposing forces would spring from every city and village, if not from every household. When such a contest arises, the power believed to reside in our particular form of government will prove a myth and a delusion. The ancient republics fought this contest many times, and ended in despotism. France has often fought a similar contest, and ended in monarchy. England, with her institutions of primo-

geniture and class privileges, has been saved this ordeal by reason of her remote and vast colonial possessions, which constantly drain her of her discontented subjects. Her hour is coming, however, as surely as time rolls on. Perhaps less under our form of government than any other is it safe to appeal to the arbitrament of the sword in a contest between producers and non-producers. The genius, and the virtue, and the power of a representative government, are elements of prevention, and not cure. When republicans lose confidence in each other, history always closes the contest by placing the power in the hands of one man.

Education, which informs public opinion, is the main safeguard of a free government; but it must be grounded in patriotism, or it is likely to do more harm than stolid ignorance. But the kind of education imparted by popular prejudice, which banishes the subject of politics from social gatherings and mixed society, which stamps it with the stigma of the black art to the fair sex, and devolves it upon the political element, as a science made its specialty, is not calculated to make society the master, but the dupe, of government. On the score of men's passions, politics are debarred entrance into circles polite, but the passions are excited just because the discussions are

rare, and because men of opposing political creeds meet surcharged with the political prejudice imbibed from their respective partisan schools. Men who can not calmly interchange opinions relative to the affairs of a common government, should have no country in common, and intemperance in political discussions should meet with the same reward at the hands of society as intemperance in drinking. There is, however, this consolation left us, that men of violent temper and obstinate prejudices will often read the reason they would not listen to. Were it not for the public press, the liberties of America would hardly be worth the paper on which they are written. The little public opinion that we have—and it is very little, and poorly defined—is due to the press, and it is the main watch-dog of the public treasury and censor of legislation. Of course it is the vehicle of fraud, political misrepresentation, and personal ambition, but it is none the less a mirror in which may be seen, from day to day, national events, the record of political parties, and the operations of public men. Society exerts through the press upon the political element and the Government whatever of virtue and integrity it possesses, and secures concert of action from its members when danger threatens, by availing itself of the vast omnipresence of the public press.

ROSE'S BAR.

MAY, 1845.

HERE, in a bend of the Yuba, is a tiny valley, scarcely larger than a field of a dozen acres. How it smiles in the warm, south sun, that looks so kindly down upon it! Smiles—and for whom? Not for that painter, whose landscape pictures are the pleasure of

all who look upon them, and whose soul might find fresh inspiration in the valley; nor yet for that poet—no whit less a painter—whose words are sweet, so sweet the world can not but love them. Yet it smiles for somebody.

Beautiful valley! Its friends have been warm and constant. Time without men-

tion, the mountains have been its guardians. South of it, the hill slopes gently down, rich in a garb of live-oak, *chaparral*, and *manzanita*. The westward battlement abounds with these, and numberless low pines of silvery brightness. Northward, and next to it, is the Yuba, bringing it each day a golden treasure; and, farther back, a lofty mountain-hill, whose haughty frowns are only smiles of another order. Eastward, another hill, more rocky and abrupt, bearing the same characteristic verdure. These hills, though seemingly passive, have tenderly kept watch above it. They have said to the mountain-winds, "Charge down on us as you will, uproot the trees which are our only mark of graceful beauty, but dare not ruffle those of the nestling at our feet." They have said to the winter-rains, "Go fiercely down, if you must; but go in love, bearing our richest gift of soil to bless the valley." They have said to the summer-sun, "Burn on, O sun! turn into worthless gold the grasses that have sought to hide our nakedness; rob us as you will, for in robbing us you forget to rob the smiling child below us." Year after year, it lives, and loses nothing of its graceful charms, and should one stop to analyze its beauty, he will find the elements varied and appropriate. Foremost among these are the purple larkspurs, large and fragrant; graceful lupines, of varied hues and sizes; golden buttercups, sweeter for their modesty; delicate harebells, almost shrinking from the touch; and tiny grass-flowers, white and red. Then the grasses, which are tenderly solicitous of the valley's beauty. If some of them die, others spring up in their places, so that the valley has the same fresh face in June and January. Next, the shrubs, *chaparral* on the border, *manzanita* here and there, poison-oak in abundance—enemy to no one, and red as the clay banks of the river near it—and close by the stream, a few straggling willows and

alders. The rivulet, winding through the centre of the valley, pleasantly in keeping with other features, is not a loud-mouthed brook with noisy babblings, forever preaching without a moral; but a tiny, modest rill, ever at work in sun or shade, and quite content without much talking.

O valley! rich in thy sweet simplicity, think not of the ship on the western sea that brings an evil freightage. Look not to the eastern plains that swarm with footmen, eager to rob thy bosom of its charms. Smile on, and dream not—dream not of thy golden treasure.

MAY, 1849.

Was there ever such a sunlight? Never, perhaps, were the shrubs, the grasses, and the flowers more radiant, and the hills less frowning. Do they wait to welcome that savage-looking miner, who is just now gazing down into the valley from the summit of the eastern hill? There is the river below him, singing in the sunlight. It holds a treasure for him that shall make him glad. He does not know this now, however. He is looking back, westward, to Foster's Bar—his home of yesterday. The men of the camp are faintly visible, with pans and rockers, in the winding river below him. Above them is a layer of the whitest mist clinging to the mountain-side. He sees this, perhaps, but he does not notice it. The poetry of clouds has now but little place in his thought or vision. With him the scene below is one of toil and danger. He was one of the Bar yesterday morning, but he could not harmonize with them. Gold is heavy; so much dust in the stream below, means more still, farther up. This is the logic which has placed him where we now behold him. Turning his eyes from the men of the camp, they rest on the clear stream at the foot of the mountain. It does not look unfriendly; indeed, it looks just the opposite. Nor is

that fancy wholly which says to him, "There is gold down there; seek and you shall find it." Clambering down the rugged hill-side, he is soon at the edge of the Yuba. Now he is in it, busily at work. Pan after pan of the black and white sand is washed with no striking gift of "color." He tries it a rod below, with the same result. Still farther down, and no better satisfied. Down, till the sun looks over the southern hills, and the heat of noon is on him. He is making progress. The last pan was more promising. A few rods farther down—*eureka! eureka!* Can it be that the sand has turned to gold, and for poor, old Rose alone? It is all true. A pan of the dirt is a score of times richer than he has ever seen before. The sand at Foster's is not worthy of a thought, in comparison. A closer prospect reveals a fact which may have fatal consequences. The field is large—a sort of bar on the southern edge of the stream—and gold glitters from every portion of it, shining only less brilliantly than the black eyes which feed upon its witcheries.

"Mine, mine, mine," said the gray, old man, as he stood before it. "I will sleep in the hills by day, and work it by moonlight. They must not know of it at Foster's; if they but find it out, I am ruined forever. Ha, ha, ha! They took me for a fool; they did not take my gold. It is well."

Day had not reached the river a minute, ere the half-frenzied miner was there also. Muscle and nerve were pressed to the labor as they had not been before in years, and were much too weak for his wishing. Thought, too, was wondrously busy. It peopled the hill-sides above him with strange, eager faces, ready to spy out his secret and claim his treasure. All the forenoon they talked to him; and he could fancy that they said, as the day gave way to night, "We have told them: over the western hills, down through jagged *cañons*, up the

banks of the stream, they are coming—men, young, and strong, and greedy. Work, work, work, old man, both day and night, for time is treacherous, and those men shall soon be upon thee."

Fancy is often true: it was true to Rose. Hardly a week had passed, when the old man, looking up from his work to the hill before him, saw a squad of miners, perhaps a dozen in number, quietly watching him. They were not from Foster's, and this gave him hope. A few minutes later, they were winding down the hill-side to his claim.

"D——l of a fine prospect this you have," said their leader, as his eye caught sight of the gold in the pan the old man had nearly finished washing. "Just what we've been looking for this many a day. Here's where we camp, boys; here's luck for all of us."

That was a fatal day for the valley. The white tents, which a few hours later looked out so strangely on the hills around them, were but the symbol of the life which must ruin it. In a few weeks, the tents had rapidly multiplied, and there were over fifty men in the valley. And still they came. Came by the Indian foot-path, worn and weary, but springing into new existence at sight of the wonderful richness of the bar; came in squads over the tops of the surrounding hills—ragged, dirty, and hungry—or wound swiftly up the rugged gulches along the river, pressing forward to the realization of childish dreams and manly purposes; came in the morning, at noon, at eve, robbing even midnight of its silence.

A motley crowd had gathered in the valley. Men coarse and brutal; men with fine sentiment and finer sympathy; men plain and practical; men polished and poetical; men reared in the lap of luxury, forgetting that they were effeminate; men growing up in poverty, remembering that they were strong; men who had grown to be heroes, because

they were loved; and men who had loved and lost forever; men, too, from every quarter of the Union—east, west, north, and south—had come together in this tiny valley; here to forget, for a time, that education had made them enemies, and to learn that unity of interest had made them friends.

It was a pleasant village, in some respects, which filled the valley in two months from the time that old man Rose had first discovered it. Its social character was marked and commendable. Even a misanthrope could not mistake the genuine flavor of its sympathy. Somewhat rude and original in the mode of its expression, it was nevertheless so hearty, that to know it, was to feel proud of it. Such *bonhomie*, of course, could only result in a democracy of spirit, and, finally, of fact. There were no cliques in Rose's Bar: no distinctions of caste. Stranger looked at stranger, and asked no quizzing questions on pedigree or former mode of life.

The cry of the town was, "Gold, gold, gold!" It was their only inspiration. To the lucky ones, Rose's Bar was more than a paradise; to the unfortunate, it was simply a first-class inquisition. Looking in at the town during the day, the white tents were glistening in the sun, most of them vacant; while below, the river swarmed with an eager multitude, bending to their toil. The day-life had little of interest. To eat, at the break of morn, a simple and often unwholesome breakfast; to tend the "rocker" or the "long-tom," with monotonous thought and motion, up to the hour of twelve, and then eat again, a hurried, half-cooked meal; to repeat the forenoon's labor in the afternoon; to take supper at dark, sometimes just weary enough to relish it, but oftener so faint, from over-labor, that it brought no pleasure: these were its prominent features.

The night had some allurements. It was made cheerful, among the more mod-

erate, by the recital of home incidents, or a review of home attractions. Big-nosed Jim forgot the extent of his nasal influence, while talking of the green meadows fronting the New England homestead. He was even heard to exclaim that he could scent the fragrance of a certain violet moss-bank close by the creek in the meadow. One-eyed Tom was not less earnest. The picture he painted for that group of uncouth, rugged men, but most attentive listeners, had all the strength of that something which makes art imperishable. It was no one-eyed fancy which sketched the mountains of Vermont so vividly, that they were more truly present in the vision of his audience than the Sierras east of them. One-eyed Tom, however, was a genius; nobody expected less of him. Ever since the day he bet a "slug" with Orton, on the richness of a certain point of the river-bank opposite—disclosing that it was the richest thing of the camp, and therefore proving his prescience—the camp had been only too anxious to do him honor—had been infatuated with his power.

Other life was in progress. Passion, that, for the most part, brooded in sullen silence through the day, found utterance with the night. The gaming-table had its devotees. Every body gambled in Rose's Bar; your respectability hinged on the measure of your proficiency in this fashionable art. Some played for amusement; others with no definite aim; more than either of these for the hope of gain. Fabulous bets were made, too—such as the land may never see again. First-class players did not care to "take a hand" for less than a hundred-dollar "ante," and he who lost a hundred "slugs," or \$5,000, on a "bluff," only smiled because it had not been double the number. Fortune was more than precarious: it was evanescent. You were rich at eight; at ten you were bankrupt: time had no place in your

chances or in your changes. Was it strange that such a life should have its tragedies? It would have been stranger, had they been less frequent.

Spindle was a new arrival. The camp, with its customary appropriateness, had dubbed him thus, because he was so slim. On the same principle, his awkwardness soon gave him notoriety. Nor this only: like One-eyed Tom, Spindle had made one of the happiest hits of the day. Young, passionate, elated beyond degree with the splendor of his prospects, it was no surprise that he should court the favor of the pale-faced gamblers, who were the aristocrats of the camp. It was no wonder that they should discover his weakness and determine to "salt" him. Play? No, no; Spindle did not play; he only came in to watch the game; it was tiresome, sitting there in the tent, alone. "Try it; double your stake on 'threes,' triple it on a 'full,'" said a pleasant-faced fellow, who was just raking in a hundred slugs or more. Spindle was inclined to listen. "Tell you what you do," said the gambler, continuing; "go me halves for an hour, and see how you come out." Spindle did so. At the end of the hour he had won a "stake" of several thousand dollars. Spindle was fascinated. "I will double this to-morrow night," said he, mentally, as he left the gamblers' tent. He doubled it. "This must be tripled," said Spindle, as he sought the tent again, two nights afterward. It was tripled. "Spindle means to break, or be broken," said the bystanders, one night, about a week after his original venture. "Look at the dust he is betting." He is, indeed, betting heavily. The rattlesnake has charmed him. Bet after bet, till the winnings of the week have left him; bet after bet, till its earnings are also gone—till the last "slug" is up, and he has but a simple "sight" for it. Woe to him, for he wins! The tide is flooding again, and Spindle is

even. "Safe, safe," he remarks, betting a hundred "slugs" as a "blind," on the strength of his confidence. One by one the cards go round to the players. Spindle does not look at his, but gathers them under his hand on the table. "I see your 'blind,' and go you a hundred better." It was "Eagle-nose" who spoke—"Eagle-nose, the lucky." Spindle looks at his cards. He has a first-class hand—four queens and a king: four aces only will beat him. Eagle-nose can have but three of these, for he saw one of them on the bottom of the pack, as the gambler laid the cards on the table; the gambler meant that he should see it. "I see your bet, and raise you a hundred better," responded Spindle. Eagle-nose is uncertain. He looks wistfully at the gold, furtively at his antagonist, and very carefully at the cards in his hand. "He waits, he weakens," says Spindle to himself. "I thought he was 'bluffing.'" Spindle does not see the smile on the face of the by-stander back of the gambler, or he would think differently. Rising from the rough stool on which he sits, Eagle-nose steps back in the tent, and opens a strong wooden chest. Two bags of dust are taken from it, and the gambler staggers under the heavy load, as he brings it toward the table. Spindle sees a \$10,000 mark on each of them. "Bet you them 'ere things," says Eagle-nose, as he lays the two bags with the other gold. It is now Spindle's turn to hesitate. Can it be that he has the other ace? No, he will not think it; but what shall he do? He has not money enough on hand to "call" him. He does not wish to do this; it would be cowardly. "Ha," says Spindle, "I have it now: will bet my claim and the few thousand I have left, against his pile, if it only be large enough." This to himself. Then to Eagle-nose, "What's your pile?" "There are five more bags in the chest," said the gambler, quietly: "what do you do?" "Bet

my claim against your pile," said Spindle, intensely excited. The bet was taken. Spindle threw his cards on the table, with a half-paralyzed motion, and a face whiter than the tent above him—four queens and a king. Eagle-nose filed his off, one by one—three aces, a king, and an ace. Not a word was said by either: Spindle could not have spoken, and Eagle-nose had no reason for so doing. A few minutes afterward, the ruined miner staggered blindly to the door of the tent, passed out into the moonlight, and the game went on as ever.

Half an hour later, Spindle sat in his tent alone. Before him was the picture of a fair, sweet face, that had won his love but a few years back. Nobody sees him weep, while he watches the play of light in its eloquent eyes. You could step in, and step heavily, too, without startling him. He is lost in reproachful thought, leading down to despair. All that he had hoped to do has vanished. Last night, rich in gold; to-night, bankrupt. Why should he live? He can hear the roar of the Yuba, as it tumbles over the cliff only a mile above him. He steps out into the open air; the cataract glimmers in the distance, and the sound of its waters soothes and fascinates him. Nobody will miss him; why should he hesitate?

He moves toward it, with eager bound and determined purpose. Up the rocky hill—up, up, up, till he stands on the edge of the precipice, far above the fall. He looks at the white tents in the distance: hate is blazoned on every one of them. He looks at the white spray, far, far below him: a hundred phantoms beseech him to come to them. A pause, for an instant only; a whispered something—was it a prayer? A quick, terrible leap—then, the same, soft moonlight as before, on the flower-clad hills around, on the white tents of the sleeping camp, and on the whiter face of the cataract.

It was Yankee Pete, who, two days afterward, startled his partner with the following query:

"Hullo, Jim; heard the news?"

"No, mon. What is't?"

"Yer knew that womanish Spindle?"

"Yes, mon; him what lost his claim down to the 'Reako, t'other night."

"What d'ye think? He's found dead in the river, this morning. Sandy found him, just above his claim, lying close to the shore, under that bunch of willows you can see jest round the p'int, there. They s'pose he jumped from the cliff, for he's badly bruised, and, of course, no one would kill him, when he didn't have a cent. Jest think, too, Jim! he's got a wife—a splendid wife—at home, and a duck of a boy-baby, only a year old. I tell you what, Jim, it's heavy!"

"Bad for them, mon, bad for them, you bet."

"Poor fellow! couldn't stand the pressure; head too weak; I allus thought it would come this way when it came. But come, Jim, let's go and help bury him. Only be a few there, you know; besides, it's the last thing we can do for him."

The miners go down to the river's edge, where a few are gathered around the body of Spindle. Already a narrow grave has been dug under a group of silver-pines, just above the village, and in a few moments he is borne to his place of burial by four rough, uncouth miners—Yankee Pete and Jim, two of the number. Five or six others follow, one or two of them, at least, feeling the solemnity of the occasion. A halt for a moment at the "squirrel rock," then on again a few rods farther up, and the grave is reached. No prayer is said, no hymn is sung; these things would have been a farce to the men of Rose's Bar. Very tenderly, however, do these hardy miners lower the corpse into the cold, damp earth. And there were no mourners? Had you seen the diamond glitter in the eye of Yankee Pete, you would

not say so. It was he also who threw down to the dead a sprig of *manzanita*, in memory of those at home who yet must weep for Spindle. There was something, too, of queer, but genuine, pathos in his remark to Jim, on their way back to camp:

"Poor fellow! who'd a tho't a week ago that Spindle would bring us a grave-yard."

Spindle was not long alone. The first who came to keep him company, hardly two weeks afterward, was Eagle-nose, shot through the heart with a stolen ace in his hand. Some thought it strange, but more thought nothing about it. The next who came was a pale, sad face: the first of that wild sisterhood who came to the village, selling their charms for "dust." These were followed by many others.

Life passed on—weary work by day, tragedy by night—till Rose's Bar could count its thousand inhabitants, and was famous far and near. Then came, one summer day, a dim, uncertain rumor of a far-off region, where the gold lay in nuggets on the rocky ground. It was the merest flying rumor, but the camp grew enthusiastic, and with characteristic vigor worked it into a fact. When, therefore, this fact was further confirmed by the story of Wandering Bill, who had seen a veritable nugget from the field referred to, the camp was delirious. Where the region was, nobody knew. Wandering Bill could only say that it was somewhere way up north. The camp cared little for this, however; its very uncertainty made it more fascinating. If the genesis of the valley had been wonderful, the exodus was none the less so. Before a fortnight passed from the time the rumor first reached the camp, more than half of the town had gone in search of the new gold field. A month later, the camp was almost deserted, and the city of the silent under the pines had no rival in the town below

it. It was not long so, however; for they came back, one by one, or in groups of three or four, cursing the fate which had sent them northward. But not all came. Some fell by the way-side, and were left to bleach in the sun; and some, more hardy, too proud to return, found other fields than that they were looking for; while of those who came, many found strangers in their places.

In five years from the time that old man Rose had found the treasure, the city of the dead looked sadly down on a deserted camp-ground. Naught told of the life that once had reigned there but the fragment ruins of its former industry.

MAY, 1865.

Standing here this pleasant May morning, in the very footsteps, perhaps, of old man Rose, as he saw at first the beautiful valley it was his fate to ruin, you could little fancy that just below you, and at no remote period in the past, was one of the most thriving of California mining villages. Before you are the hills, essentially the same, but marked with unmistakable signs of an energy which will not be satisfied. Unlike the hills, the Yuba, which used to sing and smile for them, with a face pure and beautiful, forever ready to reflect their grace or strength, is now sadly changed, and often furious. The white cataract has gone, and the banks which formerly inclosed it have almost wholly disappeared. Covering the hills is a patchwork of flumes and ditches, some of them deserted, but more of them noisy with the rush of muddy and gold-laden waters. Here and there along the flumes are small buildings, adapted to the purposes of hydraulic mining. The valley of Rose's Bar is no longer visible. In its stead is a long, uneven bed of sand and cobble-stones, interspersed with the cast-off clothing of the miner or the *débris* of his handiwork. Over this bed run numberless small streams of muddy, yellow

water, sent from the mouths of the wooden flumes above to the yellower river below. They bring no semblance of that sweet rivulet which sang to the valley every day and night just a score of years ago. Buried a hundred feet below is the course of that rivulet, and buried with it, too, is all that was of Rose's Bar: the flowers, fresh and sweet, of its earlier history; the foot-paths of a later period, worn by the hardy men of the camp, and leading down from it to their work in the stream close by; the tent-fires of a still later period, dead, yet memorable, surrounded by a hundred things which could tell of the miner's daily life—every thing bearing upon its history as a deserted camp, or a busy, populous town. All, did I say? No, not quite all. Death still triumphs over life; for the little grave-yard—a part of it, at least—may yet be seen, a few closely grouped mounds, stoneless, fenceless, wholly unmarked by art, and almost forgotten by Nature. These, too, will go in time, for life must be final master. Then will Rose's Bar, with its wondrous dreams of triumph, its honest struggles for wealth, its strong original life, its strangely thrilling, but unwritten, record of dark crimes and still darker purposes, remain but in the memory of those who smiled in giving it birth, laughed as they fed its vigorous manhood, and were saddened over its decay.

 NOVEMBER.

Our November!

Soft, delicious, balmy, tender!
 Throwing off her veil of mist
 For a crown of amethyst—
 Blushing soft, as she discloses
 Summer's last and lingering roses,
 Like a spray of corals rare
 Plumed within her shining hair.

Ah! the dreamy days remember
 Of our opaline November!
 Gauzy vapors float around her,
 Little motes of gold surround her,
 Violet clouds lie soft above her,
 Moonbeams clasp her like a lover;
 Touching with transparent fingers
 Every spot where fragrance lingers,
 She doth cast upon the air
 Essences and odors rare.

Wild blooms swoon in sudden heat
 Where she pranks her dainty feet,
 And the trailing autumn grasses
 Bend in homage as she passes.
 Gladness, as of childhood's laughter,
 All the wooing zephyrs waft her;
 Shining in her mystic splendor—
 Waiting, rosy, soft, and tender—
 Oh, we greet the radiant comer,
 Amber-belted Indian summer!

MAXIMILIAN AND THE AMERICAN LEGION.

THE adventure of the Archduke Maximilian, in 1865, was one of the most desperate in which a scion of imperialism ever engaged. History must treat it as a premeditated defiance of the settled policy of the Cabinet at Washington, because the American Government had announced, with due deliberation, that it would not countenance the subjugation of any portion of the Western Continent by a European power. The pretext for the Napoleonic invasion of Mexico was to enforce the payment of claims of French subjects against the Mexican Republic. The refusal of President Juarez to recognize those claims was, perhaps, a *casus belli*, by the law of nations. But when the French Emperor developed his real design to subjugate Mexico, and, in imitation of his ancestor, to erect there an imperial dynasty with a foreign prince at its head, the event justified the interposition of the Government at Washington.

In one important element of faith, the people of North and South America very closely assimilate; and that is, in their unalterable adherence to republican forms of government. One by one, the North and South American States dissolved the political bands which united them to the parent Governments in Europe, and assumed the status of freedom and independence. Never, upon any occasion since they forcibly dissolved the connection, has any one of them manifested a disposition to restore the *mésalliance*. The same observation applies to individual subjects of foreign powers as to the several States of America. There is not a living subject of a foreign prince or potentate who has renounced his allegiance, and placed his

name upon the long roll of American citizens, who has ever returned to the ark of imperialism. This experience is in the possession of the Courts of Europe; and it is inexplicable to a mind thoroughly American, how, with the aid of this experience, a descendant of the house of Hapsburgh could have conceived or indulged the delusion that any considerable portion of the people of the Western Continent would give him any other welcome than that which Sparta gave to her enemies at Thermopylæ—a welcome “with bloody hands to hospitable graves.” Yet the Archduke permitted himself to be used as an instrument to subserve the criminal ambition of Napoleon.

A cordon of French bayonets gave Maximilian an easy entry into the Mexican capital, and, in the early part of the year 1865, he sent congratulations to Francis Joseph of Austria upon his success in establishing an Imperial Government in Mexico. Ensnared by the same delusions that clouded Bonaparte’s brain when he sat down at Moscow in the ancient palace of the Czars, Maximilian pictured to himself an easy conquest, and already hailed himself father to a line of kings.

President Juarez was, in 1865, a fugitive from his capital, and, with his Cabinet, had found a temporary asylum at Paso del Norte, on the confines of the Mexican territory. He was then represented in California by Colonel George M. Green, an officer of the Mexican army, who is an American by birth. This officer was empowered to purchase and ship munitions of war; and, if possible, to enlist in the Mexican service a sufficient number of American field-offi-

cers to command a brigade of Mexican troops. Colonel Green was successful in his mission. Having received orders in June, through Consul Godoy, to join Juarez at Paso del Norte without delay, Colonel Green embarked at San Francisco, for San Pedro, on the 23d of that month. He was accompanied by twenty-seven American officers, all of whom had served in the Union army during the War of the Rebellion. The party were well mounted at Los Angeles, and thence they advanced on their toilsome march through southern California, Arizona, and New Mexico, to Paso del Norte, on the western bank of the Rio Grande. The march was performed in ninety days, with the loss of only two men. But they learned, on their arrival, that the Mexican President had started for Chihuahua two days before. The little party did not stop to recruit, but, after a brief interval of rest, they remounted and started in his pursuit. The capital of Chihuahua is one hundred leagues distant from Paso del Norte. So rapid were the movements of the American officers, that their arrival at Chihuahua was almost simultaneous with that of Juarez, and never was a prouder welcome extended to honored guests than that which these men received from the President and his patriotic countrymen. In the midst of their congratulations, when the American officers were pledging their best services to the cause of Mexico, thirteen more American officers arrived at Chihuahua from the frontiers of Texas, under command of Major McNulty, and offered their services to the Mexican President. The historian has already related that they were speedily and gratefully accepted. These officers, added to those who had previously arrived from California, made up an aggregate of forty. They marched, as a separate command, from Chihuahua to Parral, under Major Smith. Here they joined the central division of

the Mexican army, under General Arranda, and were assigned to duty under that officer. Orders were soon after received by Arranda, from Juarez, to advance upon Durango, as that city was then garrisoned by French troops. The central division, under Arranda, advanced upon Durango from Parral in October, 1865. Severe skirmishing occurred between the advanced posts of the armies, and Arranda had already made his dispositions to take the capital of Durango by storm, when the French commander notified him that orders had been received at the French quarters from Bazaine to evacuate the city of Durango and retire upon the capital of Mexico. The evacuation was completed without further hostilities. The city was entered by the Mexican troops on the north, at the same time that the rear-guard of the French column defiled through the suburb on the south. The American Government had already sent its *ultimatum* to the French Emperor, and the withdrawal of the French garrison from Durango was only the beginning of the backward movement, which ended in the total evacuation of Mexican territory by the army of France. The conduct of the French army of occupation betrayed the sinister policy of Maximilian, and of Bazaine, the wily Marshal of France. This policy was to impress the native population of the country with the belief that every one of them found within the French lines would be massacred by the army of the Republic. This calumny gained such currency and credence that the effect of the approach of the Mexican army upon Durango was to produce a panic among the inhabitants of that city, and they packed their household goods, and almost *en masse* fled with the retreating French column. But the Mexican nation speedily learned that, while the Government was resolved to punish armed treason, it had no quarrel with the innocent and defenseless. On

the contrary, it uniformly extended toward them full protection and amnesty.

The occupation of Durango by General Arranda was signalized by another event, highly creditable to American gallantry. This was the arrival of General La Vega at Durango, with a corps of American volunteer officers, who offered their services to the patriot army. They were promptly accepted by President Juarez in person, who reached Durango a few hours after the French evacuation. The whole number of Americans then attached to the army under Arranda, was sixty-seven, all armed with the American repeating rifles, and all inured to the hardships of war. They were organized, at their own request, into a single company, or battalion, and detailed for service independent of the main body of the army. As a mark of distinction, President Juarez conferred upon the company the title of "American Legion of Honor." In the fierce engagements which preceded the fall of the Empire, they well earned the proud distinction of "Legion of Honor," and proved that the imperial troops of Austria were no match for the veteran volunteers who carried their battle-flags through the bloody fields of Chickamauga and Shiloh. We shall not trace the Legion through the campaign, which ended in the catastrophe at Queretaro and the surrender of Maximilian to General Corona, of the Republican army. The siege of Queretaro continued, with varying success, for ninety days, when it was terminated by the surrender of Maximilian, on the 17th of May, 1866. The desperate sally of the Imperialists, under General Miramon, at daylight, on the morning of the 19th of April, momentarily turned the scale in favor of the Archduke. The right of the Republican line consisted of fourteen thousand men, under General Corona, and it became the chief object of the furious assault of the besieged. The attack was made with cavalry, and

it was sudden and irresistible; it was, in fact, a surprise; and the result was, that the Republican line wavered, then broke into a tumultuous rout. The cavalry retired within their intrenchments with two thousand prisoners, twenty-seven pieces of artillery, and all the commissary stores and camp equipage of Corona's division. So total was the rout and demoralization, that more than two days elapsed before the scattered columns were rallied and brought back to the front by the American Legion.

The Prince Salm-Salm was attached to the staff of the Archduke Maximilian, during his brief Mexican reign. These men were united by ties of blood. The Prince was absolutely devoted to the imperial cause, and the Princess, his wife—who was an American woman—fully shared the enthusiastic devotion of her husband. Realizing the fact, that the failure of the Archduke would probably be fatal to her husband, this lady resolved to share their peril; and, after a toilsome journey, she arrived within the Mexican lines while the siege of Queretaro was being prosecuted with relentless vigor. Repairing to the headquarters of the Mexican commander, the Princess announced herself, and entreated that officer to pass her through the lines of the besieging army, and allow her to join her husband within the city. The Mexican General refused to grant her request, but referred her to the officer then in command of the American Legion. Here her appeal was not made in vain. She was an American woman, appealing to the gallantry of her own countrymen, in a foreign land. Could there be a doubt of the result? She was instantly escorted through the lines, and entered Queretaro under a flag of truce. This incident may have impaired the confidence of the Mexican commander in the fidelity of the American Legion, but it is a just cause of pride to Americans everywhere.

The interposition of the United States saved Mexico from conquest and subjugation by the arms of France. But, subsequently, when the American Government asked the life of the Archduke Maximilian, Mexico denied the request. When the fact became known to the American Legion, that the request had been made by the Cabinet at Washington, and denied by the Mexican authorities, the Americans secretly resolved, at the hazard of their lives, to place the Archduke safely upon American soil. The undertaking which they prepared themselves to execute was nothing less than the abduction of Maximilian by stratagem. The Archduke had surrendered and was in prison; his trial by drum-head court-martial, and his sentence, had already taken place; he awaited his execution. The plan of the Americans, hastily matured, was to surprise and capture his guard in the night, to take him from the prison, mount him upon a fleet horse, and escort him, under the protection of the Legion, to Matamoras, and thence across the Rio Grande, into Texas. Every detail of this enterprise was carefully attended to; nor did it need the pleadings of their countrywoman—the Princess Salm-Salm—to

nerve them to the task: the simple request of the American Government was law to the Legion of Honor, and it was to them sufficient warrant for the desperate undertaking. But destiny was against them: an unforeseen circumstance prevented them from even making the attempt. On the morning of the very day they had selected to rescue the prisoner, they were suddenly and peremptorily ordered to march, at a moment's notice, on special duty, to the capital of Mexico. Remonstrance was unavailing. Every plea that wit could invent was made to induce Escobeda to countermand or postpone the execution of his order. But the Mexican was contumacious. He evidently suspected a *coup de main* by the Americans. He knew the relation which existed between the Princess and the Emperor; and he recollected, perhaps with some chagrin, that the American Legion had escorted the lady through the lines, during the siege of Queretaro. These reasons may have influenced the Mexican commander in making his decision; but he left the American Legion no alternative, and they were compelled, very reluctantly, to abandon their plan for Maximilian's rescue.

SKILLED FARMING IN LOS ANGELES.

THE county of Los Angeles was organized in 1850, but portions have since been cut off and formed into new counties. It is divided by the San Fernando and San Gabriel Mountains into two portions, very different in their characteristics. The division to the north-east of the mountains is a barren desert; that to the south-west, contains some of the most fertile land in the State. This latter division slopes to the Pacific Ocean, on which it has a front-

age of about a hundred miles. The breadth of this tract varies from ten to thirty miles; and, under favorable circumstances, most of it may be cultivated with profit. In some localities, the soil is quite moist and capable of producing a crop without irrigation, in even such dry years as this and the last. The greater part of it, however, unless the season is more than usually wet, requires to be irrigated, to insure any thing like an abundant harvest. At present, there are

about 25,000 acres irrigated; but if all the rivers and creeks that flow from the mountains were utilized, perhaps ten times that area could be irrigated. All this land, with scarcely the exception of a single fertile acre, was given away in Spanish grants. The ownership of many of these, like Spanish grants all over the State, was in a condition of uncertainty until quite recently, a circumstance which debarred men of small capital from settling in this county. During the last few years, many of those claiming Spanish grants have had their titles confirmed by the United States Government; and now good agricultural land, to which a perfect title is guaranteed, can be purchased at prices varying from \$10 to \$100 per acre. The latter price is very rare, and is asked only for land of almost unparalleled productiveness. A crop of hay and one of corn are commonly taken, each year, from such land as this. The hay is cut in May; then the land is irrigated, if necessary, and planted with corn. Sometimes they obtain a crop of barley and one of hay from the same sowing. Barley is sown, and some time after it has headed out, it is cut for hay. The water is then turned on, when the roots sprout afresh and produce an excellent crop of barley. The usual yield of Indian corn on such land is from 80 to 120 bushels, and, in some instances, 140 bushels to the acre. Wheat, oats, barley, maize, Irish and sweet potatoes, grow well; but fruit-raising is more profitable than any of these, and to this business a great deal of the land in the county will eventually be devoted.

Among the disadvantages under which the county labors, may be mentioned the droughts to which it is subject, the uncertainty which still prevails with regard to the ownership of a good deal of the land, and the scarcity of wood for fire, building, and fencing. During the present and preceding years, the injuries

which farmers and stock-raisers suffered, owing to the insufficient supply of rain, have been most severe, and have driven many of the poor settlers out of the county. Poor settlers, however, had no business to go there; for, though Los Angeles offers to men with a fair capital advantages not surpassed in any other part of the State, to the small farmer, to whom a plentiful supply of rain is a necessity, it is more likely to bring beggary. But if, in addition to money enough to buy his land, he has also money enough to buy the right to water and build irrigating ditches, he may count with certainty on ultimate success. Lumber for building purposes costs from \$30 to \$50 per thousand, and is all brought from northern ports. Fire-wood in Los Angeles City costs \$10 per cord. For fencing purposes, lumber is too dear to be used to a great extent. Willow-hedges are, therefore, used in many places. This kind of fence, however, is available only when the young plants can be irrigated, after being set out. It is in the end, perhaps, as cheap as any other kind of fence, and besides materially increases the beauty of the scenery. This is a consideration of no small weight, where, as in Los Angeles, the landscape is deficient in verdure. But "live fences" require time to grow; therefore, a man must wait some time before they are able to afford the necessary protection to his crops. If too poor to wait, or to buy lumber for fencing, he must be constantly on the watch; and, notwithstanding all his vigilance, his crops are likely to be destroyed, at any moment, by the cattle and horses that roam over the country. A law compelling the stock-owners to take care of their stock, so as to render it unnecessary for the farmer to fence in his land, is advocated by many residents of Los Angeles, and if passed by the next Legislature, as in all probability it will be, farmers will be able to settle there with a much smaller capital than is re-

quired at present. However, these drawbacks are more than counterbalanced by the great fertility of the soil; and since the resources of the county have become more extensively known, its population and wealth have steadily and rapidly increased.

The following statistics, derived from the County Assessor's books, show, among other things, the valuation of the county in real and personal property during the last four years: In 1867, the total valuation was \$2,291,642; in 1868, \$3,764,045; in 1869, \$5,791,171; and in 1870, \$6,918,074. In 1869, it produced 1,202,300 pounds of wool, 1,132,300 gallons of wine, 26,000 gallons of brandy. It had 437,200 sheep, 13,000 horses, 24,400 cattle, 34,000 orange-trees, and a variety of other fruit-trees too numerous to mention. As real estate is not assessed at any thing like its actual value (usually one-third), these statistics do not show the real wealth of the county. But, as the rules that governed the assessor in placing a valuation on this land in 1867 still prevail, the statistics may be considered reliable, so far as showing the ratio in which the wealth of the county has increased.

The statistics of 1871 are not yet made out, but, according to men capable of judging, they will, in spite of the drought, show that the prosperity of the county is advancing even more rapidly than during any of the preceding years. This growth is not likely to receive a very sudden check. Only a small portion of the arable land in the county has yet been brought under cultivation; but the owners of large tracts of land are offering fair inducements to farmers and fruit-growers to settle among them. Most of the land offered for sale can be bought partly on credit: one-fourth of the price is paid at the time of purchase, and the remainder in yearly installments, bearing interest at the rate of ten per cent. per annum. A company or association

of settlers, who buy their land in one block and divide it themselves, can secure a better bargain than if each of them bought his land separately. As an instance of remarkable success achieved in this way, the history of the Anaheim settlement is worthy of attention.

In 1857, fifty Germans, most of them mechanics and wine-growers, bought 1,265 acres of land in Los Angeles County, for \$2 an acre. A portion of the land was cut up into fifty farms of twenty acres each, and the remainder subdivided into town allotments—one for each shareholder, and the rest for public purposes. Instead of coming to take possession of their property in its then unimproved condition, the shareholders pursued whatever business they were engaged in at the time of purchase, and commissioned one of their number to fence, plant, and otherwise improve the land. For three years this was continued, and, at the end of that time, the improvements consisted of fifty miles of willow and poplar-hedges, fifty miles of ditches for irrigation, and on each farm ten acres were planted with vines and fruit-trees. No buildings were erected, except those required for the accommodation of the manager and his men. The total cost of improvements amounted to \$1,100 on each farm. In 1860, each farm had a valuation placed on it by the shareholders. The farms were then disposed of by lot; those persons who obtained the most valuable ones, of course, paying premiums. The shareholders then came to live on their land, and each of them put up such additional improvements, in the shape of houses, etc., as seemed to him convenient. Each farm, at the present time, without taking into consideration the houses and improvements erected on it since 1860, is worth about \$7,000.

The wisdom of this plan is quite obvious. A man can choose a desirable locality for homesteads for a hundred per-

sons as readily as for one. Here, in California, it usually costs as much in traveling, before one finds a desirable site, as it does to buy the land. Hence, when a company authorizes an agent to find them farms, it can be done much cheaper than if each individual set out to seek land on his own account. Then, again, all the members of the company being acquainted with one another, each of them has social advantages which he could not readily obtain, if he settled among strangers. Isolated from friends, a bad crop, or sickness in his family, might compel the settler to sell his property at an immense sacrifice; while, if surrounded by his old acquaintance, he would, under similar difficulties, if deserving, meet sympathy and support. He can have churches, schools, medical advice; in short, all the advantages, without any of the disadvantages, that a citizen possesses over a frontiersman. Situated as the Anaheim shareholders were, they acted wisely in not coming to live on their land immediately after purchasing it. They received good wages at their various trades; while the first work done on their farms, such as digging ditches and planting trees, could be done as well by the common laborer. While they, perhaps, saved money by this method of conducting their business, they also escaped many of the hardships incidental to pioneer life.

Similar settlements can be formed today, as well as in 1857. True, such land as those Germans then bought for \$2, can not be bought in Los Angeles now for less than \$10 or \$15 per acre. This would make a difference of \$200 or \$300 to the purchaser of twenty acres. To counterbalance this, he can send his produce to market now much cheaper than he could then, and he has the certainty that his investment, if he has industry and knowledge of his business, will prove profitable, while the settlers of 1857 were only experimentalists, who

had no such assurance. Twenty acres may be considered by many as a very small farm. This is quite true, when cropped with cereals; but when devoted to fruit-raising, twenty acres bring more profit than one hundred acres cropped with wheat or barley.

The principal fruits raised in this county are oranges, lemons, grapes, peaches, figs, olives, walnuts, etc. The banana and pine-apple have been cultivated only on a very limited scale, but there is every reason to believe that the soil and climate are favorable to the growth of these delicious fruits. The grape, though not so profitable as many other fruits raised there, will always be extensively cultivated, as there is a great portion of the county suited to its growth. It succeeds quite well without irrigation, and, yielding a return three years after being planted, it can be cultivated by men who have not capital enough to engage in raising oranges, lemons, or olives.

Good grape-land in Los Angeles County costs from \$10 to \$25 per acre. When the latter price is given, the land has facilities for irrigation. At present, many think irrigation unnecessary in new vineyards; but vines accustomed to it can not safely dispense with it. In planting a vineyard, the land is plowed at least eighteen inches deep, and a hole is made with a crowbar, into which the cutting is dropped. The Mission grape is giving place to foreign varieties, cuttings of which have to be purchased, at prices varying from \$5 to \$10 per thousand. They are planted in February or March, and, when irrigation is considered necessary, the water is turned on both before and after planting. The vines are about six feet apart, or at the rate of a thousand to the acre. Plowing the first year costs about \$5 per acre; after that, a light surface-plowing, to keep down the weeds, is all that is required, and costs about \$1.50 per acre. Water for irrigating costs about \$5 yearly. Pruning, per acre,

costs about \$1 the first year, \$2 the second, and \$3 a year when the vines are in full bearing. This work is done chiefly by Indians or Mexicans. At the end of three years, the yield may be estimated at five pounds of grapes to the vine; at four years, eight pounds; and at five years, twelve pounds or upward. The whole cost of an acre of grapes—including price of land, cuttings, water, and cultivation, up to the time they commence bearing—may be estimated not to exceed \$46. The yearly expense after this, without counting the cost of gathering and sending to market, would be only about \$10 per acre. The manufacturers of wine in Los Angeles are willing to buy all the grapes they can get. The price ranges from 65 cents to \$1 per 100 pounds. This would give the price of an acre of grapes as ranging from \$78 to \$120, and upward. When made into wine, they would be worth \$300 or \$400. Taking the lowest price paid for the grapes, the profit per acre, after paying for cultivation, gathering, and hauling to market, can not be less than \$50. It is seldom that a piece of land producing nothing but grapes is sold, and, therefore, we have but little in the way of actual sales from which to form an opinion relative to the price of an acre of vineyard in full bearing. But we can derive our conclusions from another source equally trustworthy. A hundred dollars will bring their owner, in the way of interest, from \$12 to \$18 annually. From this we may conclude that an acre of grapes that brings its owner a profit of \$50 yearly, is worth \$300—a good return for the \$46 originally invested.

Either the orange, the fig, the olive, or the lemon, is more profitable than the grape. The orange and lemon must be confined to places that are free from frosts. The orange is raised from seed, while the lemon grows well from cuttings. Orange-seeds are sown in April,

in a rich alluvial soil that will not bake when irrigated. The seeds are sown in drills two feet apart, with six inches between the seeds. The young trees may be transplanted at any age, up to the time of bearing. They are usually transplanted before they reach the age of four years. At this age they are worth \$3 or \$4 each. Younger trees, of course, are cheaper, the price being proportionate to the age. The young trees are set out about twenty-five feet apart, or at the rate of about seventy to the acre. The ground is plowed every year, and plenty of manure supplied. Manuring not only increases the yield, but also the quality of the fruit. At the age of eight or ten years orange-trees begin to bear, but do not yield their full amount of fruit until a few years older. Of course, if one buys trees four years old, he may expect them to bear pretty well half a dozen years later. Eight hundred or one thousand oranges to each tree, when in full bearing, may be considered a fair average. Trees in Los Angeles have been known to produce five thousand oranges. Lemon-trees yield about fifteen hundred lemons each. The chief market, for both oranges and lemons, is San Francisco. The cost of gathering and shipping them to San Francisco is about \$5 per thousand. Orange and lemon-trees, on this coast, are comparatively free from disease. They are sometimes attacked by the "scale-bug," but they suffer less from it now than they did sixteen years ago, when it first appeared.

The most experienced cultivators of oranges and lemons in Los Angeles state that the yearly profit on an acre of these trees, when in full bearing, amounts to over \$1,000. There can be but little doubt with regard to the truth of this statement. It, perhaps, falls under the mark. The cost of gathering and sending to market has already been mentioned; and any other expense, in the face of the vast return, is scarcely worth con-

sidering. Water, which is a necessity for these fruits, costs about \$5 for each acre. One man, with a team of horses, wagon, and plow, could manure, irrigate, and keep twenty acres free from weeds. Land which would be adapted to oranges, if water could be obtained on it, can be bought for \$15 or \$20. On this land, however, water, if procurable at all, can be got only by means of artesian wells. Land already possessing facilities for supplying the orange-trees with the vast quantity of water they require, can not be bought for less than \$100 per acre.

Orange and lemon-raising, while these fruits maintain any thing like their present prices, is the most profitable pursuit that can be followed in California. They are not likely to be much cheaper, for some time. The number of years that elapses before the cultivator receives any return for his outlay, and the large sum of money required, in proportion to the number of acres planted, precludes, to a great extent, the poor man from engaging in this occupation. On the other hand, the numerous railroads already projected or being built, in the western part of the United States, and the consequent influx of population, will open a market for oranges and lemons, greater than any to which at present we have access.

In these days of cheap traveling, a person can go from San Francisco to Los Angeles, and return again, with no greater outlay of money than if he remained at his hotel. Throughout the past summer, cabin fare on board the steamers running between San Francisco and San Pedro Bay amounted only to \$5 per trip. Occasionally it was as low as \$3. From San Pedro Bay to Los Angeles City, the fare is \$2.50. The traveler has also an opportunity of spending a few hours in the picturesque little town of Santa Barbara. At San Pedro Bay, he is transferred to a smaller steam-

er, which takes him to Wilmington. From this town, he proceeds, by rail, a distance of twenty miles to Los Angeles, where he arrives twenty-four hours after leaving San Francisco.

Even should the traveler go no farther, he will find sufficient in this city to repay him many times for his short voyage. Of the towns unconnected with missions, Los Angeles is the oldest in the State, being founded in 1781, as a home for soldiers whose term of service had expired, and who were offered small grants of land as a bonus for settling in the country and marrying Indian women. According to Humboldt, it had, in 1831, a population of 1,388 persons, who owned over 38,000 cattle, and over 5,000 horses. Some of the circumstances that made the country forbidding to the Anglo-Saxon race were still more active in rendering a residence in the town unpleasant. Spanish being the principal language spoken, this fact alone would, in a great measure, have prevented Americans from settling there, even if the morals of the Mexican population had been all that could be desired. The population, in 1850, was 4,385; in 1870, 5,614. This increase is not greater than that of cities farther north less favorably situated; but there are good grounds for expecting that the growth of the city, during the next ten years, will be much more rapid. It will be the focus of numerous railroads, and its port, San Pedro, after some improvements already initiated, will be one of the safest on the coast. Nor will it want for commerce. In addition to its own exports of wine, fruit, grain, wool, live-stock, asphaltum, etc., Los Angeles will be the necessary depot for the produce of places hundreds of miles to the east of it.

The city of Los Angeles, on the western side of the Los Angeles River, consists of two parts, which differ as much in their appearance as in the characteristics of their inhabitants. The older

portion of the town, inhabited by Mexicans, and locally known by the name of Sonora, consists of *adobe* buildings, one story high, and the roofs covered with tiles or asphaltum. From the number of *cul-de-sacs* and sharp corners to be met with in every direction, one would think that each Mexican at first built his house wherever he deemed fit, and that the surveyor, who afterward laid out the streets, took care either to turn aside or stop short altogether when buildings came in the way. That portion of the city inhabited by Americans is more regularly laid out, and many of the buildings, both public and private, would be a credit to any city in the State. It is lighted with gas, manufactured from asphaltum, found abundantly in the neighborhood. It has three daily and two weekly newspapers, and is well supplied with both public and private schools, of the highest character.

Some miles above the city, the Los Angeles River is turned from its bed, and led through the city for domestic and agricultural purposes. Let us take a walk into one of the numerous orchards to be found within the town limits. Here, if we do not find specimens of every fruit known in the United States, it is not because the soil and climate are not suited to their growth, but because the fruit-raiser gives all his attention to a few of the most profitable kinds. Close to the entrance to the garden stands what would be considered a beautiful shade tree, about twenty feet high, and

profusely covered with leaves. A closer inspection will show that it is laden with young fruit; some of the blossoms still remain on the branches, and clusters of golden oranges, the remains of last year's crop, are hid among its leaves. This tree, that would be valuable as an ornament alone, brings to its owner yearly an income varying from \$30 to \$150. Let us take a seat under its grateful shade. On every side can be seen orange, lemon, fig, and olive-trees, as valuable and as pleasant to look upon as the one under which we are seated. The silvery rippling of the water, flowing in numerous little rills through the garden, invite the song of the birds. The most delicious fruits in the world hang temptingly within reach. The ocean breeze reaches us after passing over miles of orchard and vineyard, bearing pleasure, health, and vigor in its train. In the midst of such surroundings, we may well credit the assertions often made, that in this and the adjacent valleys along the coast of California, it was no uncommon thing for the Indians to reach the age of a century and a half. In so newly settled a place, of course the city and its environs are still susceptible of vast improvement, and perhaps it would be correct to say, "If there be an *elysium* on earth, it is this;" but we can say, without fear of contradiction, that if an *elysium* can be made on earth, it can be made here. Never was a name more appropriately bestowed than when it was called "The City of the Angels."

SAGE-BRUSH BILL.

WHEN the men who trouble themselves slightly, and the world thoroughly, with useless statistics, have had a plenitude of work in the estimates of mankind they deduce from the economics of cities, there will still be an interesting field for them in fathoming the motives which bring travelers into the wilds of Arizona. What a change a few years' residence in the latter produces in a man! Your friend, whom, in 1860, you knew in San Francisco, wore a tall, glossy beaver, shining boots, and bright neck-tie; but now, his beaver is low-crowned, wide-brimmed, and of accommodating shapes; boots rusty, thick-nailed, patched, and large—to incase the frayed edges of his well-worn pantaloons; and he knows the full value of a thick, woolen shirt, though it is buttonless, flies open at the neck, and is guiltless of a tie. Our friend, too, has become reticent, and as devout a believer in physiognomy as a child; he looks, without speaking, into your face, and he calculates, without intending to be scientific, on the correlation of mental and moral qualities, as developed in your countenance. Slang is his great weakness, and he pets it; but then, slang is phonetic—the condensation of vigorous thoughts, the *multum in parvo* of speech.

It will never do, in Arizona and similar countries, to conclude from a man's outward appearance, that he is either an insignificant or an unworthy character. The man who flavors his speech with the coinage of the country, and deals in the current, meaningless profanity of the community he is cast into, may have unconsciously adopted the policy of doing as others do, merely to avoid singularity;

but his best and favorite apparel is still looked after, and is kept ready for appropriate occasions. Neither will it be wise to conclude that your neighbor with the pick and shovel, or he who drives your vehicle, or the other who cooks your meal, is unworthy to share your company, for mental, any more than for moral, reasons, since the causes influencing men, in their desire for change, are as potent with those whose education has been of the highest and smoothest, as with those for whom it has been scanty and rough; and as you will rarely find a man here in whom good sense and sound judgment do not predominate, it is wise policy to beware of hasty decisions on personal appearance. Some one has remarked, that California's population is an aggregation of keen instincts and intellects, gathered from all parts of the globe; this is eminently the case in the Territories.

It was my fortune, some time since, while traveling on a long and rather slow journey through portions of Arizona, to have as driver an individual possessing in his person what seemed to me to be a combination of the various peculiarities found in the class of men I have been describing. We were alone, the road was dreary and monotonous, as well as dangerous; my companion was shrewd-looking, but silent; always on the alert for possible Indian attacks, and careful that I was, too. My experience in travel was considerable, but I found that his was greater, and his practice faultless. Every condition necessary to safe travel was attended to: feeding and watering animals, examination of their hoofs, mouths, and general health; scrutiny of harness, axles, wheels, screws, bolts,

chains, fire-arms, ammunition, food, and water, came under his untiring personal supervision. Yet, with all this, his silence was so great, his reticence so provoking, that I spitefully dubbed him "William the Silent," and told him so, finding, to our mutual amusement, that I had unwittingly given him part of his right name—as he informed me, with a quiet laugh, that in Nevada folks used to call him "Sage-brush Bill." Now, whether he had imagined that I was punning on his old name, that silent meant wise, and wise meant sage, I did not stop to discover, but asked him, "What was the reason they gave you that name?" determined not to let the fire die out, now that I had succeeded in producing a spark. "Well," said he, "there were two reasons; first, I had a shanty all alone in the sage-brush plains, where I raised stock, and did a little mining for some years; and then I was the only doctor that fellows, twenty miles off from me, could get when they had the mountain fever, and the only medicine I had was sage-brush, from which I used to make hot and strong tea, and then made them drink it by the pint, until the sweat ran off by the quart, and I suppose the fever come out through the skin, for they generally got well."

From some remarks that Bill made that day, I became satisfied that I was fast rising in his estimation, and I also became aware of a little fact, not flattering to my self-esteem, that Bill had been quietly taking my measure, and that much of his reticence arose from his having been for some time undecided as to whether I was of sufficient "quality" to become communicative with. I can not say his opinions were all orthodox, but his honesty and shrewdness made them very acceptable as conversation. Naturally enough, we first spoke about Indians, and, very much to my surprise, there was a remarkable absence of the usual indiscriminate abuse of that peo-

ple, and the wholesale condemnation of every thing, men and measures, that have become mingled with their affairs. Not that Bill was one likely to travel with an empty gun, or a gun not at hand when wanted, or be slow in its use in defense of himself and others; but he held stoutly to the theory, that they, being the original owners of the soil, had a right to some consideration and compensation from our race.

"We have come here," said he, "by the thousands; we have taken their best land, their best water, their finest timber, driven off by our mines and works their venison and all other wild animals on which they live, and they ought to be paid for this by being partially fed at every military post in the country, or else at once classed as *coyotes* and wild-cats, whom it is right to exterminate. It is not an Indian's nature to think as we think, or work as we work, and no amount of training can ever make him a man of our kind, because his traditions and his training all scorn the results which we have attained, and the means by which we attained them. As for military posts, I would have more of them: one in every district where Indians are plentiful, and encourage them to live around, and be as lazy as they choose; better that than they should be made hostile by hunger, and kill travelers to obtain their horses and mules for food. Count up the loss to the nation from the interruptions they so effectually give to commerce, and balance it against an issue of flour and beef to the various tribes, and see where the gain would be. And I think it will pay, in the long run, to put a reservation as near as you can to the place they have been used to live in; it makes them more contented, for they have feelings about birth-places and graves the same as we have.

"I don't know about employing volunteers, unless you adopt the exterminating plan; for they would be likely

enough to effect it, if you had enough of them, and provided they had plenty of supplies, and officers who knew and did their duty. Still, I think the feeding plan would be the cheapest, quickest, and kindest plan, after all; for those who lived around a military post, and were well fed and treated, would soon lose all desire for hostile acts, and become as demoralized as their greatest enemy could wish. What do I think of gradually civilizing these Indians? Well, I'll tell you a conversation I had, a few months ago, with a young man, passenger of mine, who had come out here from the East, almost expressly, as he told me, to report to some society he was agent for—Quakers, I reckon—about the best way of civilizing them. He told me his business, and then said, as I had lived here some time, he would like to get my ideas of the matter; so I just told him that it did them all great credit who were taking so much trouble and expense, and it was a very pretty theory they were indulging in; but that he could get a cheaper way of finding out whether the plan would work, by trapping a few coyotes, and trying to change them, by feeding and training, into good, useful shepherd dogs, and perhaps a few years of experimenting would teach him there was as much difference in the breed of men as of dogs, and that to transform one breed into another was difficult and expensive. It is the best policy to let all the wild animals, whether two-legged or four-legged, die off quietly; so I recommended the feeding process to him."

"Well, Bill," said I, "these are very unusual sentiments for a man in your position; perhaps, however, your experience has not been sufficiently adverse to eradicate the lessons taught you in some peaceful home, far away from danger. We all know how difficult it is to forget these lessons." Bill did not answer me for several minutes; and, as I

turned toward him to see if he had heard me, I saw that he was looking into vacancy. His thoughts were far away, and a shadow had stolen over his face.

"If I measured my sentiments about the Indians," he slowly said, "by what I have suffered from them, no good word in their favor would come from my lips. I tell you, I have worked and worked, early and late, to get along in the world by energy and honesty, until I am tired of profitless industry. I have made money—plenty of it—particularly in stock-raising, and been successful in mining, too; but I have lost, by Indian robberies, three distinct times, all I ever made, and I don't think I shall try to get rich again. In that far-off home you mention, there are those whose comfort in their old age was my daily thought, and it was that which gave nerve and firmness to heart and hand in the lonely shanty on the sage-plains of Nevada, and in the rough cabin on the rougher hills of Washoe, where my prospects were so good that I made sure of a quick and happy return to the old folks at home. But the Indians got all—every thing I had; didn't leave me a hoof; burnt my cabin; stole my stock; shot me twice—an arrow went through this arm; there's a bullet under this rib—doctor says it has got a case round it, and won't hurt me. It is no use fighting any more against such luck as that. I knock under for the future, though I shan't pass in my checks till they are called for. I always treated the Indians well, but then others didn't, and that was the trouble. They were strangers who attacked me—Shoshones and Winnemuccas—from a distance, whom some White Man had injured, and they, as many White Men do, attacked the first men of the people who injured them, without asking any questions."

Having duly expressed my sympathy regarding what he had endured, and my concurrence in some of his views, I re-

marked, it was wonderful so many men should continue in so profitless an employment in so wearying a country; but Bill rejoined, by asking me if there was any thing very profitable or easy in the life of a sailor or soldier: "for you see," said he, "I have been both, found both hard enough, and yet people stay at both. I ran away to sea when a boy, took a whaling voyage, had a perfect devil for a captain, deserted from him twice, but he caught me each time, and punished me until I wished myself dead; but I served my voyage out, was discharged in Boston, and, in two months, shipped for another voyage. After that, enlisted, in 1846, for the Mexican war, and went through all of it; was with Scott from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, and had some hard duty and hard fighting, and plenty of sickness; but none of these hardships took away my taste for that kind of adventure, any more than my troubles since have for this kind of life, with all its perils; and I relish the wild, open life of the hills and the plains, where the air blows fresh and free, and I like the silence and solitude of the *cañon* and the *mesa* as well now—aye, better—than when I first tried it, in 1850. No denying it, 'tis hard work to pack a couple of blankets and a pick, and perhaps your grub, forty miles a day, and I have done that many a day; ran all risks of losing my way, finding no water, and with an Indian on my trail, watching for a chance to take my scalp. It is hard enough, but it is healthy; and I prefer health and hardship on these hills and plains, where you can fill your lungs with pure and dry air, until you feel like flying.

"No, never was married; and I sometimes thank God for that, especially when I see some of those poor Texas emigrants, toiling along with their wagons loaded with care-worn and tired women and children. How they get along as well as they do, I don't know, for there are many hardships, without

reckoning the scarcity of feed and water, for them and their stock. Sometimes they get too much water," continued he, thoughtfully. "Do you see that wash ahead?—there where the sand is so deep and dry, half hiding those big, granite boulders, where the mesquit bushes are growing out of a solid rock, as it seems, though their roots take hold in the crevices and dig down, splitting the rock until it holds moisture for them? Well, just there, I saw the water, in 1867, eight feet deep, and I was almost an eye-witness of a sad occurrence that took place then. A Texas family had come out to California, been disappointed, and were going back again. The old man, wife, two girls of nineteen and seventeen, and a boy of thirteen, with a wagon drawn by six good animals, and two running loose, were coming through this dry wash, when a water-spout burst over them, and all were lost.

"Shortly afterward, I also had a narrow escape from one of these sudden and fearful mountain torrents. Jack Seely, myself, and two others, had been out prospecting, and found a lead, which we had determined to work. On our way we camped, early one day, on a narrow, winding arroyo. The weather was sultry, and black, thick clouds were forming on the hill-tops. Suddenly, we heard a dull, thundering noise, which seemed to shake the earth like a band of horses on the stampede. Nearer and nearer came the sound, and we soon realized the fact that a water-spout had spent its force in the *cañon* above. On came the roaring torrent, and before we could roll our blankets, a bank of water two feet deep came sweeping upon us. A second bank of water, then a third and a fourth, came rushing down, until the flood, in an incredible short time, was five feet deep. We saved our lives, but nothing else; the broken remains of our wagon and the carcasses of the horses were lodged against a large bowl-

der, about half a mile down the wash. In an hour's time, not a drop of running water was left in the wash."

"I suppose, Bill, you still hope to make a rich strike in the mines, some of these days, and then go back to the East?"

"Well, no; I've about given that idea up. I am thinking of taking up a half-section or more, on the Salinas, this summer—fine land down there, good many families moving in—and raising stock for the mining camps and small towns that the new railroad will make. I am not quite broke yet, and I think, by hiring a few Sonoranians to look after the beasts, I can do pretty well in grain, hay, and stock. I learned their language and ways, during the Mexican war. Besides, I am acquainted with a Mexican,

who wants to go shares with me. Fernandez has considerable stock, and he owes me a good turn, for saving his life from the Apaches; and he is one of those foolish fellows that a debt of that kind tells on, and he'd like to pay it, if he could."

After detailing the desperate encounter they had with the Indians, he concluded by saying: "We bagged fifteen Apaches, all told, that day—real fighting men, no boys or squaws. Fernandez and I became such good friends that we have not got over it yet, and so we intend to become partners in ranching, down in the Salt River country; and if you or any of your friends ever come that way—'tish't far from Phenix—we will welcome you with the best we have."

And so I parted with Sage-brush Bill.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT JAPAN.

IT has heretofore been a conjecture as to the number of inhabitants this interesting country contained, authorities ranging in their estimates from twenty to fifty millions. This uncertainty has been at last set at rest by the commendable zeal of the Japanese Government in following Western customs and usages. Last Japanese New Year, which occurred in February, the Emperor ordered a census of *all* the people, this time including a class never before enumerated, being outcasts from all society except their own. These persons are not, as some newspaper correspondents have asserted, the poor, worthless, and degraded, but the rejected pariahs of the land on account of their occupations, forcibly reminding us of the old Mosaic laws of uncleanness. All whose business brings them in contact with hides, leather, dead animals, etc., compose this class of unclean persons; and

among these are to be found many of the richest men of the Empire, who are, however, forbidden by law from exhibiting their wealth in any display of fine clothes or fine houses. This prejudice, no doubt, arises from a tenet in the Sintoo religion, which forbids the taking of life under any circumstances whatever.

The census returns, compiled from the Government archives at Yeddo, fully confirm the oft-repeated statements, that Japan is one of the most thickly populated countries known. According to this present census, it contains 34,785,321 people, of which 17,586,700 are returned as males, and 17,198,621 females. It is remarkable that the number of males and females are so nearly equal. The classification is as follows: The Mikado (Emperor), with the family of royal blood, 20; the Daimios (the feudal lords of the country), with their families,

3,186; the Samurai (the two-sworded class and *literati*), supported by the Government, 1,872,959. The farmers, mechanics, merchants, and laborers number 31,954,821. These pay all the taxes, do all the work, and support in idleness, including the priests, over 2,500,000 of consumers. The outcasts, or interdicted class, number 456,695. These people live mostly in communities by themselves, and are not allowed to intermarry with their more favored brethren. The number of Buddhist priests is set down at 244,869. The Sinto doctrine is the religion supported by the Government, and the priests of this faith number 163,140, being less than the Buddhist. There are 6,711 nuns of both sects. The blind, maimed, halt, including beggars, number 82,920; and of dwellings there are 7,092,728, giving an average, for each house, of nearly five persons.

Japan is a hilly and mountainous country. The scenery is grand and beautiful, and the climate healthy. In the southerly and middle portions, an exact counterpart of the climate of California is found, except that it rains in Japan during the summer months. Bananas and pine-apples, though not indigenous to the country, are grown in the south. The soil of some portions of the country is exceedingly rich, especially in the region of one hundred miles surrounding Yeddo, the capital; but in the main the soil is poor, and nothing but the patient, incessant toil of the people has brought the land to the perfect state of tillage in which we find it. Yet, with all the frugality and care of the cultivators of the soil, Japan does not produce a sufficient amount of food to supply the wants of her people. Within the past ten or twelve years, she has been compelled to purchase food supplies from abroad — chiefly from India — to the amount of \$7,000,000 to \$10,000,000 yearly. And what is nearly as bad, she has, during the same time, imported

largely of raw cotton, chiefly from China. It must be admitted that these are most unfavorable conditions for any country, unless that country exports something to counterbalance the drain of precious metals, which can not be said of Japan. The balance of foreign trade is largely against her, and she is rapidly falling in debt to other nations, or, which is the same thing, importing more than she exports.

Japan is well watered by springs and rivulets; but from the natural configuration of the country, there can be no rivers of note. The streams partake largely of the nature of mountain torrents, and during the rainy season (June and July), portions of the country are often submerged, and great damage to field crops is the result. The products of the country are various. All the edibles grown in the United States are raised in Japan, but none come to the perfection they do with us; in fact, a person recently from California would pronounce the productions of Japan worthless. Five thousand years of cultivation of the same product, on the same soil, long ago produced its legitimate results: cabbage and lettuce without heads, tasteless radishes, all kinds of fruits utterly worthless, except the grape; barley and wheat straw, growing luxuriantly from a well-manured soil, bearing only a diminutive grain, that would not be harvested in Western countries; and cotton, with a staple so short as hardly to bear manufacturing of any kind.

Wheat and barley are sown in drills, or in many instances planted as corn, in hills, and harvested during the rainy months of June and July. Much of these crops is yearly damaged by rain; yet the patches grown are small, and many hands, between showers, manage to save the most of the yield. Both barley and wheat are used exclusively for human food. The barley is scalded and the hull taken off, something after the

manner we treat hominy; it is then boiled and eaten, like rice, or made into "barley cakes."

Wheat is made into flour by "two women grinding at a mill." The writer, during a stroll in the suburbs of Yeddo, witnessed this operation in all its primitive simplicity. Stopping one day for a drink of water at the door of a well-to-do Japanese family, we were—with the usual hospitality of the country—invited in to take tea. Hearing a strange noise in another room, we inquired what it was, and were politely asked to come and see. Stepping across a passage-way, a sliding paper-door at once revealed to us "two women grinding at a mill." They were young, grown-up daughters of the family, who, at first, startled at our presence, ceased grinding. They, however, remained seated, and showed their good sense by resuming work when requested to do so; each, with one hand, grasping a perpendicular staff, one end of which was secured in the ceiling above, and the other end made fast to the outer edge of the upper millstone. The millstones were sixteen inches in diameter, and were grooved precisely in the same manner as ours of the present day. The upper stone was revolved by these unsophisticated maidens by the staff, as indicated, while one of them carefully fed the wheat to the mill by hand. We have learned nothing in the art of grinding wheat, as the very best flour is made in this old-fashioned way. This mill was an heir-loom in the family, handed down from past generations. The old patriarch—the head of this very pleasant and intelligent family—could give us no information as to its age.

Peas and beans are largely raised. Some twenty kinds of the latter are to be found in the market, while both roasted peas and beans form an important element of food for the lower classes. Rape is extensively cultivated for its seed, from which large quantities of oil

are extracted, and used for lights and culinary purposes. Tobacco is grown, and bears the same name as in America, thus showing a common origin, and is of a mild and harmless nature, being almost free from the powerful poison, nicotine, which pervades the plant in America.

It has already been mentioned that the fruits of Japan are worthless. This is remarkable, for there is not the slightest doubt that the country is well adapted to the growth of fruits and berries of all kinds, if Western varieties were introduced by an experienced pomologist. The Japanese Government has made a most important move in the right direction, by securing the services of General Horace Capron, who, for twelve years, presided at the head of the United States Bureau of Agriculture. General Capron can confer no greater boon on the Japanese people than to cover their hills and mountain-sides with Western fruit-trees, thus adding largely to the health and food-producing capacity of the country, and at the same time interfering in no way with the present mode of agriculture, which can hardly be improved, save and except in the scientific application of fertilizers.

In fruit eating, the Japanese will have to be educated, as well as in eating flesh. No fruit, either in China or Japan, is ever allowed to ripen. It is all plucked and eaten by the time it is two-thirds grown. A favorite way in Japan of eating unripe fruit is to boil it, and eat it with salt. Fruit served in this way is always to be had at any of the numerous eating-stands and tea-houses, which abound in the country, during the spring and summer months.

Japan surpasses all other countries in the magnificence and beauty of her evergreens. Indeed, the flora of the entire country is made up chiefly of this species of vegetation. The best quality of the various kinds of timber is found growing

among her hills, and nowhere else can there be found such a splendid assortment of conifers. The finest specimens of wood-work ever produced are known to have been made in Japan, and some of the finest grained timber in the world is to-day growing on the mountain slopes of this, as yet, little known country.

Japan is poor in the precious metals, never having recovered from the almost entire depletion of gold she suffered immediately after her ports were thrown open to Western commerce, when tons upon tons of the yellow precious metal was sent out of the country, before the simple people knew that it was worth more than silver. During her long isolation of near three hundred years from all the outside world, Japan had forgotten—if she ever knew—the value of gold, and prized silver above it. To-day she is suffering terribly from her ignorance, having been almost ruined by the craft and cupidity of her fair-skinned cousins, whom she was forced to admit into her household by threats at the cannon's mouth. She is, however, rich in mines, and may yet recuperate. Gold, silver, copper, tin, lead, and iron abound within her borders. It is not at all improbable that the purest and most extensive copper mines in the world exist here. Evidences of the abundance of the ore may be seen everywhere, in its use, whenever it can be made to serve the place of iron. The huge and massive gates of the Emperor's castle are hung on copper hinges, as are similar gates to the hundreds of Daimios' *yaskies*; and acres of sheathing of the same material can be found inside, all of the more prominent gates, posts, doors, etc., being overlaid with copper. The export of gold is prohibited by law; likewise, crude copper. The Mexican dollar is the basis of the circulating medium.

The immense export of gold, followed by a ruinous civil war, forced the Japanese Government to issue a paper curren-

cy—a sort of pasteboard token—which is easily counterfeited. These money-tokens range in value from six cents to \$500. They are neither numbered nor registered, and confusion worse confounded reigns supreme in the finances of the country. The genuine currency amounts to upward of \$30,000,000. How much counterfeit money there is in circulation can not be told, but certainly a very large amount, which ultimately the poor people must lose. Altogether, Japan, at present, may be considered close on the verge of financial ruin; and it is fervently hoped, by the friends of this struggling empire, that the late visit of the Japanese Finance Commission to our rulers at Washington may result in some scheme whereby the evil day may be indefinitely postponed.

Of the origin of this curious people, we know but little; in fact, nothing, save that they are a branch of the Mongol, or copper-colored race, and that they have correct records of their own country dating back four thousand years. Of one thing, however, we may be certain: the Japanese are an entire and distinct people from the Chinese, and from any other people of whom we have any knowledge. They resemble very much the Chinese in two respects only: that of living almost wholly on rice, and the use of the chop-sticks at their meals. In regard to language, laws, customs, habits, dress, usages, and religion, and even in the small acts and amenities that go to make up every-day life, the Japanese are wholly different from the people of the "Flowery Kingdom." So opposite are they in their customs, that even the mechanics handle their tools in a manner entirely different. The Japanese carpenter draws his plane and saw toward him, while the Chinese carpenter, more after our Western style, pushes his saw and plane from him.

The Japanese are warm-hearted, friendly, and obliging; the Chinese, cold, snaky,

and retiring. The Japanese are impulsive, brave, and chivalrous; the Chinese, slow, cowardly, and treacherous. The Japanese are simple, confiding, and trusting; the Chinese, crafty, suspicious, and deceitful. Both nations excel all others in courtesy and politeness—the Japanese from a feeling of pride and honor; the Chinese from the mere force of habit and national etiquette. The Japanese meets you frankly, and asks to be taught; the Chinese looks on with studied indifference and supreme contempt. The Japanese makes inquiry about your country, laws, customs, etc.; the Chinese will hear of nothing outside the “Middle Kingdom.” The Japanese spends his earnings, and lives joyfully to-day; the Chinese carefully numbers his grains of rice, and stores away for the future. The Japanese workman puts by his tools at night, and repairs to his home for supper; the Chinese eats his morsel of rice at his work, and the sound of his saw and hammer is heard at midnight. The Japanese, at the approach of a storm, retires under cover; the Chinese toils patiently on, regardless of the elements. The people of both nations pay great honor and respect to their parents—the Japanese from filial love, the Chinese from fear of losing an ancestral blessing. Japanese maidens romp and play with their fellows, and accept as suitors whom they will; the secluded Chinese virgin lives on in feverish hope, wholly ignorant of her fate. A Japanese wife goes shopping with her husband and daughter, and selects a dress for the picnic-day; a Chinese lady, bound in the shackles of custom, with feet too small to walk, sends for the shop-keeper to bring his goods to her house, and with her daughter lives on an aimless life in a cheerless harem. A Japanese lady exposes her charms after the most approved style of Western ball-room fashion; a Chinese lady, under all circumstances, will fasten her dress close up to her chin. A Jap-

anese lady exhibits with pride her jet-black teeth; a Chinese lady glories in a mouthful of the whitest ivory. A Japanese lady, with primitive innocence, in a nude state, will enjoy her bath with a gentleman friend; a Chinese lady will suffer martyrdom, before she will perform her ablutions even in the presence of her husband. A Japanese mother, too poor to rear her infant daughter, bequeaths it to the Government house of prostitution; a Chinese mother sinks her female offspring beneath the turbid waters of some angry river.

When we come to compare the two nations in a physical, intellectual, commercial, and moral point of view (as we understand virtue), the Chinese nation is the superior of the two. No business men more shrewd and far-seeing than the Chinese can be found anywhere. China numbers her millionaires by the thousand, and some of her humblest citizens have risen high in the councils of the nation. The distinctive trait of the Chinese character is to provide for the future, and to do so they will stint themselves from day to day. Barter, trade, and traffic, are specialties with the Chinese, while it is different with the Japanese. Chinese merchants, bankers, and mechanics are making heavy inroads on the native business done at all the Japanese ports open to foreigners, notwithstanding the Japanese Government imposes upon them shameful disabilities. Caste—the most blighting curse of any people—so deeply rooted in the social economy of Japan, has no existence in China, and here is to be found one great source of the latter’s national superiority.

The great sin of opium-smoking is not chargeable directly on the Chinese nation, for her rulers fought long and earnestly against its introduction into their country; but English bayonets and Western civilization prevailed, and now the oldest nation on earth is rapidly ap-

proaching dissolution, under the influence of this deceitful drug.

The Japanese language consists of four almost entirely distinct dialects, and, next to the Chinese, is the hardest to acquire of all known tongues, and good interpreters of this language are very scarce; yet the language can, by perseverance, be learned, and, for the encouragement of thousands of young men in the United States, who have a chance to become independent in Japan, a case in point may be mentioned: Frank Upton, a young man in the employ of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, left his vessel at Yokohama, Japan, to try his fortunes ashore. Having been raised on a farm, he accepted employment in a dairy, and soon found himself overseer of some twenty to thirty native servants, of whose language he could speak not a word. Upton surveyed the situation, and resolved to become master of it. At all hours of the night and day he was at his post, living among the Japanese, and spending his leisure hours deciphering the discordant sounds that assailed his ears from all directions. He soon mastered the common coolie lingo, used about the dairy. His busi-

ness brought him in contact with the merchant and farmer classes, who each use a different dialect, and these, by great diligence and application, he learned to speak. He purchased books, and boldly attacked the language of the upper classes, including that used by the Emperor and his Court; and, by indomitable perseverance, he accomplished, in less than three years, what no other man has ever done before him, in so short a time—namely, learning to speak the Japanese language with ease and fluency, and to converse intelligently with all classes, from the Emperor to the common coolie. Upton is now engaged to travel in America and Europe with a Japanese Prince as interpreter, at high wages, and his knowledge of this difficult language insures him a good position during life. It is needless to add, that Frank Upton is a strictly temperate, moral young man, for no person of bad or loose habits need ever attempt what Upton has accomplished; yet there are thousands of young men that can do the same, and be sure of situations in Japan, either as teachers or interpreters, with wages ranging from \$150 to \$300 per month.

THE THREE.

I HAD been to the theatre that evening. The play was one that imaginative people would see, and not be likely to forget. If romantic rhetoric, revolting crime, and red-handed vengeance are calculated to fasten a thing in remembrance, Schiller's "Robbers" will survive the second deluge. The "harrowing dramatic spectacle" left no morbid impression behind on this occasion. It had been my fate to undergo it a score of times before, and I had hardened under the process. Charles de Moor slip-

ped into oblivion with the extinguishing of the foot-lights, on the evening of the occurrence of my supernatural experiences.

I was domiciled on the second floor of a brick house: one of those smart, trim, martin-box affairs that are wont to "prink" themselves on the retired thoroughfares of all American cities. Over the upper hall was a large sky-light opening directly to the heavens: one likes to be precise when dealing with such matter-of-fact materials as sky-lights and

bricks. It was not later than midnight when I ascended the second flight of stairs, on no thoughts intent but the soothing ones of bestowing myself into the inviting arms of Morpheus as speedily as possible. It was a preternaturally bright night out-of-doors. The unclouded disk of a full moon poured a flood of luminous radiance upon the patch of uncarpeted floor underlying the sky-light. Humming a somnolent air, I passed from the hall into my room, and drew a lucifer against the wall to ignite the gas with. Just as I applied the flaming match to the jet, a whiff of wind, or of something else, blew it out, and my attention was instantly arrested by three very unequivocal raps, such as only a hard-knuckled, importunate individual would be guilty of perpetrating—administered, apparently, to the door of an adjoining apartment. Wondering how he, or she, could have come up-stairs without being heard, I stepped into the hall. From the solidity of the raps, I expected to see a large, masculine person; but to my infinite surprise, there was no visible presence in the hall!

The door of the next room opened, and the lady, who, with her husband, occupied it, thrust out her head, and, seeing me, inquired:

“Did you rap?”

“I did not,” I replied; “I heard raps, I thought, upon your door, and not having heard any one come into the hall, I stepped from my room to ascertain whence the sounds came.”

“It is very strange,” she said, glancing nervously about. “The same phenomenon has occurred once before to-night, and, on opening my door, no one was to be seen. What can it be?”

“Nothing,” I jocosely said, “or next to nothing. I am sure it is nothing but can be easily traced and accounted for, should the phenomenon again occur. Probably it was the wind. It is tossing itself about wonderfully, outside.”

She shook her head in that negative way that women will when not convinced. “I do not believe the wind could thump a door like that. The raps were too regular and methodical for the wind. It was altogether different from the desultory rattle usually produced by a gust. Besides, the doors are all shut, and there is no passage above nor below for a current of air. I fear it is an omen of evil. My husband is absent much beyond his customary hour, and I am apprehensive something dreadful has befallen him.” Here she washed her hands nervously in imperceptible water, and despairingly wrung them out.

“Nonsense!” This was the most comforting assurance I could think of at the moment.

Another negative shake of the head. “I don’t know whether it is nonsense or good sense. Men are so hard-hearted and skeptical that they always laugh faith in premonitions to scorn. I remember poor grandfather had just such a mysterious warning shortly before he died. He was splitting wood in the shed one morning, and heard three raps on the roof above his head. He looked up at the first raps, and paid them no further attention. They came twice more, very distinct and unequivocal. He went in and told grandmother he was going to die. She kept on darning a pair of his stockings, and said, as you have said—*nonsense!* But he *did* die. He never wore the stockings she was darning. How do you account for such things?”

“Superstition, pure and simple—very simple. Should we have another call, I have no doubt we shall be able to trace effect to cause, and that, I am confident, will prove to be simple to absurdity.”

She reluctantly withdrew into her room, and closed the door. I re-entered mine, and was fumbling for another match to renew the experiment of lighting the gas, when the raps were repeated with such deliberate and startling

distinctness that I actually jumped into the hall, determined to be there soon enough to ascertain all about it. At the same instant her door opened. "Look!" she gasped, pointing to the patch of moonlight under the sky-light. I did look, and a thrill of commingled awe and curiosity shot through me and held me spell-bound. In the centre of the plat of moonlight, stretching from the sky-light to the floor, was something intensely black. Of so dense a blackness was this gigantic shadow, the middle of a large trunk, that stood against the wall behind it, was completely hidden from view. Only the projecting ends were discernible.

I was, and still am, a practical man, with no glamour of the occult about me. There had been nothing in my experience upon which I could "hang the ghost" of a belief in demonology. But for once I was confronted with an "appearance" not provided for in my philosophy. For an instant I stood appalled. Curiosity to analyze this, marvel soon got the better of less agreeable emotions. I approached and deliberately thrust my hand into and through it. The sensation startled me more than the appearance had. The effect was the same as it would have been had my hand been thrust into a current of Arctic air, or a bucket of ice-water. It was terribly cold, and sent an involuntary shiver all over me. I withdrew the hand. It was benumbed—paralyzed. Slowly the blackness drifted upward, waving to and fro, as though blown upon by a gentle wind. I looked down, and with the shriek of the terrified woman ringing in my ears, I turned and fled into my room. The lifting of that ebon drapery disclosed three ghastly, misshapen, naked feet, from which exhaled a sickly, pale-white phosphorescent light. It was half an hour—and seemed an eternity—before I could summon sufficient courage to look into the hall. When I did, the

white-footed terror was gone. I looked for the lady. She was lying in her doorway. She had fainted and fallen forward upon her face. It took some time to restore her to consciousness, and longer still to tranquillity. She beseeched and implored to be instantly taken from the house. To accede to her frantic appeals, at two o'clock at night, was hardly convenient or advisable. I remained with her until her husband returned. Alarmed at her condition, he naturally inquired the cause. He was told she had had a fit of hysterics. The information relieved him of anxiety at once. An opium-pill soon relieved her.

At half-past two, I sought my own room, in rather a perturbed frame of mind. The moon shone clearly through the sky-light. Assuring myself that the phantom was gone for *that* night, I essayed to find a match with my right hand. It fell upon the table like a stone. I had forgotten it was paralyzed. With my left I lit a match, and then the gas. I disrobed myself, as expeditiously as the use of one hand would admit, turned down the gas, and jumped into bed. I closed my eyes. No sooner had I done so, than I heard three faint, measured, sepulchral raps, emanating, this time, from a door in the lower hall. I concluded to lie still and await developments—or quiet—whichever the fates might decree. I was nervous, and think I was justified in being so. I even envied the woman in the next room the oblivion brought her by the opium pill. I thought I would get up and procure one for myself, but did not. By unconscious degrees, I fell into a doze, from which I was awakened by hearing, or thinking I heard, feet coming up-stairs. I listened. "Pat-pat-pat," quick and light; then, a sudden cessation. After awhile, I dozed again; and again, "pat-pat-pat," on the stairs, quick and light, awoke me. I mused on the systematic regularity of the sounds. Three raps, three feet, three

steps. Was *Three* a portent of a coming event? Did it signify three hours, three days, three weeks, three months, or three years? Did I actually hear and see what I saw and heard? Or was I mad? My head felt like a ball of molten fire. My heart was beating with the rapidity of a battle-reveille. I lifted my right hand to my forehead. It was as cold, stiff, and senseless as the hand of a dead man. These things were so. I was not deceiving myself—it was not an illusion. I would get up and rush into the street—any where, out of this house of the Infernal. I sprang from the bed, and groped for my clothes. Doing so, I chanced to glance up at the transom-light over my room door. It consisted of three panes of glass. In the centre of each pane, flashed, for a luminous instant, a fiery figure “3.” Again, *Three!* The terrors of apprehension climaxed here. Nature could endure no more, and the reaction came. I laughed aloud—defiantly. I cared for nothing. “Can’t you do something in the Four or Five way?” I exclaimed; “this *Three* business is becoming monotonous.” I awaited and expected something diabolical in response. Nothing came. I went out into the hall and looked down-stairs. I saw nothing. The moon had gone down. The first faint, ashy-gray light of the early morning shimmered in a feeble, uncertain way through the sky-light. I sat down at the head of the stairs, and pounded the wall with my paralyzed hand. Richard’s soliloquy, “Here, to-night; but where, to-morrow night?” floated through my mind. “No matter where,” I muttered, and leaned my feverish head against the stair-rail. I slept. I had an indistinct consciousness of the blissful fact, and that I inwardly said, “Thank God!” I heard the street-door open. I heard a rustling in the lower hall, and then, footsteps on the stairs—“tap-tap-tap,” quick and light; then, a sudden cessation. The

cabalistic *Three*, again. The steps were repeated, with intervening cessations, up the first flight of stairs, through the middle hall, to the foot of the stairs upon which I sat. I glanced down. Standing in a row abreast of each other, at the foot of the stairs, I saw the outlines of three black figures, bearing in their hands before them a floating, white object. “Tap-tap-tap,” quick and light, the three figures came up three steps and stopped. All black—nothing but black. What was that *white* something in their hands? I could not define it. “Tap-tap-tap.” Three steps nearer. “Tap-tap-tap.” Nearer still. Three more ominous “taps,” and they were but three steps below me. They made a movement forward, the white object in their hands unfolded. *It was a shroud!* “Stop!” I shrieked, and sprang up, fully awake. I looked for the funereal *Three*, fully confident they were there, and saw—nothing! I heard the birds singing, outside; the beneficent sun was shining through the sky-light; it was broad day. The husband of my terrified lady-companion thrust his rumpled head out of his door, and growled: “What are you standing there, in next to nothing, and yelling like a lunatic at *nothing?*” I made no response, but retired to my room, threw myself on the bed, and slept soundly until one o’clock. I awoke with mind refreshed and right hand *sensible*. If there is any thing in omens, I cogitated, somebody in this house is on limited time. Three hours, three days, three weeks, or three years will decide it. All those epochs have passed, and all who were occupants of that house then are living now. The lady removed the next morning. Nothing could have persuaded her to remain. She was in continual dread of the re-appearance of those horrible feet. Of the after-sights, I was discreet enough to say nothing. The story is not quite all told yet. The subsequent morning, on the

floor where the apparition had stood, I discerned the distinct imprint of three naked feet, bleached, as it were, into the very wood. They are to be seen to this day.

If the reader insists on being made acquainted with my convictions regarding the matter, I frankly confess that I

have none. I am just as positive that what I saw was not, as I am that I saw it. People who put not their faith in ghosts, nor in any thing else, will say this narrative is all a hoax. I wish it were. With such, seeing is not believing, neither is actual contact positive proof of the proximity of the unapparelled truth.

THE WILLAMETTE SOUND.

A DESIRE to study, in place, some of the evidences of the more recent changes of level along the coast of Oregon and Washington, with a view to compare, and, if possible, to connect, them with evidences of like changes in the interior, led to a visit to Shoalwater Bay, an inlet of the coast, a few miles north of the Columbia River. June, on our northern coast, is a pleasant season for such trips, and ours received its full measure of help from such accessories as bright sunshine and pure air above us, unmeasured wealth of form, color, and fragrance below.

The ride, from the cape at the mouth of the Columbia to Shoalwater Bay, is one of the finest in the country. The road, for the greater part, is along the ocean beach, always strewn with the numerous wrecks of life cast upon its sands, and often presenting to the naturalist objects of rare interest. An abrupt turn of the road inland ends this finest of beach drives at ten or twelve miles from the cape. A short distance through woods of spruce and pine, thickly undergrown with a rich variety of flowering shrubs, and the road opens upon a fine view of Shoalwater Bay, at the pleasant little town of Oysterville. The general outline of the bay is in sight from this point. The bluffs that define its shores appear, seen northward, fifteen or eighteen miles away, and in the direction of

its southern extension, ten or twelve miles. At intervals along this whole shore-line, one can plainly discern, from this point of outlook, what in the distance appear as land-slides, but on nearer approach prove to be portions of the bluff-shore, undermined by the storm-surf, and in their present form showing fine sections of the strata of which they are composed. On examining these more closely, one sees a bank, not of common earth, but disposed in stratified layers of sediment, once evidently continuous over this whole region, and of nearly uniform thickness, now worn away above into a rolling surface, yet showing everywhere a fine persistence in the old water-lines that ruled its formation. Buried in this mass of sediment, and occasionally cropping out in exposed sections, are vast beds of sea-shells, so entirely representing the life of the seas now around them, that, when an apparently exceptional form does appear, memory at once recalls having seen this exceptional one somewhere on the coast. And yet, identical in species as these shells unquestionably are with those now living in the surrounding waters, the two sets of conditions are separated by the whole import of the term "fossil." The waters that buried there those fossil shells, and covered them with one hundred vertical feet or more of ocean sediment, were waters

that so defined our northern coast as to have given it a far different outline from that of its present geography.

In some of these bluff exposures, their past record is read in masses of buried forest trees, trunk, and leaves, and seeds, so buried in clay, and so well preserved, that the spruce cone, fragile at all times, is scarcely discernible from one of last year's fruitage drifting in the neighboring waters. From these vegetable remains, as from those of the shell-fish, the same truths are taught, for the trees are the same in kind as those now growing on the bluffs one hundred feet above them, while the waters that covered them there with one hundred feet of sediment have passed away. The fossil story, then, that may be read here, is linked to our own times by the sameness of vegetable and animal life, and separated from ours by the passing away of the agencies by which its records were written. It is useless to ask, How long ago? There is no chronological record legible here. Future discoveries may connect these things with human story. We may not attempt this now.

The marine remains of these bluffs plainly prove that when they lived, the waters around them were at, or near, their present level. They are species that love shoal water, and they are in place where found. The oyster is very abundant among them, and the shells of most of them are neither broken apart nor water-worn, as they would be if drifted here from some other locality. They evidently lie here as fossils, on the same bed they occupied while living; and oysters then, as now, rarely bed in waters more than a few feet in depth. The common cockle—another lover of shoal water—is also abundant among these remains, and, like the oyster, lies fossil where it lived; the opposite valves often now occupying the very positions, relatively, that they held while living. So, too, with the members of the clam

family, whether *macra*, or *solen*, or *venus*—all are evidently in their native beds, where they lived and died. We conclude that when these shell-fish lived, the surrounding waters held nearly their present level.

Another truth plainly taught in these stratified bluffs is this: the waters here became afterward much higher, or, more exactly, the land lower. More than one hundred feet, certainly, for a stratified sediment of one hundred feet in thickness, as now seen in some of these bluffs—that, for instance, near North River—would require more than that depth of water to place it there. And this sediment is so fine in material as to warrant the conviction that it once existed evenly distributed over this whole region, bay and all. The upper layers, too, have in them the finest materials and the fewest fossils. Both facts indicating increasing depth of water as the upper beds were deposited.

Yet, another plain truth is legibly written here: the changes indicated in depth of water over this place were quiet changes. Any sudden catastrophe would leave signs of violence, and consequent strong current; but nothing of the kind appears there. The fragile cone of the spruce-tree of the period, buried in that sediment, is found to-day, among these shells, as little marred by time as the shells themselves. The line of deposit along that sheltered bay, as it was at its deepest stage of water, is now as unbroken as it was then. Neither the violence of earthquake, nor the suddenness of deluge, has left any trace of such agency to disturb the conviction one feels, that the changes indicated there were quiet ones, covering a long period of time, yet scarcely disturbing the quiet order of life over which they presided.

That every inlet on our northern coast has its group of facts of like import, there can be no doubt. Our line of thought needs only those that mark its

extension to the Columbia River, and there the lessons gleaned from the bluffs of Shoalwater Bay re-appear in all their clearness. A fine instance of this is seen in a bluff on Mr. Whealdon's farm, just inside the cape. Several others may be seen along the streams that fall into Young's Bay, on the south bank of the river, and just back of Astoria. All these contain remains of animal and vegetable life linked to our shores and forests of to-day by identity of species, and separated in our minds, from the present order of things, by the conviction that the agencies which placed them there have passed away.

In all this, we are obviously studying only the lower limit of this latest of Oregon's geological changes. Where shall we look for its upper limit? In other words, how high did those waters rise above the present sea-level? We might look for traces of its upper reaches in the remains of old sea-beaches in elevated places on the abrupt slopes of the hills along the coast; but in such exposures old beach-lines are but rarely preserved against the storms of a thousand winters, still less those of tens of thousands. To find them and their records plainly legible, we must look to more sheltered localities inland. It will help us a good deal in our search for such old shore-lines of the interior, to carry a theory with us, such as shall point to the possible limits within which they may reasonably be sought. Will the facts we have gathered from Shoalwater Bay, and the lower Columbia, warrant us in forming such a theory? Let us see.

Stratified sediment of a hundred feet in vertical thickness, finer by far in its upper layers than in those lower, and in its upper layers entirely devoid of marine remains, while the lower ones are often densely crowded with them, plainly indicate shoal water to begin the work, and deep water afterward over its high-

est layers. But the sediment itself is one hundred feet or more, and deep water over its upper surface, equal to the requirements of its facts, could not be less than another one hundred feet, thus making a total depth of at least two hundred feet above the present water level. Let, then, a depth of two hundred feet be our theory, and with this let us pass inland for facts to confirm it, if true; to reject it, if false; and, if confirmed, to trace by its help the outlines of that fine old Willamette Sound, that may have welcomed to its scores of sheltered harbors the ancient hunter in the days of the Mammoth, and the Broad-faced Ox, when his canoe, if he had one, floated one hundred feet, or more, above the present altitude of the church spires of Portland and Salem.

But, as we pass along, let us in imagination reconstruct the fine inland sea, that two hundred feet of elevation in the waters of the Columbia must have made. We have, first, the noble entrance, like that of the Straits of Fuca, extending from the present site of Astoria to that of St. Helen's, eighty miles, or more, in length, varying from five to twenty miles wide, and over two hundred feet in depth. At St. Helen's, it spread out into a broad inland sea, extending from the Scappoose Mountains to the elevated land east of the Willamette Valley; and, like the Puget Sound of to-day, whose general outlines this old Willamette Sound strangely resembled, it was here, in its southern extension, over the present valley, among elevated islands, deep channels, and land-locked bays, reaching from the Scappoose Mountains to Spencer's Butte, that it spread out its greatest wealth of scenic beauty. Our theory would make it cover the whole of the lower levels through which the Willamette now flows.

Let us trace this grand water system eastward, along the present course of the Columbia River. We started, it

will be remembered, from the capes, with a theoretic elevation of the waters two hundred feet above their present level. The fall of the river, from the lower cascades to the ocean, may be stated at forty feet; the fall through the five miles of cascades, at thirty-five feet. Above this there are forty or fifty miles of narrow gorge, through a mountain range, with slopes too steep for preserving old shore-lines, and through which the river falls twenty feet more; and here we find the first open space east of the Cascade Mountains, in which the waters of that period, if two hundred feet higher at the capes than they now are, would have had an elevation above the present river level here of one hundred and five feet. There was, at this place, a lake-like extension of the river seven or eight miles wide, and fifteen or twenty long, into which a semi-circular system of streams, six in number, brought a continued supply of sediment—sand, clay, and gravel—and buried, year after year, in its strata, along the margin of that lake, the record of the passing events of the times. Now, manifestly, at whatever level here we may find these elevated beach-marks, with buried remains at all corresponding with those with which we started, here we shall find the figures to correct the theory with which we set out.

Within a few miles of the mouth of the Des Chutes River, the very evidence we need turns up. More than 250 feet above the present level of the river, and therefore 150 feet higher than the elevation with which we started in theory—buried in the stratified sands, clays, and gravels, that mark the wash of those streams into, and along, that old lake-beach—are found the tusks, teeth, and bones of the land-animals of that period, marking at once the height at which these waters stood, and the life-record of the times. A recent visit to this locality, in company with an emi-

nent geologist, gives remarkably fresh vividness to the recollection of the facts and figures that define the position of its fossils.

A ride of four or five miles from The Dalles, brings one to where three of the creeks, referred to, join their streams, and empty together into the Columbia. The surrounding hills are composed largely of soft volcanic tufa, and through this these streams have worn deep ravines in their descent. The ravines were worn to their present depth long before the period we are describing, and when subsequently the waters arose here, backed up from the ocean, they filled these ravines, converting them into deep bays, and thus forming so many sheltered nooks, into which the streams washed, and in which they buried whatever winds or floods committed to their keeping. On entering one of these ravines, we come suddenly to the edge of a newer and deeper excavation in its mid-channel. A sudden melting of snows on the neighboring hills, a few winters since, had caused these newer excavations. Scores of them were opened here within a circuit of twenty miles. The one we entered is a large one, though not the largest. It is more than a mile in length, is in some places two hundred feet wide, and twenty-five to thirty deep. Along the freshly fallen sides of these new excavations one can see distinctly, and horizontally stratified, the deposit we are seeking. The record at Shoalwater Bay is the latest there; the record among these ravines is the latest here. The height of water proved to have existed so recently there must necessarily have made its mark here. And now, inasmuch as these ravine sediments are the latest traces of high waters here, their elevation necessarily gives the height of those waters. And the figures that mark the height of these fossils above the present level of the river, are those we need to complete the theory with

which we started from the capes of the Columbia.

Nor is there any room for mistake here; for while this fossil sediment extends through a vertical range of more than 150 feet, the least total altitude that will meet the conditions of the problem must take in the highest portion of this fossil bed. Stating this at 250 feet above the present level of the river, is placing it at its lowest, and even then with the understanding that we are dealing with sediment, and not with surface lines. Nor yet will it do to set these facts to the credit of that system of river terraces known to exist throughout the northern portion of our continent. These, as recently described from Frazer River, by Chief Justice Begbie, of British Columbia, and as described, years ago, by Professor Dana, from Oregon and California, and still later, in a recent number of *The American Journal of Science*, in which they are designated as "part of a system of terraces that covers a large part of North America north of the Ohio, and existing on all streams, as far as examined, nearly to their heads in the mountains."

Now, our facts and these—exclusively inland facts—refuse to be classed together. The system of old shore-lines we are tracing belongs primarily to the sea-shore. These other terraces run inland, high among the mountains. The facts upon which our theory was based were gathered at Shoalwater Bay, were controlled entirely by the level of the Pacific Ocean, and scarcely affected by flood-levels in the river, and still less by any extended lake system of the interior.

And now, with our amended theory in mind, as a measuring-rod, let us retrace our steps to the lower country—the Willamette Sound of the olden time. Let the fall of the Columbia River, from this lake-shore east of the Cascade Mountains to the mouth of the Willamette

River, be stated at eighty feet. Our fossil remains on this lake-shore are 250 feet above the present level of its waters, making a total of 330 feet as the depth of those waters above the present surface at the mouth of the Willamette River. How naturally one looks to the currents of such a vast body of water as the agency competent to the heaping up of that long sandy ridge, one hundred feet high, through which the river has cut its way at Swan Island, north of Portland. But let us follow it still farther inland. Over where Portland now stands, these waters were 325 feet deep; over Salem, 165 feet; over Albany, 115 feet; over Tualatin Plains, 145 feet; over Lafayette, 170 feet. A narrow strait, over the present valley of the Tualatin River, ten or twelve miles in length, opened westward upon a broad, beautiful bay, extending over the present sites of Hillsboro and Forest Grove, to Gale's Peak, among the foot-hills of the Coast Range. The subsoil of the fine farms of that rich agricultural region, is itself the muddy sediment of that bay. Farther south, over the central portion of the present valley, and lying obliquely across the widest part of that Willamette Sound, there arose above those waters an elevated island. It extended from a point south of Lafayette to one near Salem, and must have formed a fine central object in the scene. Three or four volcanic islands extended, in an irregular semicircle, where Linn County now is; and the islands of those waters are the Buttes of to-day—Knox's, Peterson's, and Ward's. One standing on the summit of either of these Buttes, with the suggestions of these pages before him, could so easily and vividly imagine those waters recalled, as to almost persuade himself he heard the murmuring of their ripples at his feet—so sea-like, the extended plain around him—so shore-like, that line of hills, from Mary's Peak, on the west, to Spencer's Butte, on the

south, and only lost on the east among the intricate windings of extended slopes among the foot-hills of the Cascades. How natural would seem to him this restoration of one of geology's yesterdays!

The shores of that fine old Willamette Sound teemed with the life of the period. It is marvelous, that so few excavations in the Willamette Valley have failed to uncover some of these relics of the past. Bones, teeth, and tusks, proving a wide range of animal life, are often found in ditches, mill-races, crumbling cliffs, and other exposures of the sedi-

ments of those waters, and often within a few feet of the surface. Did man, too, live there then? We need not point out the evidences of increasing interest the world feels in facts that tend to solve the doubts that cluster around this natural inquiry. A few more mill-races dug, a few more excavations of winter floods—more careful search where mountain streams washed their trophies to their burial under still waters—and this question may be set at rest, as it regards that Willamette Sound. Oregon does not answer it yet.

SUMMER WITH A COUNTESS.

EVEN as when, in a distant land, the humming of a familiar air will touch the heart into home-sickness, so, to one with a natural love for the woods, a wild-flower will produce a longing for country scenes. A bunch of flaming snow-plants gave me an unrest, on an early day in summer, that nothing but a mountain-jaunt could cure. So this *mal du pays* was immediately alleviated by instructions to report, on the following morning, in bloomer array, for a fifty-mile ride. Three visits to the valley of the Yosemite have sufficiently acclimated me, and toned down my enthusiasm, to spare you the severe infliction of those everlasting "descriptions."

It was late in the day as we galloped up to the hotel, leaving far behind us a plum-color and golden haze, that softened up the granite walls of El Capitan and the Cathedrals. Dismounting and nearing the picturesque cottage, nestled in among the purple rocks, I observed a woman sitting on the porch, with two children snuggling up to her side. The picture they made was an odd and pleasing one: she, with a delicate complexion of snow and roses, and a wealth of gold-

en hair negligently looped back from a classic brow—a type of noble womanhood and of elegant ladyhood; and the little ones, pretty-faced and sun-burnt, with tiny, unlaced boots and torn hats, and restless, chubby fists full of dirt—a dish of fresh mud-pies lying on the rock near by, "for to get cooked," Cozy was explaining.

"Any letters?" she asked of the guide, as I passed into my room. "Oh, that voice!" I thought; "only two words, and yet I know that voice will lead me over this valley. Such a magical, singing tone! As usual, I'm a bewitched victim, and may as well make ready for the sacrifice."

For two days we passed each other with only a slight recognition, she being so quiet that I had forgotten her fascinating quality. I heard them address her as "Mrs. Yelverton." I hadn't come lion-hunting, but had made this pilgrimage with *dolce far niente* intentions, neither wanting to seek new friends nor to be bored myself. But, being the only ladies occupying the cottage, needles, thread, sweet soaps, bouquets, lame birds, hungry cats, hornet-stings—to

say nothing of socially disposed, long-tailed lizards, horrid bats, bugs, spiders, Indians, and papooses—made it desirable to form an alliance for mutual enjoyment and protection.

So the bonds of friendship were sealed. We rode up the trails, climbed the heights, walked the meadows over, and boated on the river, again and again, the summer through. For her my admiration was unbounded, being, without exception, the most interesting woman I ever knew. Others think likewise; so this is not alone the impression of enthusiasm and partiality.

In repose, she was intellectual-looking, but not handsome—growing wondrously so, however, when animated; beautiful in a thousand inexpressible ways—possessing, aside from an expressive face, grace of gesticulation, and a listening, sympathetic manner, when not speaking herself.

Among the arrivals, one evening, was Wells, the phrenologist, who at once recognized Mrs. Yelverton, although seventeen years had elapsed since their meeting in England. At that time, he had informed her of characteristics she would not believe she possessed, and of latent abilities and power waiting to be brought into action. Since that time, few women have had such a thrilling and eventful life, and displayed such strength of purpose and heroism.

With a sad face, she passed out and stood on the porch, when one of Yosemite's transformations took place. Just then, the new moon's pure silver crescent appeared between the opposite cliffs, beautifying the noisy waters as they took nearly a three-thousand feet leap. The soft light fell upon her face, as Mr. Wells recalled some amusing incident, lighting it up into a radiance far brighter than the moonlight, and her eyes danced merrily as a child's. But the next morning, Wells betook himself to a combination of business and pleasure, in examining

the hard heads of El Capitan, the Three Brothers, Three Graces, the Old Man of the Mountain, and the head of the Merced, with their awe-inspiring bumps.

News came of the Franco-German War; and, although born in England, Mrs. Yelverton's heart and sympathies were with the French at all times. Her sister, being the wife of a French General, lived in southern France, and with them she made her home, except during convent life in Paris, while receiving her education. She had much to attach her to that people—having, in addition, been Maid of Honor to the Empress, by whom she was much beloved, and, when a child, having saved the life of Napoleon III. It was when he had succeeded in crossing into France, but was discovered, chased into the river, and wounded, her brother-in-law being one of his pursuers. He was placed on a litter, and, for a long time, left with no attention to his agony. Slipping from the quarters, Thérèse, taking a bandage, tied and knotted it above his wound, from which he was fast bleeding to death. "Brave little English girl," he murmured; and when, afterward, she paced the halls of the Tuileries, he remembered this of her. To both Emperor and Empress she was devoted, and told me much of Eugénie's charities and home-traits, and of her matchless beauty in boudoir, as well as in public.

After leaving school, she met Major Yelverton, a younger son of Lord Avonmore, who became very much fascinated by her charms. She afterward went to Italy with her sister, to study vocal and instrumental music and art, even then receiving praise for those accomplishments. Hearing that several of the Sisterhood connected with her old convent were going out as nurses to the sick and wounded in the Crimean War, she became very enthusiastic on the subject, and ambitious to be one of the number. Their reply to her from Paris was to the

effect, that, no matter what her zeal and capabilities, her youth would prevent her entering the nunnery; and even were that unobjectionable, it would require a long probation before the veil could be bestowed, enabling her to enter upon responsible duty. Nothing daunted, she besought her sister and a famous Countess, who was an intimate friend of the Pope, to intercede in her behalf. She was granted audience, but at once pronounced too young and lovely to assume the desired position. Upon a second presentation, she had, with a woman's ingenuity, attired herself in the robes of a Sister of Mercy. With the golden hair confined out of sight, the cold, harsh band of white muslin bound across her brow, the dreary drapery of black, and a serene face, she appeared ten years older. Then, with her fine command of language, she plead so eloquently that his Holiness was struck with her womanly arguments and zealous persistency, and, yielding to her entreaties, gave her his blessing, and bade her go forth to the good work. He recommended her to the Empress of the French, to whom she was presented by General Bazaine. At that time, Eugénie contemplated a visit to the seat of war, and, being charmed with the fair English girl, received her as a Maid of Honor, to take out with her, and dissuade, if possible, from an ambition to go into the hospitals. So, for months, she dwelt, in her new and delightful position, at the palace; but the Empress altogether abandoning the project of going to the Crimea, Thérèse held her to her promise, securing a place among the *Sœurs*, with whom she departed from France.

For two years, the young nun won the admiration and praise of the Sisterhood and officers, by her untiring care of the sick and wounded. With a vigorous constitution and a brave, tender heart, she went about her duties, accomplishing more than older heads. At one time,

a vessel containing a thousand Russians, mostly wounded, came into port, after a severe battle. Every body was warned away from the ship, which bore fever and cholera patients, as well as cripples. But the delicate young nun was the first to climb the vessel's side from the tiny caïque that had borne her from the shore. Going from wound to wound of the most agonizing character, she bathed and bound them up; and, amid the shrieks and groans of the dying, administered consolation.

Major Yelverton, of the English service, again met her, and was more than ever lost in admiration of her noble character. Upon their return, they were betrothed, and became man and wife in Scotland; also, according to the Catholic Church, in Ireland. Of their tranquil, happy wedded life she told me much; also, of the circumstances of his deserting her, and all her succeeding troubles, when the entire United Kingdom was in an excitement over her famous eighteen trials in English, Irish, and Scotch courts, when large sums of money were deposited in bank by sympathizing strangers and titled men, to enable her to meet expenses; and of Major Yelverton's running away to the Continent, and being burnt in effigy at home, while the enthusiasm in her favor was so great that the horses were taken away and her carriage drawn by the people through the streets.

So gentle and sweet-voiced, so dove-eyed and so loving was she, that I often wondered if this were the woman of force and character, whose heroism in defending her title to lawful wife won the sympathy and admiration of Great Britain and of the world.

But one night, when news came of Napoleon's downfall, springing from her chair, her blue eyes becoming black, as she eloquently defended the French soldiers and denounced their cowardly leaders, I not only comprehended her Cor-

inne-like power of improvising and mastering language, but felt the magnetism that had held audiences of nobility spell-bound, as she, for three consecutive days, plead her case in the House of Lords, Queen Victoria's being the only woman's voice ever before or since heard in the same place.

I now beheld the majesty of her presence, as she proudly raised her head, and gracefully gesticulated with her exquisite hands, and heard the grandeur and force of her sentences, and, more than all, listened to that wonderful voice, almost trumpet-toned at times, then cadencing to murmuring, liquid melody, that touched the depths of the heart. I realized the hold she gained over her hearers, when all that she held dear and precious was at stake, and she obliged to open her wounds, and rehearse alike her love and happy life, and the crush of her pride at being put aside for another.

As an authoress, she was a success in England. Many have listened to her in "Evenings with the Poets." She kindly consented to relieve the monotony of our evening life with a reading of some of her "Echo" gems, on "Mirror Lake." So, on a cool evening, a merry company went down the meadows, past the new-cut hay, fragrant "as a clover farm," up the banks of white violets, enjoying the gurgling freshness of the wood-streams, the breeze playing over the waters that mezzotinted the reflections of the banks, and around the rugged rocks, every suggestion of romance about us: the towering heights, with their beautiful, pure legends, haunting us as we heard the tunes in the air from fall, and cataract, and tree-top, and insect choir, like the soft, lulling lament of the light-footed Tissaack, when Tutocanula bore her away to the tasseled pine in the niche of El Capitan.

Then we passed an Indian camp, with its glowing fire, and dusky faces, and barking dogs, finally climbing among the

rocks, a fit home for the Forty Thieves, with the "open, sesame!" that let us out at the borders of the lake. Here we stood on a projecting rock, and tried the echoes. "Tallyho!" shouted one with stentorian lungs. "Ho—ho—ho—o!" repeated the cliffs. "Do, mi, sol, do!" sounded the voice of a splendid tenor. "Mi—sol—do—sol—do—o—o!" sang back Tissaack and her companions from their castles, three thousand feet in the air. Mrs. Yelverton warbled a Tyrolean melody, the echo accompaniment being delicious over the waters. A great pyramid of wood, already arranged, was now set on fire on the water's edge, and the party embarked in the boat, to take a sail. We made the mountains re-echo with songs, for ours was a musical band. When about the middle of the lake, the bonfire was all in a flame, lighting up the water into a perfect glory, rivaling

"In crystal clearness
Dian's looking-glass."

It was almost an impossibility to tell the real from the reflected. The beauty of the border of drooping, willow-like foliage, green, with here and there dipping crimson and golden asters, was duplicated (echoes of color to our echoes of sound), giving the appearance of fairy caves and jeweled grottoes, while the slip of white sand resembled a marble hall, and the cliffs, bronzed, half-open doors. The pyramid was reflected, with all its long, red tongues of flame and flashing light, as were myriads of sparks, like golden stars, filling the air as a branch crashed down into the depths of the fire. The scenic effect was grand—past description. Returning to the shore, Mrs. Yelverton took position on the balcony, by the water's edge, and by the light of tapers, gave us "Excelsior," in her original style. "Excel—si—or!" was sung back from the great heights: surely the youth's own voice, as he toiled upward. "Excelsi—o—or!" farther

from the distant peak came the faint sound, "like a falling star," and we all held our breath, completely lost in the poem realized. Then Tennyson's "Bugle Song" indeed "set the echoes flying," as her bugle-notes leaped over the lake. Jean Ingelow's "Calling the Cows" next came, with all its fresh charm. Verily, never was there such an Echo-land! The moon rose over the waters as we partook of Mr. Hutchings' sparkling champagne, served upon the bank; and soon we were picking our way over the now transfigured rocks, in the silver light, and out on to the fields, homeward, pronouncing this the perfection of a summer night.

One evening in early November, when the blossom season had nearly passed away, she came across the rustic bridge, bearing bunches of autumn ferns, and trailing vines, and frail blooms, looking like Flora gathering in her truant children from the coming winter storm. It was announced that letters, bearing a coat-of-arms, had arrived for her, through the British Consul. Her hand trembled as she tore the covers off, and upon reading the contents, her agitation was such as to confine her to her room for days. They recalled her to Great Britain, to her rightful inheritance to castles, and estates, and her title of Countess of Avonmore, Lord Avonmore having died, and Major Yelverton succeeding as heir. Of Major Yelverton's whereabouts, no one seems definitely aware. Sufficient it is to know that he can never return to claim the Lordship without acknowledging her as the Countess.

An English Earl—a friend and neighbor of the Avonmores—being present, urged her to hasten home. As soon as possible, she was ready to leave the valley. Some English Lords, then in the valley, invited her to join them in the mountain-trail ride; also, to accept a seat in their private conveyance from the South Fork of the Merced, by the Mari-

posa route. She accepted their invitation, and they were ready to commence the journey next morning, when the Countess found her saddle uncomfortable for the trip, and Mr. Hutchings, with his accustomed kindness, insisted upon changing it for a better one. "Ride along, gentlemen," she said, "and I will overtake you at Inspiration Point in time for luncheon. You know it requires many moments for a lady to take leave of friends." So away went the merry crowd and guide. Some time was consumed in the saddle arrangements. But being, like most Englishwomen, a good rider, she depended upon that ability to overtake those ahead. Finally, she set off on a canter, and being perfectly familiar with the road, dashed down the valley till she reached the Mariposa trail, which was steep and difficult of ascent, requiring time and patience.

The sky was darkening, and, before she was aware, one of those sudden and fearful winter storms came on. She urged her horse up the narrow, rocky way, but the wind howled and blew, and the snow fell thick and fast, almost blinding her. But on she went, overcoming this difficult part of the road, and reaching Inspiration Point. The party was not there, having evidently dashed ahead, to get through to shelter at the Mountain House beyond, and believing that she had turned back—if she had started at all—when perceiving indications of a storm. Her heart sank within her, but she bravely pushed on to the meadows. The snow now covered the entire ground like a sheet, and gradually rounded every jagged branch and knot into soft beauty. The storm increased. The horse had, for some distance, instinctively followed the completely obliterated trail; but now, the blinding flakes worried and perplexed him so, that he refused to move. She tried to force him to cross the meadows, but they were miry, and neither whipping,

nor coaxing, nor encouraging words were effective. Advance, he would not. For an hour and a half she endeavored to urge him onward, but without success. She was clad only in a blue-cloth bloomer suit. She began to feel wet and chilled through. Dismounting, and being unable to cross, she turned back, leading the poor brute along. He seemed glad to feel her kind touch, as she stroked his nose and patted his head, and was perfectly willing to be led. The earth was now covered, far and wide, with about twenty inches of snow, and the flakes still falling. The sky blackened, and darkness was coming on; still bravely she wandered, she knew not whither, but conscious that she would freeze, if she did not keep moving, and hopeful that her cries for help might be heard. Finally, it grew so dark that she was unable to distinguish things clearly. Finding an immense pine tree, with a large hollow in the trunk—probably burnt out by some Indian camp-fire—half-frozen, famished, and worn out, she crept into it for shelter, having the forethought to take the horse-blanket from under the saddle and pin it round her shoulders. She then drew her horse's head within, to receive warmth from him, and to have the company of a living creature, keeping good hold of the bridle. Pulling his head down, she put her icy cheek against his warm nose; while he seemed just as socially disposed, and as sympathetic as though entirely comprehending the gloomy situation, and the desirability of mutual comfort and attention.

What a night of agony! All the beautiful days of her childhood in Merry England and Sunny France came over her; then all the sad scenes and wonderful events of her after-life. But, to add more than all to her terror, she remembered Major Yelverton's curse, of which she has probably never told many. During the progress of her trials, in Great Britain, she one day entered a railroad-

car, and found herself face to face with her husband. They were alone, as the cars moved off, and he demanded of her their marriage-certificate. Her response was, that no living power could ever, by any means, tear from her that proof of her wifeness. Finding that she fearlessly met his threats and bribes, he then stood over her, and, while her head bowed low in horror, pronounced upon her a curse, to the effect that she might know every sorrow and misery so long as she lived, and, finally, die an awful death, away and alone, with no human being to relieve her agony, or close her eyes, or listen to her dying words! She had lived long enough with him, and among his people, to imbibe some of those superstitions from the Irish. A gentleman tells me, that, when traveling in Ireland, he saw a little boy throw a stone, hitting an old man; whereupon, the latter turned, and administered some such tirade of words upon the youngster. The mother, a poor woman, stood near, and, hearing him, rushed up frantically, knelt, and clasping her arms around him, in agonized tones besought him: "Oh, take back the curse! For the love of God, take back the curse from my poor, poor child!" The old man, relenting, revoked his impulsive speech, bidding them go in peace, making their hearts glad. "So," she thought, "his curse has come upon me, at last, in all its terror. Alone in the storm, famished, and nigh unto death, with no prospect of relief!" Then, upon bended knee, she prayed, with great earnestness, that, if she had deserved all this discipline, even unto this God's will might be done; but if not, that, if her life was worthy, she might be spared, and given strength to use the rest of it, unto good; and then sank into unconsciousness.

After a long night, daylight appeared. The storm had ceased. Benumbed and stiff, she eventually succeeded in getting warmth in her hands, and crept to the

opening. Not a returning dove, with its olive branch, to be seen over the far waste of beautiful snow—only the dazzling mantle covering the earth, and white tufts fluttering from the tree-limbs to the ground. But darkness had gone; and, with the light, hope dawned. Forth she crept and began her tramp, not knowing which way to go, but endeavoring to make for the valley. Could she but catch a glimpse of noble old El Capitan's granite walls, she felt she could be saved. So, up hill and down dale she went, her hands and feet torn and bleeding from jagged rocks, and limbs, and branches. Walking near the edge of a precipice, she would often slip on the snow-cushioned bowlders, and slide and fall, at the same time tugging at her faithful horse.

The sun shone out over the great expanse of white, and the bright beams glanced from the immense bowlders, that resembled marble temples to the gods of old. Passing one of the latter, she heard a rough voice. "Help, help!" she screamed, hoping it was Mr. Hutchings, who contemplated going out to the Mariposa term of court on that day. On came the steps, crunching on the snow and among the brush. "Help!" she cried, in as loud a tone as she could command, hope dawning within her bosom. But, upon turning the corner of the rock, what was her horror on beholding an immense cinnamon bear, who was, evidently, equally frightened by her sudden appearance and voice, for he turned and fled, while her horse snorted and tore away from her, making rapidly for other heights. Attempting to run,

she made a misstep—for this lovely snow softened up the pointed stones and ugly places—and she rolled down the precipice for twenty feet. With bleeding face and feet and hands, and bruised limbs, she crawled along slowly, becoming benumbed and dizzy. In her fall, a manzanita-bush had twitched the blanket from off her shoulders, and a purse of gold was torn from her pocket and the contents scattered by the way. Tugging down, holding on by twig and bush, slipping, sliding, and falling, again and again, she finally became blind, and sank, completely exhausted, on the ground. There she lay down to die, a bewildering dream and picture of the curse floating about her.

Mr. Leidig was passing out of the Yosemite, and discovered the tracks of both woman and horse. The truth flashed upon him at once, knowing she was the last person to leave the valley. So, tracking her, in zigzag and circle, and up hill and down dale, he found the blanket on the bush. Then he beheld the precipice down which she had fallen, and, after a time, discovered her, crouched, like a wounded bluebird, in a nest of snow. He succeeded in restoring her to partial consciousness, and with the aid of Mr. Hutchings, who shortly after came along, they took her back to the hotel.

She was completely broken down; but with her usual heroism, in a few days she left Yosemite. From this exposure, a fever set in, upon her arrival in San Francisco; and it was only recently that she was sufficiently strong to proceed homeward, to claim her rights as the Countess of Avonmore.

ETC.

THE popularity of dialect poetry has declined so rapidly that there are no new ventures in that direction. Even the host of imitators no longer come to the front with their atrocities of speech. The original singing-birds may not have been thrushes or orioles; but the crows and magpies which came afterward—these ought to be stoned. We do not like an imitation, even if the performance surpasses the original. The poverty of invention offends, and the suggestion of spuriousness only increases the dislike.

A NEW lecture-season is about to be inaugurated east of the Rocky Mountains. Something like a thousand persons are ready to itinerate and speak their piece wherever they can get an audience. In the whole number, there may be fifty who have something to say worth hearing; as for the others, they will do little harm. The modern lecture sustains about the same relation to literature that milk and warm water does to tea and coffee. If we can get nothing better, we accept the harmless insipidity. It is but just to say, that, while the average lecture carries with it very little instruction, it rarely fails to entertain a promiscuous audience for an hour. The lecturer, before a new audience, rattles along with his commonplaces, or says his smart things, with the consciousness that the freshness and novelty of a new set of hearers greatly helps him out, while the rest of the stimulus is in the fifty or a hundred dollars, at the end of the performance. The lecture system has not fallen into decadence, partly because there is some "new blood" added every year, and partly because there is a craving for something in the way of entertainment which the lecture furnishes, or suggests. The smart towns and villages are often exceedingly humdrum places, where there is a vast amount of concentrated dullness. The lecture may be poor enough, and yet, after

all, be the best performance of the season. Five hundred or a thousand well-dressed people are often glad enough to find a reason for leaving their own houses and looking into the faces of their neighbors. If it happen that the lecturer should utter something worth the hearing, this is additional gain. If otherwise, they really have not lost anything. It often happens that the social standing of people in these villages is fixed in an arbitrary way. Smith and Jones were both at the lecture, and both thumped the floor with much surplus energy, when the speaker launched his best platform-joke for the seventieth time. If people who attend popular lectures have not a good degree of culture, pray who are to be recognized as coming up to that standard?

The lecture system does, at least, contain the promise of something better in the future. Half a dozen sporadic lectures may be enough for the town people now. But, after awhile, the lecturer who comes to instruct the people will be accepted; his course of scientific or historical lectures will not fall on listless ears. This transition has already commenced. The more cultivated communities say, in effect, to lecturers: If you can tell us any thing that we ought to know, in any department of literature or science, begin at once; but, if otherwise, try your platform antics in the next town.

WE have not yet come to have a hearty relish for a Norther. A more blasphemous gale was never let loose on this planet. The character of the late one is illustrated in part by the fact, that, while it dealt tenderly with many an old rookery, it irreverently tumbled over a new church before it had been consecrated. Its desiccating influence was not only seen in the cracking of ceilings, and the falling down of wall-paper, and the withering of the freshest flowers and shrubs, but it dried

up the juices of humanity at a fearful rate. The electricity in the atmosphere plays along the nerves; the lips are so parched that the suggestion of a kiss well-nigh provokes profanity, and the very marrow of the bones is sapped by the remorseless and blasting wind. If one can be mellow and genial, thinking only kind thoughts, during a Norther, and just when it is upsetting an unconsecrated church—why, then, it may be taken as evidence that the Millennium will come some day.

WILL philologists ever invent or discover a cosmopolitan language? Some form of speech which may serve as a common medium of expression, not so much for commercial purposes, as for travelers and educated persons of all civilized countries? If one start out with a good knowledge of English and French, a journey of ten days will take him to countries where neither is available for social intercourse. In one or the other

of these languages, the traveler may make his simplest wants known. But a cosmopolitan speech has not yet been invented. It may, possibly, be the eclecticism of many tongues—simple, flexible, with every letter sounded, and the grammatical construction governed by a few rules from which there would be no exceptions. The intelligent traveler finds no difficulty in obtaining, in a small compass, a hand-book of information for all countries which he may wish to visit. But he cannot find a language which is not too straight for a citizenship as broad as the world. In the commonwealth of letters, there should be one form of speech which is wider than clan or nationality. It need not be dedicated to commerce or diplomacy; although it is possible to conceive that it would serve both of these interests admirably. It is time that the jargon and confusion of Babel were mitigated somewhat by one cosmopolitan tongue.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE BOOK OF THE EAST, AND OTHER POEMS.

By Richard Henry Stoddard. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

The name of the author of this book has become somewhat familiar to readers of verse and to lovers of poetry. It is something to have made a not unsuccessful appearance in verse, upon varied, though infrequent, occasions; in essays at verses of society, or, at times, of so-called public calamity and grief. It is much to a poet, or an aspirant, to be introduced to good society by good publishers; for a title-page alone bears some testimony of possible worth, and insures, at least, a temporary notice from all readers of good things, and a certain degree of apparently permanent popularity among those, who, liking to have good things, have yet to be told what good things are. But for the facts that the author's name has already, by reason of a few occasional successes, and a good previous introduction to the world, gained a certain probative eminence, and is now again, by the factitious aid of a title-page, ushered into the

notice of a considerable number of readers, it is exceedingly doubtful if much, or any, notice could conscientiously be paid to this volume, or to its author's pretense to being a poet. This choice of publishers entitles him to the credit of knowing too well the gain in notoriety and percentage, to intrust either to an unknown house, or to bad types and press-work.

The volume opens with "A Woman's Poem," hinged upon the one theme of woman—a man's love—and suggests, in a womanish way, the possible unhappy condition she may be in if he continue to think most of the time of himself and less often of her, or her opposite condition if the state of feeling be reversed. It is not exactly what one would expect from a man's pen, and is certainly not nearly as well done as a woman might do it; not, indeed, as Adelaide Proctor, some years ago, did it in "Her Answer." Following this, is a two-part expression of human life, as it sometimes is found, he believing he has much the hardest part of life, and she too

conscious that in hers are all the burdens. And the verses of both poems are not notable, either as bad or good—pleasant to come across for a moment's perusal in the corner of a newspaper, but not of the value that calls for a book-binder's envelope, or a place on your shelves. Yet there may be a test which may insure a certain victory for the side of the poetic aspirant. They will either of them touch a weak nature; and an over-sensitive woman may be stirred to some feeling by them, or an unhappy one be made sadder. But then, a little boy falling down and bumping his nose, will have the same effect; and so, this can scarcely be said to evidence any considerable amount of poetic power. "On the Town" is a subjective view, in a missionary spirit, of one of a class who have most of them chosen, and most of whom prefer, to be what are called outcasts of society. Its burden is spite, not penitence; not the prayer of a lost soul, but envy of one who, she thinks, gets not his deserts, and a consummation possible, but not probable, of a plunge in the river. The whole utterance is smooth and dramatic, but not natural enough to conceal the efforts of art.

Some variety is given to the contents of the volume in two or three ballads, which, as ballads, are not very objectionable, but can not, for any special merit, be singled out as likely to insure a poet's wreath. In a volume which otherwise contains little worth reading, they are noteworthy; but the reader will naturally enough think after their perusal of many a good old ballad, much better than these, whose authors' names were never known or have been long since forgotten—in which fact may be detected an omen. After about a hundred pages of what, for want of a happier or less objectionable phrase, may be called padding, we come to discover what seems to be Mr. Stoddard's particular faculty—that of writing songs; and of songs, his love-songs are plainly the best. His verses are musical, and some of them would almost sing themselves, though we do not know that any of them have ever been set to music. Yet it can not be flattering to a man of sense—as we take Mr. Stoddard to be—after so much elaboration of rhythm, such touching upon themes that should be borne only on the tender breath of poetry, or should remain

untouched, to be told that he is most successful as a song-writer; for that certainly implies that there must be present neither poetry, nor tenderness, nor sense, nor much of anything more than smoothness, correctness of rhythm, some care in rhyming, and no absolute nonsense. And we do not mean to imply more now. But we may say a little more in saying that some of these songs are pretty. Here is one as good as any not a love-song:

"It is a winter night,
And the stilly earth is white
With the blowing of the lilies of the snow!
Once it was as red
With the roses summer shed;
But the roses fled with summer, long ago!

"We sang a merry tune,
In the jolly days of June,
And we danced adown the garden in the light:
Now December's come,
And our hearts are dark and dumb,
As we huddle o'er the embers here to-night!"

Though we do not see here why he says our hearts are "dumb," excepting that he must somehow rhyme with "come."

Perhaps Mr. Stoddard's greatest aspiration is his greatest mistake, and betrays his greatest weakness. To write love-songs, or songs of any kind, it is not necessary to have much feeling. The best lovers for the generality of women are often only the best artists; and to conquer, in prose or verse, requires, above every thing else—and, perhaps, even in the absence of any thing else—knack. It is a trick of verse that soothes the ear and wins a weak heart; and it is only a weak heart that is won by a song. But, whatever else may be needed in true poetry, clear perceptions and depth of feeling are essential. Yet, what in the world could Mr. Stoddard have been thinking of, when he wrote what he calls "In Memoriam," and published it for the strange world to read? He has lost a little child, and his grief is supposed to be set forth in fourteen different sets of verses of various measures. If one can believe that the writer has really followed a dear one to the grave, he will doubt the reality of that sorrow, the most sacred on earth, which can flaunt itself in rhyme that the mourner may be told by the world that it is prettily done. If it is written only as an artistic attempt, it will still more glaringly appear that one can not express much tenderness or depth

of feeling, unless one feels it. It is unfortunate, too, that it must be called "In Memoriam;" for while, by its title, it must suggest an unenvied contrast with Tennyson, yet it could no more be taken for his, than, had it been entitled "Lycidas," could it be taken for Milton's. The tone of it is saddish, but not sad; its method elegiac, but not touching; its expression artistic, but not artless, as grief must be expressed. Read it and forget the mourner and the artist both; and, being near the end of the volume, you will wonder by what happy, or unhappy, union of circumstances the author has made himself and some of his personal newspaper friends believe he is a poet. That is a name that ambitious triflers in verse occasionally steal and wear awhile, but it is like an armor that can fit only a mighty warrior. After this, the reader will come to the "Book of the East," which gives the title to the volume, and is made up of Persian, Tartar, Arab, and Chinese songs. These are saved for the last, because they are the best, and, at their best, as love-songs, they are good. They will please such as love love-songs, and have a balmy odor, as of the seraglio and the East. They are warm and sensuous, and sometimes sparkling. They will please many women, and some men, but not all men, nor the best of men, nor the best of those whose praise Mr. Stoddard would like most. And, at best, they will be enjoyed only as love-songs, and will not be remembered.

STORIES FROM OLD ENGLISH POETRY. By Abby Sage Richardson. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

Within the dainty binding of the volume before us, we note sixteen neatly told stories, comprising five from Chancer, four from Spenser, and seven from Shakspeare, prefaced by a readable sketch of each of these notable authors. In her introduction, Mrs. Richardson, in some wise, apologizes for presuming to reduce this strong meat to spoon-victuals, for the edification and strengthening of infant sinews.

But no such apology is needed; the incidents and lessons of the original are so faithfully preserved, and they are illumined so tastefully and artistically by the happy ge-

nus of the authoress, that no possible exception can be taken to the plan or details of the work. The language employed is nicely adjusted to the comprehension of children, and the selections are calculated to both interest and improve. The most famous and beautiful of the classic dramas and poems in the English language have been selected, and there could be no more charming introduction to the wealth of English literature than is here given.

What Mrs. Jameson has done for "children of a larger growth," in her *Characteristics of Women*, the author of the present volume has done for the little folks. It is fragrant with childlike freshness, and replete with exquisite purity and sympathy. We see in "Portia" the commanding grace, the high-bred, airy elegance, the spirit of magnificence in all she says and does, the wisdom, the tenderness, the wit—the *all*—that go to make up the rare and harmonious character of Shakspeare's Portia. In the "Story of Perdita," we have the sweet, pastoral simplicity of the heroine brought out in all its beauty; and the grand and dignified self-possession of the good and gracious queen, matron, and mother, Hermione. That blessed union of gentleness with power, which ever constitutes the perfection of mental grace, is well portrayed, and invites imitation. Happiest of all is her rendering of the story of King Lear and his three daughters. The contrast of character is strongly drawn. Goneril and Regan, the proud and haughty beauties, who trod the halls of their father's palace as if they were already queens; they, who, when any story of suffering, or complaint of wrong, arose among the people, always took the part of the oppressor; they, whose radiant black eyes glistened with hatred or sparkled with anger, but who never softened with tenderness—these imperious types of womanhood are placed in marked and odious contrast to the blue-eyed, golden-haired little Cordelia, with her heart full of tenderness and goodness. "Her sisters disliked her, because she was so meek and gentle: just as ugly spirits always dislike that which is pure and beautiful." The beauty of Cordelia's character, too sacred for words, is well delineated; the love of truth, the firm sense of duty, wedded to the deep affection

of a warm, pure nature—these are not overlaid by incident, but shine out in lustrous beauty and brightness. Hers is a character well calculated to impress and captivate, and challenges both admiration and imitation. The authoress has drawn the picture gracefully and well.

The salient points in the character of Rosalind are less vigorously portrayed. We do not see the sprightly, voluble, playful, picturesque, pastoral Rosalind so clearly defined; but the story is not less readable, perhaps, for all that. An occasional flutter of her wit is discernible—but we forget that the book is designed for the little folks, who will not be apt to miss the *jeu d'esprit* of the charming Rosalind.

“Upon a naked, blasted heath, where neither tree nor bush could live, so barren was it in its bleakness, three witches, gray, crooked, and misshapen, hovered around a boiling, bubbling caldron. The fire crackled under the huge vessel, from whose blazing depths came forth a vile and sickening odor. The edge was lurid with sulphurous flames, which gleamed upon the horrid faces of the unclean hags who tended it; lighting up in ghastly vividness their skinny arms, their sharp faces, fringed with grizzled, scattering hairs, which looked like beards, and showing more plainly than the light of day their eyes, staring and blood-colored, yet expressionless as the faces of the dead.” Thus does the fanciful authoress introduce her youthful auditors to those minions of Hecate on the heath of Forres, amid the thunder, wind, and rain, the weird incantations, and the blackness of the night. Her audience will not be apt to fail her, until Lady Macbeth—ambitious, cruel, treacherous, daring Lady Macbeth—bows herself out of this world, in remorse and despair, and the head of Macbeth is raised upon a pole above the walls of Dunsinane, by the conquering hand of Macduff.

ZERUB THROOP'S EXPERIMENT. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. Boston: Loring.

Those who have read *The Gayworthys*, *Faith Gartney's Girlhood*, and *Patience Strong's Outings*, do not need to be reminded that Mrs. Whitney possesses a special in-

spiration and excellence as an artist for children. She is a writer of true genius, and has evidently had the necessary experience requisite to the clever portraiture and dressing up of her figures. There is such a judicious interblending of vivacity, pathos, humor, and drollery; her characters are veritable human beings, reproduced to the very life, not imitated. The secret of her success lies in the indefinable charm of the *real* personages to whom she introduces her readers: they are omnipotent in their naturalness.

In the present volume, the author sets about her work with charming method, and marshals her forces with astonishing dispatch. In the first chapter, Zerub Throop, the miserly old recluse, is brought face to face before us, with his black cat, Tophet, descended from a long line of ancestry, and Sarah, his odd, quick-witted, old maid-servant, who was almost the only person who ever made many words with Zerub Throop. Hardly once a year did any one ring at his front-door; old vines, little trained or cared for, tangled up the porch-way. But just now, Mrs. Whapshare is pulling at the bell. She has been ten years making up her mind to come—ever since her husband died, and left her an inheritance of poverty and six young children, and, as Sarah puts it, “an old house and gardening, and a mess of old store-books full of bad debts, and tribulations.” Zerub thinks she has done pretty well, under the circumstances. Sarah retorts: “That’s just it! She’s a woman that’s always been *under* a lot of ’em—clear down. What business do folks have to be under the circumstances, I wonder? Why don’t they get on top of ’em? What is circumstances made for?”

“To *stand round*, Sarah,” said Mr. Throop, in italics. “If you knew Latin, you’d see. That’s what we’ve got to do with ’em. Keep ’em in their places. Make ’em stand round!”

“Or *git*,” said Sarah, sententiously.

The gist of the matter was, Zerub Throop once owed Miles Whapshare fifteen thousand dollars; paid him twenty-five cents on the dollar, and was discharged. Zerub had begun again, and worked up; Miles Whapshare did not work up. That was the difference, and the widow was having a severely

experimental knowledge of that difference, just now. The contents of this first chapter alone would bear to be elaborated into an octavo volume. We are not only introduced to, but feel well acquainted with, Zerub Throop, Sarah Hand, the vender of the "Phoenix Regenerator," Mrs. Whapshare, and Tophet, the black cat, to whom Zerub talked now and then, in scraps. We witness, also, the penning of that mysterious note, in four lines, which he folded, and pressed, and smoothed, and wrapped in foil, and welded into a silver ball, and then tossed out of his hand, giving it up to Providence, leaving it loose on creation: "Things have to go somewhere. What difference will it make to me? That's all between you and me, Tophet!" said Zerub, and walked off. Before the chapter ends, he dies like a man, without making a particle of fuss about it, and went, as all go, to "work his way" in the mysterious Beyond.

And so, in this remarkable chapter, we have the earnest, the first fruits, of the rich harvest in store. The next two chapters give us a full history of the Whapshare family: plain New England people, well photographed in their every-day attire, with their daily duties hedging them about on every side. No one doubts it is a genuine picture. The soup is burned, and we smell it; we see that "very best Brussels carpet," in the north-east parlor, and shudder at the thought of alien feet tramping over it, in response to the poster, "Room to let;" and we are pained at the thought of selling off the garden spot, as Mrs. Whapshare goes to bed with sixteen hundred dollars in her pocket of possibilities. We feel as if we had always known Dr. Arthur Plaice, and are not one whit astonished at his falling in love with gentle Carry, who "flushed up like the sunrise that tells God's morning story without any words," when the doctor whispered a wedding-secret in her ear. It was so prettily done, that one might wish his own trysting-days back again. We must halt no longer on holy ground—little seven-year-old Dimmy has already told the secret: "It would be vacation *forever* if Carry got married, and Dr. Plaice is her beau. Flipper said so!"

In the fourth chapter, we have a capital ghost-story, and the full unraveling of the

mystery of *Zerub Throop's Experiment*. The agency of its accomplishment is a black cat—possibly Tophet, the veritable Tophet, inasmuch as a cat is supposed to have nine lives. "Was it a cat, or was it a ghost, or was it simply Providence? But what possessed the *cat*?"

THE COMING RACE. New York: Francis B. Felt & Co.

This book is a reprint from the English edition. It is said that people who understand *too soon* never learn much, and quickness is often only quickness of misapprehension. The book is unique, suggestive, and abstruse. There are metaphysical acuteness, logical strength, and wild extravagance, oddly blended with good-natured satire, crank and genial humor, and the faintest suspicion of sarcasm. Utopias, like ideals, are presumed to embody the writer's conceptions or fancies regarding future possibilities, and what he hopes may yet be realized. Even though exalted beyond all reasonable hope of attainment, the picture drawn is supposed to be the most approved pattern, photographed and hung up in the artistic author's bosom-shop. This certainly can not be the case in this instance. The author has a lesson to teach, and he prefers to give it to us dressed up in artistic, fascinating fiction. The pleasant satire in which the book is pre-eminently fertile betrays itself at the very outset.

An American citizen, whose family enjoyed a high social position in right of birth, is the hero of the weird tale. The opulence of the family disqualified them for the public service; the father once ran for Congress, but was signally defeated by his tailor. It was deemed best to send the eldest son (the hero of the story) back to old England, the nativity of his ancestry. Years after, accepting the invitation of a professional engineer, he visits the recesses of a mine upon which he is employed, and is fascinated by the gloomy wonders concealed within the strange vaults and galleries hollowed by nature and art beneath the surface of the earth. In their explorations on a certain day, piercing a new shaft that had been commenced under the engineer's operations, they came upon a

chasm, jagged and charred at the sides, as if the product of volcanic fires. Down this chasm went the engineer, in a "cage," remaining an hour in the dreadful abyss. Terror was stamped upon every lineament of his face, as he was brought forth from the mysterious fissure. Subsequent importunate questionings on the part of the American friend reveal the fact, that, deep down at the bottom of the abyss, he has seen and heard "unspeakable things, which it is not lawful for man to utter."

The next day, with six veteran miners to watch their descent, the two men go down to investigate the horrible mystery. The engineer, by some wretched fatality, is precipitated to the bottom, and instantly killed, leaving the one solitary man alone in that strange world, amid the bowels of the earth, without possible hope of return, as the rope and grappling hooks have been loosed from their anchorage above, and lie at his feet. The chasm widens rapidly, like a vast funnel; a broad, level road stretches out, illumined, as far as the eye can reach, by what seem to be artificial gas-lamps, placed at regular intervals, as in the thoroughfare of a great city. There is, also, the confused hum, as of human voices. Have human hands leveled this road and marshaled these lamps?

These beings (for this vault is all astir with life) prove to be a race who have borrowed the outlines of man, and are yet of another race—tall, but not gigantic. The outline and expression of face is like that of the sculptured sphinx: regular in its calm, intellectual, mysterious beauty, and yet having a nameless something in its aspect which rouses the instinct of danger, as does the sight of a tiger or serpent. They seem endowed with attributes inimical to man. The hidden and mysterious forces of Nature minister to their needs and necessities, and are made tributary to their wants. Through the agency of a wondrous power, which these underground scientists call "vril," they have arrived at the unity in natural energetic agencies. It would seem to comprehend, in its manifold branches, all those forces known in our scientific nomenclature under the names of electricity, magnetism, galvanism, mesmerism, etc., and which Faraday hints at, under the more cautious term of correlation, when he

says: "I have long held an opinion, that the various forms under which the forces of matter are made manifest, have one common origin; or, in other words, are so directly related and mutually dependent, that they are convertible, as it were, into one another and possess equivalents of power in their action."

These subterranean philosophers assert, that, by one operation of vril, they can influence the variations of temperature; by another, they can exercise influence over minds and bodies, both animate and inanimate, to an extent not surpassed in the romances of our mystics. "It can destroy like a flash of lightning; yet, differently applied, it can replenish or invigorate life, heal, and preserve; and on it they chiefly rely for the cure of disease, or, rather, for enabling the physical organization to re-establish the due equilibrium of its natural powers, and thereby to cure itself. By this agency, they rend their way through the most solid substances, and open valleys for culture through the rocks of their subterranean wilderness. From it they extract the light which supplies their lamps, finding it steadier, softer, and healthier than the other inflammable materials they had formerly used." The vril-staff, in the hand of a child, can shatter the strongest fortress, or cleave its burning way from the van to the rear of an embattled host. Its influence upon social polity may, therefore, be imagined. This power of operating, however, is not equal in all, but in proportion to certain vril-powers in the dispenser. In more common parlance, it is dependent upon the *mediumistic* qualities of the operator. He must be *en rapport* with the purposes to be effected. We are told, most exultantly, that the vril-staff is an antidote for war; just as the perfection of instruments of death and destruction is supposed to lessen the possibilities of carnage, as if *might* could ever make *right*. Reason has always been occupied in reversing the judgment of Force in matters of opinion, else Error, once victorious, would be immortal. Force can not crush Truth.

However, among the Vril-ya there is only the government of opinion; there is perfect unanimity in this, and all yield a willing and full obedience to a single and supreme magistrate, styled Tur, who holds his office for life.

There are no honors, no insignia of higher rank assigned to this office; hence, it is not coveted. Crime is unknown to the Vrilya; there are no courts of criminal justice. Lawyers would starve in such a community. Such idiomatic expressions as, "It is requested not to do so and so," are the strongest terms employed in forbidding undesirable practices. In philosophical and religious beliefs, they are a unit. Doctrines and dogmas are all swallowed up in the one grand, accepted truth of God and Immortality. Communities, to attain the highest state of perfectibility, limit themselves to four thousand households. The maximum number allowed is thirty thousand. In the family circle, the father is permitted to exercise a gentle authority, nothing more. Domestic are not needed, machinery having been brought to such a state of perfection as to perform all menial labor. Automaton, made obedient through the operation of vril-power, perform prodigies of skill. Mere children carry on arts, manufactures, agriculture, and commerce. Mature manhood or womanhood never devotes itself to labor, other than to scientific research or inventive industry.

Woman's rights are in triumphant ascendancy in Vrilya-land. She is not only the stronger and taller, but she takes precedence in all departments of research, excepting, perhaps, science, as made applicable to inventive skill. She takes the initiative in matters of wooing; for the inhabitants of that strange land marry and are given in marriage, and systematized plans of divorce are recorded—a proof, possibly, of the feasibility of female courting, and of the superior sagacity of woman in divining the fitness of things. Parents are not allowed to interfere with the choice of their daughters. We can but regret that in this wonderful transition, men ape the pretty "sillinesses" of coy maidens when gallant lovers whisper soft nothings in their ears; they blush, and get confused, and cut up all sorts of womanly antics—these vril-

masculines who are being wooed by clever, adroit, large-limbed sweethearts. Why take leave of their senses in that sort of style?

There is some exquisite satire leveled at scientific disquisitions on the Descent and the Ascent of Man. Whether Gladstone, the Duke of Argyle, or Darwin had best "stand from under," deponent saith not. Democratic institutions come in for a share of pleasant raillery; and our submerged American is most amiably compassionated upon his release from a government such as he has been eloquently describing in some wild burst of enthusiastic rapture. He is awed into silence for all time to come.

Poverty is unknown in that wonderful Utopia; all live the tranquil life of gods and sages. The absolute leisure they enjoy for following out their own private pursuits, the amenities of their domestic intercourse, their exquisite politeness and refinement of manner, all combine to make the Vrilya the most perfect nobility which a political disciple of Plato or Sidney could conceive for the ideal of an aristocratic republic.

But the half is not told, and yet we are warned that we have exceeded our limits in what we have already said of this marvelous book. We have barely introduced the reader to a few of the topics discussed in this original work. What is said of literature, music, painting, poetry; the varied experiences of our hero among that strange people, what he saw, feared, and suffered; the story of his "loves," not wisely, but too well; his narrow escape from sudden and awful death; his final return to the upper world, through the all-prevailing strength and ingenuity of woman's love, that most potent of all agencies, when once set in resolute tension toward victory—of all these, the reader must learn himself, and deduce the moral intended by the fertile, inventive, and mythical author—that is, if he has wit enough to do so. But, after all, who would be a dweller in this strange Utopia? Who, oh, who would be a Vrilya?

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

From A. Roman & Co., San Francisco:

- BALAUSTON'S ADVENTURE. By Robert Browning. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.
 SIR WALTER SCOTT: The Story of his Life. By R. Shelton Mackenzie. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.
 ROOKSTONE. By Katherine S. Macquoid. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.
 THE COMING RACE; or, The New Utopia. New York: F. B. Felt & Co.
 THE COUSIN FROM INDIA. By Georgiana M. Craik. New York: Harper & Bros.
 GIDEON'S ROCK. By Katherine Saunders. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.
 JOHN JERNINGHAM'S JOURNAL. New York: Chas. Scribner & Co.
 MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS. By F. C. Burnand. Boston: Roberts Bros.
 THE BOOK OF THE EAST, AND OTHER POEMS. By R. H. Stoddard. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.
 KING ARTHUR. A Poem. By Edward Bulwer (Lord Lytton). New York: Harper & Bros.
 THE FABLES OF PILPAY. New York: Hurd & Houghton.
 FOUR, AND WHAT THEY DID. By Helen C. Weeks. New York: Hurd & Houghton.
 THE LAST KNIGHT. By John O. Sargent. New York: Hurd & Houghton.
 PICTURES OF TRAVEL. By Hans Christian Andersen. New York: Hurd & Houghton.
 STORIES FROM OLD ENGLISH POETRY. By Abby Sage Richardson. New York: Hurd & Houghton.
 ATLANTIC ESSAYS. By T. W. Higginson. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.
 CASTILIAN DAYS. By John Hay. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.
 PALACES AND PRISONS. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.
 THE MEMBER FOR PARIS. By Trois-Etoiles. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.
 LITTLE-FOLK SONGS. By Alexina B. White. New York: Hurd & Houghton.
 CICERO. By Rev. W. L. Collins. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.
 SAM SLICK OF SLICKVILLE. By Thos. C. Haliburton. New York: Hurd & Houghton.
 MY WITNESS. By Wm. Winter. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.
 HOW TO DO IT. By E. E. Hale. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.
 THE JUDGE'S PETS. By E. Johnson. New York: Hurd & Houghton.
 A JOURNEY ROUND MY ROOM. By Xavier DeMaistre. New York: Hurd & Houghton.
 SHAKSPEARE'S COMEDY OF THE TEMPEST. Edited by Wm. J. Rolfe. New York: Harper & Bros.
 AT LAST: A Christmas in the West Indies. By Charles Kingsley. New York: Harper & Bros.
 A HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By Benson J. Lossing. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.
 ZANITA. A Tale of the Yosemite. By Thérèse Yelverton. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco:

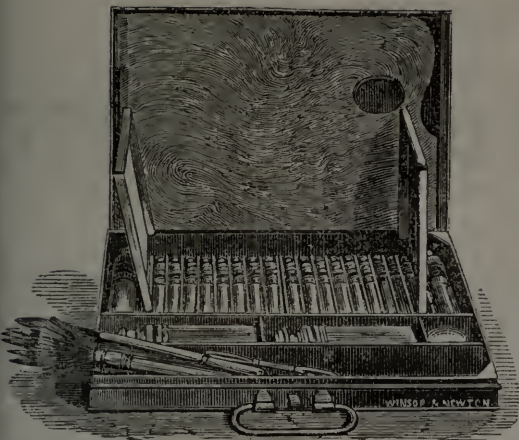
- BEHIND THE BARS. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
 SONGS OF THE SIERRAS. By Joaquin Miller. Boston: Roberts Bros.

From Eldridge & Brother, Philadelphia:

- A MANUAL OF COMPOSITION AND RHETORIC. A Text-Book for Schools and Colleges. By John S. Hart, LL.D.
 FIRST LESSONS IN COMPOSITION. By John S. Hart, LL.D.
 THE WORKS OF HORACE. By Thomas Chase, A.M.
 THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL. By Thomas Chase, A.M.
 CAII JULII CÆSARIS COMMENTARII DE BELLO GALICO. By George Stuart, A.M.
 SELECT ORATIONS OF MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO. By George Stuart, A.M.
 M. TULLII CICERONIS CATO MAJOR DE SENECTUTE, LÆLIUS DE AMICITIA. By E. P. Crowell and H. Richardson.
 C. SALLUSTI CRISPI CATILINA ET JUGURTHA. By George Stuart, A.M.
 SIX BOOKS OF THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL. By Thomas Chase, A.M.

Miscellaneous:

- THE INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS OF NEW SOUTH WALES: Being a report of the Intercolonial Exhibition of 1870, at Sydney; together with a variety of papers illustrative of the Industrial Resources of the Colony. Sydney: Thomas Richards, Government Printer.



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In June, 1869, *THE OVERLAND MONTHLY* was purchased by John H. Carmany. Since then, its progress has been more rapid and satisfactory. Its circulation has been largely increased, and its power to serve the interests of this coast proportionably augmented. Intelligence of a deeply interesting character, pleasantly imparted, has been conveyed to the enlightened of remote regions and foreign countries heretofore entire strangers to our literature and our resources. The world had learned to regard California as a crude, rough, and unrefined community. Very little was known, comparatively, of the actual character of the Pacific Coast and its wonderful capabilities. The appearance of *THE OVERLAND MONTHLY*—an exponent of hitherto unrecognized resources, and a delineator of hitherto unknown or misunderstood Western life and character—did much to enlighten the world and stimulate further curiosity. The freshness, vigor, and raciness of its articles; the entirely new, large, and unexplored field it occupied; and the charm of its dash, and frank, independent expression, soon earned for it deserved prominence. It is doing good service, and pushing its conquests with impressive energy.

The Commercial Herald and Market Review

is, perhaps, the most important of all the publications owned and controlled by the firm, and the central figure around which they cluster. In February, 1852, the *PRICES CURRENT AND SHIPPING LIST* was commenced in San Francisco, and continued to flourish under that title until May, 1859. It was, however, subjected to the competition of the *MERCANTILE GAZETTE AND SHIPPING REGISTER*, and was finally merged into the latter paper by purchase, and the new compound title of *MERCANTILE GAZETTE, PRICES CURRENT, SHIPPING LIST AND REGISTER* adopted. That journal was the exponent of commercial and financial matters on this coast until the spring of 1867. In July of that year, John H. Carmany & Co. issued the first number of the *Commercial Herald and Market Review*. The success of this journal was so complete and rapid that it soon dispossessed its competitor, and in October of the same year the *MERCANTILE GAZETTE* ceased to exist, being purchased and merged into the *COMMERCIAL HERALD*, which is issued every Friday morning. Contemporaneous with the issuance of this journal the firm publish a *LETTER SHEET* edition, known as the *San Francisco Market Review*, containing the fullest commercial and financial information, printed on very fine, white, French folio post, fitted to be placed in letter envelopes. It is much esteemed by the business community for its entire reliability and portable size. In addition to the foregoing, the firm publish the *Freight Circular*, issued every month, and *The Pacific*, issued every Thursday, the oldest religious newspaper on the Pacific coast. From this house are issued *The Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal*, and *The Living Way*, each appearing monthly, the latter a religious periodical. The attention of experts is invited to the typographical execution of all the foregoing publications. The steam-presses are under the charge of the most experienced and skillful foreman on this coast, and specimens of the work done may be seen in *THE SCIENTIFIC PRESS, PACIFIC RURAL PRESS, THE OCCIDENT, THE ADVOCATE, THE CHURCHMAN, THE MASONIC MIRROR, THE DIAL*, etc., etc., all of which are worked off on the presses of the firm, in addition to those they own and publish.



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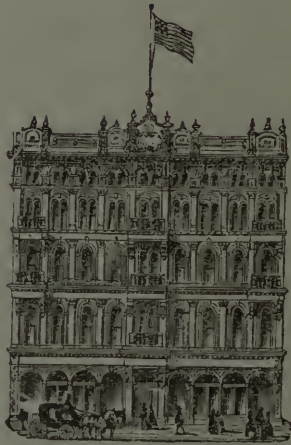
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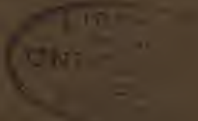
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No. 6.



THE

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

DECEMBER, 1871.



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Exclusive Agent for the Atlantic and Interior States.

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

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VOL. 7.—DECEMBER, 1871.—No. 6.

WINE-MAKING IN CALIFORNIA.

NO. I.—EARLY DIFFICULTIES.

ALMOST every wine-growing country in the Old World owes its first plantation of vines to the monks; and such was their knowledge of soil and locality, that the result of their labors has gained a reputation that has outlived them hundreds of years. To their labors alone are we indebted for the wines of Johannisberg, Steinberg, Hockheim, Romané Conti, Clos-Vougeot, l'Hospice, Chambertin, Château Yquem, Margaux, Lafitte, St. Julien, and many others. To them are we even indebted for the bright, sparkling, and ever-lively champagne, that warms without intoxication, and makes languid conversation bubble with the spirit of wit, like its own vivacious self. And what the monks did for the Old World, that did the Fathers for California. They planted the first vine, and they made our first wine.

About the year 1771, the vine was first known to be planted in our State, and the Mission San Gabriel claims the honor of possessing the first vineyard. The early history of this vineyard, as

well as the origin of its vines, is lost in the past, but has given rise to many speculations. It is believed by some that the vines were brought, by roots or cuttings, from Spain, either directly or by way of Mexico; others hold that these vines were taken from some one of the many wild varieties that are scattered over the whole State; and there is still another theory, which is upheld by General M. G. Vallejo, than whom there is no better authority on the subject in the State. According to his statement, the Fathers first tried to make wine from the wild grapes, but, being unsuccessful, planted the seeds from raisins that came from Spain. The result of these experiments gave them several varieties, among which are our present blue Mission and a white grape of a musky flavor. These two, after due trial, they retained and propagated, rejecting all the others. The first two theories are certainly very defective; for, even with the quick and certain journey that can be made in our days of steam locomotion, an enormous

percentage of roots and cuttings die on the trip—in fact, but a very small percentage reach us in a living condition, and it requires all the advanced horticultural skill of our age to revive and sustain them. As for once being of the wild species, they do not bear the faintest resemblance, either in fruit, leaf, or wood, to any wild variety. The bunches and grapes are large, the leaf full and decidedly marked, and the joints comparatively close, while their branches are sturdy—characteristics that are seldom found singly, and never collectively, in any one wild species of grape-vine. More probable than either of these theories, is that the seeds were purposely sent out from Spain, through Government authority, as certainly were the orange, the lime, the olive, the fig, etc. And this is the only rational manner of explaining the presence of the same two varieties—blue and white so-called Mission grape—in New Mexico, where they are universally cultivated. The missions in both provinces, being under the direction of the same power in Spain, would naturally receive the same selections of seeds. It is claimed by experts that the blue Mission grape is the same as the Beni-Carlo, but that does not alter the strength of the argument, for it may be its seedling, just as the Pineau of Burgundy has some eighty different seedlings, each and every one closely resembling the parent grape and vine.

It matters little, however, practically, where the first vines came from. They were known to grow at the Mission San Gabriel, and from there the planting of the blue Mission was extended from mission to mission, until not a single one was without it. The blue grape seems to have been the favorite with the Fathers, and undoubtedly because its wine resembled the red wines of Old Castile.

It is possible, that, while the vineyards were small, their products were used at table, and not much wine made

from them, but this limitation could not have lasted for a longer period than the conclusive proof of the prolific qualities of the vine. And thus we have traditions handed down to us, that those missions, having a greater number of vines, made very considerable quantities of wine. There were few, if any, missions that, at the time of the arrival of the Americans, did not have at least five acres, and many had fifteen, twenty, and even thirty acres of vineyard. As the greatest care and attention was bestowed upon these vines—as labor was no object, and they were all planted in rich soil and irrigated—they certainly could not have produced less than from seven hundred to one thousand gallons of wine per acre, even withholding what grapes may have been used at table. These wines, it is likely, were all used in the neighborhood, as there were no facilities for export, there being neither bottles nor casks to put the wine in, nor any regular communication with other countries. Indeed, the making of these wines was crude in the extreme; they were fermented in cemented cisterns, and then either left there or drawn into sewed-up hides, or placed in stationary earthenware jars of great size. Here they remained, without further care or attention, until consumed, and they were not likely to attain any great age or good quality from such handling. Neither did any of the missions achieve any reputation for the excellence of their wines, though it is said that there was some preference given to the wine from the Sonoma Mission, which was probably owing more to the fine quality of the soil than to superior skill in handling. Owing, then, to a want of care, knowledge, and the necessary appliances, it is more than probable that these wines never attained any age, but must have been consumed during the twelve months following their manufacture. One strong reason for this belief is the fact that the old

Californians of those days had a great partiality for sweet wines, and used every known means to prolong the excessive sweetness of their new wines; and to attain this end, they boiled the juice, and even added brandy to it. As one of the products of these efforts, we have the Angelica wine, whose mode of manufacture may not have originated in California, but certainly was universally adopted by the Spanish-American inhabitants, who are, to this day, very fond of this grape *liqueur*, for a wine it certainly can not correctly be called. All wines gradually lose their natural sweetness as they attain age, and this rule holds good even with those that have been brandied; therefore, it is quite probable that all these wines were consumed and disposed of by the Fathers before the period came when their sweet taste was gone.

Raisins were also made at these missions for home use, the Fathers possessing both the patience and the knowledge required to make them; but owing to the grapes from which they were made, they could neither have been of a fair size nor of fine flavor, though quite good for cooking purposes, and even passable for the table, where no others were to be found.

A kind of brandy was also manufactured by the Fathers, which must have been as crude as their wine, and was mostly used to fortify it.

There seemed to be nothing that grew, or could be grown, that the civilizing enterprise of the Fathers did not attempt to produce. Gathering in the milder disposed Indians of the neighborhood, they taught them the tillage of the soil, and made artisans of them. Nature smiled upon their efforts—all that they planted grew, while for a time peace and prosperity surrounded them. Their humble churches gradually grew into splendor; high walls protected their orchards and vineyards from profane trespassers; their granaries were full, and their wine-

vaults overflowing. Nothing more was necessary to fill their cup of happiness, and it must have been a proud moment to them, indeed, as they sat quietly under the vine and fig-tree, and saw that all their years of toil had been crowned with success. And the sight of one of these missions, in the height of its prosperity—with its broad acres of grain, filled with busy toilers, its fine churches, the numerous towers and walls, the vineyards, the orange and olive-groves—must have been a pleasant one, indeed. But this vision of peace and plenty was not destined to last long. The outside world became suspicious and jealous of the influence and wealth of the Fathers, nor ceased their workings until they had despoiled the missions of their lands and the Fathers of the result of their labors. And when the Americans came into possession of the territory, they found most of the missions in ruins, their orchards and vineyards neglected, while the old Indian cultivators were scattered far and wide. Yet, to some far-seeing minds, the too evident past thrift, and even present vigor, of the neglected stumps, foreshadowed what might be done in the future, with proper care and training. Some few of these people, not diverted by the gold-fever, settled upon or near these missions, and redeemed, replanted, and extended the cultivation of the vine in a small way. Owing, however, to the lack of facilities in transportation, the vineyards remained very limited in extent, and their products were mostly used at table, or were worked up into a harsh brandy, poor in quality, which was generally disposed of to the Indians. Only enough wine was made to supply the local demand, and that was easily done, for it did not require a great quantity.

In the years 1852 and 1853, grapes were selling in and around Los Angeles, on the vines, from two to six cents per pound, and, though they brought in San

Francisco from fifty cents to one dollar per pound, there had been no one with sufficient time to supply the demand. The late Colonel Haraszthy was the first to turn his attention to this business on a large scale. He bought up whole crops of grapes from the different small vineyards during those two seasons, and forwarded them to San Francisco, realizing therefrom what was called a handsome profit, even in those flush times. The door once open, there was no longer any scarcity, and, every season following, the supply became more abundant.

In 1855, Charles Kohler and Mr. Frohling established a native-wine house in San Francisco, the former intending to dispose of the wines in the city, while his partner was to manufacture them in Los Angeles. Neither of these gentlemen was experienced in the undertaking, and the wines they offered for sale were not clear, but rough, new, and crude, and, notwithstanding their guaranteed purity, found very slow sale. But, despite all these drawbacks, the firm struggled on in the hazardous enterprise, and became finally successful in creating three or four opposition houses. It was at about this period that a few masterly spirits persisted in bringing before the public, by numerous newspaper items, the certainty of realizing large profits from the cultivation of the grape. We have before us one of these items, that appeared in the columns of our local press, and, to give the reader some idea how calculations were made in those early days, we present the following liberal, but literal, extracts :

*"Editors Alta:—*Your able article concerning the culture of grapes and the production of wine, seemed to me a kind of challenge for every citizen to contribute his mite: First, to promote every kind of industry beneficial to our Golden State; second, to substitute for unwholesome beverages, as brandy, whiskey, gin, etc., a natural, unadulterated drink; third, to retain as much as possible of California gold among ourselves, that goes now for said article to foreign countries; fourth, to thus bring land into cultivation that would yet for many a year remain unimproved;

fifth, to create a new branch of industry and home commerce, the most advantageous for the community at large; sixth, to give employment to men of different trades, as vine-dressers, coopers, wine-dealers, iron-mongers, timber-merchants, day-laborers, etc.; and, seventh, to give men of sound judgment—who can discriminate between real advantages and humbug—an opportunity to invest their money in the most profitable manner, and with perfect security, in an enterprise, that, while it will never fail, is preferable to any other depending mostly on *luck and circumstances.*"

Here followed a statement, quaint in itself, but of little interest to the reader, and an illustration of the writer's manner of planting the vines, which is on the plan of 19,900 to the quarter-section, with almond-trees from distance to distance. He then resumes :

"At the rate at which my vines have been thriving, 160 acres would yield :

	Wine, galls.	Brandy, galls.	Almonds, lbs.
Second year.....	1,000	50
Third year.....	6,000	300
Fourth year.....	40,000	2,000	10,000
Fifth year.....	70,000	3,500	25,000
Sixth year.....	100,000	5,000	60,000
Total.....	216,000	10,800	95,000

Taking the wine at only \$1 the gallon, brandy at \$2, almonds one shilling a pound, would make the aggregate returns.....\$249,475

The expenditure for preparing the land and planting, as by estimate

No. 1.....	\$7,600
The expenditure for cultivation, barrels, transportation, and exchange, estimate No. 2.....	71,300
	<u>78,900</u>

Would leave a clear gain of.....\$170,575

"And while \$15,000 would amply cover all, up to the time the first returns could be expected to defray expenses, this enterprise would pay, during the first six years, a complete percentage of \$1,193.16; or, per annum, \$198.86 for each \$100 invested—equal to \$16.57 per month. I challenge any business man in California to show, in any enterprise, such high figures, without possible failure for years. Add to this, that the production by this system will yearly increase considerably; . . . so, for instance, in the second term of six years, the total yield would be: wine, about 800,000 gallons; brandy, 40,000 gallons; almonds, 500,000 pounds."

This item was written with the best of faith, and, although it brought forth no direct takers in its proposed enterprise, it produced, in conjunction with preceding and subsequent articles upon the same topic, more general inquiry concerning this new pursuit. After mature

reflection, this was considered almost as good as stumbling over lumps of gold, and many people began to plant a few acres of vines—just a few acres, because, at such rates, a few acres would be enough. Many who planted certainly believed that all their grapes could be disposed of for table use; but, even should they be forced to make wine at \$2 per gallon, a thousand gallons per acre would realize for them the profitable sum of \$2,000 per acre—a very handsome income from so small an investment. There arose only one doubt in their minds—and that was, prices might fall in consequence of overproduction; but this was set at rest by the fact, that, even at one-half the above price, it would pay well, and many people took the risk.

The method followed, in the setting out of these new vineyards, was the same as that which the Fathers had adopted; the vines were the same species; the location and soil were always chosen as nearly the same as possible—locating the vines where they could be irrigated, and choosing a rich, heavy soil. Irrigation was considered indispensable, both for the growth of the vines and the production of fruit; and it was a long-believed maxim that nothing would grow in California without irrigation.

It was in the winter of the year 1858, that the first large vineyard was planted in a locality where irrigation could not possibly be undertaken. This vineyard consisted of 140 acres, or about eighty thousand vines, and was planted by Colonel Agoston Haraszthy. Many were the prophecies with reference to this plantation, which, in the mildest terms, was considered a rash and dangerous experiment. It was closely watched by all interested in the pursuit, and it can be safely said, that upon its success depended the future magnitude of the wine interest of the State; not as to what it is to-day, but as to what it will surely be fifty years hence.

Up to the year 1858, Los Angeles County possessed fully one-half of all the vines in the State, and, without a doubt, would have continued to hold that proportion, had those few acres of unirrigated vines failed. But they did not fail, contrary to all the prophecies of old and experienced residents. They outlived the dry season, and, in due time, bore a fine crop of grapes, whose wine was immediately pronounced as having a finer, freer taste, and richer flavor, than that made from irrigated vines. These results soon came to be known, and a new era began in the vine-culture of California. Hundreds of acres of hill-side lands were taken up and planted with vines, until there was hardly a county in the whole State that did not have its vineyard planted, where no water could reach it, but that falling from the clouds, or shed by the soft dew of the heavens.

It was also about this period that a more concentrated attention was drawn to the varieties of grape that should be planted in the future. Several years previous, a number of varieties had been secured and brought to the State, by a few enterprising persons; but their selections had been made, almost exclusively, for consumption as table-grapes. However, these private collections, which were brought from Europe, as well as from the Patent Office at Washington, had been planted long enough to demonstrate conclusively, that, in each particular case, they would thrive here, bear well, and produce a fruit in many respects superior, for table use, to the favorite blue Mission grape. From this, it was presumed that the same improvement would occur in the wines that were produced from choicer varieties of grapes. There were then but few people in California who had been engaged practically as wine-producers in Europe, and even these few had their attention turned to other pursuits; but enough were found

of partial European experience to testify that, in the Old World, more stress was laid upon the species of the grape, generally, than upon any other conditions.

Curiosity and enterprise becoming active, experiments were instituted on a more general plan throughout the State. Still, the extent to which these experiments were carried was much too limited, compared to the interest involved; but there was no immediate remedy, for there were but few attainable varieties, and even none of these were known as wine-grapes in Europe. Each vintage illustrated in a plainer manner the necessity of such, and even greater, experiments; for, although a good common wine had been produced by the Mission grape—a wine that pleased those who had not acquired a taste for European wines—still, it found little or no favor among connoisseurs and habitual wine-drinkers, for they pronounced our wines either fiery and earthy, or sweet and insipid. Nor was their judgment far from the truth, those wines produced by irrigated vines being generally both fiery and earthy, while those made from non-irrigated vines were apt to be of too much body, and too sweet in taste, when made from the blue Mission grape. It was true, that the sweetness of the latter wines would disappear by age; but, nevertheless, they did not acquire, even by long keeping, that inviting bouquet, so apparent in most of the good class of European wines, and so invariably sought after by all lovers of wine. This bouquet quality, then, it was supposed, and partly proved, would never be acquired, in sufficient quantity, by a wine made from the Mission grape, be it planted in any soil, or whatever locality. Time and experiments have since completely proved the correctness of this supposition; and nothing is more positive, than that *the species of the grape gives the quality to the wine, and the soil only modifies that quality.*

In 1861, the State Legislature, perceiving the importance of the vinicultural interest, appointed a "Commission upon the Ways and Means best adapted to promote the Improvement and Growth of the Grape-vine in California." This Commission consisted of Colonel Warner, Mr. Schell, and Colonel Haraszthy. Colonel Warner made a very able report upon the grape interest, as he then found it, with many valuable suggestions, while Mr. Schell visited, and made an interesting report upon the viniculture of, the South American States. Colonel Haraszthy, finding that the vines imported by various private persons, as well as himself, were too costly, inadequate, and often unreliable, determined to visit each of the different wine-producing countries of Europe, and make personal selections, in his official capacity, of all the different varieties of grape-vines that he could collect. The result of his labors was an ample report made to the Legislature, and the importation of nearly two hundred thousand rooted vines and cuttings, which embraced in the neighborhood of three hundred distinct varieties, though they came catalogued under four hundred and ninety-two different names.

These different varieties of grape-vines were dispersed throughout the State, and planted in many varied localities. From practical results, some have been found far superior to others; but not a single variety in this vast collection has not done well, and raised and matured its fruit to perfection. Upon the first arrival of these vines, but few vine-growers were willing to hazard the planting of any single variety in considerable quantity. They generally planted a few hundred vines, choosing a dozen or more of the different kinds. Sufficient quantities were, however, thus set out to give the most favorable and decided results upon this all-important question. And at present, there are very considerable quantities of wine made from such fine

varieties of the grape as the Riesling, White Frontignan, Pineau or Burgundy grape, Traminer, Black Malvoisia, Zinfandel, and many others. These varieties of grape-vines, in every case, have not only been found to produce a finer wine than the Mission grape, but, also, when properly trained and pruned, to yield a greater crop to the acre. They possess still another advantage—and that is, a much greater uniformity from year to year in their bearing qualities.

There are those who are ever prone to prophesy evil, and so it was with regard to these varieties of wine-grapes. It was said that they would die out, that after a few years they would change their qualities and degenerate, and that they would not reproduce a shadow of the qualities they gave in Europe. Time and facts have given these assertions the most emphatic denial; and it has been conclusively proved, that the character of the grape has not changed in fifteen years of cultivation in our State.

As has been already mentioned, the type of the grape governs the peculiar type of its product, the wine; therefore, though a wine made from the Riesling grape, grown in our State, may not resemble in every minute particular a wine made from the same variety grown in Germany, and be its exact counterpart, nevertheless the type of the two wines will be identical, and an experienced German wine-maker would most surely recognize our wine as one made from the Riesling grape, all other things being equal. This assertion has been tested and verified, in very many cases, with several of the finer imported varieties, and the result has invariably been the same in each separate case.

The climate and soil certainly have a marked influence upon the immediate quality of the grape, but not on its type, which it would take ages to change. Experience has shown us that the black Pineau, in our State, makes a sweeter,

heavier, and fuller-bodied wine than in the Côte d'Or; but no one conversant with these matters will pronounce our wine from that grape other than a full-fledged Burgundy wine: the bouquet is there, and the whole type is there.

The very fact that the wine manufactured from each variety of grape has invariably made a distinct quality of wine, preserving its own peculiar taste and character, has almost resulted in a disadvantage to the vintner, for he is now at a loss to know which grape he shall set out, and which reject, for they all grow and all seem to make good wines. Time and experience alone can settle this difficulty, though it might be sooner brought about by first deciding whether the land which is to be planted resembles in quality that of any certain spot in the Old World, and whether the mean temperatures throughout the year, in the two spots, are nearly alike; and, if so, plant with the identical species of vine that the European vineyard was planted with. Then, if the mode of manufacture be conducted in the same manner, a wine will be made resembling in type and all its general characteristics that produced in the European vineyard. This is the only rational mode of proceeding, and the surest road to a quick result. Thus, there can undoubtedly be produced wines resembling closely in type Sherry, Port, Madeira, Claret, Burgundy, and Hock. But, heretofore, owing partly to the want of different varieties of grapes, but mostly to ignorance, which, in its self-confidence, overstepped the line of possibility, and counted too much upon art, most of our wine-makers were led into the delusive idea that skill in the mode of manufacture gave the wine its peculiar type, and they, until within the past few years, continued to attempt to manufacture all the types known by simply changing the details of manufacture. They attempted to reproduce every distinctive quality of wine in the world

with the Mission grape. The next great and very serious error that the vintners fell into, was that all the qualities came from the soil alone, and the Mission grape was planted in an endless variety of soil. True, in some, with certain exposures, the wine was much better than in others; but still the bouquet was not there, nor did the wine resemble any of those finer and numerous varieties of favorite European wines. Too much importance had been given the soil, and none at all to the character of the grape, which alone creates the type of the wine. They were led into the erroneous belief that any grape, on a certain soil, would produce a superior wine, from remarking that different localities in the Old World, planted with the same variety of vine, even in the same climate—in fact, actually adjacent to each other—produced a quality which varied abruptly from indifferently good to the finest wine in the world. Unfortunately, they did not consider the result of planting an inferior species of grape in the soil that produced the fine wine: the result is known beyond peradventure. The product from such a grape, though it does acquire some degree of quality from the soil, never has been found equal to that produced from the superior variety on the same soil, nor even equal to those planted on a less favored soil with the superior grape. Happily for the future reputation of the California wines, the false conclusions above alluded to are fast losing ground, and the results of experiments actually taking place show more and more that there is an unfailling adaptability of certain varieties of vines to certain soils, and that when these two conditions are filled, the highest possible excellence is attained by that particular variety of grape.

The best result has followed the experiments, by individual producers, to make from a single vineyard, and one species of grape, all the known kinds of

wine. This benefit came in a negative manner, and demonstrated conclusively the non-adaptability of particular vineyards, and even whole districts, to produce certain classes of wines. Each district is gradually confining itself to its own proper character of wine, and a few years hence it will be known to a certainty which district is best adapted for producing a certain class of wine, and that class will be the only one produced there. Thus are our vintners, step by step, emerging from the chaos of inexperience, and acquiring additional knowledge. Nearly every forward step was met by almost insurmountable difficulties, and most of the early vintners, having commenced without adequate means, and counting too certainly upon unreasonable and quick profits, became almost hopelessly discouraged by the long time that elapsed before their vineyards bore, then by the seemingly low prices their grapes realized, and, last, but not least, by the great outlay attendant upon wine-making. Their troubles had only commenced when their vineyards began to give fruit. Those who had set out vineyards with the sole intention of selling their grapes for table use—and these were the majority—found the markets overcrowded, and the cost of transportation and commissions so high, that they were not left a fair profit for their industry, and were forced to make wine to save themselves. Cellars had to be dug, houses erected, presses built, and casks procured: every thing had to be created, and almost without material. Coopers could not be had for love or money, neither could oak staves. Every available cask, pipe, and barrel was made use of, and extravagant prices paid for them. There were not enough, even at twelve and fourteen cents per gallon for second-hand casks, and from eighteen to twenty cents for new. The vintners became alarmed, meetings were held, and resolutions of-

ferred with a view to induce the importation of coopers and material. The first shift was to make vats of large size from redwood staves, and it was a timely thought, which saved many gallons of wine to the vintner. Gradually, through the persistent efforts of these pioneer vintners, material became plenty, and good coopers numerous; new casks declined in price to eight and nine cents per gallon, became abundant, and, at these prices, within the reach of every one. The wine began slowly to find sale, though the quantity sold was in

small lots, and at very low prices; still there was consolation in the fact that *some* wine could be sold—a fact that, a short time previous, but few, in their despondent mood, were willing to believe. Soon, whole crops found sale at fixed rates, which left a very fair profit to the producer; nor has this change stopped here, for the increase in production has become so rapid, that it is at this moment almost impossible to find any quantity of one-year-old wine in the hands of the producers, unless they make a point of keeping it for aging.

BRIBERY IN ELECTIONS.

WHAT can be done to check the corrupt use of money in our elections? Year by year, bribery has been becoming more shameless and more extensive, and, at the last general election in this State, it reached a point which must sharply challenge the attention of every good citizen.

The question is a pressing one. We have been but too familiar with corruption in administration and in legislative bodies. Now the loathsome disease is attacking the very source of power. Under institutions such as ours, the moral tone of the rulers may be lower than that of the people, but it can certainly never be better. When it is merely a government that is corrupt, there is still hope in a change of officers, or a remodeling of system, or even, as a last resort, in an appeal to the right of revolution. But when the people themselves become corrupt, from what quarter can reform come? Fifteen years ago, to a most desperate case, the citizens of San Francisco applied a most hazardous remedy; and, rising, an organized mob, setting all the forms of law aside, they rid themselves of the scoundrels who had obtained con-

trol of the ballot-boxes. But this heroic remedy, even if it could be applied under conditions differing from those of San Francisco in 1856, would be powerless for good when the corruption is not of the guardians of the ballot-boxes, but of the voters themselves.

The corrupt use of money in our elections is the more to be dreaded, because of the disposition to extend the functions of government, and the tendency of the time toward the massing of wealth and the building up of immense corporations which have more or less interest in politics. When to the power of extensive patronage is added the power of directly purchasing a considerable proportion of votes, it will become almost impossible to oust any ring of thieves who gain possession of the machinery of government, be their crimes never so flagrant, and the influence of the great corporations, already so powerful, will become well-nigh irresistible.

At present, neither the giving nor receiving of a bribe for a vote is a statute offense in California, though undoubtedly punishable at common law. This omission shows that bribery at our elec-

tions has not long been an evil of sufficient magnitude to attract attention, but it can hardly be responsible for the prevalence of the crime. We are, unfortunately, too familiar with laws, just and right in themselves, and directed against crimes, which, at least in the abstract, every body condemns, that yet remain on our statute-books a dead letter. We have, for instance, stringent provisions against the bribery of legislators and of members of political conventions and caucuses—provisions which go so far as to make a penal offense of even the offer to bribe, or of an expression of willingness to be bribed; yet the buying of votes goes on uninterruptedly as often as the Legislature meets, while in political conventions bargain and sale are frequently as open and notorious as was bribery in the last election.

Nevertheless, there has been, since the last election, quite a general demand on the part of the press for a law of pains and penalties. The Commission for the Revision of the Laws have already met (or, rather, anticipated) this demand, and in the new penal code, which will be presented to the next Legislature, any attempt to bribe an elector is made a misdemeanor, and, as such, punishable by imprisonment in a county jail for not more than six months, or by a fine not exceeding \$500, or by both; and any promise on the part of a candidate to make or procure an appointment, with a view to obtain votes or assistance in his election, or any communication of such promise by a third party, is also made a misdemeanor.

It will be noticed that the Commissioners propose to punish only one of the parties to the crime—the giver of the bribe. This is in accord with the idea expressed by some of our journals, in their discussion of the matter, that it is necessary, in any effective law against bribery, to avoid the community of interest in secrecy, which is made by ren-

dering both parties amenable. Yet the Commissioners evidently regard this as an experiment, as they retain the provisions of the present statute, making both parties liable to punishment for convention or legislative bribery. It is worth noticing, too, that while election bribery is made only a misdemeanor, the purchase or sale of a vote in a political caucus or convention is punishable by imprisonment in the penitentiary for from one to fourteen years, and that in legislative bribery the discrimination is against the receiver rather than the giver, the maximum punishment for the one being fixed at fourteen years' imprisonment, while that fixed for the other is but ten.

The press generally seem to incline to the view of the Commissioners, that it is best to affix the penalty to the crime of the giving of an election bribe. The givers of bribes are usually better known and more easily identified than the receivers, and, as a class, may have more fear of putting themselves in the power of others, and of possible punishment; yet, on the other hand, public opinion certainly looks upon the taker of a bribe as worse than the giver, and, as a general rule, laws should follow public opinion.

But it can hardly be that the mere exemption of one party from punishment would do much to secure the enforcement of the law, though, upon trial, it might make it easier to procure testimony. Without some strong inducement, there would be little probability of the bribed ever informing against the briber; the sort of honor that exists among thieves, and the indisposition to destroy the market for votes, would prevent that, even among those so abandoned as to be willing to convict themselves of a crime which is condemned by public opinion, even if exempted from legal punishment. It has been proposed by some of our papers to supply this inducement by giving half of the pecuniary penalty to the informer, even if a party

to the crime. The Revision Commissioners have not adopted these suggestions, and probably for good reasons, as there are grave objections to offering rewards for such information. In some respects a political inducement—such as the exclusion from office of candidates who had been guilty of bribery, or the striking off from the returns of a certain number of votes for every one which could be shown to have been purchased by or for a candidate—would be preferable to the offering of a money consideration, and would certainly secure energetic efforts to ferret out bribery; but this, too, might prove a dangerous provision.

The idea of the Commissioners, in making the offense of election bribery merely a misdemeanor, is doubtless that it is easier to procure convictions when the penalty attached is light than when it is very severe, and that certainty rather than severity of punishment does most to deter from crime; yet, whatever the penalty, disfranchisement ought to be part of it, and it should be visited upon the bribed as well as upon the briber, unless in those cases where the criminal has turned State's evidence. The official declaration that the man who would sell his vote, or induce another to sell his vote, is not worthy of the privileges of American citizenship, is at least worth making. By the law of Pennsylvania, the voter who receives a bribe is disfranchised for that election. But the disfranchisement ought to be perpetual, for, except in rare cases, where the hard pressure of want drives a voter, against his conscience, into such a bargain, the man who would once sell his vote would sell it again.

Yet, after all, the most we can hope from the best penal statutes is that bribery shall be made less open and unblushing. Given, a man who wants to sell his vote and another who wants to buy a vote, and no law can prevent their mak-

ing a bargain with impunity. Our experience in similar matters shows this. And the English—who have the reputation of enforcing their laws more rigidly than we do ours—have made the most stringent statutes against election bribery, and have enforced them in many cases, by unseating members of Parliament who had used corrupt means, without being able to break up the practice. They succeeded in doing away with the open payment of money for votes, but bribery still went on. The voter would be told, by a person he did not know, to take a package out of the hand or pocket of one looking another way; the voter's wife would find sovereigns in the bottom of her tea-cup, or the voter himself would discover them in the dregs of his mug of beer; a cabbage would be purchased for £15, or a canary for £50; or a few bricks would be taken out of a wall, and a hand from one side would pass Bank of England notes into a hand on the other. Nothing like so much ingenuity would have to be exercised here, to successfully defy any law which can be enacted.

But though we can not hope to prevent bribery by prohibitory laws, there is another and a simpler remedy for the evil: making the ballot what it was intended to be—a secret vote. As a general thing, where votes are purchased, the buyer or his agent puts a ballot into the purchased voter's hand, walks up to the box with him, and sees that it goes in, before he pays him. Or, sometimes a mark is put on the ticket, and payment is made when the marked ticket is found in the count. Now, if we prohibit the counting of any but folded tickets, printed in uniform style, upon paper of the same kind, without mark or device, and so arrange the polling-places that no one can approach with the voter, or, at least, so that in passing to the box he will be for a moment secure from observation, we shall compel the purchaser of votes to rely entirely upon the good faith of

the purchased, the very last thing he would care to invest money upon. The buying of votes would cease, because it would no longer pay, and with it would cease, also, another form of election corruption, which is even worse and more demoralizing than bribery—the coercion of voters by their employers.

Still better than merely prescribing the color, size, etc., of the ballots, would be the adoption of the Australian plan of voting-papers. Let the authorities print the tickets—the names of all the candidates upon the same piece of paper. Let one of these tickets be handed to the voter by an election-officer as he approaches the box, and a desk or desks be provided, so constructed that, in striking off the names of the candidates he does not want to vote for, the elector would be entirely secure from observation, and then let him be required to hand the folded ticket, thus prepared, directly to the receiving officer, without showing it to any one. This would necessitate a little different and somewhat more expensive arrangement of polling-places, and more of them. But it is true economy to go to any expense which would tend to purify our elections. Besides securing absolute secrecy, as near as may be, this plan offers an important incidental advantage, in compelling a choice between candidates on the part of each voter, which would probably make the voting of a "straight ticket" the exception rather than the rule. And when the man of known integrity and ability and the ignoramus or rascal ceased to poll about the same vote, because nominated by the same party, not only would the direct tendency be to an improvement in the character of the officers elected, but nominating conventions would be compelled to act more circumspectly as to the character of the men they put forward, and the temptation to pack and corrupt these bodies would be greatly lessened.

It may be objected to this plan that some voters can not read, and, therefore, could not intelligently mark off their tickets. But the man who, in this country, can not read, ought not to vote, and if he does vote, it is probable that he will vote nearly as well at random as in any other way. Another objection may be, that many of the voters, not remembering all the names, would be at a loss who to scratch off; but this could be remedied by having the politics of each candidate indicated on the ticket, or the voter could take a list with him to the polls, and mark from that. But a still better way would be to strike off some of our officers from the elective list, commencing with Judges and Assessors, and continuing the operation until only the Executives of our State and local governments, and legislative officers, remain to be voted for.

In this plan of secret voting will, I think, be found the simplest and most effective way of preventing the corrupt use of money in elections; yet there are other things which suggest themselves in this connection. It is impossible to examine the subject without having the great problem of municipal government present itself. Here, in San Francisco, the practices of buying votes, of colonizing and repeating, have first shown themselves in the contests for municipal offices, and to the same source may be traced the worst manifestations of the convention system. Some reform we must make in our municipal system, or we shall soon find ourselves in the condition from which the people of New York are now making such strenuous efforts to extricate themselves—a condition toward which all our American cities have been for some time steadily drifting. It may be that some changes in the structure of our municipal government would be sufficient to cure the grossest of these evils, or it may be that the problem can be ultimately solved

only by such radical changes as few politicians would care to advocate at a time when the unmistakable tendency is to endow with an equal voice in public affairs every thing that will come under Plato's definition of a man.

There is, too, a section in the proposed penal code which seems to promise more toward diminishing election corruption than the clauses aimed directly at the crime of bribery. Section fifty-four of the code makes guilty of a misdemeanor any person who, with intent to promote either his own election or that of another, furnishes, pays for, or engages to pay for, the entertainment of electors, or pays, or engages to pay, for procuring the attendance of voters at the polls, except such as are sick and infirm, or who "furnishes, or engages to pay, or deliver, any money or property for any purpose intended to promote the election of any candidate, except for the expenses of holding and conducting public meetings for the discussion of public questions, and of printing and circulating ballots, handbills, and other papers previous to such election."

This section is credited to the penal code of New York; but, from its phraseology, was doubtless taken originally from the statutes of Great Britain, where the giving of dinners and the freedom of public-houses were a marked feature in electioneering, and immense sums—in some cases amounting to half a million of dollars for a single candidate in a single election—were often spent in paying the conveyance bills of voters. The paragraph in quotation marks is the important one; but if it be deemed desirable to retain the others, the language might, with advantage, be changed, so as to definitely prohibit the more American modes of spending money on elections. That the effect of this, or a similar enactment, would be to reduce the corruption fund available in elections, there can be no doubt. Of course, it is

impossible by any such law, or by any law at all, to prevent a man spending what he pleases; but the fact is, that a very large portion of the money now used in elections comes from unwilling givers, who, if they had the excuse of its being prohibited by law, would refuse to give. It is probable that such a provision as this would entirely break up the practice of assessing candidates for large amounts by political committees, as there would always be some of the candidates who would not desire to pay more than was absolutely necessary for the purposes declared legitimate, if they could decently refuse, and the refusal of some would make others unwilling to pay. It would certainly curtail the sums collected from outside parties, and make it more difficult to raise assessments on the salaries of those in office, while it would give to the candidates beset by strikers a sufficient reason for resisting the demands of that very large class, who shame the money out of their victim by prefacing their demands with a statement of the work they have done, or are about doing, for his benefit. Any thing which will reduce the amount of money used in elections is a real gain. In cutting off the supplies, we are cutting off that without which corruption can not exist.

But after all discussion as to the best remedy for political corruption, we come back to the fact, that in public opinion must be found the motor. When the people really and strongly desire reform, they will get it, but not till then; nor until public opinion is ripe for their enforcement, would the best of laws be of much avail. The first effort toward a thorough reform must be directed to the awakening of a proper public opinion. The lack of this is shown not merely by the belief on the part of a large number of voters that the sale of their suffrages is a perfectly legitimate transaction, but by the existence of a corresponding belief

among a more intelligent class. At least one of our journals asserts that there is no moral wrong in buying votes, in bribing legislators, or in paying corruption money to Judges, but that the crime is all on the side of those who ask the bribes. The opinion thus boldly avowed is, unfortunately, too prevalent. The poor and ignorant laborer, who sells his vote, is esteemed a miserable wretch, but the men who furnish the money go unwhipped of public opinion. The excuse that "it is necessary to fight the devil with fire," justifies all. When the best lawyers wish to elect a good Judge, they make up a purse, and send the money to the polls; when the insurance companies wish to keep out a bad Fire Commissioner, they send a check into a convention; when even a semi-benevolent society finds that the measure it asks, as a matter of pure public policy, will not pass without the purchase of votes, it is ready to close the bargain. And at the last general election, numbers of good, well-intentioned, patriotic men, who desired the success of their party as a matter of principle, stood at the polls purchasing votes, or furnished the money with which votes were bought. This is all wrong. It may be that if there were no sellers, there would be no buyers; but, certainly, if there were no buyers, there could be no sellers. If I tempt a man to commit a theft, or accept his offer that he will commit a theft for me, am I less criminal than he? And if I tempt a man to sell his vote, or accept his offer to sell his vote for a price, do I not commit as great a wrong as he? And, in fact, effect considered, am I not guilty of the greater crime? He but sells his vote, and the evil stops there. But I, in buying it, am also tempting other men to buy, and the money I give is a premium to induce other men to offer to sell. Morality of this kind—which too generally guides the actions in politics of even good men—is not that

which will give us reform, but is a morality which will rapidly give way to lower sentiments. A respected citizen raises in New York \$100,000 with which to corrupt the voters of Pennsylvania in a local election, and is rewarded by the approbation of his friends and a lucrative office. It is only in the natural order of things that his successor should be a swindling shoddy contractor, who has raised a purse with which to buy the President a pleasure-house.

The great trouble in our politics is, that, for the success of our parties (and which, to many of us, represent nothing higher than our prejudices), we are willing to condone crime and wink at corruption; to sacrifice, for a temporary success, that which is greater than parties, and more important than any principle they may hold. There is need of a higher sentiment. Without it, there is no hope of reform; but we must flounder along, from bad to worse, every step taking us deeper into the slough of corruption and making extrication more difficult.

Yet, this winking at corruption is poor policy, even when gauged by the lowest measures. The most valuable party journal is that which can denounce corruption among its political friends, as readily as among its political enemies. The party, if one could be, which should absolutely refuse to take part in, or countenance, corruption of any kind, let the present result be what it might; which should refuse to tolerate the traders in votes, no matter how strong they were, or how necessary they might seem to its success; which should refuse to vote the straight ticket, when places on it had been notoriously purchased; which should refuse to buy votes, even to avoid defeat—though it might be, at first, unsuccessful, would, at length, surely win, and for a long time retain, power. An individual may sometimes profit by setting at defiance God's great laws of right

and wrong; but a party, seldom, and a community, never.

Is it not time that a higher sentiment were cultivated, and a determined effort to check corruption made? Already, the purchasable voters of San Francisco hold the balance of power; and already, in the State at large, the "coin vote" is sufficient to decide, either way, a contest in which parties are nearly evenly balanced. Unless energetically checked, the disease is certain to rapidly spread, for corruption runs through a body politic like poison through the blood. The remarkable increase in the salable vote, shown at the last election, is a matter of comment, even to those who have sounded the lower depths of politics; and, unless efficient remedies can be found and applied, the increase at the next election is certain to be still more marked. Every dollar paid out this year to "strikers," or directly for votes, will cause a demand for additional dollars next year. Every man who sold his vote this time will, if alive and on the poll-list, be looking for a purchaser next time; and with him are pretty sure to be others, who have seen, by his example, how easy it is to make a few dollars, without work, or the sacrifice of any thing tangible; while politicians will have greater reason to believe that the success of their party depends principally upon the amount of money which can be raised and spent—an opinion that already prevails far too generally to be wholesome.

We are, in fact, rapidly nearing a point at which we might almost think soberly of the propriety of putting up our offices at auction, and turning the money they would bring into the public treasury. Already, many official positions are virtually bought; in very many cases, far more money is spent to obtain elective offices than the salaries amount to, and we are not without instances in which individuals go into politics as they would go into any other business, after a shrewd

calculation as to what their capital will yield, if invested in primaries, nominating conventions, and votes. Of course, the money spent is paid, ultimately, by the people, and with high interest. With the exception of offices considered as of honor—such as the Governorship of the State, and the Mayoralty of San Francisco—men do not spend, either for themselves or their friends, money which they do not expect, in some way or other, to get back. It is already becoming very difficult for a poor man, and very unprofitable for an honest man, to run for office, while the passage to office through such corruption must tend to blunt the moral sense, and breed a contempt for the popular will and the popular conscience, in the minds of the best of men. The knowledge that it is not the display of ability and of a regard for the public interest, so much as a well-filled purse, or the backing of those who can afford to spend money, that secures recognition from the people, destroys the most powerful incentive to a strictly upright course on the part of our public servants.

It is true; that political corruption, of all kinds, has gone on since George of Cappadocia laid the foundation of his fortune and his canonization by supplying the army of Constantine with poor bacon at high prices, and for long ages before; and it is true, that in the country which, in all things, is nearest to us, election bribery has assumed dimensions which it can probably never reach here. In England, £50 has been frequently paid for a single vote, in a parliamentary election; and the expenses of candidates have sometimes reached £100,000. The greatest and best of England's statesmen have thought it no sin to purchase votes in a contested election. When the good Wilberforce, the anti-slavery apostle and the suppressor of the hideous traffic in human flesh and blood, first went to Parliament from Hull, his

election cost him nearly £9,000, he having purchased votes at the rate of from £2 to £5 apiece, evading the law by deferring payment until after the election. When, in 1807, the West India nabobs made a fight against him in Yorkshire, the expenses of the three candidates were estimated at £500,000—a sum which, measured by our standards, is probably equal to \$2,500,000. But we should aim, not to do no worse than other peoples have done, but to do a great deal better. And though, with all its election corruption, the Government of England has been passably good, and at least equal in purity and statesmanship to our own, it does not follow that the evil will work no greater harm here. For it must be remembered that the Government of England is—and has been, to even greater extent—the government of a class, not of the people, and that the distinctions of hereditary rank and caste which prevail there exercise a strong conservative influence against, at least, the more vulgar forms of legislative and administrative corruption; for aristocracy, like slavery, breeds in the superior ranks its virtues, as well as its vices.

The Upper House of the British Legislature has always been filled by right of birth, or by favor of the Crown; and, in the Lower House, for seats in which such enormous sums have been paid, the majority of members have always had their places by elections which cost no money, and were, in fact, only matters of form, while those who bought seats were men of fortune, who sought Parliament merely as a matter of pride or distinction, and if not themselves of the ruling classes, were desirous of conforming to the standards instituted by the habits of thought of the majority. Our form of Government, on the contrary, derives none of

its support from the traditions of an aristocracy or hierarchy, but rests on the broad base of the people. It is vastly better, on this account, if there be popular intelligence and popular virtue; but corruption is to it more dangerous. The men who would here pay half a million for a seat in Congress, or in a State Legislature, would do it not for the sake of being styled "Honorable," but for the sake of making millions from the office. When the House of Lords shall become an elective body, as is now manifest destiny, and a thorough Reform Act shall abolish every thing like a pocket-borough, if the same corruption, and the same low estimate of the franchise which has been shown in Parliamentary contests, shall continue, the Government of England will certainly become more corrupt and more inefficient than ever before, and even more completely under the control of the money power. And it may be remarked, in this connection, that, while England has sought to purify elections by the extension of the suffrage, the class brought in, from time to time, being, as a general thing, quite the equals in intelligence and of probably more earnest political convictions than those previously monopolizing it, we have pretty nearly reached the lowest level. All we can do now, in the way of suffrage extension, is to abolish the term required for naturalization, and give votes to the Chinenamen and—pardon the connection—women. As for the former, all we can expect is that they will reduce the price of votes as they are reducing the price of labor. As for the latter, though unquestionably the better half of the race, it is hardly to be expected that they will have more political discrimination or political virtue than their husbands or brothers.

KIRWIN.

AFTER a four years' continuous residence in a thriving city of the Far West, business called me East; at least I chose so to represent it, while the facts were, that I had just sufficient business to furnish an excuse, and the visit was really impelled by a desire to again see the home of my childhood, to meet once more my few surviving relatives, and by a vague sort of hope of finding a wife. This last motive, or impelling principle, I tried to conceal, even from myself; but the secret was not so well kept but that it was divined by my numerous friends, each one of whom was more than willing to aid me in the search, and urged upon me letters of introduction to parties resident in their native towns. Most of them I declined, on the score of want of time to deliver them.* Some of the writers, however, were very pertinacious—one lady, in particular, who represented, that, as her relatives lived at E——, New Jersey, a little town distant but twenty miles from New York City, I could deliver her letters with so little loss of time. It being impossible to gainsay her argument, I took her letters, promising to present them in person, but mentally reserving the right to consult my own convenience in the matter. The letters were accompanied by a vast amount of information.

"They are addressed," said the fair writer, "to my uncle—an old gentleman of the name of Gilbert—and his only remaining unmarried daughter. The father is wealthy, prejudiced, gouty, and irritable; but generous withal, and kindly disposed to his children and all young people. His many daughters, to whom he has been mother as well as father (his wife having died many years since),

all love him dearly. Those who are married, chose their husbands in accordance with his advice, and their happy homes bear testimony to his insight into human character. The unmarried daughter is beautiful, and, to the gift of a marked mentality, is added the grace of an entire naturalness." In addition to this information, she said, "Win the daughter by frankness and directness; appear what you are, lest her keen glance penetrate the disguise you assume; win the old gentleman by praising his horses, and by your admiration for Kirwin."

This last item was given at the moment of parting, and attracted but little attention at the time; but on the way to New York, it came up again in my mind.

"Praising his horses," was easy of comprehension; but who is, or was, Kirwin? He was unknown in my world of heroes, and I forgot all about him.

In due time, my business was transacted—the old town revisited—but no progress had been made in the search for a wife. I had, indeed, searched, but there had been nothing found—perhaps because I was too particular. In early manhood, men find no difficulty in selecting wives. They then possess a power of investing an object with charms that have no existence, save in their imaginations. In later years, they are again enabled to make up their minds. Their long experience with humanity, in all its phases, has taught them not to expect too much. But in the intermediate time—the transition period—they are hard to please: fancy demands perfection; reason sees it not; so the man delays, letting

"I dare not' wait upon 'I would.'"

Very quiet are the streets of E—, in the long days of midsummer, and fearfully trying to impatient minds the loneliness that broods over the dwellings. At night, and in the morning, there are stir and bustle, for then come and go the fathers, brothers, and sons, whose duties or employments are in the giant neighboring city; but the days are long and listless, and any thing that relieves the housekeepers from their monotony is hailed with joy. Hence, I had scarce sent my letters from the hotel to his dwelling, before Mr. Gilbert, with limping step, and thumping cane, and with an impetuosity which there was no resisting, took me captive to his house for an afternoon chat, and for dinner.

An ancient family were the Gilberts, and the mansion and grounds were in keeping. Grand old trees shaded a dwelling of many gables, whose architecture spoke of by-gone generations. A wealth of shrubbery made leafy labyrinths, in whose mazes it was easy to lose one's self. Every thing pleased me here. The old house had in it the breath of a three-generation atmosphere. Artist souls, long gone, had each added pictures in appropriate places, and the graces of their minds lived still in the harmonious blending of all the happy effects which go to make a house into a home; and, to complete it, now entered the genius of the place, sweet in the sparkle and vivacity of youth. "My daughter, Lucy," said Mr. Gilbert.

The instinct of man, since the world began, has been to lay the choicest treasures of his life and love at the shrine of womanly beauty. The eye inexorably demands; and, while it wantons in the delight of form and color, too often the higher nature broods, unresponded to, in the solitary chambers of the soul. Perchance, a fortunate pilgrim on his way to the phantom Mecca of life's attainment—marriage—happily and safely

passes through a desert of soulless beauty, to at last realize, to their highest fulfillment, the demands of both soul and sense. Here, I thought, as I looked upon Miss Gilbert, is a rare combination of mind and body, and rich will be he who can reach this crowning glory of the mortal and immortal, and I will not be laggard in my efforts to possess it. The charm of her personal beauty stole over my senses like the breath of spring; while the essence of her spirit penetrated, with flame-like subtilty, to the grosser plane of mine, which, in my vanity, I already pronounced as kindred to hers. The graces of youth were all her own; the rounded form, the untutored blood, coming and going in quick dispute, the fathomless eye, and the unwritten face, bespoke a happy girlhood.

Many were the questions asked of those far-away relatives, from whom I had come, and many the cheery words given me to carry back.

Dinner was announced. Here was another toil to entangle in its meshes my fluttering heart. No heavy dishes of hearty food, but daintiness and an exquisite flavor pervaded each one. The old gentleman engrossed the conversation, to the daughter's exclusion, much to my chagrin; though, remembering instructions, I put myself *en rapport* with his whims. In the simplicity of his friendliness, he told me much of his life, of how well its last years had rounded out in peacefulness and rest; only one thing more troubled him—the settlement of his daughter. Kirwin had told him that when the well-used energies of man fail in death, God always provides a happy fulfillment to any unfinished work. Until this moment, Kirwin had not been mentioned. The advice of my western friend came to my mind.

The fluttering of white hands over strawberries, inlaid in green leaves and snowy sweets, indicated that soon this repast would be ended. An hour's stroll

in the garden with the old gentleman, keeping each other company in the enjoyment of fragrant Havanas, closed a day of pure and calm delight. No sooner were the lamps lighted, and the papers brought in, than Kirwin, an invisible enemy, arose for me to combat.

"Have you seen Kirwin?" asked my host.

"No; but I have heard much of him."

"Ah!" said he, "you western people are denied many of the luxuries of civilization."

This remark did not enlighten, but puzzled me. I did not dare to ask questions; I did not dare to expose my ignorance as to who or what Kirwin was. I turned to Lucy.

"Father, in early manhood, while traveling in the Indies, was attacked by fever," said she, "and owes his life to the unremitting care of Kirwin. Thus, his enthusiasm has a deeper cause than mere admiration."

"Yes," said he; "but gratitude, I hope, does not warp my judgment. Kirwin's abilities, in his particular line, are acknowledged by the whole world. He has built up many a person about to succumb. Even if you have not seen him, you are undoubtedly familiar with what he has been doing in the past year."

Judging by what the daughter had said of the cure in India, and by the remark the father had just made, I concluded he must be a famous doctor, and hazarded a reply in the affirmative, adding, that *materia medica* was much better understood than formerly; that all science was attaining a perfection truly astonishing. Mr. Gilbert gazed upon me long and scrutinizingly, and, at last, said:

"Ah, yes! You speak figuratively. Christ was, indeed, called the great Physician, and immorality may well be called disease."

Great heavens! what was the man talking about? I evidently had not hit

it. I turned the conversation to another channel, hoping to gain time and the help of some outsider to solve the mystery. No; the ghost would not down. The simplest household objects were invested with a glory, merely by his criticisms. Kirwin had said that the library was a choice one; that a picture-book of the Holy Land was true to nature. Kirwin had said that cotton cloth was better for the wear of consumptives than flannel, and that, for hounds and horses, 'E— beat any town of its size in America. At the close of the evening, I was more in doubt than ever. My lack of knowledge upon this important and ever-recurring topic led to a lukewarmness and vagueness of expression on my part, not at all calculated to advance my suit, the success of which seemed more and more desirable, as this young woman revealed the rare graces of her mind, with the still nobler qualities of a devoted daughter. I bade them good-night, uncertain whether to go out and hunt up this strange Kirwin, or leave town on the next train.

As I sauntered down the garden-walk, the peaceful beauty of the night rested upon me like a benediction. I bowed my head to the heavenliness of the scene, and forgot the fretful disturbance of my mind, caused by Kirwin.

The following day was spent in driving, not only that I might gain a just idea of the surroundings of this delightful old place, but to give me the distinguished honor of conveyance by first-class bone and muscle. Horses, I now remembered, as the first-mentioned of the old gentleman's two weaknesses. Upon this point, I felt myself equal to the occasion. No damning, by faint praise, but whole-hearted, enthusiastic eulogy burst from my lips—a little overdrawn, perhaps, but what young man, with hopes at stake, would not have done likewise. The old gentleman, with reins in hand, was a sturdy and stately figure. A transfor-

mation seemed to have taken place since the last night.

"Ah!" said he, "the fires of youth, smoldering beneath the ashes of advancing years, flame anew, as I steady my hand to the control of my horses. The spark struck from the iron of my horse's hoof is more inspiriting than could be the flash from a Promethean source, and a stretch over the earth on his back is to me most exhilarating."

"Kirwin says, that, for fleetness, none can compare with the Messenger stock," said Lucy.

"And he is quite right," returned Mr. Gilbert. "He is as familiar with the characteristics of the Morgans, the Blackhaws, and the Printers, as any man of our time, and his opinions ought to be worth something; for, in earlier times, in striving to fill appointments at places distant from his home, he has tested the strength, endurance, and speed of many a horse. Of all qualities, perfection of speed is most admired by, and useful to, Kirwin. Ah, I love my horses! Talk not to me of a grim religion, which banishes to dust their souls and bodies, while my better part is sent to inhabit an exclusive heaven. I tell you my horses shall bear me company, though Kirwin does not quite agree with me in my peculiar views. His life-long regard for the horse, amounting almost to friendship, makes me wonder sometimes at the ignoble end to which he consigns it. What says my daughter to Kirwin's belief?"

"I think he often takes your judgment captive. You so thoroughly trust him, that his sophistries pass muster before you as glints from cold reason, while really many of them spring from the pride of human imperialism. He believes the horse was created for man—for his use—that, *per se*, he is naught; while you, good father, can not give to annihilation that which has added to your pleasures here. Believe me, you

are both wrong. There is a diviner beginning, and a more triumphant ending, to all life, than even Kirwin dreams of. Forgive me for differing from one, who, to you, interprets all things right."

I could take no part in this conversation, and regretted my negligence in not inquiring of my landlord about the wonderful person who was umpire in this family, from the soul of a horse to the heel of a stocking, and positively resolved to make it my first duty to inform myself. Kirwin might express an opinion in regard to myself. I felt a deep anxiety upon that score.

I lunched at my hotel. After having chatted with the landlord, I asked him, quite carelessly, if he ever saw Kirwin nowadays.

"Lord bless you, yes! He was here last week for old Glyson's horse. He is going to run him to-day; and a first-rate fellow he is. He has his ups and downs, as all jockeys do; but for all, he's not so bad."

Here, then, was the whole matter in a nut-shell. Mr. Gilbert loved horses; Kirwin dealt in them. A friendship had sprung up between them, having for its base the strongest inclination of each heart. A friendship thus formed, rugged and solid of nature, will outlast all frail fabrics of sentimental theorists. A man who knows a horse, and can subdue him, is greater than he, who, unobservant of the bridled hero at his door, can travel down Time's record with the horses of history at his command. Dimly I remembered earlier notions of horsemen. Their customary language had not always accorded with my innate sense of propriety; the smell of stables had not always been as the gardens of Gul to my olfactories. Since then, I had met with a change. Is there not something, thought I, to challenge admiration in a person with such an individuality, that he scorns even a language made by other people, and who, having

emotions different from any other, dares invent suitable expressions for those emotions, not only in gesture, but also in force of utterance? Yes; and he who fills himself with the husks of other men's thoughts, and follows in the time-honored wake of leaders, will stand hungry and shipwrecked before him who strikes out a new course with the God-given endowment of native inclination.

I had not always reasoned thus, but a load had been lifted from me. I felt grateful to Kirwin, and a kindness to the whole fraternity of jockeys. He was not, then, a traveled man of elegant leisure, with the world's gleanings at his tongue's-end—not a contrivance of Nature to catch a young girl's fancy; no, thank the Lord! merely a horse-jockey.

I bounded over to the house of Mr. Gilbert, with an elasticity of spirit unusual even with me. I longed to have Kirwin brought up, but was too politic to mention him immediately, lest my freshly got knowledge should betray itself. I lead the conversation from one thing and another to horses, to races, to betting. I expatiated upon the great benefit racing had been to mankind, in stimulating the ennobling pursuit of horse-culture, and that he who could improve the breed was greater than the builder of an asylum, and that he who could ride a horse had reached the *ultima thule* of mortal attainment. "Have you heard from Kirwin during the last week?"

I must say my remarks did not meet with the cordial reception I had hoped. In fact, my new friends looked at me in a way to cool my ardor; but at the question in regard to Kirwin, both brightened, and Mr. Gilbert said:

"The regular paper comes out on Thursday. This is only Wednesday; so to-morrow we will hear what speed he made in that last undertaking. He's getting old; heaven grant that the good man may finish his race in safety, reach

the goal, and receive his reward from the Great Judge."

"Indeed, father," returned Lucy, "he hasn't broken in ten years, and is good for twenty to come."

"And, bless you," said I, "an old hand like that is not likely to fail this time, though they say never so many entered the field before."

"But," said Mr. Gilbert, "he stands alone—unapproachable. For swiftness, he's like an eagle; he scours the face of the country on week-days, and comes promptly to time every Sunday."

"You don't say he races on Sunday?"

"Young man," said he, as he bent upon me the displeasure of his eyes, "the free-and-easy way you have of speaking is not much to my taste. Abridged privileges will excuse many idiosyncrasies of your speech. I could hope for an improvement."

This was said to my utter astonishment. The old gentleman—so good, so true—could not bare the glare of daylight upon his unholy love. His daughter, in tenderness, had smoothed the rough edges of its unloveliness, till the fact was disguised, and plain language, such as mine, unpalatable. So thought I, resolving to tread lightly, in future, upon such dangerous ground. And so much did I gain by my prudence, that Mr. Gilbert, with good nature restored, pleaded fatigue, and withdrew at nine o'clock, giving me the first opportunity to indulge in those dear and trifling nothings, execrable to the uninterested, but rich and ripe in meaning to enamored parties.

"Miss Lucy, has New York society any charm for you?"

"Very little," she replied. "My naturalness, which has been praised by neighboring swains, seems terribly like awkwardness in New York society. Nature is either ugly, or she has been slandered, for the whole world has agreed in calling every thing *gauche*, and badly

trained, unnatural. I contend that the country girl is no more a child of Nature than is the city girl. How is it possible for any one to be really natural?"

"Perhaps it can not strictly be said of any one; but a fresh young girl is so like a wild flower—dewy in the morning of life, the sun and air giving color and health—Nature seems truly artistic in such happy blending, and the work looks all her own."

"Yes," said she. "Your comparison is pretty—is old, yet ever new. A dainty flower, springing up on the heath or in the woods, flinging its sweets alike to the wind or favored passer-by, gathering up its forces for one brief season of blossom, dying in the chill of autumn, is, alas! symbolic of many of my sex. Tender and easily crushed, is man's time-worn ideal of woman. I would be like a stately pine, growing far up on the mountain side, taking root amid the rocks, never using my force for production of blossoms, ephemeral, and gone with the season; but in the river of my heart should be life for coming ages. Erect in the shadow of the mountain, disdainful of the shocks of time, I would mate only with him, who, born with the centuries, lived enthroned on the heights above me."

Here was a pretty go! A young girl, living in a country town, appearing very accessible, full of all the little carefulnesses of housekeeping, keenly alive to every-day matters, and when (as I thought) a desirable bachelor approaches her, seats herself upon Olympus, and refuses to budge, unless Jove himself passes her a hand. She never looked so enchanting, however, as when I fancied her seated in the clouds; and, true to man-nature, I, in imagination, welcomed the rocky steeps, which, once passed, should make sweeter my attainment. It occurred to me, that young men in general sing songs of wild flowers, then pluck exotics, or climb to Al-

pine heights for an evergreen. Meantime, this lovely girl sat smiling, opposite me, as unlike the frosty picture she had drawn as possible.

"No doubt the smiling valley below would fill you with envious longings for a tithe of its warmth and cheer."

"No," she replied. "I have thought much upon the nature of heat. The intellect of man is cold, and imperishable; his blood, the betrayer, is warm, and fares with the beasts of the field. A wayfarer is healed in the shadow of a rock, while a giant faints under a desert sun."

"I quite agree with you. Cold is repose; heat is action, and simply a means of development. Ay; the unfolding of our lives under the fiery sun of God's circumstances is His device, to place us on a height where lies repose. But I love warmth, the home with its fireside: is it not a glowing picture?"

"Ah, yes!" said she; "and I love it too. The realization of my cold ideal could never make happy a being born and nurtured in human love as I have been."

"Now you charm me. Let us come back to the good old world! What think you of a home in the West?"

"Were father not so aged and so attached to this place, I would be tempted to join my relatives and make a home there. The vast extent of my country fills me with pride and exultation. I long to embrace, in my seeing, its whole extent, from Atlantic to Pacific."

"Indeed, Miss Lucy, a home there might be made happy and luxurious. The West is rich in every thing that makes a country great; her noble rivers and boundless prairies make her also beautiful."

"Beauty and use," said she, "is our highest ideal of God's intention."

I was getting on bravely. Alas! she finished her remark by saying, that Kirwin thought the ugliest thing had use,

and, in its use, was an intrinsic beauty, invisible, but sublime. She was fast getting away from me again. The intrusion of Kirwin's top-lofty flights had, in a measure, become monotonous. A horse-jockey might have opinions outside of his profession. I had; but there are some things incompatible with others.

"By the way," said Lucy, "look at my birth-day present; a delightful book—'Races of Man'—so beautifully bound! Kirwin thinks nothing could be more appropriate. It will, he says, inform me on a subject little understood by my sex."

"My dear Miss Lucy, your friend, doubtless, misunderstands the nature of the book. It has no reference whatever to his calling, which I should be very sorry for any lady friend of mine to meddle with at all. Chances may be taken by men; speed, wind, and bottom talked of by them; but woman's lips have a diviner mission than horse-talk."

"But," she replied, "it has great reference to his profession, and has helped him wonderfully. If a man wishes to finish his course to his satisfaction, he must have a square and satisfactory beginning. If he backs and fills in the first start, he generally comes out second best to him who has a clear understanding of the Bible's figurative language. 'Races of Man' is calculated to clear up many a myth entertained by the world."

I, at this point, concluded that eastern customs were entirely different from western, the Bible being wholly eschewed there, at horse-races. My suit had not prospered. I said good-night, hoping that another day would be more favorable to my aspirations. I went to my bed, rather dissatisfied with my short career in E—. I almost regretted having come at all. I had, so far as a man of thirty can, fallen violently in love. Here was a woman, able to crochet,

and, at the same time, evolve things from her consciousness—a combination seldom met in the feminine world; a woman well calculated to inspire a warmer feeling than admiration; yet she was the stay and support of an aged father's life. The folly, upon so short an acquaintance, of asking her to desert him, would, undoubtedly, meet its reward of a flat refusal. My interests were all in the West; were they not, E— would be the last place my taste would dictate as desirable for a life-long residence. Sleepy Hollow, with its dreamy shadows, might suffice for a quiet mind; but for me, the world was unsubdued before me. I had been measurably successful as a land-speculator, and had become impatient of obstacles. The delicate *finesse* required to win a wife chafed me. Kirwin, the horse-jockey, seemed a strange feature in this otherwise respectable family. The attention given his opinions irritated me. I had almost lost my self-respect, by praising what, in my heart, I utterly detested; and, for my reward, was stared at by the worshippers of this household idol, to whom in my falseness I had bowed. I justified myself, however, and called to mind instances where greater men had used unholy means to attain a desirable end; but I must, unhappily, add to my self-abasement, or leave town simply as the friend, while I strongly desired to be something more. To attain this desire, it was evident that Kirwin's consent was to be obtained, as well as that of father and daughter. A man's vanity sees many signs of budding affection, which, were the truth known, were never put forth at all; and in this case, I congratulated myself upon slyly detected glances of something which looked to me like indications of dawning love. I considered the daughter's consent the least difficult to gain of the three; that I must obtain the father's through Kirwin, was only too palpable. I overcame my scru-

ples, and decided to form the personal acquaintance of Kirwin, and have no more blunders through lack of real knowledge of the man.

So interested had I become in Lucy Gilbert, that, to gain her, I would have done a worse thing than hunt virtues in a horse-jockey. I drowsed off, and in dreams builded me a castle, and a princess came to dwell therein. At the break of day, my earliest and waking thought was of Lucy; my second, of Kirwin. These happy and unhappy reflections were broken in upon by the entrance of a servant with the morning paper. No matter what the night may have been—with what ill companions in dreams we may have consorted, or to what depths of despair sleeplessness and darkness may have consigned us—the morning paper brings us back to the world, and the world to us. We forget our miseries for the nonce, and become interested in those of mankind. It opens up to us, daily, new avenues of thought, and hath on its face a cheerful look. I no longer sighed. As I glanced hastily over column after column, my eye was attracted by the name of Kirwin. To my great joy, here was a full account of a race run and won by him on the preceding day. Such news would be a sufficient excuse for an early call on my friends, the Gilberts. I put the folded paper in my pocket, preparatory to a quick dispatch of breakfast.

I found my friends blithe as the morning, cordial, and disposed to be sorry at my departure, which was to take place to-day. I drew from my pocket the paper with a triumphant air, feeling that I was now on the high road to success, and, in an easy, self-satisfied tone, read the following:

“We have now to chronicle the result of the long-talked-of trotting race over the Chester Course, for a purse of \$10,000. The entries were as follows: J. Glyson's bay gelding 'Goethe,' driven by Bill Kirwin; Sol Stedman's black mare 'Alice,' driven by Ned Doble; and Tim Jenck's brown horse 'Byron'

(drawn). Drawing for positions, 'Goethe' won the pole; 'Alice' outside.

“*First Heat.*—The flyers were away with an even start. The black mare 'Alice,' coming to a level, drew alongside of her fleet antagonist, and increasing her speed, led at the half-mile. In the second round there was a closer struggle, but the game 'Goethe' won by a short length. Time, 2:33½.

“*Second Heat.*—The horses came promptly to the call, and were off like hunted stags with the hounds in view. The struggle down the home was inspiring to the sight, the mare leading by a neck at the half-mile. In the second round they were on the lap to the quarter-pole. 'Goethe' drew away on the home-stretch like a locomotive, and won the heat by an open length. Time, 2:35½.

“*Third Heat.*—Both contestants entered a prompt appearance, and, with distended nostrils and impetuous stride, were away at the word. 'Alice' led at the quarter-pole, and had the look of a winner; but along the north stretch 'Goethe' let out a link, and rounded, with her ladyship on the lap, into the home-stretch, down which they brushed without skip or break, the mare in advance by a neck, dashing under the wire. In the second round, there was the same game struggle for victory between these noble animals; but the fleet, enduring 'Goethe' lasted the longest, and won the heat and a magnificent race, admirably driven by that crack whip, Bill Kirwin, in one of the hottest contests ever trotted on our beautiful track. Time, 2:34.

“Notwithstanding the result of the race, it is thought by many that 'Goethe' is a slower horse than 'Alice,' and that he won solely by the splendid driving of his jockey, whose faith in himself is always sublime, and who wins oftener than any other in America. As a token of appreciation of his services, the owner of 'Goethe' presented Kirwin with \$2,000 of the winnings.”

Having concluded the reading of the article, but still glancing over it, I remarked that Kirwin's last effort was unquestionably his best, and that it was doubtful whether it would be possible for him to add materially to the fame which this exploit would give him. I would have gone on in the same strain, but was interrupted by the sound of a subdued roar in one direction, and of a smothered laugh in another. In lifting my eyes, they fell upon the irate and bristling figure of mine host, advancing with uplifted cane, and countenance white with rage. With a voice shaking and husky with wrath, he said, “Young man, on the score of your youth, I have pardoned several uncalled-for remarks respecting Kirwin; but this last is past

endurance. I am astonished that I do not strike you in my own house, for so presumptuous a joke. You pretend to mistake my guide, my counselor, my friend, the Reverend Dr. Almer, so famous as a controversialist under the *nom de plume* of Kirwin, for Kirwin the jockey. Impossible, sir! Impossible! Ah!"—between his clenched teeth—"you pretend this, do you? Oh, scoundrel! Ah, this is too much! Such a joke upon an old man in his own house is, to say the least, monstrous."

I was totally unprepared for this ebullition of passion. In my despair, I looked for Lucy. She had disappeared; but, on closer observation, I discovered her form, draped in a heavy damask curtain. I knew not what to do. A plan to extricate myself honorably was beyond the contrivance of my bewildered senses. To confess a mistake was to acknowledge weakness. My ridiculous position was enough in itself to make gravity howl with laughter.

"A blunder is worse than a crime." I felt the truth of this. I could have justified killing a man; but mistaking such a one for such another! Ah, what could I say? I hated myself; I hated Lucy Gilbert, because she could laugh at my misfortune. Still it was her good opinion I feared losing. Gathering my senses a little after the surprise, I remarked:

"I beg you to believe, Mr. Gilbert, that no joke has been intended. I have simply fallen into an error. I am sure Miss Gilbert will take a different view of the matter, and acquit me of any intention of making amusement for myself."

Lucy's face appeared for a moment between the folds of the curtain, but her lips gave forth no sound. There was a suggestion on her face that she would have spoken, could she have trusted herself to do so, but her sense of the ridiculous was too keen; her risible

nerves were excited beyond her control. The old gentleman hastily resumed:

"Miss Gilbert knows too well what is due her father's years alone, to say nothing of other things, to allow her to assist in extricating you from the predicament into which your miserable vanity to perpetrate a joke has placed you."

Still I hoped to mollify him, and said:

"Sir, indeed you are too hasty in your judgment. I am not wanting in respect for age, nor have I any ambition to figure as Yorick. Our acquaintance has been long enough for a man of your penetration to see that my self-respect would forbid me playing the part of a low jester, and I may venture to say——"

My words had not a happy effect. Far from being soothed, the old gentleman advanced a step, and said:

"Young man, I despise flattery. Do you think I am to be infamously insulted, wounded, and torn, in the person of my dearest friend, in the person of him who is an honor to humanity, and that you can set the matter right in a moment by patting my back and stroking the hair in the proper direction? Sir, I am not a dog."

Out of the depths of the curtain came a sound as of suppressed laughter.

"Sir," said I, "you may, if you choose, misconstrue me, and having falsely interpreted my words and my actions, may say what a younger man would not dare. Your years protect you. Your daughter may give way to mirth; but I do not abate my self-respect, and maintain that my mistake was a natural one. And those who can not see it in such a light are willfully blind. Knowing your admiration for horses, and hearing in this town Kirwin, the horse-jockey, much spoken of, and seeing his name prominently in the papers; understanding well how prone men are to form friendships out of their own circles, is it surprising that I should have confounded the horse-man and the controversialist? I appeal

to you, sir, and to all within the sound of my voice."

"Sir," replied he, "silence might have helped you somewhat; but you go on offending, still harping on the jockey. I will not listen to it. I will not listen to you, sir. I say you have insulted me. You say you have not. It becomes a question of veracity, sir, and the lie must not be given me in my own house."

Lucy emerged from her hiding-place. She wished to speak. She tried her utterance in vain; laughter still maintained its hold, and with the broken words, "I can't—it's too funny," she shrank back. This ended the battle. Nothing brings death to incipient love so quickly as the ridiculous placement of its object. I had set my manhood on a fair basis; to leave as best I could was all there was left me to do.

The old gentleman had advanced to within a foot of me; his face was livid, and his cane was tapping ominously on

the floor. It was evident the field was lost; none but a madman would have fought the battle further. I turned and fled, securing my hat from the rack in the hall, and heard, as I passed through the grounds, and along the sidewalk, a running fire of words, like, "Infernal scoundrel! Kirwin—jockey—wanting common decency! Degeneracy of the times!" I heard nothing clearly, but enough. Blending with the old man's voice was the whistle of the engine of an approaching train. That night I slept in New York City, and never since has business or pleasure called me to E—. From the solitudes of bachelor life, I pick out, as legitimate targets for my shot and shell, hero-worshipers, and such women as grow on the mountain-side, foliated in words and fancies of richest hue; and from the broad domains of my household peace, "I sap, with solemn sneer," the fantastic stage upon which is played the pompous farce of marriage.

A PEEP AT AN HACIENDA.

IT is an acknowledged fact, that but few, if any, countries in the world can compete with Mexico, with regard to soil and climate. On the coast of, say, Vera Cruz, the traveler finds the heat almost insupportable; the sun's rays seem bent on scorching all vegetation, but, in reality, nurse those grand tropical plants, so attractive to the stranger from colder climes. The tall and stately palm, with its wide-spreading shoots, which harbor sundry clusters of tempting-looking nuts, of all sizes and degrees of ripeness; the graceful *datil*, or date tree, of a soft, golden hue; the evergreen, cool, and shady banana; all sorts of *organo*, the India rubber-tree, the cotton-plant, tobacco, *chile*—in a word, every thing is to be found in these

tropical regions; and, at no great distance, well-tended fields of sugar-cane may be descried from an eminence, making a delightful break in the splendid monotony of the *monte*, or bush-land, with its rich mahogany, ebony, brazil, and other fine trees. As the wayfarer proceeds, he passes through *pueblos*, or villages, insignificant enough in themselves, but how new to him! Groves of orange and lime-trees, thickly covered with their tempting fruit; the shady mango, the juicy *avona*, the oval-shaped *mamey*, whose large, oily kernel is believed by the Indians to possess many qualities (and is, to them, what the Macassar oil is to the European)—all these, and a host of others, greet the eye, and, were it not for the roughness of the road,

would make the journey up-country a most enjoyable one. In a very few hours, the road rises, and leaving the *tierra caliente*, or hot lands, we are soon in *tierra templada* (temperate); and here we lose many of the plants above mentioned, but find coffee-plantations and forests, more inviting to us than the impenetrable jungle we leave behind. Yet higher, and we are on the table-land (*tierra fria*, or cold land), varying from six to nine thousand feet above the level of the sea. And now we find long ranges of low hills, affording pasture to large herds of sheep and goats. Below them, plains covered with every variety of familiar cultivation—immense fields of barley, maize, and broad beans, varied by large plantations of *magueys* (Mexican aloe), and *frijoles* (beans). Pine and oak forests predominate on the taller hills, while the lower ones are studded with *nopales* (cochineal), the everlasting *organo*, and the stunted palm. Here and there, a cluster of buildings is seen, and, on inquiring, we are informed that each of these is an *hacienda*. Any large estate is so termed in Mexico; and as some of them are immense, often over a hundred thousand acres, they are subdivided into *ranchos*—large tracts in themselves, but depending, generally, from some *hacienda*. I say *generally*, because in many cases, where an estate has been divided, or sold in portions, the *ranchito*, though still so called, may have nothing more to do with the *hacienda* to which it was once attached; and, in fact, a *small* estate is often termed *haciendita*, or *ranchito*. Living on these estates is very enjoyable in time of peace, and even when disturbances are abroad, with a small amount of care and vigilance. Let us accompany the well-to-do owner of a magnificent property in the *tierra fria*, on a visit to his domains, and see how he manages to occupy his time, and how he lives, while there.

It is five o'clock A.M., an hour at which the inhabitants of Mexican towns in *tierra fria* are generally glad to be still in bed, as it is always very chilly, at daybreak, on the table-land. But, notwithstanding the hour, a great bustle is observable on one of the chief streets of the city of Zaragoza. The sleepy *sereno* (watchman) is gazing at an animated group, and making his own comments on the preparations for what seems an expedition. And, truly, he had food enough for conjecture. In front of one of the finest houses in the street were stationed two pretty substantial traveling carriages, and a strong two-wheeled cart. Some half a dozen swarthy *mozos* were harnessing to these their respective teams, of five mules each; and, as a matter of course, this was done amid much shouting, much cracking of formidable-looking whips, and the usual amount of swearing—which seems inevitable, where mules are concerned. The animals put to, the men then turned their attention to the careful loading of several hardy pack-mules, on whose backs were finally secured several light boxes containing clothes, and some others filled with the good things of this life. And then, out came the grooms, leading the horses, for such as might prefer riding to the lazier ease of the carriages—fine animals, too, these horses, splendidly groomed, and handsomely caparisoned, the saddles being plentifully adorned with silver, and having the black, long-haired *bacarillo* attached, while to the saddle-heads were loosely tied the leg-gings of the different riders.

All being, at last, ready, the *amos*, or masters, are notified of that fact, and soon appear, well wrapped up in their gay and many-colored *serapes*, each carrying his favorite rifle or fowling-piece, to serve either for defense or for bagging any game that might be seen. The arms being stowed carefully in the carriages or slung to the saddle—according to

the owner's mode of traveling—a slight pause takes place, which is broken by the *amo* stepping a moment into the house, and shouting:

“Come, *niñas*, let us be off!”

To this call three pretty, dark-eyed, and sleepy-looking young ladies respond, by running down and installing themselves in the second carriage. They are dressed in plain morning costumes—only, instead of hats, they wear the picturesque *rebozo* (a very long sort of scarf), which effectually protects their heads and shoulders. Behind them come four servant-girls, who are packed into the cart, a mattress making a comfortable cushion for all, and a light canvas awning is ready to shield them from the sun. One or two heavy trunks are now lashed up behind; the gentlemen mount, or occupy the first carriage; the *amo* says, “*Vamos!*” (let us go), and a start is effected, with about the same amount of noise as was necessary to put to. Two men ride ahead; then come the vehicles, the gentlemen riding alongside; then two more men; the led horses and the pack-mules, having, say, three or four attendants, bring up the rear. The whole cavalcade goes off at an easy trot, as the mules have to be cared for, and, once out of the town, the road is sandy and heavy.

The first few miles are done in silence. The males find it too cold to talk, and sit puffing their cigarettes; while the *niñas* try to make up, by an uneasy nap, for having been disturbed so early. But soon the sun beams upon them, and the conversation, once started, never flags. The *niñas* joke and chat with their friends, who ride by the doors, and the gentlemen discuss the state of the crops, criticising the fields that lie on either side of the road. Long lines of carts, and trains of pack-mules, are met, carrying all sorts of goods to the city; and parties of Indians are hurrying in to the market, trudging steadily on foot,

and urging on their diminutive donkeys, which carry, as a rule, about twice the burden that they should. But soon the main road is left, and the cavalcade strikes into the dark pine forests of the Malinche, a splendid, sharp-peaked mountain, twelve thousand feet above the sea; and now, more vigilance is necessary, as the Malinche, with its deep gullies and thickly wooded sides, bears a dangerous reputation, for being the resort of various bands of kidnappers.

Suddenly, the outriders pull up short, and one comes back at a gallop, with the unpleasant intelligence:

“*Señor*, there is a band of mounted men, well armed, coming toward us!”

In a minute, preparations for fight are made; the men spring from the carriage, and mount; rifles are made ready, and every available man takes up a post in front of the carriages, ready to defend the *amos* and *niñas* to the last gasp. But a solitary horseman leaves the group that has come to trouble the *haciendados*, and cantering up, smiling, bows politely, and says:

“Don't be alarmed, *señores*; you have nothing to fear, as the force you see is only a detachment of the rural guard. We have come right through the forest, and can assure you, you will not be molested, as the road is perfectly safe.”

The arms are put to one side immediately, a few moments are spent in chatting and distributing *cigarros* to the patrol, and the party resumes its journey.

At about eleven o'clock, they arrive at an *hacienda* owned by a friend. Here, a good breakfast is ready for them, and full justice is done to it. After an hour's nap, a fresh start is effected. (I may here remark, that hospitality is well understood and practiced in most Mexican *haciendas*; the traveler is sure to be well received, well cared for, and, no matter how large the party, a kind welcome is always ready. Of course, there are exceptions, but they are very rare.)

Toward four o'clock, we come to a large brick column; this is the *lindero*, or boundary-mark of the estate, on this side; and we are not long in spying out the buildings. The *zaguan* stands invitingly open; the drivers urge their weary teams to make another spurt, and we clatter into a large court-yard. We have arrived at Los Alamos (The Poplars), a beautiful grove of these graceful trees being visible from the house, and giving a name to the estate. Of course, it also has another name, which it derives from the patron saint, Santa Clara, and is indiscriminately termed either.

Los Alamos may be taken as a fair sample of the higher class of *haciendas*; so, a brief description may not be amiss. A massive stone wall, with loop-holes for defensive purposes, some eight to ten feet high and about three thick, encircles a cluster of buildings, simple in their architecture, but solid and neat. The chief of these is the house properly speaking, standing to the right of the entrance. It is a long, low structure, having a colonnade running down the front, which serves either as a promenade or a cool place for lounging during the heat of the day. At one end is the *tienda*, or store, where every thing is kept that is likely to be wanted by the men and their families: dry goods of all sorts, *aguardiente*, wines and *liqueurs* for the higher *employés*, cigars and cigarettes, all sorts of horse gear, appropriate leather for the manufacture of the men's wide, open *calzoneras*—every thing, in short, that a *ranchero* may require. Next to this is the office; beyond that, the *sala*, or grand reception room, with its anteroom; and then follow three or four bedrooms, the dining-room, and kitchen—all opening into one another. Nothing very luxurious is to be found in the place, though comfort is not altogether neglected; large, solid, but cosy, arm-chairs and sofas abound, a rug in front of the latter being the only

carpeting to be found in the *sala*; a piano, a guitar, a large mahogany table, and a few mirrors complete the furniture; a wonderfully bright-red brick, or tile, floor, scrupulously clean, with a narrow strip of fancifully worked *petate*, or native mat, going from door to door, and you have the best room in the house. Of course, the *niñas* have a host of small trifles in their rooms: pretty little bronze beds, with some rare skins by their sides; pictures, wardrobes of fine woods, and, conspicuous over each door, a large crucifix, while the *prie-dieu*, and font with holy water, stand by the bed, and engravings and oil-sketches of saints are abundant. Books are rare; but a select few may be found in the *antecamara*, or anteroom; which place also serves as the master's private office.

It is just sundown, and we are sitting in the *portal*, while the cook is putting the finishing touches to a good dinner, or supper. All at once, the laborers come flocking in to the *patio*, and, on seeing our party, every head is uncovered, and with one voice the *peones* greet us with the customary salutation, "Ave Maria purisima!" We all uncover, and the *amo* answers, "Gracia concebida!" The men then form, facing the large cross on the chapel, and intone, heartily, though not musically, the *alabado*, or hymn of thanksgiving. They then proceed to the office, where they answer to roll-call, each giving in a few short words the return of his daily work, so that he may be paid accordingly, and every one commencing his answer with the words, "Alabo á Dios!" (I praise God!) The ceremony over, they disperse, a few only staying, according to their turn, to mount guard in case of any night attack; and we proceed to supper, where we consume much rice, wonderful stews—into which enter every kind of fruit and vegetable—and the national *mole*, or Mexican curry without rice, a stew generally of chicken or turkey, so highly seasoned with *chiles*

as to bring the tears at once to the eyes of the novice who partakes of it for the first time. The chief drink is *pulque*, extracted from the *magüey* (aloe), and generally disliked by foreigners, but much prized by the native *rancheros*. After a *cigarro* and coffee, and a pleasant chat, we all retire, as early hours are kept at the *haciendas*, and we are soon soundly sleeping. At daybreak, we are awakened by a *mozo*, who hands us, in bed, a tiny cup of very rich chocolate, with some sweet bread, and we are informed that the horses are ready. We make a hasty toilet, and set off to visit the laborers at their various occupations.

The view, on leaving the *zaguán*, was very grand. Popocatepetl was hidden from us, but in front the Malinche rose in grand majesty—its gullies, as yet in darkness, resembling so many abysses, while its pine-covered sides stood out in pleasant contrast; to our left, the plains of Huamantla, with well cultivated *haciendas* spreading away to the foot of the distant Sierra; to our right, the Piñal, a very steep, but pretty, conical hill; and in the distance, the rising sun shedding innumerable rays of every color on the snow-capped peak of Orizaba. The morning air is fresh and invigorating enough, and we canter smartly round the various fields most adjacent. A few kind words from the *amo* to his *peones* are enough to please these simple, but faithful, workers, and make them go through the day's toil with light hearts. The *peon* is a character: strongly attached to the place of his birth, he will rarely migrate; and no matter if the estate change hands, much as he may love the *amo*, he will stick to his little mud-hut, and take life as it comes. A very little show of kindness is quite sufficient to endear a master to his men, who will do any thing at his bidding. Their only ambition is to be the happy possessor of a fine horse, and to have a showy leather suit for *fiestas* and great occa-

sions. Paid weekly, Saturday nights see him in the *tienda*, and as he receives, as a rule, enough maize for the subsistence of himself and family as part wages, the rest is either played away or spent in *aguardiente*, unless the wife or *niñas* require some extra article of clothing, in which case he gets it. Once a year is held the *avío*, when a train of pack-mules bring down several bales of goods; these are served out to the men and their families according to their standing and wants, and paid for by degrees; but if the wants be excessive, the *peon* gets into debt, and can not leave till he has finished paying, or a new master settles his account, and in his turn makes him liquidate by degrees. The huts of these simple-minded and truly happy mortals, are generally found in a cluster, all round the chief building; but outside the walls, and on the large estates, sometimes as many as three thousand souls may be living, perfectly ignorant of any thing that may be going on elsewhere, and caring not.

After being in the saddle some five or six hours, we return home, hot and a little tired, to breakfast, which, not being quite ready, we have time to look about. Facing the house stands the little chapel, where, on Sundays, the priest from the nearest town comes over to say mass, at which all the *peones* and their families attend constantly, quite of their own free will. A pretty little building it is, too, surmounted by a light tower, on which is painted a sun-dial, and, of course, crowned by a large cross. The interior is very simple, but neatly white-washed, and conspicuous is the handsomely carved altar (over which hangs a good painting of the patron, Santa Clara), rich in its gilt crucifix, and candles, and altar-cloths, the work of the *niñas*. Facing the *zaguán* are the stables and store-houses, the former occupied by some forty saddle-horses, of every size, color, and gait, well tended and unspare-

ingly fed; and in rear of the chapel lie some hog-sheds, where porcine stock is fattened ere being sent off to the town markets. From the contemplation of a very huge, fat hog, whose appearance would have led one to infer that getting him to any town would be a matter of no small trouble, we are summoned to breakfast. Wines and liquors are plentiful; good, fresh milk, new cheese, hot and dainty *tortillas*, or Indian corn cakes—the national substitute for bread—and, of course, *pulque* in abundance. The *niñas* being questioned jokingly as to how they had spent the morning, one gives a long and amusing account of a visit to some of her pets—the laborers' wives—detailing how Chole's child had the measles; how *tia* Pepita had discovered a sovereign remedy for snake-bites; how the newly married Concha was in great tribulation, because her lord and master paid more attention to the bottle and the gaming-table, or cockring, than to household matters; and, finally, how Asuncion had got the sweetest, loveliest, etc., baby that was ever seen. Another had taken on herself the superintendence of the culinary department, and had been hard at work in the mysteries of the manufacture of sundry choice *dulces* (sweets), without which no Mexican considers he has breakfasted, and also tells how she had been dispensing dainties to the sick and aged. The third had undertaken the management of the feathered tribe, and gave a grand account of the state of the poultry-yard, promising us many a good dish of *mole*, as the turkeys are in very fair condition, and are to be brought to a state of perfection by the judicious administration of much corn. Pleasantly the time is passed; and, after breakfast, the manager having been complimented on the general state of things, we all separate, to indulge in a *siesta*. What a truly grand thing is that *siesta*! After a hard morning's work round the

fields, or puzzling over the books in the office, breakfast done, with what gusto does the industrious *hacendado* betake himself to his afternoon's nap! A *siesta* is no joke, nothing to be trifled with, but a lazy and truly delicious reality; an hour or two is sufficient for it, but what an enjoyable two hours does one pass! The mode of taking the *siesta* depends much on the individual: the *niñas* take it seriously, and though they do not go actually to bed, they darken their rooms, and sleep just as soundly as if the night had come. With the men it differs: some like a couch, on which they snore peacefully enough; others, a hammock, slung in the veranda, and there, gently swinging, so as to get up a slight artificial breeze, with a *cigarro* in the mouth and a novel in the hand, the hours pass away delightfully. One does not sleep; it is rather a succession of small naps—a happy dozing state, in which both brain and body repose, yet are still dimly alive to what may be going on—a tranquil blessedness, from which one at length rises much refreshed, and ready for work. The very animals seem to have some idea that they, too, are entitled to a *siesta* in the middle of the day: the horses wink complacently over their bins; the oxen hardly seem to possess sufficient energy to whisk the troublesome flies from their sleek sides, and chew the cud of contentment in some shady nook; the poultry moderate their cacklings, and the turkeys converse in subdued gobbles; while the inhabitants of the styes desert their troughs, and give themselves up to a good sleep in some choice, slushy spot. With much yawning and stretching of limbs, the *siesta* is closed, and the everlasting cup of chocolate served round, with its as inevitable glass of clear and cool spring water, and every one betakes him to his various vocations; some ride out once more, others write, and the *niñas* work, study music or the latest

novels, according to their natures or inclination *pro tem*.

It may be said that such a life is monotonous, but is it more so than city life? In the latter, bustle and excitement predominate; but yet it can not be said there is much variety. One meets the same acquaintance, goes through the day's routine, and retires to rest, with the prospect of just such another day to-morrow. On an *hacienda*, one has more change: to-day, we have the fields to see; to-morrow, we have to take a long ride to the slopes, and inspect the cattle; then, there are horses to break in, a load of grain has to be sent off to town, or a flock of sheep or a drove of hogs to get ready for market. Then the pleasant rides to the neighboring estates, in which the *niñas* join; the gay dancing reunions, and the characteristic fandango of the *peones*, in which curious instruments are produced: harps with sounding-boards; the *salterio*, or dulcimer; the *bajo*, or large bass guitar; the *janarita*, a miniature instrument of the same genus, from which can be drawn very sweet, shrill sounds; and to the united music of which the Indians go gravely through sedate, and often comical, steps. Now and then a bull-ring will be formed, open to all comers, and then is seen who are the good and plucky riders; then may be witnessed wonderful performances with the *lazo*, and the skill of the *coledores*. This last is a rather dangerous game, which requires a first-rate knowledge of one's own powers of horsemanship. A bull is turned loose, and off go the riders after him; the horses, beautifully trained, follow every movement of the hunted animal, almost without their riders needing to touch the rein, and at the right moment the horseman suddenly leans over, grasps the tail of the bull, throws his leg over it, sets spurs to his horse, and away; the result is either the instantaneous overthrow of the bull, or, if the

coledor has judged badly, down come both he and his horse; but his friends are on the look out, and a *lazo*, cleverly thrown at once, checks the bull from wreaking vengeance on his discomfited ex-pursuer. Races, too, are often indulged in; shooting and hunting parties formed, and, on the whole, time is passed pleasantly and healthfully, as the true *ranchero*, or *haciendado*, is hardly ever a prey to that awful city phantom—*ennui*.

The above may be taken as a fair specimen of life on most *haciendas*. Of course, manners and customs vary, according to the climate or the productions of any particular estate. In the *tierra caliente*, for instance, but little can be done out of doors from ten or eleven till three (by the masters), as the heat is oppressive; but should we be—say, on a sugar-plantation—we find cool galleries, where we can sit calmly, and whence a view is had of the various work-rooms, so that every thing may be under the immediate eye and vigilance of the *amo*, or, in his absence, the overseer and his assistants. If on a cattle estate, we know perfectly well that at that hour the animals are in the woods, seeking shelter from the burning heat; if but maize or any other crops be grown, a few men only are needed, and their work can always be inspected in the fresh of morning or in the calm, refreshing evenings.

It may be said that the insecurity for which the country is, as a rule, notorious, is sufficient to deter any one from living in such places. To this there is an easy answer: with proper care and vigilance, it will be very hard for any but a very overwhelming band of men to enter, and a few resolute men, with average arms, can always (and have so done repeatedly) resist even a large force for a long time. The so-called empire did almost incalculable injury to the country, as of the native soldiers it had enlisted, or pressed, into its service, a host were left without occupation, and, to maintain

themselves, took to the roads; but order is being now at last restored, not only by the *gente de razon* (those who have received education), but by the masses—the native Indians—who no longer suffer their homes to be pillaged, and themselves maltreated, with impunity.

Mexico is entering on a new era; she is rising slowly, but steadily, from a chaos of confusion and anarchy, to be a prosperous country, and the goddess of Fortune seems willing, at last, to smile on the efforts of its warm-hearted and patriotic inhabitants.

TREE AND BROOK.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

Spake the Tree unto the Brook:
 "Unquiet, wild companion,
 Why so quickly dost thou rush,
 Hastening, restless, past the flowers
 That on the green shore wave and blush?"

"Wilt thou ever rove afar,
 And at every step be changed?
 Tarry here, unquiet rill,
 Where the flowers beckon thee;
 Be thou steadfast, pure, and still!"

Spake the Brook unto the Tree:
 "There is no rest for me on earth;
 At every step I'm newly born,
 To constant change and motion urged,
 Struggling, striving, ever on!"

"Flower vales are close and narrow,
 And my longing is so great,
 I cannot rest, until I gain
 The coolness and the fullness vast
 Of the unbounded, endless main."

Spake the Tree: "Thou art mistaken.
 In the brightness here I tower,
 And the light absorb within me,
 Abide unchanged, with steadfast root,
 And wave my branches far and free.

"What thou seekest, have I here—
 Far and wide, 'tis everywhere.
 See my leafy canopy,
 Bathing in Infinity,
 Reaching up toward the sky!"

THE LOST TREASURE OF MONTEZUMA.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART SECOND.

MONTEZUMA returned in great sadness to his imprisonment, or, as he fain would have persuaded himself, his voluntary residence with the Spaniards; and so depressed in both body and mind was he, that for several days he would not even receive the visits of Cortez, whom, with a partiality no less sincere than it was strange, he had heretofore suffered to visit him at all hours. But the Spaniards had no sooner learned the history of the boy Cacamatzin, than they longed to win to their own cause the inheritor of such noble bravery. To make him a Christian was not difficult, for he abhorred the bloody rites by which his father had died, and, consequently, the gods in whose honor they were celebrated; and a few weeks after entering the household of the king, and by his consent, the heathen Cacamatzin became a baptized Christian, and took the name of Cristobal de Olid, who graciously became his godfather.

But though he became a Christian, and the play-fellow, if not the ally, of the Spaniards, he was wholly devoted to the unfortunate Montezuma, who could no longer—at least, to himself—dissimulate his true position. He had borne the indignity of chains; he was no longer suffered to go abroad, or to receive the visits of his nobles; by intrigue, if not by force, he had been induced to deliver to the Spaniards the riches of his dead father, which had been lodged in the same palace in which he was a prisoner; and, lastly, day by day, he witnessed from his window the brawls between his people and the Whites, and heard himself proclaimed a traitor, and his throne given to another.

All this Montezuma bore with a breaking heart—finding himself an object of contempt to his own people, whom his pusillanimity or superstition constantly led him to deceive, by conciliatory speeches from the roof of the palace. Feeble and unarmed, with the daggers of the Spaniards gleaming at his back, he dared not urge his people to his release, nor to the massacre of his treacherous visitors; and thus consumed with anxiety and shame, Montezuma gradually became weaker in both mind and body, and it scarcely needed the dart thrown by one of his own people to put an end to his miserable existence.

But when that dart was thrown, and Montezuma was borne from the roof of the palace to his own apartments, Cacamatzin, child as he was, saw that the hours of the king were numbered; for the blind fury of passion and shame into which he fell could end but in death. Even the daring and unscrupulous Spaniards were awed, and, save the physician and priest, none dared to approach the dying monarch. But he would suffer neither priest nor physician to minister to him; and, in those last, terrible hours, refusing both food and medicine, he would have but one near him—the boy Cacamatzin.

“See, see!” he would whisper to him eagerly, when they were alone. “I am dying; they have killed me. But we have outwitted them—Tlahuicole and I; they will never know where my treasures are hidden. Listen to me, Cacamatzin; I feel that thou shalt live to see the day when my empire will have fallen forever, and the White Men shall rule in the sacred valley of Anahuac.

Its beautiful cities, its blue lakes, its fertile fields, will all be theirs; but my stores of gold and gems, my inestimable treasures—those things for which they long the most—they are hidden from them forever. Promise me, Cacamatzin, by my own gods, and by those in which thou now believest, that thou wilt never reveal where they are buried.”

“I swear!” cried Cacamatzin, reverently kissing the crucifix he held in his hand. “But, O great king! surely thy children——”

“No!” interrupted Montezuma; “not even my children must know. I tell thee, the White Man will conquer and rule in Anahuac. What, then, would the possession of my wealth be to my children, but an incitement to their persecution and death? No, no, no! I tell thee that the treasure of Montezuma must be lost, lost, lost, until, ages and ages hence, the gods themselves point out its hiding-place.”

And Cacamatzin swore that it should be so; for, strangely, every man that had shared the secret with him, had fallen in the brawls which had lately agitated the city; and when the lifeless clay of Montezuma was delivered to his indignant people for burial, the Spaniards, unconscious of the importance of the proceeding, suffered to depart with it the only living being who could have revealed to them the spot wherein were hidden the treasures of the betrayed and murdered king.

Indeed, at this time, they had no idea that the spoils had been removed from their reach, and little leisure had they to indulge in any speculations, either upon this or any other subject; for the only course left for them to pursue, was the conquest of the city to be effected, to escape thence, and return with a force thousands of times augmented. But the enraged inhabitants arose as one man to prevent the accomplishment of this object, to deny them egress from the city,

and to starve or massacre them in their citadel. But why need we speak of that fearful time? Or of that other, when, two years later, Cortez re-entered the sacred city, its conqueror?

It was at the capture of the royal barge, in which the king, Quahatemoc, his wives, and suite were seeking to escape, that Cacamatzin and the Spaniards again met. Fortunately, it was into the hands of the White Men that he fell, instead of those of his own tribe, who, as the allies of the Europeans, were the most revengeful and remorseless foes of the Mexicans, and consequently of any of their own race consorting with them. But Cacamatzin escaped their fury by the protection of his godfather, Christobal Olid, who, finding that the boy was still a Christian, took him into his own service, and almost immediately removed him from the city, taking him with him on an excursion into the surrounding country, and eventually employing him as ambassador, or interpreter, between himself and the Indian tribes, which he sought to subdue.

Being thus employed, far from the capital, it was some years before Cacamatzin became aware of the fury of the Spaniards, when they discovered that the treasures of Montezuma had been removed. They, believing that this had been done by the orders of the last king, Quahatemoc, subjected that unfortunate man to the most frightful tortures, until he at last said they had been thrown into the lake; but the most vigorous search revealed only their own dismantled cannon left in the city at the time of their memorable flight, and some few pieces of gold and silver, evidently no part of the treasure they sought. Even long after the murder of Quahatemoc, the search for the lost treasure continued, the common soldiers refusing to believe that it had not been appropriated by Cortez and his officers, with the connivance of the treasurers of King Carlos, of

Spain, and these officers being equally enraged to find themselves deprived of what they had looked upon as their spoil. But amid all the conjectures that were afloat, none lit upon the young Cacamatzin, even when he returned to the city, a grave and care-worn man; grave and care-worn, more from the consciousness of the great secret he possessed than from his adventurous life, strange and exciting as that had been—for he had wandered from tribe to tribe, half agent, half missionary, losing in the perils of the latter calling the wealth gained by the former. He returned, then, poor to Mexico, and to his mother's house; but there he found strange changes, for Lingela, who at the time of the conquest was still young and a remarkably beautiful woman, had been married by a petty officer in the Spanish army, and was then the mother of three beautiful children, whom, proud of their white faces, she loved to idolatry—almost to the utter exclusion of her eldest son. Perhaps this had been rendered, in some degree, natural by the ten years of Cacamatzin's absence; but he felt it no less keenly, for this reason, until all his thoughts were engrossed by a new object—the beautiful Lenora, the niece of his step-father.

At a very early age, she had lost her parents; and, upon his final settlement in New Spain, her uncle, Don Luis, had caused her to be brought to him, and she had been then for some years under his care and that of his gentle and loving Indian wife. At the time of Cacamatzin's return, she had numbered sixteen years, and, as may be supposed, from the scarcity of Castilian dames in the new land, and from her remarkable talent and beauty, she had won many lovers, even among the highest dignitaries of the city, and it was but a girlish caprice, or perhaps a desire to bestow her heart with her hand, which had left her still an inmate of her uncle's house.

Who will wonder that Cacamatzin was added to the list of the fair Lenora's adorers? But who can explain how it was possible that she, turning from her wealthy and elegant suitors, returned his love with a depth and fervor only equalled by his own?

But it was so, and this soon became apparent to all around her, save her adorer and her uncle. The former was too modest, too sensible of his own defects, to believe it possible that he could be aught but an object of the coolest friendship, or, worse still, of compassion, to the beautiful Lenora; while her uncle was too much engrossed in a subject, which, for some years, had claimed his attention, to pay much heed to the affairs of his domestic circle.

This subject Cacamatzin, somewhat to his alarm, discovered to be the recovery of the lost treasure of Montezuma. Like many others who had hastened to New Spain at the time of the conquest, Don Luis had expected to acquire fabulous wealth, and had, in fact, met with very slight reward for great exertions. He had in all his enterprises been disappointed, and, after many years spent as an alien from his native land, he found himself with the most ardent desires to return thither, and with no prospect of doing so with even a moderate provision for his old age.

Disappointed, almost desperate, it is scarcely to be wondered at, that even the most chimerical mode of obtaining a great and sudden fortune should have been seized upon by the proud and avaricious Spaniard, and that thus the ever-recurring topic of the lost treasure of Montezuma should have impressed itself deeply upon his mind, and the possibility of its discovery become with him a mania.

As has been said, this mania did not long remain a secret to Cacamatzin, who, at times, actually shuddered as he heard the old man dilate upon the magnificence

and grandeur which would be the inheritance of the fortunate man who might discover where the treasure was concealed; and it sometimes actually appeared to the young man that the unscrupulous Spaniard would have stayed at no crime which might have insured his participation in the hidden wealth. But, however distasteful this manner of his step-father was to the young man, in every other respect the Don was most agreeable to him, for he treated him with the greatest courtesy, never seeming to forget, that, though one of a conquered and enslaved race, he was, at the same time, a descendant of princes, and, in his peculiar way, a man of extraordinary talents. This remembrance, however, quickly passed, when he, in some way, became acquainted with the fact of the reciprocal attachment of Cacamatzin and his niece. He was astounded and infuriated; but the fact nevertheless remained, with the addition that the young Indian, having become assured of the love of Lenora, refused to give up his claim to her hand, while the young girl firmly declared she would become the bride of Cacamatzin, or immure herself in a convent. Either of these determinations was equally distasteful to her uncle, who, in case of the failure of his schemes for the recovery of the treasure, had looked upon a wealthy marriage for his niece as a last resource against an old age of poverty.

But he loved Lenora tenderly, and, with all his avarice and his rage at what he deemed her incomprehensible preference, he could not decide to force her to accept any of the rich and titled suitors who sought to win her. "No, no!" he said to his wife, one night, after a scene of anger and injustice, to which the poor woman had been, in her espousal of her son's cause, more than once subjected. "I will not force her to marry another; but how dare she imagine, how dare you imagine, that she shall ever marry your

son—an ignorant Indian? Poor, too—even for an Indian, poor! Now, if he had the lost treasure of Montezuma at his command, it might then be a different matter!" and he laughed scornfully.

"And how do you know but that he has?" cried the outraged mother, forgetting, for a moment, the prudence which in long years of trial had never once before forsaken her. "I, for one, should not wonder if he has the lost treasure at his command; for I am almost certain that the last time Tlahuicole left me, it was to bury the treasure of Montezuma, and Cacamatzin was with him."

Don Luis gazed upon her as if petrified, and the indiscreet woman would have given worlds to have her words unsaid; but it was too late. Her husband had listened but too intently. He recovered himself as if from a trance; he caught her hands in his with a force that caused her to scream; he looked at her with the eagerness of a madman:

"Woman! woman!" he whispered shrilly; "what is this you tell me? Why have you never breathed it before? Ah, ah! it is true! I see it is true! Ah, ah, ah! Wealth at last—countless wealth! We will be princes, woman! Your son shall marry Lenora; he shall be our master—our king! But why have you not told me before? I could kill you for these weary years of poverty and doubt you have caused me. But no, no! I pardon you. Let me go to Cacamatzin; he shall come this instant to claim his bride. Ah, what joy! what ecstasy! Ours! ours! ours! the treasure of Montezuma!"

The old man was beside himself with joy; the reality exceeded his most sanguine dreams. He had always thought, that, even should he succeed in finding the treasure, it would be but as an agent of the Government, to which, of course, the greater part would be resigned; but now he should have but one partner, and that one a member of his own family, the

husband of his beloved niece. In some way, the treasure could be conveyed undiscovered from the country, and he should spend the glorious remainder of his days in beautiful Spain, a grandee—a prince. He was about, in uncontrollable agitation, to rush from the room in search of Cacamatzin, when his wife threw herself before him, and entreated him to be calm, to listen to her if but for a moment. Her first impulse was to assert that what she had just said was untrue, but a moment's consideration showed her that it was now too late. She therefore hurriedly informed him, that, though she believed Cacamatzin was perfectly aware of where the treasure was hidden, she was equally sure that no blandishments nor threats would induce him to reveal the secret. "But," she added, "what neither your blandishments nor threats can accomplish, it would be easy for Lenora to effect, and I am as anxious as you that he should take advantage of the knowledge he has. Ah, how rich my children would be! They would then no longer be despised as poverty-stricken mixed-breeds, but would be invested with a higher rank than even the wealthiest pure-born Spaniard among us."

"True, true!" cried Don Luis. "You have spoken truly. Lenora is the one to manage this difficult business for us. I will at once to her, and bid her tell him that I have promised to bestow her upon him, on condition of his revealing the secret of the hidden treasure of Montezuma."

"You are wrong," said Lingela, sententiously. "If he is indeed in possession of the secret, depend upon it he has made a solemn vow never to reveal it, and not even the bribe of Lenora's hand will induce him to break it."

"Then what can we do?" cried Don Luis, impatiently.

"This:" said his wife calmly, interrupting him. "Let him marry Lenora.

Let him see her weighed down by a plebeian marriage, by the scorn of her equals and the pity of her inferiors, by the cares of poverty, and by the regrets and anxieties which she is so ill calculated to bear. Let his jealous fears prevent him from leaving her, to win fortune in the way to which he has been accustomed. Let a few years of such anxieties weigh down his proud spirit, and then ask him to declare the hiding-place of the treasure of Montezuma."

"And if he then refuses?" cried the old man, ironically. "Then when Lenora is in his power, when he has no reason for buying my favor——"

"He will have a debt of gratitude to repay," said his mother, eagerly; "and that is a debt the son of Tlahuicole can never forget. He will then have a wife to enrich—perhaps sons to ennoble——"

"You are right," interrupted Don Luis. "He shall marry Lenora, and I, for a few years, will endeavor to possess my soul in patience."

But the wary Spaniard did not signify to Cacamatzin his approval of his suit, until, through the medium of Lenora, to whom he made the matter known, he discovered that the suspicions of Lingela were well founded, and that there was every probability that the young Indian was indeed in possession of the secret, which it had been the object of his life to gain. With much uneasiness, Cacamatzin began to suspect that the overtures of Don Luis were not as disinterested as they seemed; but he had not the strength, by renouncing his marriage with Lenora, to remove himself from the sphere of the old Spaniard's influence. In a few weeks, he was made happy by his union with the beautiful object of his love, and the system marked out by his wily step-father was begun.

Lenora was eminently attractive, and, therefore, it was not difficult for her to surround herself by a score of wealthy and distinguished admirers, and thus,

by awakening the jealous fears of Cacamatzin, effectually chain him to her side, and prevent him from earning even a meagre subsistence for his family—his only mode of doing so necessitating long absences from the capital, among the scattered Indian tribes. Thus the first object of Don Luis was accomplished: the proud young Indian was dependent upon his already overburdened step-father.

Years went by. Lenora, still as beautiful as ever, was, nevertheless, the mother of five children, and for their sake, more than her own, constantly repined against the low station and the poverty to which Fate had consigned her.

For years, with an aching heart, and with frightful struggles of conscience, had Cacamatzin listened to the oft-repeated words of his beloved Lenora: "Ah, if we but knew where are hidden the treasures of Montezuma!"

Frightful, indeed, were the temptations which surrounded him. Had he but wealth, what a different figure might he make in the eyes of his still idolized wife! With what magnificence might he surround her; to what glory raise his beautiful sons and his tender daughters! How, indeed, might he gratify every wish of his heart—the heart of an adoring husband and father!

There were times when he could scarcely dare to think of it. True, he never contemplated, as his step-father did, the possibility of making all the vast treasure his own; but why should he not reveal its hiding place to the heirs of Montezuma, and gain the reward they were so eager to bestow?

It was at such a moment that Lenora came to him, and entreated him to reveal the secret. "For years I have borne scorn and poverty," she said; "you know this secret; make use of it. Give us wealth, station, happiness! Behold me a suppliant at thy feet! For thine

own sake, for the sake of our children, for my sake, cast aside thy foolish scruples; reveal this great secret, and let us be happy!"

"I can not—can not!" he murmured, awakening to the full sanctity of the vows he had made, when he was thus called upon to break them. "I will not deny that I am in possession of the secret; but, oh, my wife, thou knowest not what vows I made never to reveal it!"

"Vows by the false gods of thine heathen nation!" cried Lenora, scornfully.

"Not only by them," he answered, solemnly, "but by the one true God and the holy Virgin."

Lenora, who possessed all the religious zeal and superstition of the age, was for a time silenced; but not so her uncle, who soon entered upon the contest. He still, it is true, eagerly desired to secretly appropriate the treasure to themselves; but when he found that Cacamatzin was firmly resolved against this, he suggested that the matter should be laid before the Government, that the Church should formally absolve Cacamatzin from his vow, and that they should be content with the magnificent reward which would surely be theirs.

But against this Cacamatzin was equally resolved; for, although, of course, as a consistent Catholic he was perfectly convinced of the power of the Church to release him from any and every vow, his sense of patriotism and honor had been so outraged by the cruelties practiced by the Spaniards against his own enslaved race, that he would rather have died a thousand deaths than to have enriched the perfidious race in the slightest degree, and much less by the bestowal upon them of the sacred treasures; and it was, indeed, as the dead king had himself prophesied. But to place the descendants of Montezuma in deadly peril, to entrust to their hands his hoarded wealth, and to take advan-

tage of the knowledge he possessed to appropriate even the smallest part of it to his own use, was not only to break his vow, but to become a robber.

In spite of argument, in spite of the threats of his step-father, and the tears and prayers of his wife, in spite of the absolute want which invaded his household, and before which his two best beloved children died, these were the convictions of Cacamatzin, and to these he remained firm. At last, the patience of Lenora and her uncle gave way; by both the young Indian was denounced to that frightful engine of the Church, which had then become as powerful in the New World as in the Old, and Cacamatzin found himself condemned to a martyrdom more dreadful than that by which his father had fallen: he was in the hands of the Inquisition.

Truth to tell, neither Lenora nor her uncle had supposed that Cacamatzin

would be put to the torture, for they believed that, seeing himself once placed in the power of the law, he would, however reluctantly, yield, and accept the wealth and honor which must inevitably follow such submission; but his mother knew the Indian character, and that of her own son, too well, and died of grief and horror, even before one attempt had been made to torture the great secret from the rigid lips of her son.

Is not this tale that of the two martyrs? Therefore, what need is there to tell how Cacamatzin died: to enumerate the tortures he endured, before that final one, when his intrepid spirit soared far above the agonizing flames—which glowed hot above the very spot where had stood the sacrificial-stone upon which his father's blood had been poured—and bore with it the still undiscovered secret of the hidden treasure of Montezuma?

A DAY UP THE CAÑON.

MUCH as logic has been dignified in our literary traditions, how insignificant, after all, is its actual influence in shaping men's convictions. It does not even control their opinions to any considerable extent. With the great mass of mankind, education, authority, prejudice, are more potent than argument, which, when arrayed against these, may easily perplex without convincing. Religious beliefs, especially, and the class of philosophical doctrines that are in any degree infused with the religious element, seem to be held or rejected, almost independently, I will not say of reason, but of reasoning—so true it is that the source of spiritual ideas is in the soul itself, and can not be reached by dialectics. Our minds are constantly affected by the tone and color of our

moods, which control the currents of our thought, as the moon sways the tides. Breezes come to us from some invisible shore, bringing moral and spiritual influences that change the very climate of the soul. When we stand face to face with Nature, in her solitudes, the notions that prevailed in the mart lose their force. Under the starlight, we recover and concentrate ourselves; we escape from our small solitudes and petty ambitions, and feel that being is more than doing. The "*cælum, non animum,*" of the poet is true only of fixed character and general disposition, not of the attitude of the mind toward the great problems of human existence and destiny. It is not necessary to cross the ocean in order to experience this. You may find a sufficient change of sky when you have

left the city half a score of miles behind you. The theory you rejected as incredible, when you weighed it sitting in your library, suddenly becomes luminous and beautiful as you lie musing under the redwoods. You are devout and orthodox amid the worshipping thousands, as the waves of music roll through the solemn cathedral, but may wax deistical among the mountain solitudes, and find yourself almost a pantheist as you voyage in tropic seas. As I step on board the Saucelito boat, this bright morning, when the exuberant spirit of summer seems chastened by a presentiment of autumn, I am almost as materialistic in my mental frame as the Doctor yonder—an avowed disciple of the school of Moleschot and Buchner—who has just preceded me, and is now looking so tenderly after the hampers. Yet it was only last night that I came near quarreling with him, because he quoted Carl Voght's comparison of the genesis of thought in the brain to the secretion of bile in the liver, and sneered at the old-fashioned treatise on psychology over which I was yawning, placidly recommending me to "pitch the rubbish into the stove; and, if I indeed desired to learn something concerning what are conveniently called mind and spirit, to begin after the philosophical manner of Mr. Bain, by making some studies of cerebral physiology and the nervous system." This change of mental attitude is not the result of any process of reasoning. Fresh from the morning bustle of the toiling city, facts and figures, finance and industrial interests seem to be the great realities of existence, and the things that can not be seen and handled, the truths that can not be demonstrated, wax impalpable. Such moods would be rarer if we were less gregarious, and wooed solitude more lovingly, as Emerson tells the college students they must do if they would achieve any thing great in the world. As to this present frame of mine, I am

not sorry to know that it will pass as the town is left behind, and that no trace of it will remain when I shall be in a certain wild *cañon* I know of, waist-deep in ferns.

As we approach the landing at New Saucelito, the bald heights rising from the bay are checkered with shifting lights and shadows from passing clouds. Yet the day is one of goodly promise, for these clouds are not of the kind that threaten storm, and a sky of softest blue shows between and beyond them. The rifts that sunder the rugged hills seem at this distance almost as bare as the heights themselves, and the timber along the invisible water courses looks like stunted shrubbery. It is not easy to believe that in those apparently barren gulches there are green nooks, fragrant with wild honeysuckle and blooming with wood-flowers; or that within less than a mile, by air-line from the hotel on the beach yonder, there lurk picturesque recesses as secluded—though more accessible—as the wildest fastnesses of the Coast Range.

It is but forty minutes since leaving the wharf at San Francisco, when we descend the gang-plank, and set foot upon the soil of Marin County. A walk, certainly not a hurried one, of as many minutes more, brings us to the entrance of the *cañon*. Papilius, who has been here before, stops to attach his butterfly-net to its handle, and make it ready for use before proceeding further. No wonder that Philoflos, our botanist, to whom the spot is new, exclaims in astonishment at the size of the trees that overshadow us as we penetrate the recesses of the glen; for, in the distance, this generous growth seemed no more than a patch of dwarfish *chaparral*. The compacted masses of foliage overhead almost exclude the daylight, and produce a cool gloom, like that of some sunless cavern. A tangle of gigantic ferns conceals the little stream some

twenty feet below the trail, and its presence is only revealed by the musical tinkle of its tiny water-falls, and the subdued whisperings that come faintly to the ear as it glides darkling underneath its leafy screen.

If you visit the spot a few months later, when the rains of our California winter shall have set in, you will find here a mountain torrent, roaring furiously down to the bay.

Madroños and oaks of mighty growth become frequent as the path winds upward toward the head of the *cañon*, and flowers and ferns of new varieties disclose themselves. Every few paces, Philoflos lights upon some fresh contribution for his botanical case, and Papilius makes frequent excursions to the right or left of the trail, in stealthy pursuit of some bright-hued representative of our California *lepidoptera*, of which his eager eye has caught a glimpse. Not that his own collection does not already boast specimens of all the species to be found so near the city; but duplicates for the purpose of exchange with Eastern and foreign collectors are always in demand. Even these plain meadow-browns, of which three specimens have been captured since we entered the glen, will be gladly accepted in exchange for the most brilliantly painted of the English *vanessæ*, or the magnificent *heliconidæ* of the tropics; for our California butterflies and moths just now command a premium in the entomological market. By the next mail, Papilius will forward these three Quaker-like insects to as many different quarters of the globe, receiving in due time, as their equivalent, specimens of species not yet represented in his cabinet.

As the ascent grows steeper, and the path more obstructed by detaining branches, the Doctor, who affects metaphysics, and ostentatiously declares himself "unscientific," lags behind, leaving the eager naturalists to continue their

explorations. I, who am addicted neither to natural science nor speculative philosophy, elect to bear him company. We know that the *savants* must return by the same path, for the gorge is too narrow to admit of another, and is inclosed between walls too precipitous to be scaled. Besides, as the Doctor suggests, pointing to the hampers, we have sure hostages for their return.

Here, then, under the wide-spreading branches of this old *madroño*, we can rest until our companions turn back, after having exhausted the flora and fauna of the *cañon*. The ferns supply us a carpet, which, though not so soft as the mosses beneath Eastern maples and birches in the early summer, is yet luxurious enough. Beside us the fretful brook complains of the trials and troubles it encounters in its wanderings in search of its parent sea, and murmurs its feeble protest against the great rank fronds that so muffle and mask it from the face of day, that no ray of sunlight can reach it.

Every thing is quiet now, and a slumberous influence pervades the spot; but, an hour hence, the branches overhead will writhe and groan as if in mortal agony, tormented by fierce gusts sweeping down the *cañon* from yonder misty peaks. The Doctor, having improvised a pillow by spreading his folded shawl over one of the great roots of the *madroño*, stretches himself at length in the shade on his couch of fern, freshly gathered from the brake, and rails indolently at our *savants*. "Two grown and gray-haired men," he exclaims, "whose pulses quicken like a boy's in the pursuit of a butterfly, or at the sight of a new weed! It is incomprehensible. Papilius' little girl showed me, yesterday, a great string of buttons which she had collected. They were of every color, size, and pattern—no two alike. Upon my word, they were very pretty; and the child was as happy in playing with them as her father in

arranging his bugs. Her ten-year old brother is also a collector. It runs in the family, you see. But Master Will's weakness is neither butterflies nor buttons. The bent of his genius is toward postage-stamps, and his collection embraces specimens of the postal currency of all civilized nations. Why shall we not rank the children, too, with the *savants*? They are no less industrious or enthusiastic than their father. I saw in his library a volume, of goodly dimensions, which contained nothing but the bare names of the various species of beetles—the order of the *coleoptera*. Not a word of description or characterization; absolutely, not a word. Nothing but thousands and tens of thousands of *names*. Over two hundred pages of barbarous Greek and Latin nomenclature, without a statement, a proposition, or an idea. '*Chalcosoma atlas*,' '*Copris isidis*,' '*Phanæus faunus*,' '*Onthophagus rangifer*,' and so on, column after column, and page after page.'

I knew better than to oppose the Doctor in his mocking mood, or to take up the cudgels in vindication of the dignity of natural science. Had another seriously indulged in the like flippant strain in his hearing, he would himself have charged impetuously upon the Philistine, and confuted him in a twinkling with "joyful scorn, edged with sharp laughter."

"After all," he resumed, finding that I could not be provoked into a discussion, "it must be acknowledged that these pursuits are at least harmless. We need not consider the time bestowed upon them as absolutely wasted; for it is devoted to healthful recreation in the open air, which is certainly better than cards or billiards. And then there is something amiable and child-like in the enthusiasm of these naturalists. Have you observed, that, as a rule, they are a most interesting and companionable class of men? They possess a large share of that kind of knowledge which is

most available for the small change of conversation; I do not mean of drawing-room talk, but of the sort that makes an excursion or a journey pass agreeably. A mathematician or a speculative philosopher may be more profound, but the naturalist is more discursive and various. I have noted, too, that he generally retains the freshness and buoyancy of spirit, incident to youth, more perfectly than those devoted to the abstruser branches of science. Papilius, in spite of his gray hairs, is as breezy as a boy. Every one who knows him calls him 'Harry.' How unnatural it would seem to call him any thing else. No doubt the study of nature is healthier than the study of books, for the mind as well as the body. I can scarcely help detesting your book-worm. He is almost invariably an intellectual prig, as vain of his knowledge of what other men have thought and said, as if he had himself originated all that he can quote. To me there seems to be a certain quality of meanness, even in his industry. I never see one of these methodical, plodding blockheads at work in his library, with his *index rerum*, and common-place books and scrap-books, inflated with the conceit of authorship on the strength of some dull, laborious compilation, but I am tempted to wish that all the libraries of the world had shared the fate of that of Alexandria." At this point there was a pause in the smooth current of the Doctor's disquisition, which enabled me to interpolate:

"They may as well be burned, if the study of books is to be held a disgrace, rather than a credit."

"Study," resumed the Doctor, "is respectable only when it is unselfish. I honor the man who studies from a pure intellectual appetite. But he who ransacks libraries and pores over books, in order to make other books, is a despicable creature, a mere

The shelves of our libraries already groan under the leaden weight of this parasitic literature. Books made out of books are an impertinence and an imposture. I spent an idle hour, the other day, in the attempt to classify the volumes in the Mercantile Library as genuine or parasitic. The result I arrived at was that not more than one-tenth were honest books, the outgrowth of individual thought and experience. The other nine-tenths were either compilations, commentary, or criticism."

Thus the Doctor ran on, rambling from subject to subject, until the drowsy influences of the scene and the lazy monotony of his utterance beguiled me into a doze. He must have accomplished the extraordinary feat of talking himself to sleep; for when I was aroused, by the return of the *savants*, a mellow snore from the spot where his head reposed, on the protruding root of the *madroño*, mingled with their jubilant voices. They were happy as children, laden with the spoil of autumn woods. Papilius rejoiced in the possession of two great worms, magnificent in their velvet vesture of green, mottled with black and crimson. The Doctor, awakened by the bustle, sat up and assumed the air of a man who has been meditating with his eyes shut, and is fully prepared to resent the suggestion that he has been overtaken by sleep. He smiled indulgently at the enthusiasm with which Papilius described the splendors his caterpillars would develop after their metamorphosis. "This fellow," cried the delighted entomologist, indicating the larger worm, "is a rare prize. It is his idiosyncrasy that he goes down into the earth to await his change. I shall put him into a box filled with sand, in which he will dig his own grave and descend into it for a season, to come forth glorified in his resurrection. He is not pretty to look at now, this crawling, many-footed worm; but presently, when he shall have exchanged

his hundred feet for a pair of velvet wings, you will find no colors in your paint-box that can do him justice." How enthusiastic he was! His eye sparkled; his cheek glowed. I could pick out a jury of our "first citizens" who would require no further evidence than this ecstasy over a couple of caterpillars upon which to found a verdict of the man's insanity.

Our botanist, too, returned rejoicing. He had discovered a "new weed," as the Doctor disrespectfully phrased it, which closely resembled a plant supposed to be peculiar to Alaska. He was sure that it had never been described. That glory was reserved for him; and his name associated with it would go down to a remote posterity in botanical catalogues yet to be. How little it requires to secure present happiness to men of simple tastes, who are lovers of nature! Still, these prizes had not been gained without arduous effort and much damage to wearing apparel. The skirt of Papilius' coat was adorned with a fringe which formed no part of the tailor's original design, and Philoflos' trousers exhibited a most unseemly rent. Science, no less than religion, demands some sacrifices from her votaries.

The Doctor looked at his watch, and declared it slow, on the testimony of his stomach, which proclaimed that the hour for lunch had arrived. The hampers were unpacked, and, for a season, there was a truce between science and philosophy, which harmonized in their verdict on the excellence of the cold chicken, and mildly differed on the question of the claret.

"This," said Papilius, "realizes Hawthorne's 'near retirement and accessible seclusion.' We are not ten miles, by air-line, from Montgomery Street, nor much more than half an hour's travel."

"It fills the conditions much too literally for my taste," quoth the Doctor. "The 'retirement' is too 'near' the pic-

nic grounds, and the 'seclusion' too 'accessible' to target companies. For my part, I should value no retirement that was not so remote as never to be invaded by the scream of the steam-whistle, and no seclusion not so inaccessible that the newspaper would never reach it, bringing the tattle of the town, the babble of politics, and the latest sensation."

"And you would be content," said Papilius, "to remain in heathen ignorance of all that is going on in the world; of what thrones and dynasties are falling; what new thoughts are convulsing mankind; of the progress of revolution in England, the menaces of the International hobgoblin, the enterprises of German ambition and Russian intrigue?"

"In the seclusion I speak of," returned the Doctor, "such matters become trivial, or suffer total eclipse. Alone with himself and Nature, man learns his independence of the newsmonger. The politics of parties and even the policies of nations seem paltry. The statesmen whose names echo through christendom, the Bismarcks and Von Beusts, the Disraelis and Gladstones, appear like so many ambitious schemers, while the lesser lights of politics and diplomacy shrink to the dimensions of puppets. The steadfast lines of the rock-ribbed hills, and the dark spires of the primeval forest, rebuke the frivolous conventionalism of our civilization. Here we feel the ephemeral character of the ordinary interests and associations of our little life. Is it Wordsworth, or one of his critics, who speaks of the solemn, yet cheerful, air of the mountains, where there is the stillness of distance and space, in which it seems natural that the generations of men should come and go, like the leaves of spring and autumn? Certain it is, that nowhere do man, his works, and his doings seem so petty as in the presence of those great landmarks of Nature that live and last through countless generations. What is the immor-

tality of the greatest names, when confronted with the antiquity of Niagara or El Capitan? What freedom would be ours, could we but reconcile ourselves to our just insignificance, and conquer the lust to be seen and heard and admired! The most wretched of bond-slaves is he whose happiness depends upon the breath of his fellows. The noblest man in these days of ours is the man who, knowing well that he is worthless of recognition, feels no envious pang in witnessing the recognition of the less worthy, and is content to remain in the shadow, with no impatient cravings; but such men are not bred in cities. As to the newspapers, instruct me, I pray, how much more worthy is the curiosity that hungers for the latest dispatches, than the curiosity that itches for the neighborhood goSSIP."

Papilius smiled, as one who declines an argument that threatens to become interminable, and drew a thin volume from his pocket. "Shall I read you some verses from the new poet," he asked, "whom all the literary world is discussing?" We had finished our lunch; the Doctor lighted his pipe, and declared himself resigned to the poetical infliction. Our botanist assented more graciously. The audience disposed themselves for comfortable listening, and Papilius proceeded with the reading.

An hour had passed swiftly, when he closed the volume, and demanded judgment on the poet.

"These are brilliant improvisations," said Philofos. "Your poet is a troubadour, rather than an artist. He seems to sing without premeditation, and, as he himself avers, 'because he can not choose but sing.' He possesses the afflatus, but is too excited to weave a rounded and artistic poem. It can not be questioned, that he has a poet's eye. That description of the river—a yellow thread—far down in the inaccessible cañon, is a photograph."

"No doubt he is a singer," replied Papilius; "but I find nothing to show that he is either a 'maker' or a 'seer.' There is evidence here that he can describe Nature, but none that he can interpret her."

"One thing is certain," said the Doctor, "in so far as the man is a poet, it is because he was born so, not because the fancy of being a poet seized him, and he took laboriously to mimicking those who possessed the gift. We can not conceive of these lyrics having been painfully elaborated in a study, under the stress of an engagement to furnish a stipulated quantity of verse, at a stipulated price, within a stipulated time. There is a spontaneity about them, which suggests that their production was a relief, rather than an effort."

"The poet," said Papilius, "seems to me to be summoned to higher functions in our day than ever before. The truly great poets are called to the priesthood of the religion of the future. It will be theirs to preach those truths which can not be declared in accurate, clear-cut forms of speech, and made intelligible in set phrases; truths which are 'as sights half seen, or sounds half heard,' and which can only be conveyed from one mind to another when the fitting mood for their reception has been awakened, or some latent consciousness has been developed. Wordsworth was more of a priest than a singer. Had he produced nothing but his 'Prelude,' the world would still be everlastingly his debtor. None of the new tribe of 'wild poets,' as Tennyson calls them, 'who work without a conscience or an aim,' none of the word-cobblers and phrasemongers who deal in 'labored ornaments of rhyme,' shall ever eclipse his serene and steady light by their meteoric splendors. The furor which, in our own day, occasionally attends the emergence of a new poet, is a very different thing from the veneration in which the grand old

seers are held. Personal homage no longer goes with admiration of mere literary genius having in it no moral quality. It is not twenty years, I believe, since Alexander Smith published his 'Life Drama,' which set all the world talking, and so upset the self-possession of grave reviewers, that he was hailed in certain quarters as a new Shakspeare. Yet, how many readers has he now?"

"You remind me," said Philoflos, "of certain remarks by Professor Tyndall, in an address to the students of a London college. This unsentimental man of science, who is popularly classed with the materialists, declares, that the poet will have a great part to play in the future of the world. 'To him,' he says, 'it is given, for a long time, to fill those shores which the recession of the theological tide has left exposed; to him, when he rightly understands his mission, we have a right to look for that heightening and brightening of life which so many of us need.' This struck me as remarkable language from such a source."

"For my part," replied the Doctor, "I shall still reserve my homage for the poet who sings, as the primitive people do, because he is full of music and must let it out. Deliver me from your preachers, dogmatists, and revelators who come to glorify their hobby or their 'ism,' disguised in singing robes. Out upon the canting imposters!"

The afternoon wind was beginning to stir the tree-tops as we set out on our return. Crossing to the opposite side of the cañon, by a primitive bridge, consisting of two rough planks, we struck a gradually ascending trail running along the steep hill-side, which Papilius declared would conduct us to the landing by a shorter route than that by which we had come. As we proceeded, the trees became less frequent, until we reached an open space near the old marine burying-ground, where many a hapless voyager, dying on shipboard within sight of

the Golden Gate, had found his last resting-place. A few minutes' further walk brought us to the bare brow of the hill, where even the *chaparral* had disappeared. Looking down from this point into the *cañon*, the southern wall of which we had just scaled, we could distinguish nothing but a sea of foliage, its green billows tossing tumultuously in the wind that now swept down from the misty peaks in furious gusts. At our feet, the placid expanse of Richardson's Bay, as yet unruffled by the rising gale, stretches away northward, with the gaunt outline of Tamalpais closing up the background. Looking east, the view is bounded by the Contra Costa hills, except where Monte Diablo lifts his massive wedge beyond them against the horizon. In the middle distance are Raccoon Strait, and the gentle slopes of Angel Island, dotted with white cottages. The scene is too familiar, and the breeze too boisterous, to make it desirable to pause longer than may suffice for a comprehensive glance. Yonder, too, from the direction of San Francisco, comes the

little *Princess*, steaming with fussy importance toward her wharf, from which, in half an hour, she will start on her last trip for the day. Fifteen minutes later, when we are seated on the upper deck of the steamer, *Papilius*, having safely bestowed his treasures in the care of the courteous captain, thus declares the moral of our humble excursion:

"Have we not had a delightful day? As for me, I shall mark it with a white stone. And it has all cost us, including traveling expenses and our sumptuous lunch, something less than a dollar apiece. Ah, my friends! one need not be rich in order to enjoy the pleasures that nature yields, if he will but cultivate simple tastes. If one is too poor to dream of Yosemite or Tahoe, he should not be too proud to make a holiday in such a spot as the scene of our to-day's picnic."

"All of which," growled the Doctor, "is no doubt extremely philosophical; notwithstanding which, I confess to a sublime discontent with Saucelito when I think of Yosemite."

MOTHERHOOD.

"FOR LADIES ONLY"—with the inevitable index-finger giving emphasis to the hint—would meet the reader at the very threshold of this article, but for a single consideration.

The well-established fact, that men are deficient in curiosity, makes this inexpedient, if not impertinent. The barest intimation of prohibition might beget an exaggerated sense of honor, which would deter them from ever glancing at a subject of similar import, for all time to come. This would be deplorable. Besides, we purpose to venture a few words to them, "by way of exhortation," if the patient souls will permit it.

In the study of our subject—which is no modern scientific mushroom, whatever some of its exponents may be—we chanced to hit upon the following obsolete effusion:

"Maternal love! thou word that sums all bliss,
* * * * *
Deepest when most is drawn! emblem of God!
O'erflowing most when greatest numbers drink!"

To Mr. Pollock is the world indebted for that rhapsody. A fortunate thing, indeed, it is for this frenzied fanatic, that he has decamped to a country where they neither marry nor are given in marriage. We hazard nothing in affirming, that, were his "vex'd bark" now tossing

on this gulf of troubled waters, it would have a sorry time of it, laboring with the inevitable storm which such breezy sentiments would necessarily evoke. The muttering thunder and the kindling lightning of female indignation and resentment would make "each particular hair to stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine." So, permit us to congratulate you, Mr. Pollock, that you have spoken your little piece, made your courtly bow, and taken your happy exit, just in the very nick of time. That sort of inspiration smacks strongly of an age that is past. This romantic sentimentalist chanced to live in that heathenish sort of day when children were deemed a blessing; when insane enthusiasts, like the mother of the Gracchi, could troop up her half-score, with the infatuated cry, "Behold, these are my jewels!" The mothers of those twilight generations are to be compassionated. If the dwellers on that Other Shore take note of progress here, how must they flush at the retrospect of the feeble, old-fogy notions still recorded to their names! Children are entirely out of fashion; they are the cumbrous relics of an effete age. Woman, who certainly ought to have more to say upon the subject than any body else, for the most part pronounces against them. She dubs them nuisances, little torments, "incumbrances." They are wing-clippers. How can she sail forth majestically into her new sphere, with an infant prattler under each wing? The bare suggestion is an insult to common sense.

Just how the human race is to be perpetuated, is a matter still under advisement. Doubtless, the Great and Good Being, who, in a moment of sorrowful disappointment, once repented that He had made man at all, will, in His own good-time, vouchsafe a new revelation in behalf of suffering, discontented womanhood. The triple curse pronounced upon her seems, indeed, to be lifting. "He

shall rule over thee," is regarded, in these days, as a pretty bit of clever satire; she smiles, and walks off in her majesty to do just about as she pleases. "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children," will, doubtless, soon be equally obsolete. There will be found some way of dodging the primal curse. We make no pretensions to having received any special prophecy in this direction, nor to having had any dream, hint, or supernatural assurance of any sort whatever; but, we submit, do not present indications all point this way? Is there not an active, earnest, irrepressible crusade against these "mewling" infants going on, with, at least, a tolerable degree of success? Hostilities begin even before the atmosphere of earth is vexed with their fretful cries. Skilled assailants lay siege to the stronghold, and the garrison is compelled to surrender. The Bible injunction is carried out to the very letter—the axe is laid at the root of the tree. A certain class of newspapers teem with advertisements of a philanthropic (?) nature, looking to the amelioration of womanhood. Nostrum vendors are waxing great and rich; they can afford to live in marble palaces, sport handsome equipages, and fare sumptuously every day. Undertakers find their vocation greatly enlarged and bettered; grave-diggers drive a thrifty business; vast hecatombs are hurried away to the silent resting-place of the dead, where they can reveal no secrets of suicide or murder, and answer no questions—at least, this side the River.

But what of it? The earth has ever been enriched by the blood of the martyred host, and the world's great reformers have always been aflame with the spirit of self-renunciation and sacrifice. *Pro bono publico*: this is the motto under which they live and die. If this calamity of motherhood is to be permanently averted, if the curse is to be revoked, a suitable spirit of resentment

must be manifested toward it. An imperious present must take honorable revenge of a servile past. With woman, it must be a matter of cool, deliberate choice. Is it reasonable or just that her youthful charms should be sacrificed to the Moloch of the nursery? Did not the first husband arrogate to himself supererogatory powers, any way, when he changed the name of his wife? The simple story is its own best argument. "She shall be called woman, because she was taken out of man;" this was the *first* inspiration. Then the moment he found himself "drest in a little brief authority," decked out with his fig-leaf pinafore, he at once began, man like, to put on airs, and delivered himself after this sort, as the record states: "Adam called his wife's name Eve, because she was the mother of all living." The *first* name was evidently a direct revelation from the beneficent Creator; for the *last* we will not vouch, as meanwhile there had been all sorts of machinations and intrigues going on between the Tempter and that Edenic household. The established *régime* must be accepted as a *fait accompli*; but it is unquestionably true that this ignoble pilfering of woman's rights, this shuffling of odious responsibilities upon her, first began in Paradise, and has been carried on with a high hand ever since.

But, sarcasm aside, is it not a lamentable fact that children are becoming shockingly unpopular and unwelcome? Is not the dread of motherhood a menacing spectre in the moonlit lawns of prospective wedlock? Do not many women—good women, as the world goes—congratulate themselves upon being free from the care and annoyance of children? Do they not invoke all aids, both lawful and unlawful, to ward off what they deem so great a calamity? Is there not an ever-deepening, ever-widening Ganges cutting its dangerous channel through the very meadow-land

of Society, uprooting every blossoming spray, or tender plant, that meets it in its course? Is there not a horrible Juggernaut rolling through the land, in ghastly, self-asserting splendor, wherein these smiling, purple-robed assassins sit enthroned? Many are the sacrificial offerings thrown beneath its ponderous wheels. Is it not time that the clarion-note of alarm was sounded from every house-top and hillock? The emphasis of the pulpit, the energy of the public lecture, the influence of the social *conversazione*, the counsel of the medical adviser, the pleading earnestness of the press, the trenchant pen of the writer, should all be directed against this corroding curse. Every lover of humanity should "fight with gentle words till time lends friends." A single earnest protest may be the seed-corn to a harvest of nobler purposes. Voices must be raised, freighted with all the eloquence of conviction. Evil-doers should be made to feel the keen edge of a relentless, exacting public opinion. Whatever Society imperatively demands, is awarded, however reluctantly it may come. "Statutes are of no resistance against armed men;" and when women take law into their own secret custodianship, public opinion must force them to surrender. If the heart has so steeled itself against the voice of Conscience, let Justice, Argus-eyed, stand by, with jealous scrutiny, to reveal every wrong, and let an avenging Nemesis pursue every such presumptive transgression. The results of selfish wickedness, untempered by religious common sense, in regard to domestic atrocities, were never more apparent than to-day. These moral maladies must be reached. There is to be a hand-to-hand encounter between the inevitable and the unpopular, with the odds in favor of the latter. There must be strength and purity of moral perception in the matter. It is only by healthful discussion that the soil is stir-

red around the roots of Truth, and the weeds of Error eradicated. The subject covers so broad a field that the strategic points only can be inspected. The gospel of motherhood is a gospel of salvation to the race. It is hopefully reassuring, that the pulpits of our land are not bereft of great and grand apostles of truth, who fear not to declare the whole counsel of God. Speaking of the odious crime to which we have been alluding, Rev. Robert Collyer, of Chicago, in a late sermon, said:

"I tell you, when this unspeakable offense is done to heaven, the worst possibility is not what we may have taken from the measure, but from the hope, and joy, and fullness, of life. It is, that, in some way we can not even imagine, we may have made the world poorer by what we have done. What loss to the world, if once such a sin had been hidden away in Stratford-upon-Avon, or in the poor clay biggin two miles from Ayr, in Scotland, or in the hut eight miles from Newcastle, in England, or in many another place, shielded and shrouded then, as our homes are now, but since then lifted up among the shining points of the world! I could wish no worse hell for my worst enemy, if I ever take to bad wishing, than that one should haunt him in eternity, who might have come and poured a mighty treasure into the commonwealth of the world, but for that sin that kept him out of it."

Is not the land cursed with "institutions," whose concealed aim is to afford unrebuked license to just such crime as this? These grim mausoleums are not patronized alone by those unfortunate victims of misplaced confidence, who, to conceal a previous violation of the seventh commandment, desperately resort to a reckless breaking of the sixth. It were a mercy to mankind, if only such were pensioners upon these charnel-houses. But from lips not friendly to hasty gossip, we learn that women,

bound by solemn vows of wedlock, not infrequently invoke the superior scientific skill and professional advantages (?) of just such pandemoniums as these. And for what? That the sweet buds of promise may be nipped with some subtle nicotian "remedy." If mothers will accept a reciprocity treaty with these itinerant venders of nefarious poisons and murderous advice, they will undoubtedly be enabled to work marvels of ruin and desolation. There may be, at first, a shivering horror at the bare suggestion of doing violence to one's own flesh and bone; but once lend audience to the thought, and any gentle misgivings may soon be silenced. Conscience, when tampered with, will speedily psychologize natural affection, and lead Duty blindfold to the brink of riotous rebellion, and thrust her down headlong. The suggestive picture affords just ground for the gloomiest forebodings. It would seem that nothing short of demoniacal possession could satisfactorily account for such dire wickedness; and a pity is it, that the perpetrators are not permitted, like creatures similarly possessed of old, to go violently down some steep place and perish in the waters. If the thundering threats of Sinai will not deter womanhood from the perpetration of such crimes, let Society arm itself, and let the glittering sword of an avenging public opinion be unsheathed for the protection of the innocents. The public conscience has become very rusty and slip-shod upon the subject, and so attenuated as to be hardly recognizable. We can not dismiss so grave a matter with a few *ad captandum* phrases, calculated to tickle the popular taste. There is too much of serious import in it. Frivolous, pleasure-loving womanhood has brought us into this dilemma; practical, conscientious womanhood must devise some escape therefrom. What arguments will avail to perforate the strong armor of woman's apparent predetermi-

nation to avoid the shackles of maternity? We are in the very midst of an imperiled Present, and it would be sheer fallacy to dwell on the possibilities of future Utopias. What is substantially right, and what can practically be effected? These are the great questions which should exercise us. The world needs a powerful revival of motherhood. There should be a genuine Pentecostal season of sweet and loving maternity, adding multitudes of converts to the order of true womanhood.

Is not selfishness at the root of all this evil? A selfish desire for comfort and ease; an unwillingness to forego any amusement or pleasure; a reluctance to part with any personal charm that might be sacrificed to maternity; an aversion to spend, and to be spent, for others; a fondness for freedom and frolic; a yearning after fashionable follies—all these combine to write the anathema of angelic infancy; and the recording angel above, looking sorrowfully down upon the appalling scene, writes *his* maranatha likewise. We have fallen upon sorry times, indeed, when the holiest office of woman has come to be regarded as a bane, and not a blessing; when children, the choicest heritage of the Lord, are regarded as perpetual crosses; when the airy angels, ordained to flutter about the home-nest, have been seemingly transmuted into spirits of evil; when personal ease and gratification are preferred to the noble, unselfish life; when the ephemeral pleasures of the moment are held in higher esteem than the enduring blessings of the future; when self-love conquers maternal love; when a false life has usurped the true life. These are plain, indisputable facts, which no amount of feeble sophistry or paltry subterfuge can conceal; and now, that women seem inspired with a deep and far-reaching spirit of progression and reform, why not permit somewhat of this new impetus to be directed toward

the exaltation of the race? The basis of the campaign should be motherhood. This should be the broadest plank in the platform; and one of the most cheerful and encouraging tokens of promise in connection with the woman's movement, is the fact that some of its noblest advocates and exponents place such solemn emphasis upon this very subject. Teach the frivolous sisterhood that they may find a welcome refuge from the sickly monotony of dress and display in the grand possibilities of maternity. There must be a larger proportion of marriages founded upon a love whose roots reach down, and are nourished by the religious sense, if we are to have healthful, vigorous, and beautiful families. There must be an emancipation from the chains of self-seeking and ease. The bracing, invigorating air of an uplifting Faith must permeate wifely hearts. There must be fewer bribes of flattery and adulation offered and accepted; for men are not guiltless in this matter. They court beauty, and pay a premium for all sorts of supplemental art; whereas, many an indolent, ease-seeking woman should be detested for the very voluptuousness of her vicious physical perfections. What of duty and principle has she not sacrificed to attain them? A yearly increase to the census returns must inevitably involve a corresponding decrease of vivacity and freshness, at least for the time; and what wonder that wives resist the inroads that maternity makes upon their charms, if it subject them to a husband's frown or censure, and mayhap invite criticism favorable to fashionable rivals, who pay no such tribute to future generations?

It may be said that maternity should exact no such penalties; that they are the unhappy results of an enfeebled womanhood, and should be averted by wise attention to physical laws. We grant it. Nature is benignant to those who obey her behests; but having been

brow-beaten and insulted by past generations, she takes honorable revenge upon posterity; her laws stop not to analyze motives. Errors have been committed, and bring their own punishment; but even mistakes may be our rude preceptors. Imperfections and Suffering are the special police appointed by the Creator himself, and stationed at the gateway of daring Disobedience, to remind offenders of the grave nature of their crimes. It is all very well to picture Utopias near at hand, when humanity shall be emancipated from all its frailties; but we have to deal with what *now is*, and not with what *shall be*. What avails the lightning-express a hundred miles away, if we lack even the shambling stage-coach to help us over the rude intervening path? With the present physical degeneracy of woman, maternity may possibly subtract somewhat from the beauty and freshness, but it adds infinitely more enduring charms. And there is something nobler than flattery and flirtation for which to live. Many a woman, who, as a belle, was a triumphant success, as a wife and mother is a pitiable failure. Her nominal value is what she passes for on the promenade; but her intrinsic worth is measured by the beauty and excellence of her home-life, by what she adds to the wealth and glory of humanity. The mere act of accepting wifehood should be equivalent to the most solemn vows; and no wife can hope to preserve full empire over the heart of a true husband, whose desires and longings are forever reaching outside the blessed atmosphere of home, who does not possess, in some measure, a character, the keystone of which is that whereon motherhood has its foundation—self-sacrifice. Happy that man, whatever his ungracious fortune, who, amid the fretting and distracting din of the wearisome day, is forever catching the echoes of home-harmonies awaiting him, just a little ahead, in the twilight. Such

melodies are never voiced by women who forsake the pole-star of Duty, that they may chase the *ignis-fatuus* of Pleasure. They have been lifted above the ignoble path of self-seeking. They have become adepts in the sweet art of slighting one's self in the plans and purposes of life—a beautiful renunciation, whatever may be said about looking out for number one. Wives can fret and scold away their birthright of love, and fade out the fairest patterns of manly devotion, by excess of tearful repinings. Domestic duties and maternal cares, to be made sacred, must be baptized with love. Conventions of strong-minded women, so-called, may do much, but they can never accomplish for the world what convocations of loving, strong-hearted wives and mothers can do.

But husbands have their lessons to learn, also, if they would have mothers worthy their children. Give your wives time to develop the graces of a higher culture. Every woman is expected to be a sort of Admirable Crichton, doing all things equally well, omniscient to discover every flaw in the domestic machinery, omnipotent to perform every manner of household handicraft. There are more majestic attainments than even good bread-making and capital nursing, however grateful to the masculine sensibilities these may be. The heart oft-times needs a salad, which demands a skill transcending that required for the preparation of chicken or lobster. Connoisseurs in the art of comfort and encouragement should command the highest remuneration. To understand the mysteries of preserving cherries and blackberries is a womanly accomplishment; but to excel in the art of preserving a husband's affection is a wifely virtue. Good cooks and thrifty housekeepers may be heard from at any intelligence office; but for true womanhood, the demand exceeds the supply. We entreat for woman a more generous op-

portunity for culture and improvement. Let her have the broadest range for both physical and mental development. If you would have her walk side by side with you, take her by the hand and lead her forth. Let her have "open, sesame," to your head, as well as to your heart. Be not afraid to trust her with your schemes and plans. Treat her not as a child or a slave. If she be the true wife of the true husband, she will not betray your trust. There are unwritten legends in her heart that you little wot of.

If men wish their wives to be amiable, intelligent, and vivacious, and to bequeath these inheritances to their children, they must give them the opportunity to cultivate these graces. When there is nothing left of the lover, husband, and father, but the censor, sovereign, and despot, it is no marvel that woman rebels against maternity, and seeks refuge in politics, and in missions outside of her prison-house. A mother's life should not be one ceaseless fret and worry, shutting out the sunlight of beauty under the clouds of care. She has the right to be cherished; the nursery should not be the captive's cell, but a flower-embowered arbor, where the pruning and training are the sweetest duties of the day. One of the most delicate points to decide, is that which determines where a propitious self-sacrifice ends, and an unwarranted servility steps in; for husbands come, unconsciously, to undervalue and despise a love which is too suppliant. There should be no such thing as servile submission on the one side, nor of arrogant assumption on the other. Motherhood does not presuppose serfdom. It deserves the best gifts from the fathers of future generations; and if they would invite and insure the highest possibilities, they must secure judicious leisure for the mother expectant; she needs to lie restful, absorbing beauty, strength, and happiness, which, by and by, shall take shape and re-appear, harmoniously

formulated, developed, and perfected. There must be an equilibrium and repose of mind, not a continuous tilt with care; for the spiritual image of the mother reproduces itself, just as the master-spirit of the artist impresses itself upon the breathing marble, and makes it the truthful medium of his own inspiration. Nature should be caressed and flattered into her most genial, generous mood, that she may give of her abundance. When motherhood is attuned to a heroic key, then are heroes born. Matter is interlinked with spirit in ways mysterious and incomprehensible; and much of the mental and physical suffering of this life is mainly attributable to infirmities of organization bequeathed as pre-natal inheritances. Cherish an ideal, and an invisible mantle is very apt to descend and envelop the spirit yet undiscovered to earth. There is such a thing as virtue and excellence being hereditary with children; they may enter the race of life handicapped with mental and moral strength. It is a marvelously fine thing to be born with a liberal education; the propensity to sequester knowledge, to wrest and grasp it, at all hazards, is intuitive; these predatory tendencies are inborn. Every mother is priestess of the inner temple; she is to work out the great moral transformations by which the world is to be redeemed. Every mother is an artist—an authoress. Shall the product of her skill be a *chef-d'œuvre* of beauty, comeliness, and strength? What shall be the nature of her *pastorale*? Shall it be musical, rhythmical, and joyous? Says an old bard, "An irrepressible spirit of beauty is the true source of artistic births." This is true in more than one regard. It is only by attention to facts like these, by the exercise of good, plain, massive sense, that the science of motherhood will ever approach perfection. It is only by the slow, but sure, alembic of progressive, healthful

procreation that the frailties, weaknesses, and imperfections of the race will ever be eliminated, and that each succeeding generation shall set out from a higher point of departure.

Parents would do well to recognize the fact, that not only physical idiosyncrasies, but also mental and moral traits, follow a well-defined law of organic transmission. They are obedient to recognized principles and relations—not mere erratic, fitful phenomena, defying all rule or conditions. All the agencies for culture and development will never compensate for poverty of mental inheritance. The best of tillage cannot raise knowledge out of a mind where Nature has not planted it. Natural ability measures the capacity for achievement, and an inherent, irrepressible impulse drives its possessor forward, independent of all obstacles. Make diligent inquiry, and you shall find that this rich inheritance was a bequest from parentage. Then, too, there are legacies of woe, as is attested by the well-filled asylums for the deaf, dumb, and blind; the refuges for idiots, swarming with their pitiful throng of bereft humanity—ill-shapen, bungling bodies—uncouth, repulsive countenances, “half-minted with the royal stamp of man”—children sent before time into this ungracious world, so clumsy, rude, and unseemly, that Nature herself starts back aghast, and disowns the workmanship. And these are often but the inevitable sequences of manly indiscretions; the malicious devices of “that enemy that men put in their mouths to steal away their brains.” The sturdy old truth still holds its own: the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children; and modern prophets only put it another way, when they assert that “cowards father cowards, and base things sire base.”

The mother who is listless, inane, frivolous, and self-indulgent, must not quarrel with the photographic likeness of herself in her offspring. The mother

who is petulant, discontented, fault-finding, and reproachful, must expect the duplicate of herself in the coming child. The mother who is annoyed, mortified, and unreconciled, can not expect noble, loving, dutiful progeny. There is an in-born consciousness of being unwelcome. Worst of all, that mother who hides herself away, and seeks by every means in her power to rob an immortal being of its title to life, will surely pay an awful penalty. It is a vain thing to expect absolution from such a crime. What wonder there are so many weak, self-distrustful men and women! What wonder there are so many stealthy assassins, fertile in expedients for evil-doing! What wonder there are so many who walk through life with heads bowed down like a bulrush! They have no in-born sense of a right to live. What wonder that greedy avarice stalks through the land, and scowling misers starve amid their stores, when countless wives are driven to every expedient to obtain even a respectable infantile wardrobe for the expected heir! Want of means is the ever-pressing, stringent, all-absorbing thought, and petty economies of every kind are practiced, in order to meet the emergency. Could a grand, noble, generous soul be begotten under such a crushing daily experience as this? What you would have your children be, that you must be yourself. There must be genuine nobility bequeathed as an inheritance, or the chances are, that posterity will regard the brilliancy of the family jewels more religiously than the brightness of the family name. There must be fewer shriveled, stunted travesties of humanity. Let superabounding life enkindle life; let strength beget strength; let power invoke power; let beauty of soul and feature insure beauty; let virtue bequeath virtue: for thus are heroes bred, full of the opulence of being from the earliest hour of birth, and plethoric with life and vitality. Let moth-

ers bind their children to their hearts with the silken ligaments of love, ere they see the light. Let every faculty and attainment be made to pay tribute to the coming child; let her fertilize and utilize her entire being; let mentality be terse and active; let there be a wise commingling of grit and grace; let the spirit of conscientiousness be in full play, that harnesses human nature to its destined work, and sings as it drives; let her more generally learn to find solace in the blue eyes and rosy lips of the dimpled little daguerreotypes of herself; let there be a chivalrous regard for every motherly duty; let there be a more generous intermixture of the noble, Madonna stamp of motherhood—self-consecrated, unselfish and devoted; let mothers oftener sing an exultant *magnificat*, and we shall oftener behold the majesty and beauty of physical perfection, wedded to the finely tempered, well-adjusted, flexible intellect, and all irradiated by a gentleness, sympathy, and love that make mankind the richer for that life. And so the happy mother may launch into existence a perfect being, full of

“Life’s insensible completeness,
Got as the ripe grape gets its sweetness.”

The world is on the advance, and mothers must respond to that advance by begetting men; there is no fear that the race shall become too highly perfected. We are assured that wise provision has been made that the trees shall not invade the sky. But are we not falling upon degenerate times? Is not the race of noble men and women gradually becoming enfeebled? Where is the rich and mellow fruitage of heart and mind? The times demand men. Science needs explorers and expounders, and original thinkers are in demand. The foot-paths of past generations are too well trodden; where are the pioneers to new fields of discovery? Students of Nature are called for. Great truths are travailing for birth. Problems await solution. Is

America, the presumptive mistress of Civilization, keeping abreast of her own projected work? The affirmation is true, that “neither the classes of statesmen, philosophers, artisans, nor laborers are up to the modern complexity of their several professions.” The average standard of the race must be raised, or humanity will be lashed and goaded into hopeless decrepitude and impotency, by exactions that transcend its capabilities. A balance must be preserved between the present requirements of the age, and the ability to meet those requirements. They must be made to harmonize. This can be accomplished only by a wise and reverent attention to the known laws of procreation; by mothers becoming mothers in truth, as well as in name; by having noble, fearless, truth-seeking, virtue-loving parentage, intent on a higher civilization; not leaving the matter of child-bearing to the servile, the stupid, and the shallow-brained. This is an insult to Human Nature, and she is not slow to resent it. There is no escaping her avenging hand. Let the plodding, the thriftless, and the unaspiring of any country, have the monopoly of peopling that country by multiplied births, and the race will become gradually deteriorated and enfeebled, until, finally, the whole social and political fabric gives way, and the nation reverts back to barbarism, or is blotted from the earth.

Lycurgus condensed the whole scheme of legislation into the one problem of the bringing up of youth. When fifty Spartan children were demanded as hostages, the reply to the king was, “We would prefer to give you a hundred of our most distinguished men.” The hope of humanity lies in the cradle—in a perfected and regenerated race; for grand old ruins are not half so much to be deplored as new architecture wretchedly put together. Sooner or later, a nation that treats with indifference or contempt the heaven-ordained laws of gen-

eration, must sink into irremediable ruin. The inferior race must give place to the superior, and no human ingenuity can outwit this law. Every healthful, perfected, virtuous man or woman, therefore, owes it to the world to perpetuate the stock; for "it does not matter so much what we obtain by immediate influence, as what we may have insured against a time when that influence shall have ceased." It was the pride of Cicero to be the first of his race; it has been the shame of many another to be the last.

Shall not motherhood lift up her protecting ægis for the defense of the commonwealth? Shall she not teach her marriageable daughters, both by precept and example, the motto, *Noblesse oblige*—that new stations demand new duties? That there is no more of a regal honor than to be blessed with a quiver full of children? That the grandest stronghold of the feminine nature is maternity? That posterity must not be sacrificed on the altars of self-love and fashion?

These are truths that must ultimately filter down through all the foam and yeast of disputation, and be accepted and practiced. To be a devoted, self-sacrificing wife and mother, should be to exact perpetual veneration. Her husband should fall newly in love with her every morning, and sing a fresh pæan to her praise every evening. The crescent hopes which centre in her children are pleasant compensation for the burdens imposed by the present. The *dolce far niente* may be more enjoyable for the time, but it provides no smiling harvest, no luscious fruitage for the swift-coming autumn, and the wintry days just at hand, when the merry voices of children and grand-children shall fill the halls with a music so rapturous, that the very echoes shall bend to catch the minstrelsy, and send it trilling from cellar to dome. Such a household is a grand, harmonious orchestra, and the mother is the flute-tone in it. Her family is an immortal epic of what she has done, loved, and suffered; but, after all, the richest reward of such a life is to have lived it.

OUR FIRST TELEGRAM.

OUR first telegram on the Pacific Coast did not come in the usual way—click, click, click at one end of the telegraph line, and then click, click, click at the other—nor yet partly by telegraph, and partly by pony careering over the middle plains, with whatever speed horse-flesh is capable of; but by a most circuitous and unexpected route: by the back-door, in fact, and without any previous announcement of its starting.

I was making up the news, after the arrival of a Panama steamer, in the office of the journal of which I was then the managing editor, when, in a most unobtrusive manner, it came to hand.

It was in the year 1855, when the dwellers on the Pacific Coast were only treated once every two weeks to a glimpse of what was transpiring in the outside world. For half a month they were compelled to dig and delve in the earth for the precious metals, trade and speculate, without the slightest glimmer of what was transpiring beyond the limits of the State. It was only natural, therefore, that, when the gun of the incoming steamer awakened the echoes slumbering in the surrounding hills, all business should be suspended. It was the hoarse announcement, that, as soon as nimble clerks could assort the letters, fathers

would hear from their families, sons from their parents, speculators from their correspondents, and lovers from their sweethearts. This isolation produced effects upon the literature of the time plainly visible to this day in the files of the old newspapers. For three or four days after the arrival of each steamer, the daily journals were filled with learned dissertations upon the condition—political and commercial—of every nation in the world. Events were taken up in the order of their importance, and served out, with due commentary and dignity. I believe that a steamer never did arrive which did not convey material for a powerful and eloquent attack upon the *London Times*. How they got along in the interval need not be stated in this article. Probably the least said on the inter-steamer literature of that epoch the better. It followed, as a matter of course, that when the steamer was reported, the decks of the daily newspaper had to be immediately prepared for action. News had to be made up slowly and painfully from the files from all parts of the globe—from our own country first, and then from Central and South America, Europe, Asia, Africa, and, in fact, wherever the news extended; a weary twenty-hours' work of that sort of reading in which newspaper editors indulge—the reading of whole articles by a single glance, coupled with the usual scissoring and pasting.

It was at the close of one of these days of unremitting labor, when I had succeeded in epitomizing news from all creation, that I came across a copy of the *Trait d'Union*—a French paper, published in the city of Mexico. I glanced over it to see whether there was any important news stirring in the capital of the neighboring republic, but my attention was immediately attracted by a telegraph dispatch purporting to convey later news from the seat of war

in the Crimea than could be found in the files of the New York newspapers, which had just come to hand. The exciting question of that day related to the period at which Sebastopol would fall. The newspapers had announced, for the hundredth time, that that well-fortified town had not yet succumbed. Russian, English, French, Turk, and Sardinian had been fighting away there for months, with more or less valor, but the place obstinately refused to beat the *chamade*, or hoist the white flag; yet the world, for the most part, looked upon its destruction as a foregone conclusion. The dispatch in the *Trait d'Union* not only bore a later date, but contained, unquestionably, later news. In these brief sentences were given a few outlines of that tragic episode witnessed with so much dismay by the English head-quarters' staff on the slopes of the Kourgane Hills; Cardigan, followed by his devoted six hundred, riding straight for the centre-gun in the battery at the head of the valley; Nolan shot through the heart at the moment that he was endeavoring to correct the mistake into which the commander of the light-division had fallen, and his horse galloping wildly to the rear, carrying a rigid corpse, sword in hand, into the lines of the astonished reserve; saddles emptied at every discharge; a murderous fire in front, a withering fire on both flanks, and the gallant six hundred still sweeping onward into the very jaws of death.

Unable to comprehend the curious circumstance, I locked up the paper for the night, satisfied that, even if the dispatch was what it purported to be, it would be lost in the general mass of news which was then to be published. I returned to the study of the document next day, and soon came to the conclusion that it was genuine. But how did it get there? A little reflection revealed the route which it had pursued.

There were then steamers twice a week from Europe. One of them had arrived at Halifax the day after the steamer had sailed from New York for Aspinwall. The news which it brought was telegraphed by the line then in operation from Halifax to the Balize; had found its way there on board the steamer which carried the mails between this republic and Mexico; had reached Vera Cruz in three days; had been telegraphed from that point to the city of Mexico, and was published in the *Trait d'Union*. That same day, a copy of the *Trait d'Union* gained the inside of the mail-bag of the letter-carrier who traveled between the city of Mexico and Acapulco, and reached the last-named town in time to catch the steamer on its way up to San Francisco. I, therefore, published the dispatch next day, carefully concealing how or by what route it had arrived. Of course, it was immediately assailed by all the other newspapers. One of them declared that the stupid — had been perpetrating a foolish and transparent hoax; it was plain to every body but the blundering editors of that sheet that the advices from New York were of such a date, and that there was no possibility of later news coming to hand. Such tricks to attract attention were a sure indication of its decaying fortunes. Another was not quite sure but that hanging—the efficacious and simple remedy for all troubles in the “good old time”—would be the proper punishment for the audacious persons who had endeavored in this clumsy manner to bamboozle the most intelligent community in the world. It was rather inclined to agree with the other critic—though this was unquestionably the first time when such a curious conjuncture took place—that no better evidence of the disordered condition of the finances of the daily—could be furnished than the resort to such shallow devices to attract public recognition. A third, more genial, at-

tempted wit, and declared that the news was true, for it had the best reasons to know that it had been transmitted by spiritual telegraph at great expense.

I made no reply to all this, except merely to state that on the arrival of the next steamer the fact would be verified as to whether it was genuine news or not; and, sure enough, in two weeks, it was confirmed in every particular. I believe that not one of my contemporaries to this day has the slightest knowledge of where that dispatch came from. Talking of it subsequently to a friend of mine of a speculative turn of mind, he at once suggested that a company should be formed for getting later news by this route. I believe that if he should ever come across an abnormal paving-stone, he would proceed, without delay, to organize a joint stock company thereon.

“Don’t you see, sir,” said he, “we can always have at least one week’s later news than the steamer brings. By an examination of the statistics, you will find that the average time consumed on the trip from New York to Acapulco is sixteen days—that is to say, eight days from New York to Aspinwall, one day crossing the Isthmus, seven days from Panama to Acapulco—whereas, by this route, we can get news from Europe and the Atlantic States to the same point in seven or eight days at the furthest: thus, three days from the Balize to Vera Cruz; no time from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, seeing that there is a telegraph between the two places, and four days from the city of Mexico to Acapulco, by express.”

Certainly nothing could be clearer, as a matter of demonstration. It was plain that by this route news could be obtained, on every trip of the steamers, one week later than they usually brought. There was here, to all appearances, an opening to make a fortune in a very short time, for news so much later would be almost priceless, not only in a historical,

but a commercial sense, provided a monopoly of it could be secured. We were then, of course, filled with the idea of a continental railroad and telegraph, but few believed that either the one or the other would be accomplished in the lifetime of the present generation. Indeed, these enterprises were generally regarded more in the light of exciting topics of conversation than as immediately possible facts.

Bear in mind, said my speculative friend, that if we succeed in this thing we shall have the first knowledge of who is elected President of the United States, when a Presidential election comes off. The steamer with the New York advices will convey the rumor that Jones has probably been elected to take the helm of the ship of state. We shall know, by our Cross-Cut over the continent, that, as a matter of fact, Jones has been defeated, with the names of the States which voted against him, and the probable majorities. I at length consented to go into the business, and endeavor to found a fortune upon that vagrant telegram. Certainly, the reduction of the time between San Francisco to fifteen days from twenty-eight and thirty, could not fail to prove of great advantage. We had not then dreamed of ever being able to shorten the time of communication with the East until the railroad and telegraph should be built. There was some dim hope that Tehuantepec would do something toward bringing us nearer to civilization. Tehuantepec always came in with the most engaging columns of figures, but never got beyond the purely speculative. The cars were to be running along that most favored route surely before many years had elapsed; but, meanwhile, we were dying of *ennui* in the inter-steamer period which fell upon us regularly twice a month. Our business relations, too, in consequence of this isolation, stood upon the most precarious footing. The dim

figure of the man who made his fortune in tacks, so adroitly, in the early days, was constantly before the eyes of our merchants and traders. The tacks-man had come here in the early days, and examined with clear eyes the phenomena presented. Two seasons here only, eh? One the dry season, the other the wet. No sort of houses seem to be thought about here but the frailest kind of wooden tenements, with paper-walls and cloth-ceilings. It is clear to the human mind, pondering these things, that dwellings of this character can not be put up without tacks. Tacks, beyond question, are the key of the situation. So he bought up all the tacks in the market at ten cents a package, and lay by for developments. The immigration of adventurers continued to pour through the Golden Gate in much greater volume than ever. No possibility, with existing accommodations, of housing the multitude. The rains, as expected, began to descend in the generous wealth of the fall of '49 and spring of '50. More houses there must be. Fortunes were sure to be realized in a short time by running up almost any kind of a shelter. Lumber is reasonably plenty, too; likewise paper and cloth; but what in the world is to be done for tacks? No tacks anywhere to be found. And then appeared on the scene the dim figure of the tacks-man—tacks, yes; tacks in plenty, but the price is \$1 a package. And so the great tacks speculator sold out all his stock at the figures asked, realizing seven hundred per cent. on his investment, and cleared out for some more congenial clime.

I mention this little episode in our history merely for the purpose of illustrating the difficulties under which commercial business was carried on during the long period of our isolation from the rest of the world. We never thought how easily the barriers which separated us might have been broken down, by a

system of carrier-pigeons, which, in the case of the siege of Paris, was lately brought to such perfection. With a way station at Salt Lake City, the thing might have been accomplished; but we pinned our faith on Tehuantepec, and next upon the Pacific Railway. Surely, either of these was bound to come to our relief in time. Examining into this prospect of getting news in fifteen days by way of Mexico, I found that the pivotal point of the speculation lay in the expressing of the packages between the city of Mexico and Acapulco. Of course it would be entirely out of the question to expect that we should be able to keep the route by which we were getting our news and dispatches a profound secret. As soon as it was known that communication could be had with the outer world in nearly half the time then required, by way of Acapulco, the city of Mexico, Vera Cruz, and New Orleans, other parties would engage in the business. It was, therefore, determined to dispatch an agent to the city of Mexico at once, for the purpose of securing from the Government the exclusive right of running an express between that city and Acapulco. Fortified at that point, no opposition could be established. And we were led to believe that there would be no difficulty whatever in obtaining this concession from the Mexican Government. The popular impression was that the Mexican Government was peculiarly subject to the influence of "ounces;" did not bother its head much about principles when "ounces" were in question; had, in fact, come to the conclusion that "God and Liberty" and the precious metals were synonymous terms. We, accordingly, appointed an agent to proceed forthwith to the "Halls of the Montezumas," and there, with such arguments as he could present, obtain for a term of years the exclusive right to carry the mails between the capital of the republic and the port of Aca-

pulco. He was duly instructed to make it appear, if possible, that the regular transmission of mails between any two given points had, in the experience of mankind, always operated to restrain revolutionary movements and *pronunciamientos*, and to use this argument, wherever possible, in mitigation of "ounces." In a short time we had the satisfaction of hearing from our diplomat. Halls of the Montezumas were opened to him without any difficulty at all. On all sides he received the most polite and delicate attentions. Mail between Mexico and Acapulco. *Si, señor*. Nothing more calculated to bring out the latent glories and capabilities of our beloved country than a regular communication with our western coast. The jingling bells of the sure-footed mule, descending the Pacific Slope, will awaken all that fertile region to a new and astonishing life; but the power to make the concession rests with another and higher official, and he, it must be confessed with shame, is very penurious.

By diligently climbing up and down the back-stairs of the Halls of the Montezumas, the matter was at length got into such shape that our agent advised us that we might venture to organize the enterprise without further delay. The grant was, in fact, made out in the due and legal form, and required only one signature to give it all the force of a decree. That signature, it was represented, was exceedingly coy; was too busy just at that moment to spread itself on the waiting parchment; had married a young wife, and could not think of business for days to come; was generally a sly and slippery signature, but there were the best reasons for believing that it would be brought to terms. Under these circumstances, nothing remained but to complete the other links in the chain of communication which we proposed to establish. We soon succeeded in securing an agent in New Orleans, and at

Vera Cruz another. A trusty messenger would always be on hand at Acapulco to receive the packages from the express-rider, and convey them to this city. Our purpose was to make no public announcement of the opening of the new route till our first news came to hand. Certainly, as matters looked at that time, no fairer enterprise could possibly be conceived. It required but a very small amount of capital to start it, and the returns promised to be regular and satisfactory. Few persons now have any conception of the intensity of the yearning for news and advices, personal, political, and commercial, of these early times. We have now become so habituated to a daily communication, not only with the East, but all parts of the world, that most people wonder how we managed to subsist upon a semi-monthly supply, and that of a date so old as to be almost practically of no value. The man who should happen, from any cause, to fail to peruse the news of two steamers in succession, was a man in whose knowledge of current history there was a gap of one month.

The completion of all the arrangements had a most wonderful effect on my speculative friend, whose genius had suggested this magnificent enterprise. He at once launched out upon a career of the most alarming extravagance—had his fortune now made to a dead certainty. It was true, he had already met with a dozen disappointments in that respect; had once gone into soap, under the impression that he had a “dead thing,” but the soap for the most part vanished in bubbles—reached here at a time when the market was glutted with the article, and was accordingly left to wash itself away on the wharf, without producing any benefit to mankind or my speculative friend; tried quartz-crushers at another time—quartz-crushers calculated, with mathematical precision, to turn out so much gold *per diem*, if only

the quartz could be found with the due amount of the precious metal seamed therein. I believe, however, as a matter of history, that the quartz-crushers never succeeded in mashing anything with efficiency but the proprietor. But, as my speculative friend was in the habit of saying, this Mexican cut-off was a totally different sort of thing; was certain of a fortune in that. You received your news regularly, and sold it to the newspapers at a good profit. In short, said he, we will be the supreme rulers of the newspapers. The newspaper which may incur our displeasure will have nothing to do but suspend at once. In addition to this, we will be employed by every first-class house to bring it telegraphic advices from the East. Their correspondents will telegraph letters to our agent in New Orleans; he will dispatch them to Vera Cruz; there they will be telegraphed again to the city of Mexico, and then conveyed by our express to Acapulco. There is a mine of wealth in the business, beyond question. There is no chance that the market will ever be glutted with news.

But while the arrangements for the opening of the line were approaching completion, events were transpiring in another country which were destined to have more or less effect on the enterprise. William Walker, the “gray-eyed man of destiny,” was then operating in Nicaragua. An antique “gray-eyed man,” projected by some mysterious action of Nature into the nineteenth century, bent upon doing something in this world not clearly defined—something essentially in the buccaneering line. It was thought by some, that his object was to rescue the patriarchal institution of human slavery from the destruction that was then clearly hanging over it. If no other secure place for that unlucky “corner-stone,” about to drop out of the wall of which it had long been the chief support, could be found, Nicaragua shall

be prepared for the reception of the blessed gospel of the *dolce far niente*, with toiling negro chattels in the background. So the "gray-eyed" laid about him with great vigor, in that listless, tropical region; marched up and down, in a stormful and threatening manner, destroying all opposition; made himself Commander-in-chief of the Armies and Navies of Nicaragua, made himself President, became one of the rulers of the earth, and dealt liberally in high-sounding proclamations. Clearly visible to us, even at this distance—a short, square-shouldered, active little man, not averse to gold-lace and the usual ornamentation of the warrior, issuing, with grave demeanor, from the national palace on the Grand Plaza of Rivas, for the purpose of reviewing his troops. A silent man, with lips firmly closed—of what might be termed an audible taciturnity—but flashing constantly upon you an eager and penetrating eye. An exclusive and inscrutable man, between whom and his followers not the slightest trace of familiarity could ever be discovered; a rigid disciplinarian; remorseless as fate itself; in all cases unique—in some even grand.

Nicaragua had long since submitted entirely and absolutely to his sway; could make no effective stand against this lithe and light-complexioned war-god, and had settled down hopelessly to her *aguardiente*. According to the proclamations, on the contrary, she had just awakened from her long slumber; had new blood coursing through her veins, and was demanding with loud voice that henceforth she should be heard in the world; was going to have representatives at foreign courts; would issue bonds, and found a commerce. Especially should the Accessory Transit Company, which had in the old torpid times been allowed to do pretty much what it pleased, be forced to live up to the agreements into which it had solemnly entered. The order was

therefore issued, for the seizure of all the steamboats belonging to that corporation which were then lying at San Juan del Norte. Till the various amounts which you have promised to pay are duly deposited in the treasury, no carrying or transit of passengers shall be permitted. Further, your boats will be held as security until the account is fully and satisfactorily squared. This order had a wider effect than was at the time generally supposed. It broke up many promising speculations. Among others, it utterly ruined the Great Mexican Short-Cut, which was to reduce the time between San Francisco and New York to fifteen days. The Accessory Transit Company was put to great inconvenience by the seizure of all its vessels at San Juan; had not boats enough, by any means, to perform the various services in which it was engaged, and had, therefore, as a matter of necessity, to withdraw the boat which had been carrying the mails between New Orleans and Vera Cruz.

No method of communication between these points, now, but by a miserable schooner, which went bobbing up and down in the short, chopping seas of the Gulf, making port sometimes in seven days, when she was in luck, but oftener in a fortnight. A wretched, two-masted affair, driven hither and thither by the capricious gales; shipping seas in the merest capful of wind; moving, now on this tack, and now on that; even driven off port when in sight, and forced to lie off and on for days at a time—no sure link this, in a lightning route, which professed to give steam a week in advance and beat it. Clearly, the bottom had dropped out, in a most disastrous manner, from the Great Mexican Short-Cut. No telegraphing, or express-riding, even on the wings of the wind, could save it now. Little dreamed the skipper of that fateful craft, that his sharp prow was cutting more things than the dancing,

foaming waters of the gulf. Speculative friend, for one, had gone wholly into the dumps, on the receipt of the dreadful tidings. The only portion of the enterprise which refused to die decorously when its time came, was the link at the City of Mexico. For months afterward, dismal wailings continued to reach us

from that point. Refractory signature was now all smiles; wanted to trace itself without further delay; was animated now solely by a laudable desire to promote the material interests of Mexico, and would not stick for an "ounce," more or less. A hopeful speculation thus came to naught.

PLURALITY OF WIVES.

POLYGAMY did not belong to the primitive Mormon Church. On the contrary, it was pointedly condemned in all the so-called revelations until nearly fifteen years after the Church was organized. Evidently, the practice was gradually introduced, at first in the form of a secret concubinage, and mainly in opposition to the leading authorities. In due time, however, this practice, having gained much ground, and, to a certain extent, the sanction of Church authority, was permanently established in the form of actual polygamy, by a supposed express revelation through Joseph Smith. In other words, it is sufficiently clear that polygamy, in all its essential qualities, existed before the giving of the revelation upon which it is supposed to rest!

But it must not be inferred, that, even after they had got their *revelation* upon the subject, the Mormons were prepared boldly to avow the practice before the world. On the contrary, the greatest secrecy was enjoined by the leaders; and, in order to maintain this, some decidedly jesuitical practice was found to be necessary, especially among the Mormon Missionaries. It was not until after the lapse of about ten years—when this people had become firmly established among the mountains of Utah—that the mask was wholly thrown off, and a public defense offered of what might now

be regarded as their "peculiar institution." Let it also be borne in mind that the Mormon people have already, during their brief history, been divided into several distinct organizations, each claiming for itself the title of the true Church of the Latter-Day Saints. Of these several divisions, that under Brigham Young, in Utah, is the only one which sustains polygamy. It is, then, with these Brighamite Mormons alone that we have to do at present.

Polygamy, as a practical reality in Utah, exists much more extensively than I had supposed before making my visit. Probably not less than one-third of the married men have appropriated to themselves more than one wife. An experienced observer can tell even by the number and arrangement of the buildings how many of these are the abodes of polygamy. I find that this somewhat dubious privilege of having more than one wife, is considered the more especial prerogative of the priesthood. The bishops seem to be especially pre-eminent in this respect, notwithstanding the saying of an ancient apostle upon this point; for, although it was the injunction of Paul that a bishop should be the husband of one wife, it is the practice of the bishops of Mormondom to have from two to ten—probably more, in some cases—and, as to the officers of still higher rank, it is not easy for a Gentile

to obtain accurate statistics of the kind. Take the case of Brigham Young himself, for instance: I doubt whether any one—excepting, possibly, his intimate brother officials of the Church—knows the precise number of his wives. I have even seen it stated, by pretty good authority, that, so broadly were some of these wives scattered in different parts of the Territory, Brigham himself could not decide correctly upon this point, without consulting the records. But I will not vouch for the truth of this assertion. I can only allow my personal veracity to be taxed to this extent, that I am well acquainted with a good Mormon brother, who stands high in the estimation of the Prophet; who has, in fact, sat at his table as guest for weeks at a time, and who yet was obliged to admit that he could give me no reliable information upon the subject. If from this highest round of the polygamic ladder we descend to the lowest, we find but few who are able to boast of more than ten wives, while by far the larger number of these priestly polygamists are obliged to confess to the diminished rate of from two to five.

The limitation in this matter depends much upon the ability of the individual to gather recruits of the kind. But there is an absolute veto power vested in the head of the Church, which must be propitiated even before a single additional wife can be accumulated, and the ceremony by which such a transaction is rendered valid must always be performed in consecrated places of the Mormon "Zion," and either by Brigham himself, or by some one especially delegated by him. Hence, although ordinary first-marriages may be legalized by the priests and bishops in any part of the Territory, yet when any ambitious Mormon elder would fain enlarge his family beyond this, he, with his intended, must make the journey all the way to Salt Lake City, even though it be from the farthest ex-

treme of the Territory, and in the severity of midwinter. He must also take with him a recommendation from his bishop as to his "worthiness" in this respect, and also papers to show that he is clear of debt upon the Church tithing-books. It is likewise understood that the consent of his first wife is necessary to make all perfectly right in the matter, but I do not think, that, practically, this condition amounts to much. When all these preliminaries are rightly accomplished, then are the parties solemnly "sealed" by an authority which claims the power to unite for all eternity!

In looking now directly at the practical results of this renewal of an old form of barbarism, the effect upon the men themselves, though by no means the most important consideration, should not be overlooked. An inordinate self-esteem is the predominant trait of the Mormon character. I mean, however, of the men only, as the women, from the very necessity of their condition, are far from exhibiting any such marks of undue self-importance. But with the men this is the decidedly weak point of character, and which the polygamic privilege assails with peculiar force, until it becomes so intensely exaggerated that the virtue of humility seems to be utterly ignored and lost sight of.

It is very clear that this system of the ownership of many wives—for this is the substance of the system as found in Utah—tends most strongly to induce a still more excessive distortion of the Mormon character in this respect. With a man of this stamp, there can be no real respect for woman, but she is degraded to one of his convenient belongings. The same tendency of human nature which gives to the Turk his stolid self-conceit, as he indolently surveys his extensive harem of human toys, and which puffs up the American Indian with haughty vanity, as he stalks along in paint and feathers, while his numerous

squaws are seen laboring beneath huge loads like beasts of burden, causes our modern Mormon patriarch to vaunt himself with outrageous self-conceit as he complacently dwells upon the peculiar excellencies of this, that, or another of the various women whom he calls his wives. With the Turk, sensual gratification seems to be the main end in view; with the Indian, the saving of personal dignity and labor occupies a prominent place in the arrangement; with the Mormon, the main purpose of polygamy is—what?

Here is a question in regard to which a difference of opinion seems to prevail between the Mormons and their opponents. The former strongly insist that a wisely ordered propagation of the race is the leading aim of the institution, as upheld by them. They profess to repudiate the sensual gratification of the Turk, and to follow, from reason and conscience, the course which instinct dictates in brute life, and thus to respect, by strict continence, the pregnant and nursing conditions of maternity as the only course by which a natural and healthy development of infant-life, in its earliest stages, can be secured.

From this the intelligent reader will perceive the most plausible apology which these Mormons are able to make in defense of their "plurality system;" and hence, in the allotment of the extra wives, it is the avowed aim of the Church authority, in each individual case, to be guided by the estimated fitness of the applicant to become the father of healthy and well-balanced children, as to the extent to which the enlargement of his conjugal relations may be allowed. In other words, the principle is the same which governs in the propagation of useful domestic animals—only, in this instance, reference is professedly had to the fitness of the male parent to provide for, and to morally educate, his offspring. It is a significant fact, however, that, al-

though thus particular as to the paternity of the children, the question of the maternity seems to be hardly thought of by these modern Solons.

A characteristic anecdote, which I have often heard related by the Mormons themselves, will clearly illustrate this principle in the authoritative distribution of wives. Among the applicants to Brigham for this especial privilege of modern sainthood, there came, one day, a brother of an unusually doubtful character, when something like the following dialogue ensued:

"So, you want another wife, do you?"

"Yes, if you please, Brother Brigham."

"Well, the short of the matter is, that you can't have one."

"Why can't I have one, as well as the other saints?"

"So, you want to know the whole story, do you?"

"Yes; I should like to know why I can't have more than one wife, as well as the rest of 'em."

"Well, you shall know, then, in short order: *I want your race to die out!*"

I will not stop to discuss the question how far the principle is probably carried out in the actual administration of affairs in certain cases not so easily disposed of as was the above, nor how far the temptation to appropriate to themselves the choicest ewe-lambs of the flock is likely to be resisted by those whose power in such cases is mainly limited by their will. I strongly suspect, however, from certain hints and glimpses of facts which have come under my notice, that special instances might be brought forward of rather a damaging character as to the perfect immaculateness of this kind of administration. At the same time, it may, perhaps, be freely admitted, that, as a general thing, the principle professed is honestly carried out, or, at least, that it is lived up to about as closely as principles generally are, by

persons not especially remarkable for conscientious scruples.

The worst feature of this Mormon "plurality system" is, that it degrades woman in the social order, reducing her, as it were, to the fractional part of an individual; and thus, the innate nobleness of self-respect is impaired, and a feeling of servile dependence usurps its place. At the blighting touch of this evil, the nobler capacities of woman are paralyzed, and her brighter hopes destroyed; while the beautiful blossomings of a refined sensibility are withered and trodden under foot. It is true, that what they call love is recognized by the polygamists as existing between the sexes; and one of their over-zealous writers goes so far as to assert, that, no matter how many wives a man may have, it is quite possible for him to love each one of them with all his heart! In reality, however, genuine sentimental love between the sexes seems to be utterly ignored, and is often even sneered at by these owners of women.

The depressing influence of polygamy upon the women of Utah can be seen even by a casual meeting in the streets, and much more so when one is allowed to observe their condition in the daily relations of family life. Nor does it materially alter the aspect of affairs in this respect, even in cases where the family is as yet free from an actual invasion of the evil; for, if the family be Mormon, and under the Brighamite rule, a well-founded and ever-present dread of such an event does much toward a perpetual banishment from that home of a cheerful, contented happiness.

It is true that, in the families generally, you will often witness a certain quiet kind of contentment, or resignation rather; but in all my experience here, I have hardly yet seen a really happy woman—I mean in the ordinary acceptation of the term. But it is impossible to understand fully the wrongs which the women

of Utah thus suffer, without their own unembarrassed, unrestrained testimony, and this is very difficult to obtain; for, in the ordinary walks of social life, especially in the presence of the men, the women invariably speak and act under a severe restraint, and hence it is not easy for one from the outside world to get at their true state of mind in this matter. He might even meet with women, who, thus situated, would act the part of zealous defenders of the special institution, of which all the while they were consciously the unhappy victims; and this would be but the natural result of a combination of powerful restraints coming from both family and Church relations, which it would be unreasonable to expect that these women should disregard. They are also strongly impelled to such a course by the instinctive delicacy of a true womanly nature, which no combination of adverse conditions can wholly destroy.

Under the stringent order of things existing in Utah, the opportunity is rarely afforded a stranger to converse with the Mormon women, unless it be under restraints like those just indicated. In my own case, however, owing to the length of my stay and other advantages, such an opportunity has, in quite a number of instances, been afforded me; and in these instances the testimony has been, almost without exception, decidedly against the desirability of polygamy, at least so far as the women themselves are concerned. Indeed, in the conversations thus held, I only remember a single instance wherein a Mormon woman has really seemed to think it desirable to have more than one wife in the family; and, in order to understand the real significance of this exceptional case, it should be understood that this woman-defender of polygamy was in the decline of life, being herself the first wife, in whom, according to Mormon usage, the leading control is permanently vested,

even though the family should be indefinitely extended. But in every other instance of unrestrained utterance which has come under my notice, the womanly expression has been of a decidedly opposite character, uttered sometimes with indignant emphasis, and sometimes with bitter tears, which showed but too plainly that bruised and bleeding hearts were there. Happily, however, most of the Mormon women, although not especially deficient in ordinary good sense and feeling, are not sufficiently advanced in general culture to render them particularly sensitive in this respect.

In order, however, to arrive at a just estimate of the relative condition of these women, it should be borne in mind that among them actual prostitution is wholly unknown, while, with hardly an exception, all of them have some kind of a home, and generally what is here regarded as an honorable maternity. It is true, that the condition thus occupied is one subject to an arbitrary control, supported, in certain cases, by the most severe penalties. I now allude to the Mormon treatment of what is, by them, called adultery. The principle that strong temptations require to be guarded against by correspondingly severe penalties, has not been left in the background by those in authority. By a well-understood law of the Church, death is sternly demanded as the rightful punishment of adultery; and the fearful license is allowed the individual who is considered as more especially wronged, to take the law of retribution into his own hands, and in his own person to mete out the penalty to the offender! In order to obtain a show of civil sanction to the horrid brutality, this all-prevailing influence was so brought to bear, that, in 1853, a law was actually passed, making adultery punishable by death to both parties. I suppose, however, that it was hardly thought to be sufficiently in accordance with legal decorum for the civil legisla-

tion to follow so closely in the wake of the Church as openly to allow the accuser to become also the judge and executioner in the case! And yet the practical condition of things amounts to about this, as will appear from the following statement of a well-authenticated case, which forms a part of the legal history of the Territory:

A stage-driver, of the name of Munroe, betrayed a wife of Howard Egan, a Mormon, who immediately pursued and deliberately killed the offender. The case came up for regular trial in court, and the result was a decided justification of the murderer. In the course of this trial, it was emphatically declared by the counsel for the defendant, that "the principle—the only one that beats and throbs through this valley—is simply this: the man who betrays his neighbor's wife must die, and her nearest relative must kill him." The last part of this sanguinary declaration seems to refer solely to the men: what is the fate of the female offenders, remains involved in mystery. This much, however, I have ascertained fully to my satisfaction, that a strong and successful effort is constantly made to impress upon the minds of the women the enormity of the offense in question, and the solemn duty of all such offenders to confess and give themselves up to the Church authorities, to be dealt with as they may decide.

I have, as yet, left unnoticed the disturbing influences which necessarily prevail between the different wives of the household, in the affairs of daily life. Nor is it necessary to dwell upon these now, as it requires no very marvelous knowledge of human nature to perceive at a glance how it must be in this respect. I will only strongly assert—the Mormon *male* authorities to the contrary notwithstanding—that woman's nature in Utah is much the same as elsewhere; and that the natural results of such an unnatural relationship, in the

shape of jealousies and hatreds, together with bickerings of various degrees of intensity, do actually and extensively prevail among these women; and that these disturbances sometimes become manifest to the public, notwithstanding the constant effort made to prevent this, and thus to preserve the immaculateness of the institution.

In some cases, these discords are modified, and in others intensified, by the strange and unnatural manner in which the Mormon households are constituted. For instance, in one case which has come to my knowledge, a mother and two of her daughters are wives of the same man; and in another, an elder, who already had one wife, made the masterly move of marrying three sisters at one and the same time! Of course, in this last case, the condition of the first wife became extremely unpleasant. The result was, that being of a peaceful, quiet disposition, she virtually left the household, and has since lived a separate life, laboring hard and living scantily, in order to eke out existence for herself and four dependent children.

Such are some of the phases of woman's life under the institution of polygamy. And yet, the leading Mormon exponents would have us believe, that this kind of life is, as it were, the inner sanctuary of an earthly paradise, not only to the men, but to the women also.

But a word should be added in regard to divorces. As the most implicit obedience, on the part of the wife, in all cases, is deemed her positive duty, by the rules of the Church, any serious attempt to withstand oppression, or to establish especial privileges of her own, could be easily made to appear as an act of insubordination; and such a complaint from her despotic lord is probably made a sufficient cause of separation, in most cases; while cries for redress or release on her part would claim but little attention from the authorities. I cannot

find that any special provision is made for the support of divorced women and their children.

The following incident came under my personal observation: Brother P—— is a large, coarse-looking specimen of the Mormon male species, who, until recently, has been able to boast of a domestic felicity to the extent of four wives, and children in proportion. But now, a change in his domestic cabinet is being effected. A certain obnoxious wifely member has already been *ecclesiastically* disposed of; but, with a somewhat troublesome pertinacity, she still retains possession of the house she has been accustomed to occupy, where she is putting forth commendable efforts to support herself and four small children, by weaving and other domestic employments. As to worthy Brother P—— himself, he is just now engaged in a wonderfully laudable, twofold enterprise: first, to dispossess the refractory ex-wife from her present stronghold; and then, to find a suitable successor to the office just vacated in the quadrangular household. E—— is a recently imported specimen of the lower classes of English life, who is, for the time being, employed as help in the household which is temporarily my home. This girl is seventeen or eighteen years of age—as ignorant and inefficient as she is vain and self-confident. She is, however, strong and healthy, and not ill-looking, although the charms she displays are far more of the sunflower than the rose order of beauty. But of one thing she is wisely self-confident: that her attractions are of a quality to meet with a ready demand in the Mormon market. It was soon manifest that our enterprising Brother P—— had fixed his eye upon the not over-bashful and highly expectant E——, as the one to fill the void in his household. But as disappointment is a part of the universal lot of men, it happened that, soon, another Mormon of patri-

archal propensities made his appearance upon the field of contest, and, with a shrewd foresight of the end in view, applied to her parents to secure the girl to work in his family. In this he succeeded; and by easy transition she soon became one of its wifely members; while poor Brother P—— is, for the present, left in the forlorn condition of having but three wives to console him, instead of four.

Enough has been said to indicate, in a general way, the practical results of polygamy in Utah. As to the actual moral obliquity in each individual case, it would be difficult to decide. But were we to make such an attempt, it would involve a candid consideration of the fact, that polygamy was distinctly recognized as a part of the religious system of the Jews, as found in the Old Testament; and that it was, doubtless, this fact of its recognition among the *ancient* chosen people of God, which first suggested the introduction of the institution among these Saints of the Latter Day, as they regard themselves. Also, it should be considered, that, whatever may be said of some of the leaders, it is certain that a large proportion of the people, especially the women, were honest and conscientious in their adoption of the practice, and, consequently, at the time, were unconscious of personal guilt in the matter.

But polygamy has never obtained a deep and firm roothold among this people. Originating as an after-thought of the Mormon faith, it was never very firmly sustained by the people at large. When, therefore, a renewed communication was opened with the people of the outside world, and the light of more intelligent and liberal thought found its way into their midst—confirmed by the results of their own observation and experience—the more thoughtful and honest of their numbers began to doubt the wisdom and rightfulness of their position. The young women, especially,

who had been brought up directly under its influence, were not easily inveigled into this plurality system; and hence, the practical polygamists, for some time past, have been obliged to gather their recruits mainly from recent importations from abroad. In short, for some ten years past, powerful internal causes have been at work in Utah, slowly but surely undermining the polygamic institution—causes, in themselves, abundantly sufficient for its final overthrow.

Among the most active of these causes, at the present time, is the recently developed “Liberal Party,” the starting-point of which was active opposition to the “one-man power” of Brigham Young. But, in its progress, this party has, at length, renounced nearly every specialty of Mormonism, including polygamy.

A prominent leader of this Liberal Party, William S. Godbe, himself, not long since, a practical polygamist, and a zealous supporter of the Mormon hierarchy, has recently issued a pamphlet, entitled, “Polygamy: Its Solution in Utah; A Question of the Hour.” As this pamphlet seems to throw much light upon our general subject, we close our article with the following quotations:

“The practice of plural marriage in Utah, however, as already stated, has been, and is to-day, far below its idealistic theory; it has been weighed in the balance of experience, and found *wanting*—sadly wanting—in the chief essential of human happiness to *both* sexes; and, if the inmost hearts of the women—and of the men, no less than the women—who have been parties to this experiment, could be seen, there would be read, in Nature’s living characters, a solemn protest against it, and one, too, that religious teaching, strengthened by ‘divine revelation,’ ancient and modern, is vainly trying to suppress. That this system of social life is rapidly declining, there can be but one intelligent opinion. The time required to effect its final dis-

solution depends entirely upon circumstances. . . . Outside interference will arrest its decay, but *nothing* can prevent its final overthrow; for the steady onward course of progress, the despotism of society, the sharp sting of public opinion, the rapid growth of free thought throughout the Territory, together with the silent testimony of those who have seen its practice and felt its results, are the causes which, if unchecked by persecution, will soon solve the painful problem. The force of public opinion, especially, will contribute much toward it; for, whatever certain individuals may believe, they can not wholly disregard the prevailing opinion of the community in which they live: they must, in some degree, conform to the customs and ideas of the society of which they form a part. As this community grows in importance, and becomes less isolated, the opinions of the people must necessarily change, so as to harmonize with those of the great world outside. This is a law of Nature. Any arbitrary enactments, therefore, are not only impolitic and unnecessary, but suicidal. . . . But there are instances, incomprehensible as it may seem to some, in which persons have become pluralists, not only under the full force of religious influence and the lofty enthusiasm which it has inspired, but with as much true affection, and as free from sensuality, as ever induced others to enter into the monogamic relation. Such alliances, formed in the bloom of youth, cemented by the children of love, and not of lust, have, through lapse of years, grown into an unselfish friendship that may be called holy. For be it remembered, that no suspicion of impurity, by which the moral nature could have suffered the least taint, entered into their minds; for they would willingly have staked their lives upon the supposed verity, that polygamy was a God-ordained system, and the Great Controller of human destiny

was pledged to protect and favor such of His children as entered into it with blessings choice and peculiar, both on earth and in heaven. . . . Any man, himself desiring to be free from his plural obligations, who, without regard to the wishes of the other wives, should peremptorily assume for himself the right to retain one as his only wife, would be guilty of an utter disregard of his marriage covenant with the rest, and a cruel indifference to the feelings of the wife or wives thus treated. It would be more manly, and better far, to frankly avow his desires; in which case, every true woman, cost what it might, would at once release him. On the other hand, a man could not be held guiltless, in continuing to sustain the relation of husband to a woman toward whom he has an aversion—a degree of affection, at least, being necessary to preserve such a union from positive criminality. All alliances not cemented by qualities essential to an eternal union, will, sooner or later, in this world or the next, be broken; but Nature alone, with her slow but certain processes, should be permitted to work, either in making unions stronger, or in loosening the ties that bind them together. In this way, the end can be accomplished, without injuring ties of respect and friendship; for, as the young child derives strength from the maternal breast, so do the weaker of earth's children derive support from the stronger, and why should not this principle be applied to those who have entered into plural wedlock? Perfect marriages, in the modern, ideal sense, are but seldom met with; yet, who would advise that all except this kind should be dissolved? If, then, in single marriages, the weak obtain strength from union with the strong—harmonizing in some points, if not in all—why should not parties to a plural marriage remain together, for similar reasons?"

THE ROSE AND THE WIND.

THE WIND.

I kiss thee, Rose, invoking gentle showers,
 And dew, and rain,
 And tender growth, that morning's sunny hours
 Be not in vain.

THE ROSE.

Thy kiss is death, a deadly poisoned greeting,
 Thou Winter Wind!
 Go, pass me by, and cease thy wild entreating—
 Be not unkind.

THE WIND.

Alas! my Rosebud, dost thou not remember
 The glowing day
 I pressed thy lips with kisses fond and tender—
 Only last May?

I was a Zephyr then—the South my mother;
 My breath so sweet,
 You cried, “Oh, cease! my perfume, Love, you smother—
 Too fond you greet!”

THE ROSE.

Your kiss, O Wind, in May came with a blessing!
 'Tis now a blight.
 With joy, I hailed your sensuous caressing,
 Through all the night.

THE WIND.

The bird was wakened from his evening slumber,
 And cried, “Desist!
 Shame on you, Rosebud! Zephyr, can you number
 How oft you've kissed?”
 Were you but faithful—though my kiss the urn
 To clasp your dust—
 You'd cry, “Old friend, with memories sweet I burn!
 With love I thirst!”

THE ROSE.

Though death should follow, one kiss, for the olden,
 The vanished May!
 And let it be sweet, as in sunsets golden—
 The self-same way.

O power of Love! O power of Faith and Duty!
 The kiss was given;
 And, soft, the true soul, grand in dying beauty,
 Passed up to heaven!

EL TESORO.

“WIMMEN nater is cur’us nater, that I’ll allow. But a feller kind o’ hankers arter ’em, fur all that. They’re a mighty handy thing to hev about a house.”

The above oracular statement proceeded from the parched and puckered lips of Sandy-haired Jim—one of the many “hands” employed on the immense Tesoro Rancho, which covered miles of valley, besides extending up on to the eastern flank of the Coast Range, and taking in considerable tracts of woodland and mountain pasture. Long before, when it acquired its name, under Spanish occupancy, there had been a rumor of the existence of the precious metals in the mountains which formed a portion of the grant; hence, its name, Tesoro, signifying *treasure*. All search for, or belief in, gold mines, had been abandoned, even before the land came into the possession of American owners, and now was only spoken of in the light of a Spanish legend; but the name was retained, partly as a geographical distinction of a large tract of country, though it was sometimes called the Edwards Ranch, after its present proprietor, and after the American fashion of pronunciation.

John Edwards had more than once said, in hearing of his men, that he would give half the proceeds of the mine and an interest in the ranch, to any one who would discover it and prove it to be of value; a remark which was not without weight, especially with the herders and shepherds, whose calling took them into the mountains a considerable portion of the year. But as the offer of the proprietor never seemed to assume the air of a business proposition,

the men who might have been inflamed by it with a prospecting fever, held in check their desire to acquire sudden riches, and never looked very sharp at the “indications,” which it was easy sometimes to imagine they had found. But that is neither here nor there with Sandy-haired Jim, who was not a cattle-herder, nor yet a shepherd, but farmer or teamster, as the requirement was, at different seasons of the year.

He was expressing himself concerning John Edwards’ sister, who, just one year ago, had come to set up domesticity in the house of her brother; whereas, previous to her advent, John had “bach’d it” on the ranch, with his men, for four or five years. Jim, and the chum to whom his remarks were addressed, were roosting on a fence, after the manner of a certain class of agriculturists, hailing usually from Missouri, and most frequently from the county of Pike.

The pale December sunshine colored with a soft gold the light morning haze which hung over the valley in which lay the Tesoro Rancho. In spite of the year of drought which had scorched up the grain-fields, and given a character of aridity to the landscape, it had a distinctive soft beauty of tint and outline, seen in the favoring light we have mentioned. Of all the fascinating pictures we remember to have seen, the most remarkable was one of a desert scene, with nothing but the stretches of yellow sand and the golden atmosphere for middle distance and background, and, for a foreground, a white tent, with camels and picturesquely costumed Arabs grouped before it. There was the sense of infinite distance in it which is so satisfying to the mind, which the few fig-

ures and broken lines intensified; and there was that witching warmth and mellowness of coloring which does not belong to landscapes where green and gray hues predominate.

Having said thus much about a picture, we have explained why Californian views, even in our great, almost treeless, valleys, grow so into our hearts and imaginations, after the first dash of disappointment at not finding them like the vernal vales of New England or central New York. But Tesoro Rancho was not treeless. Great spreading oaks furnished just the necessary dark-green tones in the valley landscape; and the mountain-sides had multifarious shades of color, furnished by rocks and trees, by shadows, and by the atmosphere itself.

It was no wonder, then, that Sandy-haired Jim, sitting on a rail-fence, in an attitude more curious than graceful, cast his glance often unconsciously over the far valley-reaches, and up the mountain-sides, with a dim perception of something pleasant in the view which his thought took no cognizance of. In fact, for the last minute or two, his gaze had been a silent one; and any observer might have pondered, considering the sharpness of the perch beneath him, whether he might not be making up his mind to descend from it as soon as his slow-working mentality had had time to convey the decision of his brain to his muscles.

At all events, that was what he did in answer to our mental query, taking up the thread of his discourse where it was broken off, as follows:

"Miss Edwards, neow (thar she is, a-comin' down from the mount'in, with her arms full of them 'zalias she's so fond of), she's a mighty peart kind of a gal, and wuth a heap more to keep a man's house in good shape than one o' them soft-lookin' Chinee. Them's my sentiments."

"That's so," responded his chum, seeming constitutionally disinclined to a longer sentence.

"John Edwards has tuk to dressin' hisself nicer, and fixin' up the place as he didn't used to when he bach'd it, I can tell ye! When I see her bringin' her pianny, and her picturs, and books, and sich like traps, I just told myself, 'Neow, John Edwards has got a pretty passel of trash on his hands, I veow.' And I meant *her*, as well as the other fo'l-de-rols. But, you bet your life, she's got more sense, two to one, than ary one of us! It was a lucky day for Edwards when she came onto this ranch, sure's you're born."

What further this equally philosophical and devoted admirer of Miss Edwards might have said on this, to him, evidently interesting topic, had he not been interrupted, will never be known. For the lady herself appeared upon the scene, putting an end to her own praises, and discovering to us, upon nearer view, that she added youth and grace, if not absolute beauty, to her other qualities.

Checking the rapid lope of her horse, as she came near where the men were standing, in attitudes of frank, if awkward, deference, she saluted them with a cheerful "Good morning," and drew rein beside them.

"Take Brownie by the head, and walk a little way with me, if you please, James. I have something I wish to say to you," was the lady's low-voiced command. A certain flush and pleased expression on honest Jim's ruddy countenance reminded her instantly of the inherent vanity of man, and when she next addressed her attendant it was as "Mr. Harris," for such, indeed, was the surname of our lank Missourian, though not many of his associates had ever heard it.

"How long have you been on this place, Mr. Harris?"

"Near onto six year, Miss Edwards," replied Jim.

"Did you know Mr. Charles Erskine, my brother's former partner?"

"Just as well as I know your brother, miss."

"What became of him, after he left this place?"

"I couldn't rightly say, miss. Some said he went to the mines, up in Idaho, and other folks said they'd seen him in Frisco; but I don't know nary thing about him."

"He must be found, Mr. Harris. Do you think you could find him if I were to send you on such a mission? It is a very important one, and it is not every one I would intrust it to."

The flush and the pleased look returned to Jim's face: "I'd do the best I could, miss; and, mebbe, I'd do as well as another."

"That is what I was thinking, Mr. Harris. You have been a long time here, and you are prompt and capable about your own business; so I concluded I could trust you with mine. I am sure I was quite right."

Jim was going on to "swar she was," when Miss Edwards interrupted him, to enlighten him further as to the requirements of "her business:" "I do not wish my brother to know what errand I send you on. They had a dreadful quarrel once, I believe; and he might not agree with me as to the wisdom of what I am about to do. It will, therefore, be necessary for you to ask John's permission to go on a visit to San Francisco, as if it was for yourself you were going. The drought has left so little to do that you can be spared, without embarrassment, until the rains begin. I am going to have a grand festival at Christmas, and I would like you to be home before that time. I will explain further when you have got John's consent to your absence. Come to the house after, and ask if I have any commissions for you."

When Miss Edwards cantered off, leaving him alone in the road, Jim was

in a state of pleased bewilderment, not unmixed with an instinctive jealousy.

"I do wonder, neow, what she wants with Charlie Erskine. He was a powerful nice feller, and smart as lightnin'; but, somehow, he an' Edwards never could hitch hosses. Erskine allus went too fast for steady John, an' I doubt ef he didn't git him into some money troubles. I'd like to know, though, what that gal's got to do about it. Wonder ef she knowed him back in the States. Wimmen is cur'us, sure enough."

Jim's suggestion was the true one. Miss Edwards had known Charles Erskine "back in the States," and when they parted last, it had been as engaged lovers. When she left her home in the East to join her brother, a speedy marriage with him had been in contemplation. But how often did it happen, in old "steamer times," that wives left New York to join husbands in San Francisco, only to find, on arrival at the end of a long voyage, the dear ones hidden from sight in the grave, or the false ones gone astray! And so it happened to Mary Edwards, that, when she set foot on California soil, no lover appeared to welcome her, and her trembling and blushing were turned to painful suspense and secret bitter tears.

Her brother had vouchsafed very little explanation; only declaring Charles Erskine a scoundrel, who had nearly ruined him, and swearing he should never set foot on Tesoro Rancho until every dollar of indebtedness was paid. Poor Mary found it hard settling into a place so new, and duties so unaccustomed; but her good sense and good spirits conquered difficulties as they arose, until now she was quite inclined to like the new life for its own sake. Her brother was kind, and gathered about her every comfort and many luxuries; though, owing to embarrassments into which Erskine had drawn him, and to the losses of a year of drought, his purse was not

overflowing. Such was the situation of affairs on the December morning when our story opens.

Miss Edwards mentioned to her brother, during the day, that James Harris had spoken of going to the city, and that she had some commissions for him to perform. She had made up her mind to discountenance the heathen habits into which every body on the ranch had fallen. She had done all she could to keep the men from going to bull-fights on the Sabbath, and had offered to read the morning service, if the men would attend; and now she was going to celebrate Christmas, though she really did believe that people who never saw snow forgot that Christ was ever born! Yet was he not born in a country very strongly resembling this very one which ignored him?

John smiled, and offered no opposition; only bidding her remember not to make her commissions to the city very expensive ones, and suggesting, that, since she meant to be gay, she had better send some invitations to certain of their friends.

"By the way, John, do you know where Charles Erskine is?" Miss Edwards asked, with much forced composure.

"The last I heard of him he was in San Francisco, lying dangerously ill," answered John, coldly.

"Oh, John!"

"Mary, you must hope nothing from that man. Don't waste your sympathies on him, either; he'll never repay you the outgo."

"Tell me just one thing, John: Was Charles ever false to me? Tell me the truth."

"I think he kept good faith with you. It is not that I complain of in his conduct. The quarrel is strictly between us. He can never come here, with my consent."

"But I can go to him," said Miss Edwards, very quietly.

And she did go—with Sandy-haired Jim for an escort, and her brother's frowning face haunting her.

"If all is right," she said to him, at the very last, "I will be back to keep Christmas with you. Think as well as you can of me, John, and—good-by."

It will be seen, that, whatever Miss Edwards' little, womanly plan of reconciliation had been, it was, as to details, all changed by the information John had given her. What next she would do depended on circumstances. It was, perhaps, a question of life and death. The long, wearying, dusty stage-ride to San Francisco, passed like a disagreeable dream; neither incident of heat by day, nor cold by night, or influence of grand or lovely scenes, seemed to touch her consciousness. James Harris, in his best clothes and best manners—the latter having a certain gentle dignity about them that was born of the occasion—sat beside her, and ministered assiduously to those personal wants which she had forgotten in the absorption of her painful thoughts.

What Jim himself thought, if his mental processes could be called thinking, it would be difficult to state. He was dimly conscious that in his companion's mind there was a heavy trouble brooding; and conscious, also, of a desire to alleviate it, as far as possible, though in what way that might be done, he had not the remotest idea. There seemed an immense gulf between her and him, over which he never could reach to proffer consolation; and while he blindly groped in his own mind for some hint of his duty, he was fain to be content with such personal attentions as defending her from heat and cold, dust and fatigue, and reminding her that eating and drinking were among the necessary inconveniences of this life. After a couple of days spent in revolving the case hopelessly in his brain, his thoughts at length shaped themselves thus:

"Waal, neow, 'taint no concern of mine, to be sure; but I'm beound to see this gal through. She's captain of this train, an' only got ter give her orders. I'll obey 'em, ef they take me to thunder. That's so, I veow!" After which conclusion of the whole matter, Jim appeared more at his ease in all respects. In truth, the most enlightened of us go to school to just such mental struggles, with profit to our minds and manners.

Arrived at San Francisco, Miss Edwards took quarters at a hotel, determined before reporting herself to any of her acquaintance to first find whether Charles Erskine was alive, and, if so, where he could be found. What a wearisome search was that before traces of him were discovered, in a cheap boarding-house, in a narrow, dirty street. And what bitter disappointment it was to learn that he had gone away some weeks before, as soon as he was able to be moved. To renew the search in the city, to send telegrams in every direction, was the next effort, which, like the first, proved fruitless; and, at the end of ten days, Miss Edwards made a few formal calls on her friends, concluded some necessary purchases, and set out on her return to Tesoro Rancho, exhausted in mind and body.

If Jim was careful of her comfort before, he was tender toward her now; and the lady accepted the protecting care of the serving-man with a dull sense of gratitude. She even smiled on him faintly, in a languid way, but in a way that seemed to him to lessen the distance between them. Jim's education had been going on rapidly during the last ten days. He seemed to himself to be quite another man than the one who sat on the fence with Missouri Joe, less than two weeks ago.

Perhaps Miss Edwards noticed the change, and innocently encouraged him to aspire. We must not blame her if she did. This is what woman's educa-

tion makes of her. The most cultured women must be grateful and flattering toward the rudest men, if circumstances throw them together. Born to depend on somebody, they must depend on their inferiors when their superiors are not at hand; must, in fact, assume an inferiority to those inferiors. If they sometimes turn their heads with the dangerous deference, what wonder!

Secure in the distance between them, Miss Edwards assumed that she could safely defer to Sandy-haired Jim, if, as it seemed, he enjoyed the sense of being her protector. Even had he been her equal, she would have said to herself, "He knows my heart is breaking for another, and will respect my grief." In this double security, she paid no heed to the devotion of her companion, only thinking him the kindest and most awkward of good and simple-minded men. That is just what any of us would have thought about Sandy-haired Jim, gentle readers.

John Edwards received his sister with a grave kindness, which aggravated her grief. He would not ask her a question, nor give her the smallest opportunity of appealing to his sympathies. She had undertaken this business without his sanction, and without his sympathy she must abide the consequences. Toward her, personally, he should ever feel and act brotherly; but toward her foolish weakness for Erskine, he felt no charity. He was surprised and pleased to see that his sister's spirit was nearly equal to his own; for, though visibly "pale and pining," after the absurd fashion of women, she went about her duties and recreations as usual, and prosecuted the threatened preparations for Christmas with enthusiasm.

In some of these, it was necessary to employ the services of one of the men, and Miss Edwards, without much thought of why, except that she was used to him, singled out Jim as her as-

sistant. To her surprise, he excused himself, and begged to substitute Missouri Joe.

"You see, Miss Edwards, I've been a long time meanin' to take a trip into the mount'ins. I allow it'll rain in less nor a week, an' then it'll be too late; so, ef you'll excuse me this onct, I'll promise to be on hand next time, sure."

"Oh, certainly, Mr. Harris. Joe will do very well, no doubt; and there is no need for you to make excuses. I thought you would like to assist about these preparations, and I'm sure you would, too; but go, by all means, for, as you say, it must rain very soon, when it will be too late."

"Thar's nothing I'd like better nor stayin' to work for you, Miss Edwards," answered Jim, with some appearance of confusion; "but this time I'm obleeged to go—I am, sure."

"Well, good-by, and good luck to you, Mr. Harris," Miss Edwards said, pleasantly.

"Ef she only knowed what I'm a goin' fur!" muttered Jim to himself, as he went to "catch up" his horse, and pack up two or three days' rations of bread and meat. "But I ain't goin' to let on about it to a single soul. It's best to keep this business to myself, I reckon. 'Peared like 'twas a hint of that kind she give me, the other day, when she said, 'The gods help them that help themselves, Mr. Harris.' Such a heap o' sense as that gal's got! She's smarter'n John Edwards, and me, and Mis-souri Joe, to boot; but I'm a-gainin' on it a leetle—I'm a-gainin' on it a leetle," concluded Jim, slowly, puckering his parched and sunburnt lips into a significant expression of mystery.

What it was he was "gainin' on," did not appear, for the weight of his thoughts had brought him to a dead-stand, a few feet from the fence, on the hither side of which was the animal he contemplated riding. At this juncture of entire ab-

sence of mind, the voice of John Edwards, hailing him from the road, a little way off, dissolved the spell:

"I say, Jim," halloed Edwards; "if you discover that mine, I will give you half of it, and an interest in the ranch."

The words seemed to electrify the usually slow mind to which the idea was addressed. Turning short about, Jim, in a score of long strides, reached the fence separating him from Edwards.

"Will you put that in writin'?"

"To be sure, I will," answered John, nodding his head, with a puzzled and ironical smile.

"I'll go to the house with ye, an' hev it done to onct," said Jim, sententiously. "I hev about an hour to spar, I reckon."

John Edwards was struck by the unusual manner of the proverbially deliberate man, who had served him with the same unvarying "slow and sure" faithfulness for years; but he refrained from comments. Jim, in his awkward way, proved to be more of a man of business than could have been expected.

"I want a bond fur a deed, Mr. Edwards. That's the best way to settle it, I reckon."

"That is as good a way as any; the discovery to be made within a certain time."

"An' what interest in the ranch, Mr. Edwards?"

"Well, about the ranch," said John, thoughtfully, "I don't want to run any risk of trading it off for nothing, and there will have to be conditions attached to the transfer of any portion of that more than the one of discovery of the mine. Let it be this way: that on the mine proving by actual results to be worth a certain sum—say \$50,000—the deed shall be given to half the mine and one-third interest in the ranch; the supposition being, that, if it is proved to be worth \$50,000, it is probably worth four times or ten times that amount."

"That's about it, I should say," returned Jim. "It's lib'ral in you, any way, Mr. Edwards."

"The truth is, Harris," said Edwards, looking him steadily in the eye; "I am in a devil of a pinch, that's the truth of it; and I am taking gambling chances on this thing. I only hope you may earn your third of the ranch. I'll not grudge it to you, if you do."

"Thank ye, sir. An' when them papers is made eout, I'll be off."

John handed him his papers half an hour afterward, which Jim prudently took care to have witnessed. Miss Edwards being called in, signed her name.

"So, this is what takes you to the mountains, Mr. Harris? I'm sure I wish you good luck."

"You did that afore, miss; an' it came right on the spot."

"I must be your 'wishing fairy,'" said she, laughing.

"I'll bring you a Christmas present, Miss Edwards, like as not," Jim answered, coloring with delight at the thought.

"I hope you may. Thank you for the intention, any way."

"Are you going all alone, Harris?" asked Edwards, as he accompanied him a short distance from the house. "It is not quite safe going alone, is it? Have you any heirs, supposing you lose yourself or break your neck?"

Once more Jim was electrified with an idea. His light, gray eyes turned on his questioner with a sudden flash of intelligence:

"I mought choose my heir, I reckon?"

"Certainly."

"Mought we go back to the house, an' make a will?"

"Aren't you afraid turning back so often may spoil your luck?" asked Edwards, laughing.

"Ef you think so, I'll never do it," answered Jim, soberly. "But I'll tell

you, onct fur all, who it is shall be my heir if any thing chance me, an' I'll expect you'll act on the squar: that person is Miss Mary Edwards, your own sister, an' you'll not go fur to dispute my will?"

"I've no right to dispute your will, whether I approve of it or not. There will be no proof of it, however, and I could not make over your property to my sister, should there be other heirs with a natural and rightful claim to it. But you are not going to make your will just yet, Harris; so, good-by. You'll be home on Christmas?"

"I reckon I will."

John Edwards turned back to the house, and to banter his sister on Jim Harris' will, while that individual went about the business of his journey. His spirits were in a strange state of half-elation, half-depression. The depression was a natural consequence of the talk about a will, and the elation was the result of a strong and sudden faith which had sprung up in him in the success of his undertaking, and of the achievements of every kind it would render possible.

"She's my 'wishin' fairy," she said, an' she wished me luck twice. I got the first stroke of it when John Edwards called to me across the field. I've got him strong on that; an' I war a leetle surprised, too. He wanted to make me look sharp, that's clar as mud. I'll look sharp, you bet, John Edwards! Didn't her hand look purty when she wrote her name? I've got her name to look at, any way." And at this stage of his reverie, Jim drew from an inner breast-pocket the bond which Miss Edwards had witnessed, and, after gazing at the signature for a moment with moveless features, gave a shy, hasty glance all round him, and pressed his parched and puckered lips on the paper.

The sentiment which caused this ebullition of emotion in Sandy-haired Jim was one so dimly defined, so little under-

stood, and so absolutely pure in its nature, that had Miss Edwards been made aware of it, she could only have seen in it the touching tribute which it was to abstract womanliness—to the “wimmen nater,” of which Jim was so frank an admirer. The gulf which was between them had never yet been crossed, even in imagination, though it is presumable, that, unknown to himself, Jim was trembling on the verge of it at this moment, dragged thither by the excitement of prospective wealth and the possibilities involved in it, and by the recollection of the pleasant words and smiles of this, to him, queen of women.

After this gush of romance—the first and only one Jim had ever been guilty of—he returned the document to his pocket, and, with his customary deliberation, proceeded to catch and mount his horse, and before noon was on his way across the valley, toward that particular gorge in the mountains where *el tesoro* was supposed to be located. John Edwards stood in the house-door, watching him ambling over the waste, yellow plain, until Jim and his horse together appeared a mere speck in the distance, when he went to talk over with his sister the late transaction, and make some jesting remarks on the probability of the desired discovery.

The days sped by, and there remained but two before Christmas. John and his sister were consulting together over the arrangement of some evergreen arches and wreaths of bay-leaves. Miss Edwards was explaining where the floral ornaments should come in, where she would have this picture, and where that, and how it would be best to light the rooms.

“I confess, John,” she said, sitting down to braid the scarlet berries of the native *arbutus* into a wreath with the leaves of the California nutmeg, “that I can not make it seem like winter or like Christmas with these open doors, these

flowers, and this warm sunlight streaming in at the windows. I do wish we could have just a flurry of snow, to make it seem like the holidays.”

“Snow is out of the question; but I should be thankful for a good rain-storm. If it does not rain soon, there will be another failure of crops next year in all this part of the country.”

“And then we should have to ‘go down into Egypt for corn,’ as the Israelites used to. Do you feel very apprehensive, John?”

Before John could reply, his attention was diverted by a strange arrival. Dismounting from Jim’s horse was a man whom he did not at once recognize, so shabby were his clothes, so worn and haggard his appearance. With a feeling of vague uneasiness and curiosity, he sauntered toward the gate, to give such greeting as seemed fit to the stranger who came in this guise, yet riding a well-conditioned horse belonging to one of his own men.

Miss Edwards, who had also recognized the animal, ran, impulsively, to the door. She saw her brother advance to within a few feet of the stranger, then turn abruptly on his heel and return toward the house. The man thus contemptuously received, reeled, as if he would have fallen, but caught at the gate-post, where he remained, leaning, as if unable to walk.

“Who is it, John?” asked Miss Edwards, anxiously regarding her brother’s stern countenance; but he passed her, without a word.

A sudden pallor swept over her face, and she looked, for one moment, as if she might have fainted; then, with a cry of, “Oh, John; John, be merciful!” she ran after him, and threw her arms about him.

“Let me go, Mary,” said he, hoarsely. “If you wish to see Charles Erskine, you can do as you please. I wash my hands of him.”

"But, John, he is ill; he is suffering; he may die—and at your gate!"

"Let him die!"

It was then that the soul of Miss Edwards "stood up in her eyes, and looked at" her brother. She withdrew her arms and turned mutely toward the door, out of which she passed, with a proud, resolute, and rapid tread. Without hesitation, she did that which is so hard for a woman to do—make advances toward the man with whom she had once been in tender relations, but whose position has, for any reason, been made to appear doubtful. She went to him, took him by the hand, and inquired, more tremulously than she meant, what she could do for him.

"Mary!" answered the sick man, and then fainted quite away.

Miss Edwards had him conveyed to her own room, by the hands of Missouri Joe and the Chinese cook, where she dispensed such restoratives as finally brought back consciousness; and some slight nourishment being administered, revealed the fact, that exhaustion and famine, more than disease, had reduced the invalid to his present condition; on becoming aware of which fact, Miss Edwards grew suddenly embarrassed, and, arranging every thing for his comfort, was about to withdraw from the apartment, when Erskine beckoned to her, and, fumbling in his pockets, brought out several pieces of white quartz, thickly studded with yellow metal, but of the value of which she had little conception.

"Take these to John," he said, "and tell him they are a peace-offering. They came from *el tesoro*."

"You have seen James Harris; and he has discovered the mine!"

"I have seen no one. I discovered the mine myself."

"But the horse? It was Harris' horse you were riding."

"I did not know it; I found him, fortunately, when I could no longer walk."

"Poor Charlie," whispered Miss Edwards, moved by that womanly weakness which is always betraying the sex. She never knew how it was, but her head sank on the pillow; and, when she remembered it afterward, she was certain that, in the confusion of her ideas, he kissed her. Then she fled from the room, and sought her brother everywhere, saying, over and over, to herself, "Poor Jim! I wonder what has happened to him;" with tears streaming from her eyes, which she piously attributed to apprehensions for James Harris.

When John was found, and the "specimens" placed in his hands, he was first incredulous, and then indignant; for it hurts a proud man to be forced to change an opinion, or forgive an injury. The pressure of circumstances being too strong for him, he relented so far as to see Erskine, and talk over the discovery with him. What more the two men talked of, never transpired; but Miss Edwards concluded that every thing was settled, as her brother gave orders concerning the entertainment of his former partner, and looked and spoke with unusual vivacity for the remainder of the day.

Many conjectures were formed concerning the fate of Sandy-haired Jim, by the men on the ranch, who generally agreed that his horse would not leave him, and that, if he were alive, he would be found not far from the spot where Charles Erskine picked up the animal. From Erskine's account, it appeared that he had been several weeks in the mountains, prospecting, before he discovered the mine; by which time he was so reduced in strength, through hardship and insufficient food, that it was with difficulty he made his way down to the valley. Just at a time when to proceed farther seemed impossible, and when he had been absent two days from the mine, he fell in with a riding-horse, quietly grazing, at the foot of the mount-

ain. Catching and mounting him, he rode, first, along the edge of the valley for some distance, to find if possibly a party were encamped there; but, finding no one, started for his old home, riding as long as his strength allowed, and dismounting quite often to rest. In this way, three days and a half had passed, since the discovery of the mine. Judging from where the horse was found, Harris must have gone up on the other side of the ridge, or spur, in which *el tesoro* was located. At all events, it was decided to send a party to look for him, as, whether or not any accident had befallen him, he was now without the means of reaching home; and, to provide for any emergencies, John ordered the light wagon to be taken along, with certain other articles, so suggestive of possible pain and calamity, that Miss Edwards felt her blood chilled by the sight of them.

"He will be so disappointed," she said, "not to have been the discoverer of the mine. John, you must make him a handsome present, and I will see what I can do, to show my gratitude for his many kindnesses."

And then, happy in the presence of her lover, and the returning cheerfulness of her brother, Miss Edwards forgot to give more than a passing thought to James Harris, while she busied herself in the preparations for a holiday, which, to her, would be doubly an anniversary, ever afterward.

The clouds, which had been gathering for a storm, during the past week, sent down a deluge of rain, on Christmas Eve, making it necessary to light fires in the long-empty fire-places, and giving a truly festive glow to the holiday adornments of the Edwards Rancho. The ranch hands were dancing to the music of the "Arkansas Traveler," in their separate quarters. John Edwards'

half-dozen friends from the city, with two or three of his sister's, and the now convalescent Charles Erskine, clothed in a suit of borrowed broadcloth, were making mirth and music, after their more refined fashion, in Miss Edwards' parlor.

At the hour when, according to tradition, the Bethlehem Babe was born, Missouri Joe appeared at the door, and made a sign to the master of the house.

"It's a pity, like," said Joe, softly, "to leave him out thar in the storm."

"'Him!' Do you mean Harris? How is he?"

"The storm can't hurt him none," continued Joe; "an' it do not look right to fetch him in yer, nor to 'tother house, no more."

"What is it, John?" Miss Edwards asked anxiously, looking over his shoulder into the darkness. "Has Harris returned?"

"They have brought him," answered John; "and we must have him in here."

She shrank away, frightened and distressed, while the men brought what remained of Sandy-haired Jim, and deposited it carefully on a wooden bench in the hall. There was little to be told. The men had found him at the foot of a precipice where he had fallen. Beside him was a heavy nugget of pure gold, which he was evidently carrying when he fell. He had not died immediately, for in his breast-pocket was found the bond, with this indorsement, in pencil:

"I hev lit onto the mine foller mi trail up the ken-yon miss Mary edwards is mi air so help me God
goodby.
JAMES HARRIS."

They buried him on Christmas Day; and Miss Edwards, smiling through her quiet-flowing tears, adorned his coffin with evergreen-wreaths and flowers. "I am glad to do this for him," she whispered to her lover, "for if ever there was a heart into which Christ was born at its birth, it was poor Jim's."

THE WORK OF RELIEF IN CHICAGO.

THE fire which has lately made the most important part of Chicago a wilderness of ruins, will undoubtedly have a large place in the literature of our near future. An event so unexpected, thrilling, and disastrous, is probably without parallel in the annals of the world, and will furnish new themes for discussion in every department of literature. Yesterday, it was a city, full-lifed, vigorous, and strong—the centre of a commerce world-wide, with streets through which poured the ceaseless roar of trade, with homes in which dwelt merchant princes in a luxury unknown to ancient kings, with hotels rivaling the Old World's best palaces, with store-houses that could feed a nation in time of famine, with theatres where pleasure decked itself in smiles and men forgot the brevity of life in the laughter of many sports, with churches that bade fair to be gray in the mosses of a thousand years—and, one day later, the wind from the lake sweeps unbroken over thousands of tenantless acres; where commerce flew with eager sails, half-burned ships are lying at ruined wharves; where thundered the voice of traffic are streets silent and impassable; where wealth dwelt at ease, want can not find a shelter from the storm; the inn in which a king might have forgotten his palace without a sigh, could not to-day furnish a scant meal to a beggar; where plenty piled its millions of grain, there charity doles out its loaf to the hungry; where men and women forgot death, in music, song, and dance, there unburied corpses are lying; and where the church stood, in all its pillared strength—the fittest emblem of God's eternity—there the vacant window, the roofless walls, the

broken arch and blackened ruins of a spire, furnish fittest emblems of earth's perishableness. All this was done while the leaves in her parks, that momentarily threatened to fall, were yet fluttering upon the trees; all this, while, noted by any of Nature's signs, the hands upon God's great dial of the universe seemed scarcely to have stirred—a change so sudden, total, and irremediable, that no other words could describe it than those in which apocalyptic vision portrays the last vengeance of the Almighty upon a sinful world, and His final judgment upon an apostate race. Here, certainly, is a field where the preacher, moralist, philosopher, novelist, economist, and statesman may each find a new mine of incidents, figures, and facts.

But we believe that when all that ever will be written about the great fire shall have been penned, there will be no part of its record which the world will more gratefully preserve than the story of that noble charity which this disaster has called forth. It is too early yet to know what the whole will be, but it is certain that, for promptness and liberality, nothing like the present relief of Chicago was ever seen. Notwithstanding the fact that over one hundred thousand persons were made homeless by the fire, before the engines had ceased playing upon the smoldering ruins, the telegraph had to be called into service to forbid further shipment of cooked provisions. In two days, the supplies ran ahead, not only of all facilities for distribution, but of all the city's demands. On the third day after the fire, sixty car-loads of cooked provisions were dealt out, and when the last applicant had been supplied, forty cars stood upon the track, unopened.

By this time, the organization of the relief work was so far completed that the receipts, storage, and disbursements of supplies began to be a matter of system; and contributions in money commenced to pour in from all quarters. Fortunately, both for the needy and their would-be helpers, the present Mayor of the city, who was elected upon a non-partisan ticket, is a man of cool head and warm heart, of sound, practical judgment, and the strictest Christian integrity. It was natural that the first relief supplies, both of food and of money, should be sent to his care. As soon as it was seen that this fund would reach millions of dollars, the political sharks associated in the City Government made a determined effort to obtain the control of these finances. Mayor Mason, by public proclamation, immediately turned over the whole responsibility to one of those charitable and thoroughly tested organizations, which, before the fire, had been engaged in ministering to the wants of the poor. The Chicago Relief and Aid Society thus became the almoner of the nation's bounty.

At the time of present writing—one month after the fire—the relief work of Chicago is as thoroughly systematized as the business of any commercial house in the city. There are five depots for the storage of supplies, five districts with their distributing depots, and about fifteen sub-districts, each of which has its bureau for receiving applications and for issuing orders of relief.

The principal collection of stores is at what was once the skating-rink of West Chicago, a building covering about the space occupied by half a city block. Here is a scene of busy, cheerful life. Although so long a time has elapsed since the fire, there has been scarcely any abatement in the receipts of the best class of supplies. At nearly every hour of the day, huge drays may be seen waiting their turns for unloading the re-

ceipts by rail. The rink has a vestibule of considerable size; and, within, a broad platform runs around the depressed centre, where the surface for skating used to be. In this vestibule, or on this platform, the contents of each box, bale, or barrel are ascertained, a record is made, and then, having been duly marked, each sort is wheeled into that part of the building where its own kind is stored. Provisions, clothing, bedding, and house furniture, each has its share of the room, its own superintendent, and its own workmen for the necessary handling of the supplies. At least fifty persons are constantly employed in counting, sorting, and filling district orders for clothing. As many as ten or fifteen thousand loaves of bread are in store here at once. The regular stores consist of coal, wood, flour, meat, meal, crackers, fish, potatoes, vinegar, beans, rice, cheese, soap, and candles. In special cases, tea, sugar, and coffee are issued; and large contributions of syrups and molasses have been received. It will be seen that the object of the Society is to furnish only such articles as are economical, and at the same time healthful. Supplemental to the special work of the Committee on Shelter, these depots of supplies contain stoves, bedsteads, chairs, tables, blankets, mattresses, comforts, pillows, flannel, sheeting, and printed cottons. The stock of cooking-stoves in the city is fairly exhausted, and they can only be dealt out as received from other points, large orders having been sent to nearly every stove-foundry in the North and West. Only those are furnished which can be used for kitchen purposes. About two hundred have been contributed; but it will cost probably not less than an additional \$200,000 to supply all the families in need of them.

While the fire was yet burning, agents of the Society were busy engaging immense supplies of lumber, both in the

city and at a distance. Barracks have been built in three parks, which afford shelter to about six thousand persons. These are divided into compartments, each family having two rooms. But it is the humane purpose of the Society to provide all with separate houses, so soon as this is possible. Upward of five thousand houses have already been issued to those who owned or could procure ground upon which to locate them. Each house costs the Society about \$90 or \$100; the largest being about sixteen by twenty-four feet, and none more than one-story in height. They are divided, like the barracks, into two compartments each, and they are furnished with such articles as are indispensable to family life. In order to encourage independence, and to prevent imposition, a promissory note is taken by the Society for the cost of the whole, to run for one year, and without interest.

Not least important has been the work of sending from the city those whose friends were in condition to receive them; and, aided by the noble generosity of the railroads throughout the Union, the Society has sent about five or six thousand persons as far east and west as the two seas. Besides this assistance, the railways have conveyed nearly all relief consignments free of charge, and large quantities, both of contributed and purchased supplies, have been admitted from the Dominion of Canada free of duty. All the needed crockery and earthenware is bought in Canada at about one-half the price ruling in the States.

At the district depots of distribution, the supplies are kept on hand in packages of rations. All the meat is cut into assorted sizes, for families of two, four, six, or eight. The orders, as received, are read out and filled in a moment, the necessary weighing and wrapping being done separately, and by other hands. It is only by this army-like system and drill

that the Society is able to supply the sixty thousand persons yet dependent upon its charities.

In the offices of the sub-districts, long counters, many clerks, and large ledgers are the rule. These desks are partitioned, and before each section is the initial letter of the surnames entered upon the ledger there. Upon the walls are large posters, giving the boundaries of the sub-district. No person may apply except in the particular division in which he lives. Name and residence are first taken, and a visitor dispatched immediately to make all needful inquiries. From these inquiries a printed form is filled out, reporting to the District Superintendent the past and present condition of the family, and the amount of present needs. By this report, an order is made out and entered upon the books of the Society. Thus, at a glance, the condition of every family can be known, and each one is visited at least once a week, to prevent fraud, and to assist the ones able to work in finding employment.

The Relief and Aid Society has in its employ, engaged in this work of systematic distribution, about five or six hundred persons, the greater part of whom are themselves sufferers by the fire, receiving for their services, on the average, about \$2 a day. No moneys are handled by the district superintendents, except in the payment of their own *employés*. The responsibility for the large amount of funds intrusted to them remains with the Auditing Committee of the Society, consisting of the chairmen of its various sub-committees on shelter, food, clothing, etc., all of whom are among the best-known gentlemen of the city. Besides the large contributions in furnished supplies, and the liberality of railroad companies in regard to freights and passes, the Society will have the disbursement of about \$3,500,000 in money, over one-half of which has already been received.

In addition to this general work of the Relief and Aid Society, there are, it is believed, not less than forty supplemental organizations at work assisting in the care of the needy. Every fraternity has its own agents, as has almost every department of trade, every class of skilled labor, every ecclesiastical and every philanthropic body. The general fund can be used only to protect from actual suffering by hunger, cold, or exposure. It can reach only those who are willing to apply; and it must refuse to help, when a reasonable amount of employment can be obtained. But when we remember that many fathers spend upon their own vices the wages which are supposed to go for the necessities of their children, that many of the most deserving are least ready to make public their wants, and that ten thousand contingencies must arise which no general plan can comprehend or provide for, then we will confess that the methods of help are not likely to be too diverse or too numerous. To prevent the possibility of suffering by hunger, among those whose applications the Relief Society is obliged, for any reason, to refuse, or among those whose supplies have failed to be sufficient, there is established a Soup-house in one of the districts largely inhabited by these refugees. It is supported by a fund deposited in one of the banks in Cincinnati, by some of the citizens of that city. The sum in hand is sufficient to meet an expenditure of \$100 daily for six months; yet, the present expenses of the committee in charge of it do not exceed one-fourth of that. It furnishes an excellent, nourishing diet to all applicants, without question of any kind—making one simple request, however: that is, that pails be brought and the soup carried home. About a thousand quarts a day are given out at this house; but, as the season advances, and out-

door labor will be lessened, the demands upon this charity will largely increase. Many of the vegetables used in the preparation of this food are donated, thereby lessening the expenses of the charity, and permitting assistance to be rendered to large numbers at a small outlay.

Another organization, which is of very great importance, has for its supplemental work the furnishing of women with employment. A church has been cleared of all its seats, and well stocked with sewing-machines. Here supplies are made up, for the Aid Society, into bedding and clothing, and orders for all kinds of sewing taken. This promises to be of the greatest assistance to needy women of the more intelligent classes.

The long months of a northern winter are just beginning. No one, who has not looked upon the awful scene of desolation, can begin to realize the possibilities of suffering that await tens of thousands in Chicago, between this and spring. The funds, so far, promised to the work of relief will, with close economy, and careful weeding out of applicants, barely suffice to furnish coarse food, scant fuel, and insufficient shelter. With many hundreds of acres of open cellars undrained, immense piles of half-burned warehouses full of decaying food, and rubbish indescribable and unknowable everywhere, it will take all the available working force of the city, and all other efforts of relief and sanitary organizations, to prevent epidemics or pestilence from still further decimating the city. It is, therefore, with the greatest pleasure, that those who have spent time and labor in studying the present methods of succor in the city, testify to the fidelity, care, and sound sense which govern the whole work of relief as it is now being carried on in Chicago—thanks to the generous sympathy of the Anglo-Saxon race throughout the world.

ETC.

NINETY miles of moving mountains! Ninety miles of plunging Alps, borne on the crests of an angry ocean, and driven before the blasts of a furious hurricane! Between those advancing icebergs and the frost-bound shore of North Alaska, lies the doomed, imprisoned fleet of whalers. Ship after ship is crushed to atoms, but the hardy seamen of others still unharmed—awe-struck, yet not cowed; fearful of like fate, yet not dismayed—man their frail boats, and rescue their perishing comrades. The captains meet for consultation. Intelligence seeks the counsel of intelligence; skill co-operates with skill; courage sustains courage, and enlightened human minds plan and achieve the safety of the twelve hundred and fifty human beings committed to their charge. On and on press the marching hills, sweeping away the wood and iron monuments of man's art, like so many cobwebs; crushing, crunching, and grinding with irresistible power. A narrow ribbon of open water still remains between them and the rock-ribbed land. It affords the only means of escape, and it is soon alive with the open boats of the fleet, laden to their gunwales. Vigorous arms and dauntless hearts are there to cleave a way through the fast-forming ice, and to cheer up the terrified. Blinding snow-storms, intense cold, and drenching spray beset them on all sides. Unflinching, sagaciously, and gallantly they press forward, miles upon miles, overcoming all difficulties, meeting and vanquishing all obstacles. Day lapses into night, and night flashes into day, but miles upon miles of terrible suffering and unknown dangers have yet to be encountered. The slender cedar, which alone divides them from the deep, is nearly cut through by the sharp ice. Another day and another night of unrelaxed exertion, and they are on the southern limit of the investing bergs. Other ships, riding out a heavy storm, are met; the flag of their

country gleams from the mast-heads, and warm hearts receive them with as warm hospitality. They are seamen of the Great Republic.

AMIDST the pride, power, and pomp of imperial circumstance—attended by the largest and best-equipped fleet of war-vessels his Government can furnish, surrounded by the flower of his courtiers—Alexis Alexandrovitch, Grand Duke of Russia, third son of the Czar, commenced his travels, with the view to visit other countries, but especially these United States. Everywhere will he receive the honors due his exalted rank. Everywhere hospitalities will be lavished upon him. Everywhere he will be the central object of attention, homage, and respect. It is due to his position that our country should give him noble welcome. It is to the son of the Czar, and not to the individual, that Government will pay its regards. It is to the princely representative of the Emperor who rules over a hundred millions of people—whose dominions stretch farther and wider than those of any other monarch—that such grand honors are done. That is one picture. Let us turn to another.

A plain, elderly gentleman, occupying no official position, boasting no noble or imperial blood in his veins—a simple, unostentatious citizen of the United States—also went forth to visit foreign nations; to see the principal countries of the globe, and for himself determine the nature of their laws, habits, manners, religions, and modes of Government. No proud fleets, no brilliant courtiers form his retinue. Two delicate women are his only attendants, but he is accompanied by a genius infinitely greater than he of Aladdin's lamp: it is the genius of a wondrous intellect. Kings and emperors hasten to do him homage. War-vessels and military escorts are placed at his disposal. Palace

doors fly open at his approach. Railways, expresses, steamers, camels, and elephants are bid to do him service. Dignities and honors are heaped upon him. The wise, the great, and the beautiful vie with each other to pay him profound attention. It is the man, and not his rank, that commands such universal esteem. It is his wonderful brain; his powerful, analytical intellect; his splendid services to his country; his great contributions to the betterment of all mankind, that the whole world acknowledges. Higher than princes, kings, and czars, Seward—the citizen, the man—has no peer on earth.

HAS the Prince of the Powers of Darkness been permitted to pour out his vials of wrath? Have the elements combined against man? A retrospect of the records of 1871 would almost warrant such conclusions. Sanguinary wars in Europe; famine and pestilence in Persia and India; hecatombs of dead lying unburied; pestilence and war in South America; cities depopulated; cholera, small-pox, and yellow fever slaying their tens of thousands; steamboats rending hundreds of human beings into ghastly fragments; whole counties ravaged by fires; large cities swept from existence by raging conflagrations; inundations and floods destroying entire provinces; the coasts of nearly all countries lined with wrecks; cyclones, hurricanes, and typhoons vying with each other to blot out the works of man; crops failing at a period when most needed; earthquakes shaking the foundations of the globe; even the Ice King grinding an entire fleet to atoms—and the end is not yet. Signs of social, political, and religious convulsions are not wanting. War-like preparations on a scale of unexampled magnitude are going on in Europe. India is almost ripe for another revolt. Mexico and some of the South American republics are in a condition bordering on anarchy. The minds and hearts of men seem demonized. Corruption stalks boldly with unblushing front. Wicked officials openly glory in their rascal-like acts, and audaciously demand public in-dorsement, which is as audaciously accorded. Kingdoms and empires have been overthrown, and principalities subverted. Financial convulsions have terminated in financial wrecks. The very air appears freighted with evil.

Amid this almost universal deluge of calamities, the Pacific Coast has, so far, suffered least. That we may be permitted to escape with our comparatively slight visitations, is to be devoutly hoped.

THE black, imperial, double-headed eagle of Russia seems to have been in no haste to alight upon the eyrie of our own republican bird. The elements themselves appeared to conspire against his flight, giving time for the anxious American eaglets to recover somewhat of their equanimity. Yachts filled with brilliant ladies sailed every day from Staten Island, and stood long distances out to sea, in hope of meeting the imperial squadron. Stomachic unsettlement and mental disgust were the only rewards which, for nearly three weeks, attended the expectant beauties. We have heard of people fighting for a prince, begging themselves for a prince, and dying for a prince; but this is the first time we ever heard of people getting sea-sick for one.

IN our last, we delicately suggested a sense of dislike for the imitators of "dialect poetry;" but that which follows is so unique, that we offer no excuse for its appearance. The friendship between David and Jonathan, or that of Damon and Pythias, suffers in comparison with the self-sacrificing brotherly love of the two gentlemen whose devotion is so touchingly depicted in the annexed contribution:

BROTHERLY LOVE.

Brown!

Tell 'em that ask ye,
Brown of Hangtown,
Late of Nebraska:

His hair was rosy, and he wert
So freckled that it must hev hurt,
And in the rage for blondes and sich,
That air same Brown could hev bin rich;
And then he had a takin' way—
When 't come to drinks—I've heern 'em say;
But as for business—shootin', cuttin'—
He wouldn't av'rage worth a button.

Brown!

Just such another
Brown, and a brother;

Only the freckles they was thinner—
Bin mostly used on t'other sinner.
There wasn't near so much of him,
But he was Brown up to the brim;

And shootin' ? — well that chap *was* cool,
 And on it, bigger than a mule !
 Yet he was kind, and once, 'tis said,
 He chanced to drill a stranger's head —
 Which awkwardness he did despise,
 And hastened to apologize.

Brown !
 Mrs. — the worst
 Lot of the Browns —
 Wife of the first :

In morals, could her steps be tracked,
 She scattered awful, that's a fact ;
 And to her tombstone I commend
 The mysteries that she did blend.
 You see, the marble's sort o' kind,
 And will go slow about a blind
 A fellow stakes on final draw,
 And's not allowed to wag his jaw.

And now, this tray of deuced Browns
 Lived peaceable as cats and hounds,
 Until the Second Brown, one morn,
 Felt mighty queer, and took a horn ;
 Then took to hankerin' for the gal —
 Which hankerin' was mutual.
 So, when the First came in to grub,
 'Twas fixed all nice, without hubbub.
 When all was silent most profound,
 The Second brought his navy round —
 With which he'd made full many a hit —
 And said one word, which it was — “ *Git!* ”

Then Sorrel-top looked his surprise,
 And drew his shirt-sleeve 'cross his eyes ;
 But thought he saw how things were fixed,
 And slowly rose, a little mixed ;
 Then, straightenin' proudly, like a man,
 He saw his way, and thus began :

“ Now look here, Jim, that's old —
 Put up your gun ;

I lived some time, old fel,
 'Fore you begun.
 I'm tough as a biled owl,
 And ain't the man
 To spile a brother's pie
 Because I can.

“ Just see this head of hair !
 It's redder'n your'n ;
 And then these freckles, Jim,
 I always mourn
 To think so few were left
 To finish you :
 Our folks were careless — yes,
 But not untrue !

“ And now the time has come
 To squar' this thing ;
 You take the gal and ranch,
 And be a king !
 She's handy round the house
 And mighty soothin' ;
 But that's to spread it on
 Too thin, too thin !

“ Should she git riled, at times,
 Just gently stroke her ;
 But then, if she goes off —
 You watch the poker.
 And that is all, my boy ;
 I now resign
 This angel, and the traps
 Are freely thine.
 It's sociable and right,
 My brother, and —
 Here's all that's left —
 A friendly Hand.”

Brown !
 Tell 'em that ask ye,
 Brown of Hangtown,
 Late of Nebraska.

S. L. S.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION. By Chas. Reade.
New York: Harper & Brothers.

What has the poor world been guilty of? What injury has it inflicted upon Messrs. Harper & Brothers, that they should plot so horrible a revenge? Surely, nothing short of a "terrible temptation" could have begotten so rash and inconsiderate a rage as that which would rain upon this struggling world "all kinds of sores and shames," with woes and torments worse than barbarous racks, and whips, and scorpions. To flood the country with a deluge of copies of the work before us, would be to invite plagues, disease, and pestilence. And yet this is exactly what has been done. From Maine to California, and from the Lakes to the Gulf, blazing placards tell of a "terrible temptation," and the arms of the indefatigable newsboy palsy under their freight, uppermost and heaviest of which is this same pernicious production. Greedy hands clutch out for it, and lecherous eyes feast on its villainously suggestive wood-cuts. In one of the many recent "obituaries" of Charles Reade, we note the following concerning the work in question, which is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth: "It is a piece of carrion literature, whose putrescence attracted the keen scent of the publishers, and whose sickening odor, thanks to their enterprise, now pervades the land. For they did not miscalculate the public mind, nor count in vain on the baser appetites." Query: Which most needs lashing—the public that demands such base aliment, or the unscrupulous caterer who dispenses it? Mr. Reade is not the only mortal man who esteems success better than probity, and who stands ready to trim to the popular breeze, if he may but catch a momentary huzza. The public appetite has been cloyed with prient effusions, like the forerunner of the present volume—*Griffith Gaunt*—until it demands something of still more libidinous

zest, to satisfy its cravings. It is quite time that a little of the wholesome bitter tonic of censure was administered. Let the ugly sores be cauterized until healing sets in! Let an indignant press take the matter in hand! Let them stir into the scalding porridge of their indignation a savory proportion of sulphur and red-pepper!

From what sunlit heights has Mr. Reade fallen! When we recall the beauty, sweetness, and idyllic fervor of that charming romance, *The Cloister and the Hearth*; the delightful *naïveté* and freshness of his *Christie Johnstone*; and the sustained strength, purity, and brilliancy of his *Peg Woffington*, we can but feel that it was his veritable selfhood asserting itself; the nobler and more exalted attributes of his nature then held empire. Alas, alas, how are the mighty fallen! For the decline and decay of public and private virtue, the world is largely indebted to men of brilliant acquirements, like Mr. Reade. It is Sir Richard Blackmor who says, "It is a mighty shame and dishonor to employ excellent faculties and abundance of wit, to humor and please men in their vices and follies. The great enemy of mankind, notwithstanding his wit and angelic faculties, is the most odious being in existence." There can be no deeper crime than the prostitution of noble gifts; and the greater the success, so called, of a writer who descends to this, the greater the disaster to mankind. These fashionable touches of infidelity; this dressing up of obscene ideas in the flimsy garb of florid prose; this vicious pretense of pointing a moral, by adorning the tale with the most villainous portraiture of the arts and wiles of the courtesan and libertine—all these are monstrous crimes, over which the litany should be hourly repeated. We have hurled our anathemas in the serene consciousness that nothing which we may say could possibly add to the present hateful notoriety of

Charles Reade's masterpiece of pestiferous abominations—*A Terrible Temptation*.

SIR WALTER SCOTT: The Story of His Life. By R. Shelton Mackenzie. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

It is not likely that the interest in Walter Scott and his writings, from the first so intense and universal, will very soon die out; at any rate, not during the present century. He was born in 1771, and the recent anniversary of his birthday, rounding his years, if he had lived till August 15th last, to a full century, has been specially noted by his admirers, at home and abroad. The occasion has been seized, also, by two writers in America, who hold in special reverence his works and the memory of his life, to publish the one—"sketches of the long and wonderfully varied series of his works," and of "the places with which both works and life are associated"—entitled *The Lands of Scott*; the other, the volume under notice.

Made lame by a fever that frequently attends the cutting of teeth, he was thereby deprived of the privilege of being a soldier, as his early tastes would else have made him, for which deprivation the world has had reason to give many thanks.

He was not recognized as a genius in his infant years, though there are one or two anecdotes narrated by female relatives, which they seemed not conscious might be told of almost any intelligent youngster. There are a few verses preserved, too, written by him at the age of twelve or thereabout, but they are, of course, of no poetic merit. Scott was never a scholar. His health, while a little fellow, was not good; and he was, therefore, kept out, rather than kept in school. But he was early an omnivorous reader of almost every thing he could lay hands on—"history, poetry, voyages, travels, and romance, including fairy tales and oriental stories." Like most young people, he had not a good memory for what he did not like, but he says, "It seldom failed to preserve most tenaciously a favorite passage of poetry, a play-house ditty, or, above all, a border-raid ballad; but names, dates, and the other technicalities of history escaped me in a most melancholy degree." But he did not like Greek,

and did not study it, and knew nothing of it; and Dalzell, his Greek professor, therefore said of him, that "dunce he was, and dunce he would remain." Yet it was quite a different thing when he caught up any thing that absorbed his interest. He describes his first view of *Percy's Ancient Reliques*: "The summer-day sped onward so fast, that, notwithstanding the sharp appetite of thirteen, I forgot the hour of dinner, was sought for with anxiety, and was still found entranced in my intellectual banquet. To read and to remember was, in this instance, the same thing; and henceforth I overwhelmed my school-fellows, and all who would hearken to me, with tragical recitations from the ballads of Bishop Percy." He was kept from his studies by his ill health, but not from his books. When visited, one of his school-fellows reported in after years, "Scott could scarcely be seen amid the piles of books which covered his bed." Allan Ramsay, the poet, had, in Edinburgh, a circulating library, containing works of fiction, from the romances of chivalry and the most ponderous folios of Cyrus and Cassandra, down to the most approved works of later issue. "I plunged," he said, "into this great ocean of reading, without compass or pilot, and, except when some one had the charity to play chess with me, I was allowed to do nothing save read, from morning to night." He became, in his own words, "a glutton of books." "I believe I read all the romances, old plays, and epic poetry in that formidable collection, and, no doubt, was amassing materials for the task in which it has been my lot to be employed." In later years, he felt the disadvantage of the want of a systematic education; missed, possibly, the loss of that peculiar culture which comes from studying the Greek classics, and lamented that his learning "had so narrow a foundation to build upon," and warned his youthful readers that it was "with deepest regret that I recollect, in my manhood, the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth; that, through every part of my literary career, I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance." Scott took up the study of the law, but never ceased pursuing also his taste for poetry and romance. While studying, he traveled through most parts of Scotland, both

highland and lowland, listening to old men's tales, to old women's gossip, to the ballads of the people, and having "free and unrestrained communication with all ranks of his countrymen, from the peer to the plowman." So, his mind was being unconsciously fitted for the literary work of his life. That commenced with his compilation of *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, when Scott was thirty years old; and it was not till after the publication of that, and of the ballad of *Sir Tristram*, that he "seriously thought of writing an original poem of considerable length." His first poem—*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*—was published in January, 1805, when he was nearly thirty-four years old. Among the most noted passages in that poem is a description of Melrose Abbey by moonlight. When Miss Edgeworth, in 1823, was visiting Scott at Abbotsford, she proposed, one moonlight night, that he should take her to see Melrose, quoting his own lines :

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

Scott readily assented, saying, "By all means, let us go; for *I myself have never seen Melrose by moonlight.*"

On another occasion, when a lady asked him to copy the lines describing Melrose into her album, he complied, but instead of the usual ending :

"Then go—but go alone the while;
Then view St. David's ruined pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair,"

He penned this variation :

"Then go, and meditate with awe
On scenes the author never saw;
Who never wandered by the moon,
To see what could be seen at noon."

His literary work, as a poet, extended but little time beyond the production of *Marmion*, in 1808, and *The Lady of the Lake*, in 1810. In this his poetic fame culminated. About this time, Byron published *Childe Harold*, and Scott's fame and popularity declined gradually, not merely because of Byron's appearance, but simultaneously, through the production of *The Vision of Don Roderick*, *The Bridal of Triermain*, *Rokeby*, and *The Lord of the Isles*, till finally, as was wittily said of him, "he fell upon 'the field of Waterloo.'"

But this great writer dropped one pen, which in its newness and freshness had moved every heart, only to take up another more powerful than the first. His earliest novel—*Waverly*—began in 1805, and laid aside after he had reached the seventh chapter, was resumed in 1814, when he was forty-three years old, and finished in three volumes, the last two of which were written in three weeks.

Guy Mannering, his second novel, was begun and finished during the Christmas holidays of 1814, and occupied only about six weeks in its composition. The story of Scott's career that much interests us, is that of rapid and almost incessant writing, especially during the last few years of his life, after he became involved in the financial embarrassments of the house of Ballantyne & Co., to the extent of more than £100,000. It was the work of a giant to wipe out such an obligation, and, though he accomplished it with his pen, the penalty was his death.

This story of his life, written by R. Shelton Mackenzie, gives evidence of haste in its composition. The writer is often careless in his quotations, and his enthusiasm causes him to sometimes repeat the facts of Scott's life which are of special interest. But the work is of much value. It contains most of the essential and interesting incidents of its subject's life, is certainly authentic in most particulars, and can be read through three times, while Lockhart's *Life of Scott* can be perused but once, and, of course, with deeper impressions on the mind of the reader.

We wish we could commend the work of the publishers of the volume, but the book is heavy and clumsy, the impression on the page is very black and glaring, and is only a little less unwieldy than the same publishers' recent volume, *The Lands of Scott*, by J. Hunnewell. The mistake, in each case, has been putting too much matter in a single volume. For its literary matter, each work should have a place upon every one's shelves.

KING ARTHUR. A Poem. By Lord Lytton Bulwer. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This epic first made its appearance more than twenty years since. Tennyson's *Mort d'Arthur* antedated it by some five years or

more. Subsequently, his *Idyls of the King*, illustrating selected fables of this same legendary personage, were added to the first-named poem. The author of the poem before us felicitates himself upon the fact, that the design and plan proposed by him in the treatment of his subject were so remote from the domains of romance explored by the genius of Mr. Tennyson, as to exonerate him from any suspicion of having filled his pitcher from fountains consecrated to another. If Mr. Bulwer is satisfied to launch his epic forth again, retouched and retrimmed, after its twenty years' cruise, the most ferocious of critics should smilingly bid it God speed. There is not the slightest danger of Tennyson suffering thereby. King Arthur should have *carte-blanche* to float along serenely,

"Like little dolphins, when they sail
In the vast shadow of the British whale."

The fact is, Bulwer has won his laurels in another field. As a novelist, he has acquired a just eminence; as a poet, the most generous verdict could assign him no such place. "Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent," and Mr. Bulwer can well afford to accept this concomitant to greatness.

If we except the delineation of the character of the king, there is very little in this epic to remind one of the *Idyls*. The life and deeds of this mythical British hero are enveloped in the mysteries of fiction. The most ancient Cymric poetry, and the Welsh triads, speak of him as a prince and warrior, whose exploits occurred in the early part of the sixth century. Britain abounds in memorials of Arthur; there are Arthur's Seat, Arthur's Round Table, Arthur's Castle, and the constellation Arthur's Harp. In the nearest approach to historical verity, we find that he destroyed the Pagan temples of the Saxons, and restored Christianity; and Bulwer conceives that it is only in the representation of this victory over Paganism, and by maintaining his native Cymrian soil against the invader, that, as a national hero, Arthur becomes entitled to the epic glory of success.

From the legends of the Round Table he has borrowed names, but the contrasted individualities are evidently creations of his own; as, for instance, Merlin, the wizard

of popular legend, is here represented as the seer, gifted with supernatural powers for the service and ultimate victory of Christianity. Book First is freighted with introductory labors, which may, in some wise, account for the painful absence of that subtle and nameless something which pervades the verse of Tennyson, thrilling one with the magnetic fervor and superb reality of that fine instinct called poetic sense, which must be born, and never can be taught. We have the pretty limning of the vale of golden Carduella, the wizard's tower, the sage prophet on his Druid throne, and a heavy-footed description of Arthur's three friends, who are destined to do valiant duty for him in the future—Caradoc the mild, Gawaine the gay, and Lancelot the true, who

"Loved his Arthur more than fame,
And Arthur more than life his Lancelot."

There is something of the smack of genius in the happy conception of the Etrurian Valley, which the author candidly admits is an invention of his own, intended to illustrate the influence of that holiday region, apart from the work-day world, in which the Romantic Age retains for a while both nations and individuals, who are destined to derive from romance an exalted conception of life's practical duties, as well as a deepened devotion to their fulfillment. He proceeds upon the true principle, that neither men nor nations can adequately fit themselves for great destinies, unless to practical energies they add spiritual and intellectual freedom. He might have added, unless they are sent to school to the Necessities, until they graduate into a boundless arena, with God and recompense above, and themselves and self-renunciation below—until duty becomes beauty, as it always does, in the successful completion of a life truly heroic.

The Dragon-King is not led homeward to England by "the great Wrong-Redresser," in the disguise of a dove, until the close of Book Tenth. The intervening books are all illumined with description of the trials which constitute the hero's pilgrimage of probation. Thenceforward, the action deals with the Saxon invasion of Wales, and with the composition and structural growth of the nation that claims in Arthur its hero and its type.

A prominent position is accorded to the Saxons. It is assumed, throughout the poem, that Arthur understands and uses the language of the Saxons; indeed, that he is acquainted with all the chief dialects of the North, as is evidenced by his flippant converse with the idolatrous Aleman priest, and with other northern personages, constantly appearing upon the stage during the progress of the story. There is here and there a delightful anachronism, as where the Saxon Harold

"Beheld spur midway up the hill
His knights and squires."

But what boots it whether knights and heralds, "girt with trusty sword and spur," flourished in those early days, or not? They are the *sine qua non*, the inevitable *attachés*, both of the romantic lays and the heroic poems of chivalry. In the description of the driving back of the hosts of Crida and Harold, there are fine pictorial passages, affording a clear and felicitous interpretation of many of the confused myths and detached legends of the Round Table, but which Tenyson has handled with far more of subtle strength and critical appreciation.

The poem betrays more of labor and conscientiousness than of inspiration and originality. There is more of accumulative talent than productive genius apparent in the stately epic. There is a conscious lack of the heat and fervor which is emitted from the self-lighted fire, the intuitional gift; for however rich the intellectual ore, this latent heat of genius is needed to fuse and forge the material into symmetrical form and beauty. It is, notwithstanding this notable lack, a heroic story, well told; abounding in lofty sentiment, at times marvelously eloquent, illumined by clever bits of portraiture, and replete with exquisite moral conceptions and aspirations. It is not difficult to discover a subtle infiltration of the author's own pet theories and views; as, for instance, where the Ghost appears to Arthur, and leads him through the Cimmerian Tomb to the Realm of Death, and describes the first entrance of a happy soul into heaven:

"What," asked the Dreamer, "is this Nothingness—
Empty as air, yet air without a breath?"
Answered the Ghost: "Though it be measureless,
'Tis but that line 'twixt life and life called Death,

Which souls, transported to a second birth,
Pass in an instant when they soar from earth.

"From the brief Here to the eternal There,
We can but see the swift flash of the goal,
Less than the space between two waves of air,
The void between existence and a soul;
Wherefore, look forth and with calm sight endure
The vague, impalpable, inane Obscure."

The poem abounds in detached passages that thrill and charm. Occasional glints of humor sparkle here and there, which the author defends, on the ground that "it is scarcely possible to reject the presence of Humor as the playfellow of Genius and the assistant of Philosophy." If carping, cross-grained critics *will* persist in calling that Talent, which Mr. Bulwer is pleased to glorify with the name of Genius, why, they will—that is all! "What's in a name?"

CASTILIAN DAYS. By John Hay. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Most of the papers comprising this volume appeared as separate articles in the *Atlantic*. In this collective form, they constitute the most readable, and, in some respects, the best, book on modern Spain extant. The author sees and records for us the very things we want to know. There is a rare eclecticism, as well as a graphic way of putting things. In twenty-six pages, we have presented a better view of Madrid, its society, and all the make-up of that city, than we can find in the most voluminous history. There is a freshness and force in the author's style which never wears; we feel that he could not have left out any thing, and that he need not have written more to make his place certain among the best writers of the day.

In the chapter headed, "An Hour with the Painters," we have an account of the famous collection of paintings at Madrid, which, the author claims, as a collection of masterpieces, has no equal in the world.

"A few figures will prove this: It [the Museum] contains more than two thousand pictures already catalogued—all of them with a place on its walls. Among these are ten by Raphael, forty-three by Titian, thirty-four by Tintoret, twenty-five by Paul Veronese. Rubens has the enormous contingent of sixty-four. Of Teniers, whose works are sold for fabulous sums by the square inch, this extraordinary

museum possesses no less than sixty finished pictures — the Louvre considers itself rich with fourteen. So much for a few of the foreigners. Among the Spaniards, the three greatest names could alone fill a gallery. There are sixty-five Velasquez, forty-six Murillos, and fifty-eight Riberas. Compare these figures with those of any other gallery in existence, and you will at once recognize the hopeless superiority of this collection. It is not only the greatest collection in the world, but the greatest that can ever be made until this is broken up."

ATLANTIC ESSAYS. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

This volume consists of twelve essays, which were written at intervals during the last fourteen years. The writer, however prolific he might have been in other directions, did not produce an average of one of these essays a year. These slow accretions were finally molded into a book. The later papers are the best, though there is not one which does not well deserve its place in the volume. Together they contain some of the most suggestive criticisms of the times. The sharpness of the writer's discrimination is never tinged with bitterness, and his boldest utterances never border on exaggeration. Perhaps the best which scholarly culture can do in the field of criticism, is as well illustrated here as in any volume which has been given to the public during the last ten years.

CÆSAR'S COMMENTARIES. FIRST SIX BOOKS OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. SALLUST'S CATILINE AND JUGURTHINE WAR. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. CICERO'S SELECT ORATIONS. HORACE'S ODES, SATIRES, AND EPISTLES. CICERO DE SENECTUTE ET DE AMICITIA. Philadelphia: Eldredge & Brother.

These works belong to Chase & Stuart's Classical Series, which is not yet complete. The volumes of this series have been edited: four by Professor Chase, of Harvard; two by Professor Stuart, of Philadelphia; and one by Professors Crowell and Richardson, of Amherst. The pages are of the duodecimo size, and the volumes vary in thickness from 170 to 440 pages. The paper is good, the type is neat and clear, the lines on every page are numbered in divisions of five, the edges are strongly colored in solferino, the black cloth binding is fine and firm, and the

books, in every way, are beautiful specimens of workmanship; while their size is such as to render them very convenient for the use of students in recitation-rooms, and where they have no desks on which to place books of a large size. Such volumes invite perusal; and one who takes them up feels like opening, and going to reading anywhere; though such as keep up their "classics" will be likely to turn at once to favorite passages, to see how they appear in the new dress. So far as our examination has gone, the work of the editors seems to have been fondly and carefully done. The notes are good, and, in some of the volumes, quite profuse enough. It is difficult to make a good vocabulary. The skill manifested in that particular in four or five of these volumes is considerable; though we doubt, in general, the propriety of such vocabularies, except for beginners, who are also very young. It is better that lads should accustom themselves, as early as possible, to the use of the largest and best lexicons which they can obtain; and mature persons ought never to consult any but the largest, except for the sake of comparison.

The volumes of this series contain the works, or selections from the works, of the Latin authors oftenest read by the liberally educated men of our country, because they are the best works, in several kinds of excellence, extant in the original Latin. Very rare merits some of them have; and they are as fresh and as fitting to-day as they were nineteen centuries ago. It is coming to be the fashion in certain quarters to decry the study of the Latin language. So be it. But the language, though dead, will outlive all this temporary disparagement. In its structure, and in its literature, it may be inferior to the Greek language; yet for many modern purposes it is found more serviceable than is the Greek. And, as it is the substructure of several of the languages of Europe, it is worth while to study it in order to facilitate one's progress in acquiring them. There is something of insincerity, something of affectation, and something of stiltedness in the Latin language; yet, in all these particulars, it is outdone by the French—a language which some would place in the curriculum of a college instead of the Latin. If they would substitute Sanscrit—a still "dead-

er" language—for the Latin, there might be more sense in the proceeding. We have no doubt that time will demonstrate, that, for the general purposes of the scholar, the Latin is superior to any modern language, unless it be the German or the Arabic.

ROOKSTONE. By Katherine S. Macquoid. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Persons of delicate sensibility, who are affronted by having an obtrusive moral thrust in their faces, need not fear to pick up *Rookstone*. It is burdened with nothing of that sort. Just what it is freighted with, it is not so easy to determine. It makes no pretension to wit, fancy, creative art, or constructive skill. The characters of the story march and countermarch up and down the devious paths of the solemn narrative with all the stiff precision of Master Tommy's battalions of wooden soldiers, and are every whit as proper and decorous as the "wax figgers" in the "great moral show" of poor Artemus. If they cut up a little antic here and there, it is done with an earnest fidelity to duty, because they were predestined to do it, and to do it at that precise moment. They amble along like good, patient roadsters, occasionally enlivened by the near prospect of oats, but which, as they are approached, suddenly disappear; whereat they heave a pack-horse sigh, and jog along—and so, likewise, does the reader.

The story is all about a forged will; property alienated from its original intent and purpose. Rookstone Park had always been a possession of the Wolfersons. At the opening of the story, Christopher Wolferson was the incumbent; his "two charming daughters;" his little son Christy, their apparent; Richard Wolferson, a cousin (whom, we regret to state, had passed many years of his life in California, where he would fain have us believe he had learned the art of forging wills and the like), and Kitty Robbins, the old housekeeper, are the leading *dramatis persone*. Kitty is the only element in the book that saves it from utter stagnation. She is the saleratus that keeps up a mild effervescence all through the story. She is *sui generis*—just what she is. Let her speak for herself: "I be old, but, as 'ee wur

sayin', I hanna lost the wits God gived I, and they be sharp 'uns. Us'll see this day what gratitooode there be in men folk. I dwoant believe in ne'er a man alive except my gowk of a Jem"—a half-witted scion of a garrulous stock, dear to the maternal heart. Janet, the eldest daughter, with her severe aquiline profile, her firmly cut lips, and her air of command, was strong-minded and eccentric. She is the strategist, whose maneuverings bring light out of darkness, and finally unearth the mystery of the forged will, and place Christy in possession of Rookstone. But, as he is a sickly, sentimental sort of a boy, we doubt if he will ever marry; Mary, the younger sister, is reported childless; and Janet has delayed marrying till so late in life that we very much doubt if she will be blessed with progeny; and so we feel distressed concerning the future fate of Rookstone.

PIKE COUNTY BALLADS, and Other Pieces. By John Hay. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

The man who can produce such pure and finely modulated stanzas as the following is surely worth some attention from the lovers of poetry. The poem, entitled "Northward," from which we quote, is, perhaps, the best specimen the book affords:

"The odorous airs blow thin and fine,
The sparkling waves like emeralds shine,
The lustre of the coral reefs
Gleams whitely through the tepid brine.
* * * * *
Encinctured by the faithful seas,
Inviolatè gardens load the breeze,
Where flaunt, like giant warders' plumes,
The pennants of the cocoa-trees.

Enthroned in light and bathed in balm,
In lonely majesty the Palm
Blesses the isles with waving hands—
High-priest of the eternal calm."

Such poems as "The Prairie," "In the Firelight," and "A Woman's Love," are satisfactory evidences of power and poetic feeling; but "Sunrise in the Place de la Concorde" fails to impress us; and much of the volume is a disappointment, after the promise of the poem quoted. We are sorry Mr. Hay is willing to court the transient glory of his dialect pieces, excellent as they are

of their kind. If a poet may win his laurel honestly, by the integrity of his muse, let him scorn to accept the popularity these titillating trifles gain him. They flash across the continent like a chain of powder, but their fate is as certain, and almost as sudden.

FOUR, AND WHAT THEY DID. By Helen C. Weeks. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

The author of this work is favorably known through her *Ainslee Stories*, *Grandpa's House*, and other works. This book gives us the experiences of four children in the West—Johnny, Winthrop, Alice, and the Baby. In the publication of this book, attention has been given to a cardinal point that is often omitted in books intended for children; namely, to make them attractive to the eye. The story may be interesting; but, if the first impressions are unfavorable, the verdict of the trundle-bed fraternity is against it. The volume before us is pleasantly illustrated, the incidents are fresh, and the language is bright, entertaining, and natural. A child's book is never less likely to win its way, because it has a handsome binding, and

is tastefully illustrated. Young America represents the slightest intimation of neglect, and our youthful Jack Sheppards are not afraid to speak out.

TEARS AND VICTORY. By Belle W. Cooke. Salem, Oregon: E. M. Waite.

This is a home production; as such, it is deserving of pleasant mention. The printing, material, and binding of this volume are all good. When we have said this, we have exhausted about all we have to say. There is something of fluency, something of prettiness, in some of the verses; but there is very little of poetry. It is merely a simulation, a counterfeit, of true poetry. Occasionally, there flits in a pleasing fancy, a felicitous expression, a pretty poetic effect; but it proves an *ignis-fatuus*, a meteoric flash; yet who knows but these hints of genius may prove buds of promise? The fair authoress betrays a little secret in the following stanza on "Thoughts:"

"But often when I please myself the best,
And swells my heart with a *discoverer's* pride,
I find some ancient author has expressed
My thought of beauty, far more richly dressed—
My wildwood path has oft before been tried."

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco:

- THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT; Its Officers and their Duties. By R. H. Gillet. New York: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.
 STOLEN WATERS. By Celia E. Gardner. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.
 GOLD DUST. By M. M. Pomeroy. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.
 CRINGLE & CROSS-TREE. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
 THE CHILDREN'S SUNDAY ALBUM. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
 THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS. Diamond Edition. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
 KATHIE'S SOLDIERS. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
 KATHIE'S HARVEST DAYS. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
 IN THE RANKS. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
 DIALOGUES FROM DICKENS. Second Series. Dialogues and Dramas. Arranged by W. Eliot Fette, A. M. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
 THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS. Red Line Edition. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

From A. Roman & Co., San Francisco:

- SHORT STUDIES ON GREAT SUBJECTS. By Jas. A. Froude, M. A. Second Series. New York: Chas. Scribner & Co.
 THE LIFE OF REV. JOHN MCVICKAR. By his son, Rev. W. A. McVickar. New York: Hurd & Houghton.
 EAST AND WEST POEMS. By Bret Harte. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.
 MUSKINGUM LEGENDS. By Stephen Powers. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.
 FANCHON THE CRICKET. By George Sand. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.
 LITTLE JAKEY. By Mrs. S. H. Dekroyft. New York: Hurd & Houghton.
 THE ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE EAST. By Philip Smitli, B. A. New York: Harper Bros.
 DENE HOLLOW. A Novel. By Mrs. Henry Wood. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

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